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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

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NOTICE.

The MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART and its SUPPLEMENT, which have hitherto been issued at different times each month, will henceforth, beginning with this number, appear on the same day under one cover.

Subscription to the MESSENGER will include, as formerly, its Supplement; those who wish to take the latter separately may do so as before, as it will be reprinted under a special cover for their benefit.

The PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, which was formerly the Supplement of the MESSENGER, will in the future, beginning with the January number, be devoted exclusively to devotion to OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, to the Cause of her servants Father Jogues and his Companions, to the interests of her Shrine at Auriesville, and to the history of our Catholic Missions past and present.

This change has been made for the advancement of the different works for which our periodicals are published, and for the good of our subscribers and friends, to whom, in opening this number of the new year, we wish all the blessings of this holy season.

THE FIRST TO ADORE HIM.

(Carlo Dolci)

A Christmas Lullaby.

Rest Thee, my Jesus, my Maker, my Son,
Flesh of my flesh, my only One!
The weeks of the Prophet seen are run.

These little hands will be pierced for sin!
My babe's Blood shed a world to win!
And His Heart be opened to let men in!

Rest Thee, my little One, smile and sleep!
Thy ransomed are tossing out on life's deep,
They fear not: Thy Heart will vigil keep.

To keep at Thy side in peace and strife,
To taste of Thy portion with bitterness rife,
To know Thee, to love Thee, this is life.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXII. JANUARY, 1897. NO. 1.

HAIL THE CHRIST-CHILD!

'TIS solemn midnight; over all
The silver moonbeams coldly fall,
And, like the murmur of the sea,
The night-wind moans—how bitterly!
But list! above the snowy plain
Resounds the wondrous, glad refrain:
"Be praise to God, be peace on earth!"
The tidings of the Saviour's birth.
Oh, let us meetest off'ring bring,
And haste us to our Infant King
Who in the matter He hath made
Is masked and in a manger laid.
Our Life, our Truth, our Way,
Our Yesterday, To-day.
Our joy of all that now we see,
Our hope—our Heaven yet to be!

In cave of earth where Thou art thrust
To mingle with Thy creatures' dust.
We stand abashed at love of Thine
And mute adore, O Babe divine!
O holy Child! O beauteous One!
O Juda's Star! O Mary's Son!
The stable-cave so cold and drear
Is heaven now for Thou art here!

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Thy sinless Mother hovers nigh,
Thy foster-father standeth by,
The angels voice their joy, and we
Our "Nunc dimittis" sing to Thee
Our Life, our Truth, our Way,
Our Yesterday, To-day,
Our joy of all that now we see,
Our hope—our Heaven yet to be!

A manger must Thy cradle be;
No room hath Bethlehem for Thee.
No room—yet Thou art Lord of all
And in Thy baby hand so small,
The trembling earth Thou holdest up
As dew-drop in a lily-cup.
No room?—Dear Babe, we give to Thee
Our lowly hearts Thy home to be;
Fill them and leave Thou room for none
But Thee alone, sweet little One.
What blessedness!—what heavenly charms
To fold Thee in our mortal arms!—
Our Life, our Truth, our Way,
Our Yesterday, To-day,
Our Joy of all that now we see,
Our hope—our Heaven yet to be!

—*St. Mary's of the Woods, Indiana.*

THE STORY OF A LOVER OF CHRIST.

WERE you ever in Bruges? Did you ever ramble through its indefinite old streets, or loiter on the bridges which span its lazy canal, or look up at its beautiful belfry while its carillon filled your ears and soul and the sky above with music? They were days of quiet delight if you ever had them. Not that you were in a Castle of Indolence there, for there are no indolent Flemings, but in a land where there is no worry. Nor is there any hurry. Now and again a heavy waggon rumbles behind you leisurely as you walk unconcerned in the middle of the roadway. If you are an American it will not overtake you. The clump, clump, clump of the wooden shoon rattles but not too rapidly on the stone pavement. Women, old and young, rich and poor, fair and not so, in long, black-hooded cloaks which have come down from an epoch when the fluctuations of fashion were not felt, meet you as you walk along. The world has changed many a time since those all-enveloping garments were first assumed, but not so the wearers. It is now nigh twenty years since we were there. The king had just passed through and arches of flowers still spanned the streets. But it looked as if it had always been so and nobody seemed to care how the world was

wagging outside of Bruges, whether commerce was greater or less, whether war was impending or peace was assured. It was happy in its graceful and quiet enjoyment, and its holiday garb seemed

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. URSULA, COLOGNE.

for every day use, so becomingly did the city wear it.

It was the quiet city of Bruges that had its great painter tell the story of St. Ursula. He told it on luminous

panels on the great gilded shrine which once encased her relics. It is the greatest treasure of the Hôpital St. Jean today. There are ten marvellous miniatures on it, which Memling made, and Memling's hand was enough to make them marvellous. The six which tell the tale of her earthly life are on the body of the reliquary, while the other four suggestively also as they speak

of heaven, are on the roof and ends. Under his brush light takes the tones of gold such as Claude Lorraine might envy. The wonderful way in which his waters are made deep but crystal-like, his meadows glittering like constellations with flowers, his tufted woods full of mysterious shadows, his transparent skies of azure just veiled by a banishing film of haze, all marked him as the proper one to portray the little maid who brought heaven and earth so close together. In sympathy so to speak with St. John's of Bruges there is in St. John's of Fordham a great painting of the Saint with her maidens gathered beneath her mantle. The happy angels on either side touch its border to lift it. A most exquisite innocence displays itself on the beautiful upturned faces. They are all of the same type, but all with just a shade of difference to distinguish them from each other. The painter has treated the drapery with the carelessness of an impressionist, and has devoted all his attention to the child-like candor of the faces. It is an old thing, by I don't know whom, but he has left us a beautiful bit of devotion on canvas.

There is besides a splendid work on the legend filled with radiant illuminations which carry one through the entire history of the Saint. They are copies from a pupil of Memling, but of course they are not those of the master whose wondrous work only the magnifying lens can reveal to you. The infinitesimal is almost as wonderful as the infinite when God works, and His painters have sometimes tried to imitate Him. This little Saint, born, no one knows when, away off in the beginning of the centuries, and dying in a strange land by the hands of savages, has a Memling to paint her life, to make his fame while he illuminates her little story, a miniature itself, but greater than the great lives of conquerors.

And what is the story of her life? One that the world finds very unlike its own, and therefore scoffs at. Only lately the usually impartial *Century* in its continued Dictionary had rare sport with the story of her life and martyrdom. But that was to be expected. Heresy and unbelief destroy the poetic instinct just as they do the power of right reasoning. No Protestant could ever paint Memling's pictures, or even understand her legend.

The story goes back to the Crucifixion as all stories of holiness must, either openly or by implication. It tells us that the centurion, who exclaimed at the foot of the Cross: "Truly this is the Son of God," went home when his legion was disbanded. And where was his home do you think? Where else but in the Island of Saints. Why should it not be so? The soldiers who were Christ's executioners, we are told belonged to the Spanish legion. And why should there not be among those conscripts of the Celtiberian Peninsula, one who was a genuine Celt. The race even then seemed to be ubiquitous. When he found himself among his people, religious apparently from the beginning, he wept so copiously and so often in describing the harrowing scenes of the Crucifixion, that his tears caused bright flowers of every virtue to spring up all over the land. The thought is like that of Fra Angelico, who, in his picture of Calvary, makes the hard rock on which the Cross is planted bloom with flowers of every hue. If the centurion's tears did not produce such a result, at least the tender love which the Irish people always cherished for the passion of Christ could have done so.

It was in this land of Hibernia, three or four centuries later (three, four or five, it matters not, these poetic chroniclers, take no heed of time, for are not these facts for all times and peoples?) that a holy king, Theonotus by name, or Known-to-God, reigned in the South. To him and his holy consort no child was born, and when at last their prayers were answered, lo! it was a princess and not a prince. But that princess brought more glory to the realm than perhaps

even a prince might have done. They called her Ursula, a name whose meaning you would never suspect or perhaps would be afraid to conjecture, so modern does it seem. It is nothing else than the name that has had glory about it in many a historic scene since that time especially in our own days. It is the name of McMahon. They were in the South, which seems strange, for does not the sept belong to the North? Not in those days at least; or, perhaps the facts are recorded to tell poetically of the division that unhappily has always distinguished the Celt.

The fame of her beauty and purity spread abroad, and Conan the Prince of forthwith from Britain and Ireland no less than eleven thousand maidens came to her to be guided in prayer and the practice of every virtue. But they were not to dwell at home, and what vast fleet could carry such a multitude away?

Her royal father began the work which went on apace, for God was speeding it, and soon the fair throngs came to the shore to embark on their vessels. Every day they sailed out upon the sea, coming back to the land at the setting of the sun. Ursula led the host in her bark which had the pennon flying from its peak with the words "Maria Victrix." There was no toil, no peril, for angels guided the helm and soft

A CASEMENT OF RELICS.

the Picts in Britain came a-wooing. It was an invasion of Erin, but this time not for war. The suit was hopeless, the father thought, for the virgin had already in her tenderest youth given her life to God. To his amazement she consented to marry, but with a certain roguish reserve that was a little bit Celtic and that even saints may practise. The Prince might have suspected it, had he not been from a land that was slow in divining, for the condition was that she might spend three years in solitude and prayer in some foreign land in company with whatever virgins might join her. The condition was accepted, for what else could be done? The call was issued and breezes from clear skies wafted them over the serenest of seas.

At last the day came for their departure and amid the tears of those whom they left on the beach, these fair exiles from a land which has become synonymous with exile, willing or enforced, sailed away. Out they went upon the open ocean, south of the land of the Picts where Conan was breaking his heart, and at last into the Northern Sea until they came with favoring winds to ancient Batavia. Apprised of their arrival, the bishops and priests and people came out to meet them and to pay them every honor. But there they were not to abide. They entered the mouth of the

Rhine, and, in spite of the current, came rapidly to Colonia Agrippina, the present Cologne, which was to be the scene of their future martyrdom. Possibly none knew it save Ursula. Continuing up the beautiful river they came to Mayence and still further on until they disembarked at the fair city of Basle. There they moored their vessels, not tempted to remain by the honor and reverence everywhere accorded them, for they had a mission. They were going

RELICS AND RELIQUARIES.

to the Eternal City and, like so many bright spirits, this vast army of white-robed virgins, illumining the mountains as they passed in their flight, paused not

till they found themselves before the great Pope Cyriacus who blessed them and called all the city to do them honor. All their time was spent in visiting the holy places and in praying at the tombs of the martyrs for courage in the struggle before them. Light was coming to all of them now and they saw before them what was in store for them.

At last their pious pilgrimage over, they turned their faces to the battlefield of the North. The Pope himself accompanied them as far as Mayence Some even say he was martyred at Cologne.

Meantime poor Conan the Prince was weary of waiting and came in search of his spouse. He met her at Mayence and there, the story has it, was baptized, for he was yet a heathen. But, as he knelt at the altar and received the Bread of Life, his heart was changed, and he arose, no longer thinking of his earthly espousals but longing for martyrdom with Ursula. It was not long delayed. The stream bore them rapidly to Cologne and there Attila's Huns met them as they descended from their ships. Up from the blood-stained city this vast multitude ascended with their crowns and palm branches into the kingdom of their heavenly Bridegroom.

Such is the legend of St. Ursula. Of course it is poetical in many of its details, but the substance of truth is easily distinguished in the ornament that the admiring love of poet and painter has overlaid it with, perhaps too heavily at times, but never so much that the eye of faith cannot see the meaning.

To begin with, it was not in the third century the event took place, but as late as the end of the fifth. Father Du Buc, S.J., the famous Bollandist, has carefully collated all the documents bearing on the question, and has fixed it at the time that Attila was withdrawing his forces from Europe. He rejects the story of the Pope as coming to Mayence, and even denies that there was such a Pope. There does not seem to be any doubt about the native place of the Saint—and as to the Irish name it may be added also, as one of the curiosities of genealogy that the McMahons are bolder yet in their claims of remote descent, by tracing their origin to the Centurion who came over from Palestine to tell the story of the Crucifixion.

It is not very likely that the royal father of Ursula constructed the fleet for the transportation of the great multitude under his daughter's rule. Many of those maidens, indeed, may have been transported in that way with the Princess, but very likely Ursula and others had left Ireland and settled near Cologne and the fame of her virtue brought many others from Britain and Ireland to place themselves under her guidance. What is signified by the vessels going out daily from the shores of Ireland and returning at the close of day is hard to conjecture, except that it is a poetic picture of the training in virtue that characterized the family life of these high-born maidens.

One of the early Bollandists, Father Crombach, who wrote a vindication of the legend of St. Ursula assures us, however, that it was a common thing for the young women of Great Britain, Denmark, and Norway to engage in battle, to direct contending fleets and even command whole armies of women. If that is true they were more advanced in some respects than the women of our day. We are not prepared to say that Ursula, in her youth, engaged in any such masculine occupations as these.

The voyage of the fleet over unknown seas, its passage against adverse winds and currents, the ready and perfect obedience accorded to Ursula, are all of course descriptive of the guidance which they followed and the dangers and difficulties of religious life. The journey of the eleven thousand over the Alps to Rome is of course not to be taken literally. Many may have gone, and the hearts of all most assuredly made the journey. But the strong attachment to the Holy See, the solicitude of Rome for the wel-

fare of religious families, as well as the honor always accorded them, would amply justify the poetic description of the legend.

These are easy matters to dispose of. What has for centuries been a subject of discussion is the vastness of the multitude said to have been martyred along with St. Ursula. It is contended that there would have been some record in profane history of such an awful massacre, and there appears to be none. Protestants and unbelievers scout the whole thing as a myth. Others contend that it is simply the result of a misreading and maintain that the inscription "Sancta Ursula Et XIMV" does not mean eleven thousand virgins, but only eleven martyrs virgins, the "M," instead of being taken for "martyrs," has been taken by popular credulity to mean "thousand." A further attempt to reduce the figure is that Ursula had but one companion, namely Undecimilla, and that the proper name was transferred into what it sounds like, viz. Undecimmille, which means eleven thousand.

Other suggestions more ingenious still, have been made, but against all this stand the following facts. In the first place the tradition was never questioned for centuries. As far back as the ninth century, and consequently antedating any legend, we find calendars, martyrologies, episcopal documents and missals, all stating without any qualification that there were eleven thousand martyrs. There is an indication in one of these authorities of the very convent in which they lived outside of the city.

But perhaps the best possible refutation of all objections is the existence of the Golden Chamber in the Church of St. Ursula in Cologne. It is a chapel forty feet high, and long and wide in proportion. It is called the Golden Chamber, because it is glittering with gold and silver and precious gems. It is one mass of human remains — the bones nearly altogether of women, piled up on every side. There are no less than seventeen hundred skulls many of them bearing the marks of deadly instruments such as the Huns made use of. There are tombs and graves and vaults and cases and receptacles and double walls, all holding these relics, and all this after the whole Christian world has drawn from it to satisfy its devotion.

In a single church of Ghent, for example, there are six heads taken from this collection. The danger and the devotion became so great that a Papal Bull had to check the ravages that were being made.

Were there fully eleven thousand who won the palm of martyrdom? That we are not prepared to say with absolute certainty. But there is no difficulty about admitting that fully that number may have lived under the sway of the Saint and were mostly the victims of the trouble with Attila as he withdrew from France after the defeat of Chalons. The Bishop Lupus, who had, like the Pope on another occasion, gained great influence over this savage, went with him as far as the Rhine. On its opposite shore, when this restraining power was no longer felt, the massacre took place. That there is no record of it in profane history is not surprising, as the nations after he passed by were deserts. Besides, there was no profane history. The chroniclers of those days were the monks. Everyone knows how vast were the monastic establishments of those ages of faith. Even in our own days of degeneracy there are actually living in one enclosure in the Beguinage of Ghent no less than nine hundred nuns, many of them occupying separate houses. In those better times when heaven was more neighborly for us than it now seems to be, the very deserts were peopled, great multitudes lived under one rule, especially when the abbot or abbess was of princely lineage, as in the case of St. Ursula. What readier prey could there be for a horde of savages, such as the terrible hosts of Attila were, than these convents

of defenceless nuns? Some few may have escaped or been led into captivity, but we know the slaughter was frightful and many more than these eleven thousand may have perished, whose names will be known only in heaven.

It is this great woman of the early centuries that the modern Ursulines have taken as their model. Their purpose, like hers, is to train young maidens in learning and piety, to give them principles which will guide them over the ocean of life after they have left the paternal abode, and to teach them, if need be, to offer their blood for their virtue and their faith.

That they have followed the teachings of their mother, their history in the work of education in Europe attests. Our own country in those savage days when Quebec and Louisiana were like what Europe was when Attila was ravaging it, saw them come as Ursula did, from their princely homes, if need be, to confront death to advance the faith. Their work at the present day among the degraded Crows and Cheyennes, and their aspirations for still more perilous missions, all show that Ursula still lives.

ROMEWARDS WITH ARCHBISHOP SEGHERS.

FROM THE DIARY OF AN AMERICAN STUDENT.

By L. S.

IT is with the consciousness that we are open to the charge of being illogical, that, after having described the life of an American student and his rambles among the Alban and Sabine hills, we have come forward to tell of our trip to Rome. Let our defence and justification be the memories stirred up within us by reading the letters of Archbishop Seghers lately published in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. We owe a debt of gratitude to Rev. Dr. Stang for thus placing before the world the inmost workings of the mind and heart of the great Archbishop, as they stand revealed to us in that best of all histories, the autobiography woven from his personal correspondence. In the light of these letters, there must appear to one who has read with attention the Abbé Hamon's *Life of St. Francis de Sales*, a striking resemblance between the character of the illustrious Bishop of Geneva and that of our American prelate. There is the same meekness, the same combination of episcopal dignity and priestly zeal, the same love for God and man, the same constant realization of the divine presence, the same unswerving confidence in Providence, the same spirit of untiring activity, the same attachment to the field of his first labors in preference to posts of greater honor, the same union of practical common sense and business tact with the tenderest piety, so that without presuming to attribute to Archbishop Seghers the same degree of consummate sanctity, we may yet, without violation of the Bull of Urban VIII., salute him with the title of the Francis de Sales of the United States. "To know him was to love him," and to have been brought even for a short time within the sphere of his influence was in itself a grace ever to be remembered.

We were three in number, starting for the American College in Rome. Two of us, alike in age, in tastes, in our high youthful aspirations for the future, as we met for the first time that bright October morning on the deck of the City of ——, laid the foundation of a friendship fruitful in offices of mutual assistance and encouragement. The third—God rest his soul!—was a decade older, and years of struggle ere he attained the goal of his desires, the seminary, had stripped life of the roseate hues in which our imaginations still

pictured it, and had implanted in their stead a practical matter-of-fact view of all things earthly. Hence, acting on the advice of some ill-informed friends he was at this moment snugly ensconced in his berth below, in the hope of staving off by anticipation the dreaded seasickness.

There is the usual hurly-burly that marks the departure of an ocean greyhound. The air a-flutter with waving handkerchiefs, those hundred little farewell messages so meaningless and silly to an indifferent spectator, but vested with such power to hide the deeper feelings of active participants in this scene of separation, and then, by the aid of a large tug, our floating palace turns its prow towards the land of the rising sun. We would fain deny it, but the truth must be told; there is a faintness around our hearts, a peculiar lumpy sensation in our throats, and, although a moment ago the air was transparently clear and the sun dancing merrily on the waters, between our eyes and the great city we are leaving, there swings a misty veil due to no atmospheric influences. For relief, we start towards the saloon to arrange with the purser for our seats at table.

As we turn from the rail, our attention is attracted by a thin, rather tall gentleman of ascetic mien, whose purple rabbi proclaims him a bishop, and whose clean but well-worn clothes give equally clear evidence of the poverty of the diocese over which he presides. We raise our hats in respectful salutation. He at once approaches, and, in a voice of singular sweetness, slightly tinged by a trace of foreign accent, inquires, "Catholics and students?" "Yes, Bishop," we answer. "Of art?" he further asks, for, as we were not yet seminarians our dress as to color and cut was secular. "No, Bishop; for the Church, and on our way to Rome." This was enough. His bright smile deepens into a look of tenderest paternal affection, and holding out a hand of greeting to each, "My dear young friends," he says, "I am so happy to meet you. I, too, am going to Rome," and drawing out his card from an old note book, we read the name,

Most Rev. Charles J. Seghers, D.D.,
Archbishop of Oregon City,
Portland, Oregon.

We then give him our names, but with a kindness and tact that put us at once at ease, he asks if we would not prefer to have him call us by our Christian instead of family names—a proposition to which we gladly assent. "But come, let me introduce you to my secretary, and we shall see to getting seats at the same table." And so Rev. Father H—— is added to our list of acquaintances. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, full-bearded Belgian, who, after many years of heroic, self-sacrificing missionary labor in the far West, was looking forward with undisguised pleasure to seeing once more his country and relatives.

The matter of the table is soon arranged, and our next business, at the Archbishop's suggestion, is to persuade our recumbent friend of the falseness of his theory on escaping seasickness. This, after much talking, we succeed in doing, and he meets us at lunch with a ravenous appetite, the result of a twelve hours' fast. In a few hours more we have lost sight of land, and with the hauling down of the Stars and Stripes we seem to bid a long farewell to home and country.

"Water, water, everywhere," and the sky above and the horizon around the only limits to our vision. Wind and wave were most propitious, and throughout the whole seven days our sea journey lasted, there was scarcely a real bona-fide case of seasickness. Friday, it is true, with its fish dinner, staggered a little the confidence of the Catholics among us, but by dint of remaining all afternoon and a part of the evening on deck, Saturday morning found us at the breakfast table.

Sunday dawned bright and beautiful,

and by a striking coincidence it was the feast of Our Lady, Star of the Sea. The cabin passengers were anxious to have the Archbishop "hold services," as they called it, in the saloon, but the bigoted Scotch captain gruffly refused, alleging that in the absence of a Protestant clergyman, his rules required him to read the Church of England service. The rules were obeyed in the presence of a congregation of less than a dozen members. The rest followed us to the second cabin where His Grace pointed out in a few well-chosen words the appropriate lessons of the day's feast, and led in the recitation of the *Rosary*. The exercises fitly closed with the singing of the *Ave Maris Stella*. Our tenor was the Archbishop, the bass my companion, the soprano—a strong and sweet voice—a buxom Irish cook, returning after fifteen years of "living out" to see "the old sod." The chorus headed by Father H—— and myself contributed volume if not music to the hymn.

ARCHBISHOP SEGHERS.

And so the endless round of meals and monotonous ocean scenery ran its course. Everybody was on terms of familiarity with everybody else, for all distinction of wealth, of social position, or of religion seems banished from the little world of an ocean steamer. And yet how different were the factors that went to make up this harmonious whole! A retired U. S. Army Colonel is bringing his invalid wife to Europe in search of health. Two Irish gentlemen are hastening home from Pittsburg to attend the deathbed of a younger brother. That tall, lanky individual is a Presbyterian deacon, too conscientious to gamble in the pool made each day on the ship's run, although he furnishes his fifteen-year-old son with money for this purpose, and duly scolds him when he does not win. An upstart American girl is straining every nerve to capture the son of a rich Manchester manufacturer, while a Belfast college lad, returning from a summer vacation in the States, is looking daggers at his successful English rival. There is a talkative Arkansaw, who tries to impress you with the fact that there is nothing in heaven or on earth that has escaped his ken, and a young Englishman just completing a tour of the world, a taciturn fellow, who is as tightly bound up in his island prejudices as if he had never stirred a foot from England, and who, in reply to your questions as to the different countries he has visited, volunteers only one point of information: "Yes, I have been there." And thus from the old Captain on the bridge down to the raging maniac in the hold who is being sent back to the British Government, which had tried to foist her on the United States, there are characters that would prove good subjects for pen or brush.

But above them all towers the dear Archbishop. Saint, theologian, musi-

cian, his figure even after this lapse of time stands out in clear relief against the background of the past, and I doubt not that our life has been made better, our views spiritualized, for the week we passed in his company. Here we were, thinking that we were doing great things for our Lord in leaving for a short time our homes to prepare ourselves for a ministry to be exercised among our friends and amid all the comforts and conveniences of civilization, and talking with us in familiar conversation was one who had severed every tie of blood and country to devote himself to the rude savages of our western wilds.

We were ready and eager to embrace the cross, but compared to that which he had borne these many years, our cross would be light indeed—more like the bright and golden symbol which adorns our churches than the hard wood on which our Saviour died. How often had those eyes been blinded by the falling snows of distant Montana and Alaska, those feet frost-bitten in a climate where the thermometer registered forty degrees below zero, and that frail frame nourished by an Indian diet so repulsive as not to bear description!

But to come to some traits of a personal character. I have called the good Archbishop a musician and, in truth, I know few more worthy of the title. How many a time he would curtail his dinner or supper to steal away to the piano in the saloon! "For thirteen years he had not touched a note," he explained in blushing apology, as he turned to find the admiring passengers thronging around to listen. After this, nothing could induce him to continue playing when there were others in the room, and so we hit upon the expedient of opening the glass transom between the dining hall and the saloon, and there in silence we drank in the floods of classical music which flowed from his masterly fingers. Selections from Mozart, Rossini, Verdi, Gounod, snatches from operas and Masses were played from memory, while ever and anon, as if his soul had been transported to the vast cathedral of his native Ghent, the stately strains of Palestrina or the simple accompaniment of the Preface filled the room. Applause could no longer be restrained, and covered with confusion at being overheard, the modest prelate would rush on deck to escape congratulations by reading his Breviary.

Not less retentive and solid was his knowledge of philosophy. I remember well how our elderly student friend once dared to measure swords with His Grace on some obscure point of metaphysics. "You will find this doctrine on such and such a page of Liberatore," he asserted, with all the confidence of a young philosopher still glorying in the honor of having captured the philosophical medal of his class. "Yes," mildly rejoined the Archbishop, "but if my memory serves me aright after twenty-five years, you will find that Liberatore admits my position as more tenable in the paragraph immediately following the one you have quoted."

But great as was the learning of Archbishop Seghers, his zeal and holiness were still more admirable. Time after time, at our entreaty, he would tell us the story of his vocation and apostolate, always ending with an appeal that we leave the crowded dioceses of the East, where there were so many priests, and come and share with him the happiness and hardships of the missions. Happiness and hardship—how incomparable the two terms seemed! And yet as you listened to this true apostle you would deem them inseparable.

Once in particular, I recall a description of a year of more than ordinary suffering. His episcopal revenue for a twelvemonth had been but eleven dollars, and hunger, and thirst, and journeyings; perils of all sorts, labor and painfulness, fastings, cold, and almost nakedness, and, above all, his solicitude for all the churches, had come, as they did to St. Paul, to bow him down.

"And you were still happy?" I inquired. "Happy," he repeated, "I was so happy that I could have sung aloud for very joy." And then as he noticed our surprise, he added with charming simplicity and earnestness: "How could it be otherwise? If our Lord had promised a hundredfold even in this life to those who leave all things to follow Him, why should He not give it on occasions like this? My dear young friends, one hour of spiritual joy compensates long years of hardship, and the happiest hours of my life have been those which, humanly speaking, have been passed in extremest misery and want."

I have alluded to the poverty of the Archbishop's outfit apparent at the first meeting which led to our acquaintance. Let me bring out this fact in greater prominence. All who made the trip across the Atlantic know the indispensable need of a good overcoat or shawl. Well, these were comforts unknown to the Archbishop, and in lieu thereof he used a linen duster. Upon my remonstrating that this afforded no protection against the cold, he smilingly answered: "Nor is it intended for that purpose. You see, I wear it to protect my coat and not myself."

But we must not pass unnoticed the Archbishop's acting secretary, Father H——. I say acting secretary, for the reason that he did not come from the diocese of Oregon, but laboring in a still more distant mission, had gladly accepted the invitation of his old friend and fellow countryman to accompany him to Rome. Much as the two men differed in appearance, they were both cast in the same heroic mould, and had made equally great sacrifices to devote themselves to the American Mission. As these lines will probably not fall under Father H——'s eyes, I may be permitted to relate an incident about which he in his humility would doubtless command silence. It will serve to illustrate the love and devotion with which those pre-eminent missioners, the Belgians, give their lives to the salvation of souls in distant lands. "Give me Belgians," was the cry of St. Francis Xavier in the sixteenth century, a cry repeated over and over again by missionary bishops and superiors, and which has been always generously answered by the clerics of this privileged nation. But to my story.

Father H——'s parents were strongly opposed to his giving himself to the Missions, and so when, despite this opposition, he entered the American College at Louvain, they allowed him to take none of his clothes away with him save those he wore. In consequence of this harsh measure, he was obliged himself to wash his single set of underwear, and to remain in his room while the process of drying was going on. Now it happened one Saturday night that after he had washed his long black stockings, he tied them around his lamp-chimney to dry, while book in hand he divided his time between study and watching that the precious stockings did not take fire. But alas for all his precautions, he fell asleep to be awakened by the smell of burning wool. His only pair of stockings were lost beyond redemption! Here was a dilemma. It was a rule of the college that all seminarians should be present in the choir stalls at the High Mass on Sundays. But to go to church without stockings was an impossibility on account of the ecclesiastical custom on the Continent of wearing short trousers beneath the cassock. Were he to absent himself, it would draw down on his head a severe reprimand, perhaps a doubt of his vocation, whereas if he were to offer an explanation, it would reflect on his family. But "necessity is the mother of invention," and a small brush and a bottle of ink were soon weaving for him a novel pair of stockings. He had just finished to his satisfaction the painting in black of one limb, when there was a rough knock at

the door, and a moment later the porter had deposited a large trunk full of clothes on the floor of his room. It was from home, and was accompanied by a note announcing the forgiveness of his parents and their blessing on his holy purpose.

Of course we laughed heartily at this description of his embarrassing situation and the expedient he had adopted to solve the difficulty, but beneath its humor, who will say that there was not evidence of the highest courage, a fitting prelude to the labor and self-sacrifice that were awaiting him in after days?

Father H——'s work in the West had thrown him much in contact with mining people, and he thus summed up his experience in the camp: "When they struck gold or silver, I fared well. But when they did not, well, I fasted with my flock," and from this statement we may fairly conclude, that the fast days often outnumbered the feasts in his yearly calendar.

The Archbishop and Father H—— parted from us at Liverpool, where some of their former classmates at Louvain were waiting on the dock to receive them.

We met His Grace once again at Rome. It was the day after his memorable audience with Pope Leo when the Holy Father, his eyes filled with tears of emotion, expressed his approval and acceptance of the generous offer already submitted to Cardinal Simeoni, that he return to his old see of Vancouver. "I am going back to Alaska," was the simple announcement which he made to us of this act of heroic virtue after a few minutes of general conversation, and the joy that lighted up his pale countenance told more clearly than words the feelings with which he welcomed the permission to return to the first scene of his missionary labors. Indeed what struck us most in his detailed account of this interview with the Pope, was his complete unconsciousness of the fact that he was doing anything extraordinary which would excite universal admiration. On the contrary, his main thought was of the Pope's gracious kindness and condescension in granting him this favor. Such is the humility of holy men. They attribute to others the good that is really in themselves.

Little did we think as the bell for noon examination of conscience called us away from the parlor, and we knelt to ask a blessing on our studies, that within a short three years, our beloved Archbishop should fall a victim to an assassin's bullet. We all know how on the eventful twenty-eighth of November, 1886, he was aroused a little after daybreak to find the maniac Fuller with levelled rifle standing before him. No cry of fear escaped his saintly lips, no vain effort to prolong a life already devoted to God and ripe for heaven. Calmly folding his arms across his breast, and bowing down his head in resignation to the divine will, he offered his death, as we may well believe, in sacrifice for the welfare of the Alaska Mission. "Greater love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for his friend," and as from the death of our Saviour flow all blessings on this sinful world, so too, with due measure of difference, may we trust that from the blood of Archbishop Seghers will come to the poor Indians, the friends, the children of his heart, a harvest of God's best and choicest gifts. A small cross on the banks of the far away Yukon marks the place of his martyrdom, and as during the long night of an Arctic winter it keeps its solitary vigil, the wind, howling and sighing through the naked trees, sings a sad threnody for the Apostle's death.

A CHRISTMAS GLORIA.

By M. T. Waggaman.

CHRISTMAS EVE in all its gladness and glory. Christmas Eve and the sun winking down merrily from a clear frosty sky, the hard-packed snow glittering like diamond dust, the river frozen three inches deep, curving around Ben Mar hills with the glint of a Damascus blade.

Christmas Eve, and the stores bursting with holiday presents, the streets thronged with holiday buyers, the markets brimming with holiday cheer.

Best of all, Christmas Eve, at old St. Asaph's, where the heavy college doors had swung open at the stroke of noon and three hundred boys with a combined whoop that would have put a band of Sioux to shame had burst forth into holiday freedom. Gripsacks and travelling-bags had been hastily grasped, merry goodbyes spoken, prefects of "schools" and "studies" had dropped all their pedagogic terrors and were cordially speeding their parting pupils "home."

"Hurrah for Christmas," shouted Harvey Wright, who lived in the town near by, to his chum and neighbor, Jack Lawrence.

"Let's take a spin on the river, Jack, before we start home. They say you can go humming down three miles without a break. Ice like glass—best we've had this year."

"I'm with you," said sturdy red-cheeked Jack, clearing the gray stone steps at a bound. Just wait until I get my skates from the gym—But, my! I forgot—Mother gave me a package for Father Neville——"

"Oh pshaw, don't wait for that; give it to Brother Anselm here at the door."

"I can't," said Jack, reluctantly. "Mother would not like it. She told me to give it myself, and ask his blessing before I left. The doctor told her he was sinking very fast, that he did not think he would live to see the new year."

"What! Father Neville!" exclaimed Harvey incredulously. "I don't believe a word of it. Why, I met him in the corridor only last week; and he stopped to talk to me about our football match and chaffed me about the way we were used up, and was just as jolly as I ever saw him in my life."

"He is pretty sick for all that, I can tell you," said Jack solemnly. "Dr. Roland told mother that he was just dying like a hero without a groan or a sign. He never saw anything like it in his life. It will make me feel awful to see him, I know, but I must give mother's message and little Christmas present. Keep in to the river and I'll be after you in five minutes."

And Jack sprang up the broad steps again into the college hall and made his way by various corridors and staircases to Father Neville's room.

The door stood slightly ajar, and, as Jack reached the threshold a faint moan from within made his heart suddenly sink. But his tap was answered by a cheery "Come in;" and he entered the room, to find Father Neville propped up in his big chair by the sunlit window in apparently tranquil comfort.

He was a man still in the prime of life, of kingly form and presence, that a mortal disease had not been able to mar, though the noble countenance was marked with lines of pain, and the suffering eyes told a pathetic story the smiling lips could not belie.

"What! Jack, my boy is it you? I did not think that ropes would hold you five minutes after twelve, to-day. Skating on the river, coasting on the hills, sleighing, snow-balling. Whew! this

is the real right sort of a rousing Christmas we boys like, isn't it? "

"Yes, Father," answered Jack, and as he looked into the kind, smiling face and thought of the Doctor's words something swelled up from his heart to his throat that made him feel he had better get through his business quickly or he would make a break somewhere. "Mother asked me to stop and give you this—this little Christmas present from her," and he handed a dainty package to Father Neville.

"You will have to open it for me," replied the invalid, smiling. "My hands are like puff-balls to-day, as you can see. Silk handkerchiefs," he continued as Jack broke the string and showed the contents of the pretty box within. "God bless that good mother of yours, doesn't she know I have made a vow of poverty. And an initial on the corner, too; I suppose she put out her eyes doing all that filigree work herself."

"Ye—yes, sir," faltered Jack, thinking of the tears that he had seen falling on that same filigree work when his mother had heard Doctor Roland's sentence, for Mrs. Lawrence was one of the many converts that Father Neville had led into the fold of Truth.

"Well, well," he continued, "I won't call her foolish, for an old fellow likes to be remembered, especially when he is knocked out of wind and time, as I am just now. Pretty well used up as you see, Jack; fairly out of the game—I—I," here a sudden spasm of pain contracted the speaker's features, his helpless hands tightening on the arms of his chair; he leaned back on his pillow and closed his eyes, gasping for breath.

Jack stood dumb and terror stricken. Oh, this was the suffering of which Doctor Roland had spoken; this was perhaps, perhaps——"The glass there," panted Father Neville, "on the table."

Jack recovered himself enough to hold the wine glass to the sufferer's lips. "I'll—I'll run for Brother Francis," he stammered.

"No, no, no," the helpless hand made a dissenting gesture, "wait—wait a bit. It's—just—just—one of my twinges, Jack; I'll—I'll be better in a minute. I'm—I'm getting my wind back, you see," and the pale lips tried to force their usual smile. "Don't—don't call any one; Brother Francis is at his dinner. Poor man, his bones are fairly rattling in his skin now; let him get one good, square meal in peace. Look out of the window, Jack; my eyes have failed me this last week; isn't that Will Dutton walking down the road?"

"Yes, sir, Ned Brace and Lem Foster, and all your old class. They are looking up here, I think they see you."

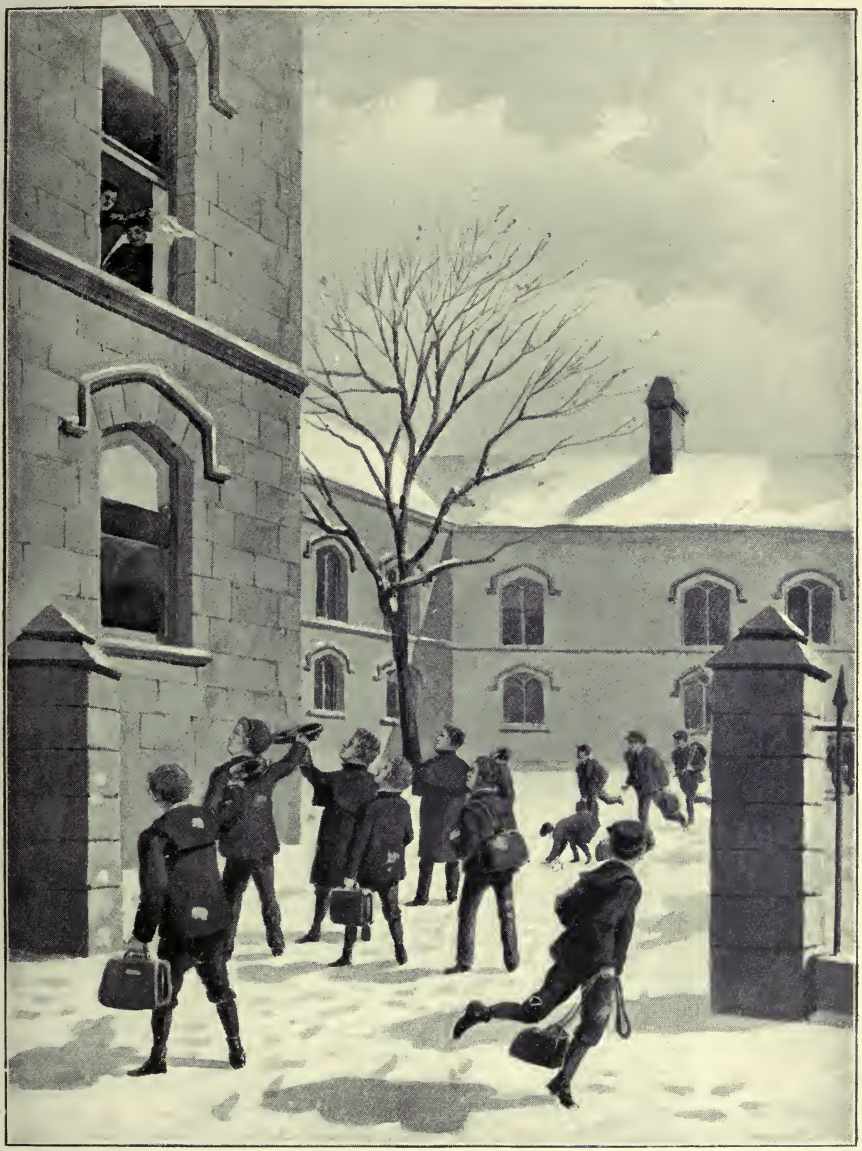
"Open the window—wave one of your mother's handkerchiefs to them, Jack, I can't."

Jack obeyed; paths and playgrounds were alive with boys rushing, tumbling, wrestling, racing to meet car or stage, but at the flutter of that white signal there was a sudden pause in the gleeful tumult. Even Tommy Bond, who was relieving the exuberance of his feelings by a series of somersaults on the bar, stopped head down.

"Father Neville! Father Neville! Look, boys, look!" went up the ringing shout. "Father Neville is at his window. Hurrah for Father Neville! Happy Christmas! Rah, Rah, Rah!" and hats and caps were flung wildly into the air, and the frozen hills rang again and again to the college cry, while Jack waved his silken pennant and Father Neville nodded and smiled as cheerily as if the clutch of death were not on his heartstrings, and its shadow on his fearless soul.

"Enough, enough, Jack, put down the window. If Brother Francis should catch us at any such skylarking as this we would both get a fine scolding. God bless those boys, they are shouting yet. What a thing it is to have lungs and wind! And Tommy Bond is spinning round that bar like a whirligig. That boy never did know his head from

his heels, and never will. It makes an old water-logged hulk like me feel better just to look at him. Ah, Jack, there is nothing that braces one up like a breeze of good will. Remember that, my boy; the angels knew what they were about when they brought us their Christmas greeting. Good will. It's salvation in a nutshell, Jack. Have the good will to serve God, and help your neighbor in all things, little or great, and if we do make a stumble or two on the road, well



"HURRAH FOR FATHER NEVILLE! HAPPY CHRISTMAS!"

—we only scratch our noses—not our souls. They will come out all right. Take the angel's watchword, Jack. It will pass you through the lines. Good will, good will! And now, I am sure Brother Francis has got as far as his apple pie and will be up in a couple of minutes, and ready with a lecture for both of us; so you had better run off. Thank your mother for her Christmas gift. Tell her I send her my blessing—and—good-bye."

It had to come, the sob that Jack had been choking down so manfully for the last ten minutes. If Father Neville had been the least bit solemn, or doleful, or "preaching"—Jack might have managed himself very credibly and skipped off with a glad sense of relief into the holiday sunshine—but to leave him—jolly, smiling—dying like this! It was more than any fellow could stand, and Jack dropped down on his knees beside the big armchair, and buried his face in the cushions while his curly head shook convulsively.

"Why Jack, my dear boy, Jack, Jack, what is the matter?"

"Mother—mother told me to get—your—your blessing," blurted Jack huskily.

"You have it, my son." The kind voice grew grave and the helpless hand was laid tenderly on the boy's hair. "May God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost bless you and yours forever. Remember me in your prayers, and—and Jack don't grieve. The road may look a little rough and dark—but I'm—I'm near the end, thank God. I'm like the rest of you, Jack—just a big boy, going home."

* * *

Jack was glad to find that Harvey had not waited for him, he felt as if skating had lost its charms, even the bright sky looked blurred and dim as he came out through the smiling sunlight into the bare white walks, from which the merry crowd had scattered, leaving the great college gray, grim and silent—the wind moaning through its leafless groves.—Ah, a shadow had fallen upon Jack's Christmas, bravely and brightly as Father Neville had tried to veil the presence of death, Jack had felt for the first time its awful chill.

He turned gravely homeward—but soon the frosty air sent the warm blood tingling through his veins, the shouts of the skaters echoed merrily from the river, Jack paused, listened, and decided he must take one turn—one turn only—and that blue, glinting, shining track stretching far into the dazzling distance. And, oh, what a glorious turn it was! Jack quite forgot the four last things to be remembered, as with the rollicking Christmas wind at his back he sped down the glassy stream on feet that seemed shod with lightning. Since he had determined on only one turn, he resolved to make that turn a long one. So he kept on until the skaters disporting themselves near the town, were left far behind and he found himself at a point where the river banks rose in great overhanging cliffs, rough, jagged, frowning, fiercely repellant of all approach.

Further on that same ridge of rock, terraced into beauty by landscape gardeners, was dotted with smiling homes, but here it had only been hacked and torn and smitten into deformity that the massive masonry of the railroad bridge below might span the stream.

There are such lives—harsh, fierce, repulsive lives—in which only men like Father Neville can recognize the same rock that builds the temples, and upbears the home.

And underneath these rough-hewn banks such a life was struck down into piteous helplessness to-day. A faint moan reached Jack's ear, and, wheeling round suddenly, he saw crouching under the shelter of the rock the huge, unkempt, sodden, shaking wreck of a man. He had torn his ragged shirt loose at the throat and breast, as if to ease his labored breathing. His dull, bleared eyes were starting painfully from their

sockets, and the livid features, scarcely visible under his matted hair and beard, twitched convulsively. There was an ugly club at his side, and near it the red knapsack of the genus—"tramp."—Altogether, the picture was not a pleasant one and Jack's first impulse was to skim hastily away, but—but that hoarse breathing recalled that other sufferer, whose blessing still lingered on his brow, and the boy paused with a new-born pity in his heart.

"Hallo!" he called, skating closer to the bank. "What's the matter?"

There was no answer, the man could not speak, but the shaking hands made a grasp at the club, for to his dulled brain "boy" was synonymous with "tormentor."

"I say," repeated Jack in a louder tone, "are you sick?"

"None of your business," gasped the other, with an oath that made Jack, though by no means a saint, wince.

"Well, you might be a little more civil about it," said Jack grimly. "You look pretty bad, I can tell you. I thought you were making a die of it here alone."

Another oath was the only reply.

Jack felt his good nature rapidly diminishing under this fusillade; but good "nature" and good "will" are very different things, as the Christmas angels know. "Blast you; what—what are you standing there gaping for," hoarsely panted this neighbor of Jack's. "Get out, or I'll—I'll," he clutched his bludgeon fiercely and tried to struggle to his feet. Jack made a brisk backward curve, and in a moment was out of reach. Then he paused again, for the wretched sufferer had fallen down with a piteous moan.

"Jing, he is going to make a die of it, sure enough. It don't seem right to leave him here alone like a dog; you're a nice one," continued Jack, addressing himself indignantly to the shaking hulk of poor humanity before him, "to go clubbing people when they only mean to help you; you're a dandy sort of dying man."

"Water," came faintly through the working lips, "blast you, water."

It was scarcely the appeal to touch Jack's heart, but again the picture of that noble face, darkened by a like agony, rose before Jack's eyes, and he grew pitiful once more for Father Neville's sake. He glanced around, there was not a drop of water within sight; everything was frozen hard and cruel as steel. Then as in boyish perplexity he thrust his hands in his reefer pockets, he felt a package there. It was the little silver-mounted vinaigrette he had bought for his pet sister Nellie, a delicate little girl, whose "sniffs," as her brother called it, saved her many a fainting spell. In a second Jack had the package from his pocket and the dainty flask in all its uncorked strength under his neighbor's nose. It was a powerful whiff, for the pungent salts were fresh and strong.

The fainting man gasped, struggled, revived. Like a drowning creature, he clutched the tiny vial and inhaled it again and again.

"Gosh!" he muttered, "it's good—good. It just hits the right place. That cursed spell came near doing for me; I—I crawled down under these here rocks to die; but I ain't—ain't gone yet; guess I kin hold out long enough to settle accounts with some folks I know." And the sodden face lit up with a malignant gleam. "Here's your bottle, youngster, and thank you for it. It's done me a power of good. What sort of stuff is it, and where do you get it? I'd like to have some, 'gin another turn comes on."

"Oh, you can keep that," said little gentleman Jack, who, apart from all charitable considerations, felt his pretty gift had been profaned for dainty Nellie now.

"I can," and the man, who was rapidly regaining strength and voice, looked at the little silver-topped, crystal toy as if it were a talisman; "keep this here? What do you ask for it?"

"Ask for it?" repeated Jack, "why—why—nothing."

"D'you mean to *give* it to me?" was the amazed question.

"Why, yes, of course, laughed Jack, "It isn't worth much, it's just a little stuff to keep people from reeling over. Keep the bottle tight corked, and when you feel your spell coming on, open it and take a good whiff—that's all."

The man looked from boy to flask in dull amazement. Happy, sheltered, home-blessed Jack—could not guess what a bitter story of hopeless, friendless, sunless life that look conveyed.

It was as if the hacked and blackened rock, under which the wretched being lay, had suddenly found on its strong breast a flower of spring.

"Lord!" he said, with a harsh, strange laugh, "that's a curious youngster. I've had to beg, and buy, and earn, and borrow and steal—and I've done them all, but it's the first time anybody ever gave me anything—the very first time."

"That's a pretty tough show for a fellow," said Jack. "Never had a Christmas gift when you were a boy?"

"No; never had nothing but kicks and licks, any time."

"Well, I'll break your record with a Christmas gift to-day. All right again, are you? Let me help you up; better take another sniff before you start off There's your stick; keep to the road under the bridge if you are going to town; you'll find it's not so much of a climb—so good-bye and Happy Christmas;" and Jack made an artistic backward curve and then a straight sweep down the shining river home.

"Happy Christmas!" muttered the man, his face lowering again as the boy's blithe figure disappeared around a bend of the stream. "Happy Christmas! Mebbe I ain't going to make it happy for some folks I know;" and gripping his knotted stick, he thrust his hand in his side pocket as if to assure himself of something hidden there, and then passed under the shadow of the blackened rocks towards the town.

* * *

The beautiful drawing room of the Lawrence home was a very bower of greenery, a Yule log snapped and blazed jovially on the tiled hearth, the garlanded chandelier, with its pendant crystals flashed and gleamed like an Arctic sun. For Jack's family held to the old German custom, and the "*Christkindchen*" came on Christmas Eve.

Dolls, tea sets, baby carriages, horns, trumpets, rocking horses and bicycles were arranged about the tree, which, twinkling with tiny tapers, glittering with tinsel ornaments, arose in all its splendor in the centre of a miniature Christmas garden on which Jack had expended all his artistic taste.

"A complete success, my dear," said Judge Lawrence, who, though a stern administrator of justice on the bench, was the most tender and genial of household law-givers. "The tree strikes me as particularly dazzling this year, while the garden," and the Judge surveyed the landscape at his feet with a whimsical smile, "excepting some slight discrepancies in the sizes of those elephants and lambs that are gamboling over the walks, is unusually fine. I trust the banks of that miniature Como are secure Was it not last year we had a freshet that ruined six yards of carpet?"

"I know, John, dear," said Mrs. Lawrence apologetically, "but we have been very careful, and the children would be so disappointed if the lake were not real water as usual.

"My remark was not intended as an objection, my dear, not at all," answered the Judge. "Christmas comes but once a year, and childhood but once in a life time. So if our young folks demand irrigation on this occasion, let us irrigate by all means. And now, before we open the doors and admit the young revellers on the scene, here is a little Christmas gift for their mother." The Judge's light tone deepened as he spoke

the word, and he placed in his wife's hand a tiny, velvet case. Touching the spring it flew open, revealing within a

face flushed, the low voice trembled with emotion, for a sweet, dawning hope seemed to flash from the glowing jewels;

IN A SECOND JACK HAD THE PACKAGE FROM HIS POCKET.

little rosary of rubies, every bead a flawless gem.

"Oh, John, how beautiful!" The fair

never before by word or sign had the Judge given sympathy to the holiest feelings of his wife's heart. His utter

lack of Christian faith had been the one bitter trial of an otherwise happy married life.

"Since you must tell your beads, my little Papist, I would have fitting ones for those dainty fingers. Nay, sweetheart," and his voice grew graver, "unbeliever as I am, I say with Hamlet, 'In those orisons be all my sins remembered,' and if there be a heaven, beyond that which you have made for me on

"Tut, tut," laughed the Judge kissing the upturned face, "you have simply strained nerve and fancy in preparing pleasure for others, as you blessed women always do. We must not stand here love-making any longer or those young people outside will get impatient. Is everything ready for the curtain to rise on the Christmas drama? Good! then I'll open the door and call the children in."

BEFORE THE BAR OF ONE WHO JUDGES NOT AS MAN.

earth, I feel it will open to me at the prayer of my wife."

"God grant it!" she whispered through happy tears, "but, oh! John, I do not know why it is, there seems a strange shadow upon my heart to-night that I cannot banish. Perhaps it is the very brightness of my home that makes me fear and tremble, but I feel, I cannot say how," a light shudder passed through her frame, "as if something dark, some evil or danger were near."

He flung the doors open as he spoke, and with a wild outburst of delight the six young Lawrences, who had been possessing their souls as well as they could in patience on the stairs without, sprang into the drawing-room, driving every shadow from the mother's heart and hushing every chord of fear.

* * *

Outside, the night was bitter cold. There was no moon, but the dark velvety sky glittered with myriads of stars

ranging in splendor from a great white planet blazing in the East, to tiny points of light, now flashing, now vanishing in the infinite distance. It was as if heaven to its uttermost boundaries was keeping vigil to-night; as if the gaze of the mighty universe were fixed on little earth in wonder at her blessed dignity.

St. Asaph's clock was striking eleven, when through the starlit shadows a deeper shadow crept up to Judge Lawrence's home. The house stood apart from the street amid its own gardens and shrubberies that secluded it usually from the passing gaze, but the lower windows were open and a flood of light and the sound of gay voices and happy laughter poured out into the night. The shadow paused by the gate and peered cautiously around.

"Curse him!"—and the light from the windows showed the dark figure to be that of a great gaunt man leaning upon a knotted stick. "He can have his larks, can he? He ain't guessing what's tracking him down. He ain't guessing what's a coming close to him to-night. He ain't a guessing that oath I swore seven years ago.

"Seven years, seven years, with your heart a bursting with spite and hate until it fairly bursts out of place. My! there's the pain gripping me again. Where's that youngster's bottle?" and the shaking hand lifted the dainty vinaigrette. "If it hadn't been for this I couldn't have kept up, I couldn't have got here, I couldn't have settled this account with Mr. John Lawrence, as I mean to settle it to-night.

"I wonder if they keep a dog," he continued, looking around in the darkness. "I don't hear none. But dogs, nor lions, nor tigers wouldn't stop me to-night," and the speaker's teeth clenched together with a grit at the words. "Nothing wouldn't stop me. I've been a waiting for it, a living for it, aye, a dying for it too long. It's come at last; me and John Lawrence is going to be even at last," and the baleful shadow crept on closer and closer to the brilliantly lit window before which Judge Lawrence sat carelessly in his great armchair, fearlessly silhouetted against the Christmas lights, while standing beside him, his hand resting on his father's shoulder, was Jack, gay, laughing, reckless Jack, his bright boyish face fully revealed to the burning eyes looking in the window.

"Darn it!" burst from the watcher's foam-flecked lips. "It's *my* youngster and—*his* boy!"

* * *

"Come, children, it is bed time. Let us have our Christmas hymn before our sleep on this blessed night," said Mrs. Lawrence, taking her place at the little parlor organ and striking the first chords of the *Adeste fideles*.

A chorus of young sweet voices took up the grand old hymn. Leaning back in his armchair the Judge listened, little dreaming of the shadow of death that was upon him, and of the Christmas angels that were guarding him with outstretched wings.

Adeste, fideles,
Laeti, triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.

The father's heart thrilled to the tender harmony. Nellie, the frail, lovely little daughter, who was his idol, was singing soprano; her clear voice rising like a bird note above her mother's richer tone. Small Dick and Ned came in with shrill, boyish trebles. Baby Belle seated on the organ chirped sleepily, while Jack's tenor swelled the refrain.

Venite adoremus, Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus, Dominum.

The Judge's thoughts were wandering in unaccustomed ways to-night. He found himself pondering on the Bethlehem to which his children's voices called him; on that birth for which a world still rejoiced; on that babe, from whose humble coming history dated her records and whose teaching had revolutionized the pagan world.

Deum de Deo,
Lumen de Lumine

rose the sweet chorus in unfaltering faith. The sceptic's heart stirred strangely. Was there light revealed to these babes that he was too blind to see?

Gloria, Gloria,
In Excelsis Deo

rose the triumphal chant caught from angelic choirs.

Gloria, Gloria,

and all the voices that made earth's music seemed to echo back the raptured song.

Gloria, Gloria,

went swelling through the Christmas gladness and beauty of the room and pulsing into the darkness without, when suddenly the harmony was broken by a shot, a crash, a muffled cry. Mrs. Lawrence started from the organ, the children clung to her in terror, the Judge sprang to the window, swept aside the curtain and flung open the sash.

"Jack, quick. Brandy from the sideboard—some one is hurt out here," and he leaped from the low sill to the ground where a dark figure lay moaning piteously.

"What hurt you, my man?" asked the Judge, bending over the writhing figure. "Who fired that shot?"

"Me," was the harsh answer. "Me, Mr. John Lawrence, but you needn't be skeered. It was fired in air, but it was loaded—for you."

"For *me*," repeated the Judge in amazement.

"Look close," gasped the man; "mebbe you won't remember me, for I guess you've done the same job for many a chap since. Mebbe you don't know Pete Wright."

"Pete Wright, the lifer in State's prison."

"Where you put him when you was persecuting attorney seven years ago," panted the speaker. "I swore I'd be even with you for it, if I ever got the chance. Swore it on my knees day and night, swore it harder and deeper when the pain gripped me here," he struck his breast fiercely, "and they let me loose—to die. To die, but I swore I wouldn't die until I sent you to death before me, and that's what I come here to do to-night. And I'd a done it, I had the drop on you through that window, and Pete Wright is a dead shot yet. I could have done it, Mr. John Lawrence, but I—I didn't. Mebbe," and the dim, bleared eyes fixed themselves on Jack, who had reached the scene with the brandy, "mebbe, youngster, you can tell why?"

"My!" exclaimed Jack, staring in breathless amazement, "it's you again, is it? Father, it's—it's the man I told you about that I met on the river bank this evening."

"It's—it's that—that chap of yourn that saved you, Mr. John Lawrence. He came across me when I was most—most gone. He was good to me, and he a boy, too. He was good and I was rough and ugly to him, but—but he didn't get scared or back out. He just kept along being good. He gave me this," the trembling hand showed the little vinaigrette in its icy clutch. "Good stuff; it gave me back my breath again, it helped me to get—get here. And—and when I got here—with—with murder in my heart and that pistol loaded to the muzzle for you, John Lawrence; when I had the drop on you through that window and saw—saw that boy's face at your side, that boy's hand on your shoulder, when I knowed he was *yourn*—well, I fought it out with the old spite and the old hate for a minute, and then—then I give up, John Lawrence, and I fired my pistol in air. And now—now I'm—I'm dead beat out. No, I don't want no liquor—'tain't no use fighting death no longer. Might as well give that up, too. Where are you, youngster? Would you mind gripping my hand, I can't see. That Christmas gift, you know, well, for it, I've—I've given you your—your," the words came

with a piteous struggle, "your father's life."

There was a shudder, a sigh, and the convict's soul lit with the first gleam that had ever fallen upon its darkness was before the bar of One who judges not as man.

"There was not a more desperate ruffian walked the earth," said Judge Lawrence, as a little later, amid his pale, excited, family group, he told Pete Wright's story. Yet one little act of kindness softened him. "Ah, my dear children," said the tender mother, "remember what we have been spared to-night. If Jack had not been pitiful to that wretched man this evening——"

"I tell you I did not feel much like it," said Jack frankly, but you see I had just left Father Neville, and he was so sick himself, and so kind and so jolly, and he talked to me about being good to everybody, so that somehow, just then I could not have turned away from a dying dog."

"God bless Father Neville then, let us all pray to-night," said Mrs. Lawrence in a trembling tone.

"Glory to God, and good will to man," has been the text of his life. He preaches it to the last.

To the last, indeed, for the Christmas chimes sounded through the midnight as she spoke.

Spire after spire caught up the joyous peals, until the starry darkness seemed to thrill and throb with triumphant *Glorias*. Then suddenly through the glad carillons a deep-toned solemn note came from the tower of St. Asaph's.

The tolling bell for a departed soul—Father Neville had "gone home."

THE STABAT MATER OF THE CRIB.

Translated by Rev. J. F. Quirk, S.J.

Stood the Mother wondrous fair,
Joyous by the manger where,
Lapped in straw, her infant lay.

Stabat Mater speciosa,
Juxta fœnum gaudiosa,
Dum jacebat parvulus.

And her soul with gladness flowed,
Till it mantled, till it glowed
'Neath her joy's ecstatic sway.

Cujus animam gaudentem,
Lætabundam et ferventem
Pertransivit jubilus.

Oh! how glad and blest her lot,
Virgin Mother without spot,
Mother of the Only-Born!

O quam læta et beata
Fuit illa immaculata
Mater Unigeniti!

How she joyed, and how she smiled,
Glorying in that noble child
Whom she bore this very morn!

Quæ gaudebat, et ridebat,
Exultabat, cum videbat
Nati partum inclyti.

Who could still his heart for glee,
If Christ's Mother he should see
In such great supporting joy?

Quis est qui non gauderet,
Christi Matrem si videret
In tanto solatio?

Who could see her and forbear
In her happiness to share,
As she fondled Him, her Boy?

Quis non posset collætari
Christi Matrem contemplari
Ludentem cum filio?

Mid the cattle there she saw
Christ exposed to winter's flaw
For the sins of His own race.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Christum vidit cum jumentis,
Et algori subditum.

Saw the Son she held so sweet,
Whom the adoring angels greet,
Moan in that poor lodging place.

To Christ's manger angels throng,
Carolling their gladsome song
With a joy no words can say.

Stood old age there with the maid,
Yet nor word nor speech essayed,
For their hearts had swooned away.

Mother, who art love's own source,
Give me some of thy love's force,
Shape my feelings unto thine!

Grant my heart may learn to glow,
In Christ's love may learn to grow,
Till He love this heart of mine.

Holy Mother, favor grant:
On my soul His wounds implant,
Grave them deep upon my heart.

Since He stoops from heaven's bliss
To a crib of straw like this,
In His pains, oh, give me part.

Fain would I thy gladness share,
Fain the lot of Jesus bear
Even to my latest day.

Let thy love in me abide,
Let me love thy Darling's side,
While a pilgrim here I stray.

Make our loves together knit;
Never from my soul permit
The pure wish to turn away.

Virgin of all virgins blest,
Do not slight my fond request:
Give thy Son to my embrace.

Give Him me, whose very breath
Was a triumph over death,
Who hath brought us life of grace.

Make me feel thy brimming joy,
And for rapture of thy Boy
Revel in thy keen delight.

Wrought to burning is my soul,
Languishing beyond control,
As this union strikes my sight.

Grant thy Son as warder tend,
Grant the Word of God defend
And preserve me by His grace.

Grant that when my body dies,
On my soul the vision rise
Of thy dear Son, face to face.

Vidit suum dulcem natum
Vagientem, adoratum
Vili diversorio.

Nato Christo in præsepe,
Cœli cives canunt læte
Cum immenso gaudio.

Stabat senex cum puella,
Non cum verbo nec loquela,
Stupescentes cordibus.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim ardoris,
Fac ut tecum sentiam!

Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas:
Prone introducas plagas
Cordi fixas valide.

Tui nati cœlo lapsi,
Jam dignati fœno nasci
Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me vere congaudere,
Jesulino cohaerere,
Donec ego vixero.

In me sistat ardor tui,
Puerino fac me frui,
Dum sum in exilio.

Hunc ardorem fac communem,
Ne facias me immunem
Ab hoc desiderio.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara:
Fac me parvum rapere.

Fac ut portem pulchrum fantem,
Qui nascendo vicit mortem,
Volens vitam tradere

Fac me tecum satiari,
Nato tuo inebriari,
Stans inter tripudia.

Inflammatus et accensus,
Obstupescit omnis sensus
Tali de commercio.

Fac me nato custodiri,
Verbo Dei præmuniri,
Conservari gratia.

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Tui nati visio.

SOME RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS AND THEIR SPIRIT.

GOD is wonderful in His saints! And if in any particular class of saints, surely it must be in those who have been called by Him to be founders of religious families.

To all the call has been given to conform themselves to the likeness of His Son, the great model, the first born of every creature. Thus in all we find the same general features yet beautifully diversified. Each has striven in an especial way to reproduce some feature of the life of Christ that most appealed to his heart. To an Anthony, the Master's love of retirement alone on a mountain in prayer made the call to a solitary life in the desert an imperative appeal.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

How the call came is well known. Hearing the words of the Gospel read, in which the Lord said to the rich young man: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come follow me." He straightway left the church and sold all his property and goods. He reserved a little money for the support of his young sister whose guardian he was. But not long after, again in the church the voice sounded, "Be not solicitous for the morrow." He went out and gave way all that he had, confiding his sister to faithful virgins to bring up. Moreover he began to practise the virtue of all he saw around him, cherishing the continence of one, the kindliness of another, the prayerfulness of a third. He fasted; he lay on the ground; above all he cherished piety toward Christ and charity toward others. They esteemed him a special friend of God. He underwent every temptation belonging to his age, but without ever failing. This was his preparation for a solitary life.

When he was thirty-five years old, he retired to the desert where he shut himself up in an abandoned building, where he lived alone for twenty years, receiving bread twice a year for his support from the top of the house. At the expiration of this term those desirous of imitating his life burst in the doors. Anthony came forth and by his conversation persuaded many to embrace the monastic life. Thenceforth, when occasion demanded, he would issue from the solitude of his monastery to meet any trial of his brethren. And troublous indeed were the times embracing the last and greatest pagan persecution and that of the Arian heretics.

St. Anthony's struggles with the powers of darkness are famous. Strong in God's power he laughed the demons to scorn. "We must," he said "fear God alone, but despise them and have no dread at all of them. But the more they do these things [attack and tempt] let us increase the tenor of our asceticism against them. For an upright life and faith in God are a great defence. They

dread in ascetics the fasting, the watching, the prayers, the meekness, the tranquility, the disregard of wealth and vainglory, the humility, the love of the poor, the alms-giving, the gentleness, and above all, their piety towards Christ." We dwell thus long on St. Anthony because of the influence of his example on all who after him led the contemplative life.

His watchword was piety towards Christ. He had but one desire to follow his Lord—to be like Him, to enjoy communion with Him. This was to be carried out in solitude when charity did not require his aid; when it did then he lent, but never gave, himself, for he had laid down as a maxim that monks must live in the mountains as fish live in the sea.

St. Anthony is considered the most perfect example of the ascetic life in itself, while his disciple, St. Pachomius, is ranked as its legislator, for he was the founder of the community life and gave its rule. As Paul was the first hermit, so Anthony is the patriarch of monks. The greater severity of penance in the hermit's loneliness was balanced by the greater opportunity of exercising charity in a religious household living together under a rule.

The real legislator, however, of the religious life is St. Basil, who was born in Cæsarea of Cappadocia in 317. He belonged to a family, eight of whose members are reckoned among the saints. St. Gregory Nazianzen, his fellow student and friend at Athens, describes their life as follows: "We two had the same end in view; we sought the same treasure—virtue; and we thought we would make our friendship everlasting by preparing ourselves for eternity. We knew but two roads at Athens—the one that led us to the church, the other to the schools. All others were ignored."

The law could not long satisfy the longings of such a soul. Nobler aspirations were inspired by his holy sister, Macrina. He betook himself to the desert to study the virtues of the disciples of SS. Paul and Anthony. When he returned after several years, he found that his mother and sister had taken refuge in a solitary place on the bank of the river Iris, where they were living in community with other virgins who had accompanied them.

Basil resolved to follow their example and with some friends, his companions, he built a monastery on the opposite bank of the same river. For their guidance he composed a rule. Prayer and manual labor form its foundation. After praying to God with heart and lips; after contemplating Him with the eyes of the spirit, prayer is to take the form of work. Cutting wood, tilling the soil, it matters not, prayer and work are the watchword against the enemy of souls. But Basil was not long to enjoy a life of solitude, however dear to him. He was called to the priesthood, afterwards to the episcopacy, and to be the invincible champion of orthodoxy.

The institute of St. Basil spread rapidly in the East and thence passed to the West. Even in the fourth century there were many monasteries following this rule in Italy. In the lifetime of the saints, the Arian heretics considered the Basilian monks and nuns as their most dreaded adversaries on account of their numbers and the purity of their doctrines.

The monks united the active and contemplative life. They prayed and meditated in their monasteries, took care of the poor, worked with mind and hand, writing against heretics and cultivating the earth. It was their aim to live near the clergy and the Christians at large, to assist and strengthen them in the combat. The monastery was not their boundary line, and in a truly practical spirit St. Basil had said: "If fasting prevents work, you had better eat like Christ's workmen, which you are." How unceasing this work was to be he lays down saying: "Athletes, workmen of Christ; you have enlisted with Him to combat all the day; do not, then,

seek for rest until the end of the day when night falls, that is at the end of life, the hour when the Father of the family will come to reckon with you and give you your pay."

The nuns devoted themselves chiefly to the liturgical chant, psalmody and prayer.

In 340 the great St. Athanasius was driven into exile and fled for protection from new Rome to old Rome, where Pope Julius welcomed him. The confessor of the faith brought with him a full knowledge of the monastic life as practised in the desert by the disciples of SS. Anthony and Pachomius. Moreover, he was accompanied by two monks, and thus the knowledge and esteem of this life were introduced at Rome.

ST. BENEDICT.

About twenty years later Pope Liberius received the solemn profession of the sister of St. Ambrose in St. Peter's, amid a great company of nuns, her friends and partners of her life. St. Augustine, when still a young convert, testifies that he had seen monasteries of men and women at Rome and Milan.

From the beginning of Christianity as a direct following of the Apostles and of the Apostolic Church at Jerusalem, there had been those who carried out in their own lives many of the practices contained later in the monastic discipline. St. Cyprian called the consecrated virgins the brides of Christ a hundred years before Pope Liberius in St. Peter's had dwelt upon that dignity in the sister of St. Ambrose. But during times of persecution it was impossible to have houses openly acknowledged in which the common or community life could be led.

This common life required of its members three things: an unmarried condition, the non-possession of private property and the renunciation of self-will in obedience. To guide such a community of those in no ways related by kinship, a rule and a ruler were necessary. The spirit of both is seen in the names given to the rulers of abbot and abbess, showing that in the case of men it was to be paternal, in the case of women, maternal.

An account given by St. Augustine of a "community of saints," which he saw at Milan is interesting: "Its superior was an excellent and most learned priest. . . . He rules the rest, who dwell with him, in a life of Christian charity, holiness and liberty. They are a burden to no one, but maintain themselves by their own handiwork, after the Oriental custom, and the teaching of the Apostle Paul. It came to my knowledge that many exercised quite incredible fastings, not taking refreshment once a day at the approach of night, which is the universal custom, but very often passing three or more days without food or drink. And this was the case not only

with men, but also women, where many widows and virgins dwelt together, maintaining themselves by woolen work and spinning. Each house has a superior of recognized gravity and experience, not only in directing and maintaining good conduct, but of ready skill in the cultivation of the mind."

The idea of monastic life affected powerfully the life of St. Augustine. At his conversion he retired to Tagaste with a few friends to lead a hidden life. When called forth to receive the priesthood, he set up a monastery at Hippo. The idea was modified when he became bishop, and he formed a community of which his own clergy collectively were members. This institution, though it has passed through many changes, remains to the present day active and efficient as a combination of the monastic and clerical life. Those who followed the rule of St. Augustine were called Canons Regular. The great bishop founded also a monastery for nuns at Hippo and confided its direction to his sister Perpetua. The rule which he drew up for them is extremely simple and readily adapts itself to the particular constitutions of orders which, later on, took it as a foundation.

We might say that fraternal charity was the distinguishing mark of the spirit of St. Augustine. "Bear one another with charity, and work hard to preserve mutual union by the bond of peace, for you will always find things that must be borne at the hands of others." "Endeavor to prevent complaints or strifes among you, or if they arise, smother them at once. Be more careful to preserve union than to reprove one another."

The Austin Canons, or Black Canons, as they were called in England, claim St. Augustine as their father and the giver of their rule, so too do the Augustinian hermits or friars.

We pass over with a few words the admiration of St. Jerome for the monastic life which he saw at Rome and which he encouraged by the construction and government of religious houses at Bethlehem during the last part of his life.

We must remark that in the beginning religious were of the laity, and that it was St. Augustine who first formed a community of clerics.

In the East the monks of Anthony, Pachomius and Basil had been a bulwark of strength against the enemies of the true faith. In the West the Roman empire was giving way before the barbarian invasion, the monks formed an insurmountable barrier of faith, charity and penance. By faith they saw the value of souls, which they accordingly loved. In opposing poverty, chastity, and obedience, the bases of monastic life to the triple concupiscence, they at once offered a contrast and a remedy, though they had no intention of making this exceptional life the common rule for all. But by the very excess of their sacrifice they showed people in the world the possibility of their being able to keep at least the happy mean. At the close of the fifth century God raised up one who is justly called the Patriarch of Monks—St. Benedict. Like his prototype, St. Anthony, he first formed himself in a dreary solitude, dwelling in a cave in the mountains above Subiaco. There he dwelt for thirty-five years when he withdrew to Monte Cassino where he founded a new monastery which he ruled for fourteen years, until his death. From the experience he had of the disciples who had gathered around him in both these places, he drew up that rule which was to be embraced by so many generations and to change the face of Europe.

To understand the services of Benedict we must review the history of the monastic life. When he came upon the scene it had been in practice for two hundred years from its commencement by St. Anthony. From its home in Egypt it had spread throughout the East. The greatest eastern saints had encouraged it, and among them Basil had regulated it by his laws. Athanasius had written

a life of the first patriarch Anthony, which became widely known, and personally had helped to found it in Rome and the West. Augustine had made it an institution of his diocese, pointing it out to his fellow-bishops as the form of an episcopal home. The three vows on which the common life depended had been generally accepted and acted upon, but though St Basil had drawn up a rule with much pains, and many monasteries had received it, still there was a great divergence in practices, and it was not until St. Benedict wrote his rule that there was a real religious order.

The holy patriarch does not undertake to found an institute, but finding the cœnobites, that is, the monks, who live under a rule or an abbot in monasteries, he seeks to regulate their mode of life. The abbot is to be, as his name implies, a father. His authority is absolute, permanent and elective, with the obligation of taking counsel of the whole community, and of acting with a single regard to its interest.

The monastery is to be so constituted that all things necessary, such as water, a mill, a garden, and the various crafts may be contained within, so that there may be no need for the monks to go abroad; for this is by no means expedient for their souls.

The whole monastic life was built upon obedience. But this sacrifice carries another with it, renunciation of all right to private ownership. After due probation the candidate who is to be received is to make before all, in the oratory, a promise of *stability*, conversion of life, and obedience. This promise he himself draws up in writing and places on the altar. He has already bestowed upon the poor whatever property he had. He then strips himself of his own garments and is clothed in the habit of the monastery. The holocaust is complete.

With such forces under command no wonder the Benedictine Abbot and Abbess carried all before them. They went forth from Monte Cassino armed

ST. BERNARD.

with the triple vow and with a missoin of civilization. Europe was in the throes of barbarian invasions, and a blight showed their trail. It was the vocation of the sons and daughters of Benedict to redeem the waste places. They drained the marshes and cut down the forests, they cultivated the fields and founded cities, they formed libraries and saved the learned works of heathen and Christian authors, they taught school and trained generations in faith and piety, they won over to Christ the barbarous peoples, Franks and Germans, Anglo-Saxons and Normans. Their monasteries were the refuge of souls that longed to serve God. From them went up the unceasing sacrifice of prayer and supplication for mankind.

After fourteen centuries the spirit of St. Benedict is as powerful as ever and the work of his children is carried on in the lives traced by his guiding hand.

Some six hundred years after the death of the patriarch of monks a new branch sprouted from the parent trunk in the beautiful Cistercian Order, whose chief glory is St. Bernard.

Though not strictly a founder, he deserves to be ranked as such by the new life he infused into the Order of Citeaux. Possessing all the gifts of nature in a high degree, noble of family and assured of advancement in the world he determined to abandon all when in his twenty-third year. His example was contagious and all his brothers but one, the youngest, followed him. Later on, he too knocked for admission, accompanied by his aged father with the same request.

He practised himself what he afterwards taught his novices: "If you wish to live in this house, you must leave outside the bodies which you brought into the world; for the souls alone are admitted here and the flesh is useless." The interior peace he enjoyed from constant union with God was reflected on his countenance and he seemed rather a spirit than a mortal man.

The task of founding the Abbey of Clairvaux was confided to the young monk. At first he found it hard to understand the difficulties of his less favored brethren, and showed himself somewhat severe as though the same measure of grace were given to all. When he saw his mistake he humbled himself for not having compassion for the weakness of others. From this time forth he manifested an extraordinary gentleness and condescension for his brethren. This, however, instead of relaxing the regular observance, rather increased it, for in a holy emulation the more indulgent to them he showed himself, the more severe they proved to themselves.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Like many another saint he went to excess in the practice of bodily mortifications, which, in after life he regretted as blameworthy because, though one should get the mastery over the body, one should not destroy the strength given by God to be used for His service. But strength was lent to him on occasions to speak before kings and peoples, to make long journeys, to preach two crusades, to defend the Church against heretics, and to found one hundred and sixty houses of his Order. No man of his time wielded such influence as the Abbot of Clairvaux. His devotion to our Lord and His Blessed Mother was intense, and his writings in their honor show a heart burning with fondest love. This love manifested itself in wondrous zeal for souls. Such unction had he that the title *Doctor Mellifluus* was accorded him. Though honey-tongued, he could use a holy liberty and an apostolic courage when circumstances requested them, but withal tempered by humility and charity. Trials and persecutions were not wanting but he accepted them as God-sent means of puri-

fying his soul, and God endowed him with the gift of working miracles to advance His glory.

After forty years of religious life, surrounded by his spiritual children in tears at the prospect of losing their Father, Bernard, raising his eyes to heaven, said with an angelic smile: "I know not to which I must yield: to the love of my children which urges me to stay here below, or to the love of my God which draws me up to Him." The love of God triumphed, and the last of the Fathers of the Church went to his reward.

The spirit of St. Bernard still animates the holy order of Citeaux, the spirit of prayer, recollection, and penance. And since its aim was personal sanctification in solitude, its abbeys are to be found apart from the haunts of men in lonely places. In the course of ages a relaxation in the matter of food and other points was introduced. This led to several reforms or returns to the primitive rule, the most famous of which is the Trappist, whose members live dead to the world in perfect silence, except when reciting the divine office, and not even known by name to one another. But the spirit of Bernard lives in them in their constant union with God and like him they say: "Living in a cell is living in heaven."

ST. CLARE.

About fifty years after the death of St. Bernard the call of God came to Francis of Assisi. Faith was weakening and morals were degenerating. The virility of the Christian spirit was disappearing. The Crusades had failed, and the disciples of Mohamet were bent on conquering Christendom. To this foe from without came an ally from within the fold of the Church. Heresy was laying waste the faith in the region of the Alps. It was time for God to raise up for Himself a champion. Francis Bernardone was the man of providence.

There was need of an apostle of detachment from all things earthly. Francis was called to imitate Christ in His complete destitution on the Cross. Francis became the practicer and preacher of holy poverty. He despoiled himself of everything he had, even to his garments, and in return received the clothes of a beggar from the hand of his bishop. He renounced home and family. Thus freed from all things he retired to a cave, where in solitude he could listen to the voice of God. After forty days he came forth an enthusiastic lover of God and of souls redeemed by the precious blood.

His zeal was a flame that enkindled all with whom he came in contact. Disciples flocked around him. He imparted to them his spirit. A true Catholic, he would have the approbation for his work from the Vicar of Christ. At first his request was rejected, but a vision enlightened the Pontiff, Innocent IV., of the providential character of the mission of St. Francis, and the sanction was accorded.

A true apostle, he longed to bring the world to the feet of Jesus Christ. Like his model he first practised and then preached penance. A living example of perfect poverty, detachment and charity, no wonder his words burned deep into the hearts of men. Not content with receiving the faith of Catholics, he burned

ST. DOMINIC.

with the desire to impart the gift of God to the Moors. He crossed the sea to Egypt. He appeared in the camp of the Crusaders. Then in an excess of daring he penetrated the ranks of the Musselmans and stood in the presence of the Sultan. Astonished at the hardihood of St. Francis, the Sultan spared his life and even granted him permission to preach to the soldiers; but the soil was barren and the seed of the Word of God was unfruitful.

The apostle returned to Assisi, and in the little church of Our Lady of the Angels he organized his order, embracing three classes: the Friars Minor, the Poor Clares, and the Third Order for those living in the world. The Pope in the Council of the Lateran approved his Rule.

His life had been distinguished by his burning love of Christ crucified. He was to be conformed to the likeness of the Crucified even in his body. So on the heights of Alverno, after long fasting and prayer, the sacred stigmata were impressed on his side, hands and feet by one who had the appearance of a seraph, whom he resembled in his burning love of God. He could well say with St. Paul: "From henceforth let no man be troublesome to me: for I bear the marks of the Lord Jesus in my body."

Worn out by mortification and labor, though only forty-four years of age, he felt his end approaching. Where his life for God had begun, there would he have it end. So he begged to be carried to Our Lady of the Angels, and there, lying on a bed of ashes, he breathed out his soul to God in a transport of love. At his death he left ten thousand Friars Minor to carry on his work! And the work has gone on in the spirit of the founder. The name of Franciscan is synonymous with perfect poverty, child-like confidence in the providence of God, great simplicity of faith and zeal for souls. The family likeness is visible in the Seraphic Doctor of the Church, St. Bonaventure; in the mighty wonder-worker, St. Anthony of Padua, and in the humble lay brother, St. Didacus. "My God and my all," represents their wealth and their poverty.

What Francis was to do for men, Clare, under the guidance of the seraphic saint, was called by God to do for women. Noble in family, but nobler in heart, rich and beautiful, but despising riches and beauty as transitory, she longed for a life hidden in God. Though only eighteen years of age the world had no charm for her, and she determined to consecrate herself to God alone. In the little church of Our Lady of the Angels St. Francis cut off her hair as a sign of renouncing the vanities of the world, and clothed her in sackcloth with a cord as a girdle. She then plighted her eternal troth to her divine Bridegroom and retired to the Benedictine Monastery of St. Paul. A few days later her young sister Agnes, only fourteen years old, joined her.

A violent storm of opposition arose. The noble Count Favorino, their father, was determined to regain his daughters. But One who had higher claims than he interposed in behalf of those pure souls who had offered Him the holocaust of their lives. The Count accepted the evi-

dent will of God and blessed his children.

St. Francis could now establish the Second Order of Penance. He installed the two sisters in a small house adjoining the church of St. Damian, and soon many "doves," as the saintly foundress called them, "took shelter in the little nest of poverty." Among them were Clare's mother, her other sister, Beatrice, and her niece, Amy.

They were called the Poor Women, poverty, their distinctive mark, being thus emphasized, but the name by which they are commonly known now is the Poor Clares.

They went barefoot, observed perpetual abstinence, constant silence and absolute poverty. "They say we are too poor," said the Saint, "but can a heart which possesses God be truly called poor?" In this spirit their only treasure was the Blessed Sacrament, and our Lord more than once gave proof of His protection in a signal way. Once, when twenty thousand Saracens were encamped near Assisi, a body of them attacked the convent at night. There were no guards to resist, nor was there any money to buy off, the enemy. Putting the Sacred Host in a monstrance, St. Clare thus armed went to meet the barbarians. A celestial light shone from the Host; blinded and alarmed, the Saracens fled. Hence in sacred art St. Clare is represented bearing a monstrance or a ciborium. With some modifications of rule, the spiritual daughters of St. Clare are to be found in nearly all civilized countries. In a luxurious and money-worshipping age the Poor Clares by their lives carry out the dying injunctions of their foundress. "I conjure, you, my daughters, for the love of that divine Saviour, who was born poor in a manger, who lived poor among men, and died naked on the Cross, to see to it that this little flock, formed by the Heavenly Father in His Holy Church, through the words and example of St. Francis, our blessed Father, always imitate the poverty and humility of His dear Son and of the glorious Virgin Mary."

ST. TERESA.

The Saint of Assisi, having provided for men and women who were willing to forsake all to follow Christ in the First and Second Order, bethought himself of the needs of those who might serve God with a perfection suited to their state without abandoning the world. It was the inspiration of the Third Order open to all, even to the married, who would follow a rule adapted to their wants. To what multitudes in all ages and countries has it proved the means of leading a holy life amid the cares and seductions of the world. To how many has it been the stepping-stone to a religious vocation and eminent sanctity.

While the voice of God was calling St Francis in Italy, to set an example of perfect poverty and detachment, the same voice was speaking to St. Dominic in Spain. The young Castilian had a heart burning with the love of God and consequently hating sin, and yearning to make all men know, love and serve their master. An instance of his zeal gives a clue to his character. He heard one day that a young man had been taken captive by the Moors. Such a captivity might cause the loss of salvation to that soul. He offered to sell himself that the price of his own liberty might be the ransom of the captive.

Dominic was sent into France on a diplomatic embassy. While in that country his heart was touched with sorrow and indignation at the ravages of the Albigensian heretics. He inflamed other priests with some of his zeal, but as there was no stability in the bond connecting them with him and the work, he decided to found an order and sought the sanction of Innocent III. It was not granted for a while. Finally the Pope yielded on condition that Dominic and his companions should follow some rule already approved. They selected that of St. Augustine. Convinced, like St. Francis, of the necessity of bodily mortifications he enjoined complete abstinence from meat, except in serious illness, a fast from September 14 to Easter day, the use of woolen garments, a rigorous poverty and other austerities.

ST. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL.

As the aim of the new founder was to gain souls, the spirit which he infused into his brethren was zeal for the apostleship, and hence their title of Friars Preachers. The new order spread rapidly. Like the Friars Minors, they depended wholly for their subsistence on the alms of the faithful. As missionaries they are known all the world over.

Unlike St. Francis, Dominic established first a convent of nuns in order to rescue and shield young girls from heresy and crime. In spite of seniority, in time the Dominican nuns form the Second Order, while the Friars Preachers have precedence as the First Order. Lastly came the Tertiaries, consisting of persons of both sexes living in the world. Our Lady took St. Dominic under her special protection and gave to him that most powerful spiritual weapon, the Rosary, with which to overcome heresy. But while the Friars Preachers were trying to gain souls by the apostleship of the Word they had need of power and unction. So the nuns of St. Dominic in their cloisters were to carry on the apostolate of prayer and thus strengthen the arms of their brethren that else might have grown weary and powerless. Faithful to their vocation both sons and daughters of St. Dominic, the former by preaching, the latter by praying, are bulwarks against the spread of error.

In the sixteenth century a new enemy was desolating the fold of Christ. He needed new champions. The Reformers railed against bodily mortification and the monastic life. God would give to them a striking example of a mortified nun. So He drew to Him the little maiden of Avila, and Teresa, when only seven years of age, longed for death, because, as she said, "I want to see God, and I must die before I can see Him," desiring like the Apostle "to be dissolved and to be with Christ." This same love of God drew her to forsake the world with its attractions and seek Him in the solitude of Carmel where He could speak to her heart. Though the Second Order of Carmelites had not long been in existence its first fervor had somewhat relaxed. Teresa, appreciating in her own case the need of the strict observance, resolved to practise the primitive rule and to induce her fellow nuns to do

the same. Naturally opposition arose. Teresa, convinced of her mission, was resolute although humble and obedient. She persevered and she triumphed. In a suburb of her own town of Avila, she opened the first convent of Discalced or Barefooted Carmelites. Poverty reigned there and bodily mortification, but only as means of freeing the soul to hold a more intimate converse with God. Where every human consolation was lacking, there was an abundance of spiritual joy.

The delights of the Carmel of Avila became known abroad and candidates in numbers begged admittance. In various cities of Spain Teresa was implored to found convents. Nor did the call come from women only, but men too caught the primitive spirit of Carmel as preached and practised by St. John of the Cross, the fellow worker of St. Teresa in the great reform. She lived to see seventeen convents of nuns and fifteen of friars following the primitive rule. Her wonderful ascetical works, her *Foundations*, her *Way of Perfection*, her *Castle of the Soul*, and other writings, have won for St. Teresa a place in the foremost rank of writers of the Church.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

Although so opposed to the weaknesses of human nature, prone to ease and self-indulgence, the Order of Carmel flourishes. The daughters of the Seraphic Mother, living shut off from the world by their strict cloister, bring down upon that world God's richest blessings obtained by their prayers and penances. A child-like spirit of joy characterizes them, caught perhaps from their constant contemplation of the mysteries of the Holy Childhood of our Lord. They have the simplicity and sweetness taught them by Him, and these are the treasures of Carmel.

In the sixteenth century Teresa was called by God, as she has recorded, to implore grace for heretics, especially those in France, by practising herself and inducing others to practise great austerity of life and constant union with God in prayer. Two centuries later a more insidious enemy, Jansenism, was ravaging France. It represented the Catholic religion as hard and exacting; it dried up the springs of divine love, and under the pretence of respect for the sacraments tried to keep men from frequenting them. To counteract this specious heresy God chose two elect souls

to found a religious order in which sweetness should temper strength, and faith inspire love; in which bodily austerities should give precedence to interior discipline of the mind and heart. St. Francis de Sales and St Jane de Chantal were the instruments in founding the order of the Visitation of St. Mary. God willed that the work of the saintly bishop of Geneva should last, and that his spirit should live through the ages. It was he who conceived the plan of the new institute and wrote its constitutions, but it was the noble Baroness de Chantal who carried it into execution. Had she been the author the rule might have been too severe; had he not had her counsel it might have been too easy.

The life of St. Jane is well known. Her heroic sacrifice of so many endearing ties is famous. A daughter leaves her aged father, a widowed mother her orphan children, when they seemed still to need her care. But a higher claim than that of father or children had been made known to her. The Church in the collect for her feast strikes as a keynote of her greatness her marvellous fortitude of spirit in pursuing the way of perfection in four states of life, and attributed it to her burning love for God. The world was aghast at the news that the beautiful and charming baroness had forsaken it to devote her life to the founding of a religious order. The gentle and sympathetic Francis intended to provide for those devout souls that dwelt in frail bodily tabernacles and were, therefore, unable to bear the austerity of the old orders. Moreover, when first instituted, the Visitandines were not cloistered, and thus they could visit the sick and needy in their homes as one of their practices of charity. But it was an innovation in those days for nuns to be seen in the streets. The good people of Annecy were edified, and the virtues of the members of the new order attracted many postulants. A call came to form a monastery at Lyons, and thither St. Jane was sent. The archbishop received her with honor and respect, but insisted upon the cloister. St. Francis at first stood firm, saying that circumstances altered cases and that the new needs of the Church required new measures. Mgr. de Marquemont was inflexible, and the saintly bishop of Annecy yielded. He used afterwards to say: "I do not know why people call me the founder of an order, for I did not do what I wanted, and I did do what I did not want." He was consoled, however, by the approbation by Paul V. of the new order under the rule of St. Augustine, which he characterized as "so animated by charity that throughout it breathes only sweetness, gentleness and kindliness, and hence is suitable for all sorts of persons, whatever be their strength or nationality."

Thirty-two years did St. Jane live in religion, guided during twelve by her saintly co-founder. When death claimed her, at the age of seventy, she had founded eighty-six monasteries. St. Francis seemed to have an intuition of the part his order was to play in spreading the devotion of the Sacred Heart, for he begged the nuns "to unite their vows to the Heart of Jesus;" to be the servants and adorers of the loving Heart of the Saviour, and he called them "The daughters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus." A little more than thirty years after the death of St. Jane our Lord made the great revelation of His Sacred Heart to B. Margaret Mary, and the humble Visitandine became the apostle of this world-regenerating devotion.

Mgr. Bougaud portrays the spirit of the institute as follows: "The Visitation knows not the long fasts nor the other austerities of Carmel. Mortified, however, for without bodily mortification there can be no religious life, the daughter of St. Francis de Sales immolates herself especially by interior sacrifice, by carefulness to keep herself gentle, recollected, humble, amiable, agreeable to all and in all things. She lives in the cloister and behind bars, but less

severe; the veil which God puts on her head does not hide her face from view. Her distinctive trait is sweetness."

St. Francis de Sales had realized the need of a body of devoted women who would visit in their homes the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate. We have seen how he was obliged to change the work of his Visitandines. St. Vincent de Paul was able to carry out the plan of the saintly bishop. Perhaps the reason was that one began by writing an institute, and the other wrote an institute after the work had been successfully undertaken. The "father of the poor," as St. Vincent was called, like many another founder, had no idea that he was founding a congregation. As a priest he was inflamed with zeal for souls. He saw that souls could be gained through ministering to the body. He believed in organized efforts, so he established in parishes the celebrated confraternities of charity for the spiritual and corporal relief of the sick poor. He gathered around him other zealous priests, who in time became known as the Priests of the Mission. Wherever they went to preach there they started in every parish a confraternity of charity.

ST. PHILIP NERI.

But the great work was to take a new development. There was much pious emulation in Paris among the ladies of the highest class. Foremost among them was Louise de Marillac, widow of M. Le Gras. St. Vincent de Paul recognized her eminent piety and ability and charged her with the task of putting unity of action into the different associations of charity already established.

It resulted in the formation of the celebrated Congregation of the Sisters of Charity. It was a new departure in religious life. Vincent called them the Servants of the Poor and wrote his admirable conferences to form them in practical spirituality. He expressed his idea of his spiritual daughters in the following words: "They will consider that although they are not in a religious order, inasmuch as this state is not suitable to their vocation, yet, because they are much more exposed than the religious who are cloistered and grilled, since they have for monastery only the houses of the sick, for a cell some poor room and that, too, rented; for chapel the parish church, for cloister the streets of the city, for enclosure obedience, for grille

the fear of God, and for veil holy modesty: on account of all these considerations they should have as much or even more virtue than if they were professed in a religious order."

Of course St. Vincent, in declaring that his daughters were not religious, spoke in the strict ecclesiastical meaning of the word, which implied those things which he declared incompatible with their public duties. At first he would not allow them to take any vows at all, but finally yielded to their making simple vows, which would not make of them nuns, for as he said, "when you say nun, you imply cloister, grille, and other things incompatible with your vocation." They were not to wear a religious habit, but the costume of a peasant of those days, the gray dress and the white linen cornette. Thus they could go freely in and out without attracting attention or exciting adverse criticism. St. Vincent knew how to adapt means to the end, and what an end he had in view! Every work of charity was a work for his daughters. The sick, the needy, the aged, the foundling, the ignorant—all had a claim on their services. Hospitals, asylums, homes, schools were to be the scene of their labors. Their zeal was not to be confined to any country, "for the earth is the Lord's"; hence they were to be missionaries in all lands. They were to brave every danger, so they were to follow the army on the battlefield, and while tending the bodies of the sick and wounded to pour in the oil and balm of spiritual consolation. How they have fulfilled the design of their founder, the whole world is witness.

Space does not allow us even to mention the numerous congregations of women which claim St. Vincent de Paul as their founder. But the successors of those first Priests of the Mission, commonly known as Lazarists, have made his name glorious, not only for their work in the civilized world, but for their missionary labors in heathen lands.

When the voice of God was calling Vincent de Paul to His service, a glorious life was closing in Rome.

In the foremost rank of lovable saints is St. Philip Neri, whose very presence was sufficient to banish sadness and melancholy. From his childhood upwards he was remarkable for the singular beauty and purity of his character. Given to penance and mortification himself, he had nothing but sweetness and kindness for others. He was consumed with the love of God, and it showed itself in a burning zeal to do good to others. A Florentine by birth, he exercised his apostolate in the Eternal City and earned the glorious title of Apostle of Rome.

Even as a layman he acquired great influence over men whom he won to the practice of Christian virtues. By the advice of his confessor he received the priesthood that he might the better gain souls. His room became the resort of those who wished to be trained in the spiritual life. A larger room was soon needed. Then he got leave to build an oratory over one of the aisles of the church of St. Jerome. Other priests were attracted to engage in the work, and the Congregation of the Oratory was formed. St. Philip lived in the sunshine of God's presence, and reflected his joyful spirit on all who came near him. When he met his spiritual children in the street, he would pat them on the cheek, or playfully pull their hair or their ears and fill them with joy. He wished them to serve God, like the first Christians, in gladness of heart. This, he said, was the true filial spirit which expands the soul, giving it liberty and perfection in action, power over temptation, and fuller aid to perseverance. His own life was a succession of miracles. He could read the hearts of men and foretell their destiny. He could restore health to the body and peace to the soul.

The great son of St. Philip, Cardinal Newman, thus speaks of the mission of his father in God: "Instead of combating like St. Ignatius, or being a hunter

of souls like St. Cajetan, Philip preferred, as he expressed it tranquilly, to cast in his net to gain them; he preferred to yield to the stream and direct the current—which he could not stop—of science, literature, art and fashion, and to sweeten and sanctify what God had made very good and man had spoilt." So we find the Saint in the great metropolis of the world in the sixteenth century, when the pagan spirit of the renaissance was at its height, not so much resisting it as subjugating it. One instance will show it. Music had alluring charms. Then music shall be one of the attractions in his oratory; and Palestrina, one of his disciples, composed many hymns to be sung at their meetings. And so to this day popular devotions, a simple instruction and congregational singing, draw every evening in the week except Saturday, reserved for confessions, a devout congregation.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

But we must not imagine that the gay spirit of St. Philip was opposed to mortification. On the contrary, it sprang from a constant practice of penance; and this he taught those whom he attracted and formed into the Brothers of the Little Oratory, laymen living in the world, but meeting regularly in their own chapel where among other exercises they take the discipline in common.

The picture of St. Philip would be incomplete indeed were no mention to be made of his tender love for the Mother of God. She in return gave many a striking proof of her affection, among others she miraculously upheld the roof of his chapel which was about to fall and crush him, and restored him to health when at the point of death. His devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and his ecstatic state when offering the Holy Sacrifice are well known. But it is as the Saint of children and young men that Philip will ever be held in benediction. "Amuse yourselves, but do not offend God" was the burden of his talk. And once when a visitor remarked to him what a noise the young people were making in his room and wondered how he could stand it, the Saint replied: "Provided they do not commit any sin, they can cut wood on my back, if it gives them pleasure." Beloved by God and man, St. Philip, when dying, left to his congregation his spirit of joy and of devotion to young men.

A century after the death of St. Philip, a saint made this prophecy of a newborn babe: "This child will live to a very advanced age; he will not die until his ninetieth year; he will be a bishop and will do great things for Jesus Christ." The prophet was St. Francis de Girolamo, S.J., and the subject of the prophecy was St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori.

From his childhood Alphonsus was remarkable for his tender piety, especially to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and to the Virgin Mother of God. But his piety helped, rather than impeded his studies, so that he took the degree of doctor in canon and civil law when only in his sixteenth year. The bar, however, could not satisfy his aspirations. The voice of God sounded in his heart: "What have you to do in the world?" "Lord, do with me what Thou

wilt," was the answer. In spite of the opposition of his family, he entered the ecclesiastical state. He ambitioned to become an Oratorian, for he had long been a Brother of the Little Oratory, and like St. Philip, he tenderly loved the young, whom he would collect around him, teach them, and bring them to church. But the oratory was not to be his home. He began his public ministry as a priest in a congregation founded in Naples for the giving of missions and retreats. For a whole year after his ordination he abstained from hearing confessions out of humility. Only under an order of obedience from Cardinal Pignatelli did he take his seat in the tribunal of penance. His extraordinary kindness to penitents brought multitudes to his confessional. He never forgot that, though he was the judge of the penitent, he was also the father, and that it was a ministry of reconciliation, and not of condemnation, that had been confided to him. So he was wont to condemn in after life all rigorism, saying: "The more a soul is plunged in vice and bound by the bonds of sin, so much the more must one try by means of kindness to snatch it from the arms of the devil to throw it into the arms of God. It is easy to say: 'Go away, you are doomed; I cannot absolve you;' but if one consider that this soul is the price of the blood of Jesus Christ, one should be horrified at such conduct."

True to his teaching, the Saint, in extreme old age, testified that he never remembered to have sent away a sinner unabsolved, still less to have ever treated any one with hardness or bitterness. This came not from laxness or easiness in giving absolution, but from the power he possessed of disposing the hearts of his penitents by his charitable interest and gentleness.

The success of Alphonsus in giving missions and the spiritual destitution that he found among the poor peasants filled him with the desire of devoting his life to the succor of the rural populations. Other priests felt drawn to the same work, and the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer was founded. In order the more effectually to carry out the principal end of the Institute, which is to assist the most ignorant and neglected souls, St Alphonsus forbade his Fathers to undertake such works as the instruction of youth, the government of seminaries and the direction of nuns. Their main occupation was to be the apostolic ministry in the preaching of missions and retreats to all classes of persons, but with a preference for such as are most neglected, especially those who live in remote villages and hamlets. As, however, in many countries the most neglected souls are to be found in the great cities, the intention of the founder is carried out in laboring for them.

The Saint, who was himself so eminent in learning, insisted on the duty of continual study, so that his priests might be "of use and profit to the Church on all occasions." Some sixty volumes attest the wonderful knowledge and assiduity of him who has been declared a doctor of the Church. Had he but written his *Commentary of Moral Theology*, it would have been a sufficient monument. His doctrinal works breathe a most tender piety, and his *Glories of Mary* could have been produced only by one who, as he declared, had from his childhood held direct converse with our Lady, and thus knew her marvellous power with God.

With great natural repugnance he accepted, by order of holy obedience from the Pope, the bishopric of St. Agatha of the Goths. As a bishop he emulated the virtues of St. Charles Borromeo, but when his health had completely failed he applied to be relieved of his pastoral charge. The request was refused by two successive Popes; the third, Pius VI., granted it. When the news reached him, he exclaimed: "God be praised, for He has taken a mountain off my shoulders." He returned joyfully to his religious

brethren to edify them by his exact observance of their somewhat severe rule and by his holy counsels. Full of years, the saintly patriarch died, bequeathing to the Redemptorists the spirit of zeal for souls and great devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

We have not pretended to give anything like a complete account of those founders whom we have selected, and we have been obliged to pass over in silence through want of space many whose claims are evident. But we must remark the truth to which St. Paul calls attention, saying: "There are diversities of graces, but the same spirit; and there are diversities of ministers, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but the same God, who worketh all in all."

THE PRODIGAL.

By J. Reader.

(*Concluded.*)

THE night of John's flight Father Stewart sat waiting by himself in Mrs. Stephenson's little kitchen. He was sitting, stooping forward in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the fire, and a pained sad look on his kindly face.

He had brought the doctor himself to see poor little Mary, who lay nigh unto death, stricken to the soul by her brother's conduct. She did not seem to have the strength to rally from the shock of the discovery of his cruel conduct; she lay unconscious and nerveless, and the mother absorbed in her own bitter grief was not conscious that another loss threatened her.

Father Stewart hoped that the sight of the doctor would arouse her to the danger of Mary's condition. "Poor woman, poor child:" said the good Father to himself. "Who could have imagined such a blow for them, and from such a quarter; the sorrows and sufferings of human life without our faith, how could we ever bear them!"

The doctor came bustling down stairs, treading heavily with his creaky boots, and talking loudly, as if he desired to rouse the little cottage out of the death-like silence that had fallen on it.

"There now, Mrs. Stephenson," he said when he reached the kitchen: "cheer up, cheer up, grievin' will no bring yer lad back, an' it'll tak' ye a' yer time to comfort the bit lassie up there; she's sair shaken."

The doctor generally lapsed into "the Scotch" when talking with the poor people, and so indeed did Father Stewart, though he confessed to a more limited vocabulary than the doctor. "She'll neither speak nor eat, doctor," said poor Mrs. Stephenson between her sobs, "she was aye that set on her brither, I'm fearin' it'll be the death o' her."

"A weel, she's no deed yet; ye'll gie her the bit draughty noo, an' I'll look in the first thing i' th' mornin'. Yer lad 'll be a' richt, ye'll see; he has good abeelities an' he'll no' stick"—adding under his breath, "an' the deil's aye kind to his ain."

Father Stewart said a few consoling words, and he and the doctor left the cottage.

"Had you any idea, Father, that young Stephenson was going to turn out badly?" said the doctor, as they walked home together.

"None whatever; it had shocked me more than I can tell you. Certainly for the last month or two he has not been so attentive to his duties as formerly, but I did not think anything was wrong, and lads of that age do not want too tight a rein, as they get restive."

"Ah well, I'm not surprised; he comes

of a bad stock, though the mother is a decent body, and a good woman, but it's 'bred in the bone' you see, as they say."

"You are great on heredity, doctor."

"I should not be much good in my calling if I kept that out of my calculations. Shakespeare says, 'the evil that men do, lives after them,' and we see it alive and rioting in the offspring, with destructive vigor. There is not much advance yet on the wisdom of the ancient writings; it is 'to the third and fourth generations,' Father, and the law is inexorable. Sometimes it's the physical, and sometimes the moral being that suffers from the ancient evil; in the Stephensons you have an example of both—the lassie is a cripple with a diseased hip joint, and the lad has a congenital twist in his moral nature, and an inherited tendency to depravity. He has started the downward path now, and nothing will stop him."

"Fie, doctor! If I thought as you do about these matters, I'd ask you for an ounce of laudanum and make an end of all things. There are other and higher laws you should include in the scope of your philosophy; I am no student of heredity, as you know, but whatever I have ever learned regarding the question, either from books or from personal observation, I have no difficulty in reconciling with the higher, 'the perfect law of charity,' which wills not the death of a sinner, but promises grace sufficient to save, in spite of all inherited instincts to evil or in feeble will. To overcome our evil tendencies, whether inherited or not, is the continual warfare of man's life on earth, and, thank God, there are many who make a good fight of it. Bodily suffering, too, if borne patiently, purifies and strengthens the soul, and sceptic as you are, doctor, you are not going to deny that man has a soul, and that this is often the stronger part of him and dominates the physical being."

"I don't deny it, I admit a something in man beyond the purely material, which you call a soul."

"Well, anyway, my prayers will be for the poor prodigal, that he may have grace to return to himself and to those who love him.".

So they shook hands and parted, taking their several ways home. They were good friends and much attached to each other, although the doctor was quite a free lance in matters of religion, and a sad sceptic altogether, but his heart was kind, and his life devoted to good and useful work. They met almost daily for some time at Mrs. Stephenson's cottage, where day by day love and death battled for the frail and gentle Mary. But love conquered, and kept her, the omnipotent love of a good mother who knows how to pray—and what will it not accomplish?

Before very long Mary was sitting knitting on her old seat at the cottage door, and mother and daughter had taken up the thread of their daily life with patient but saddened hearts. They had silently joined the drooping ranks of those who wait—the votaries of the "Madonna of Sighs"—a pale company of women chiefly, of whom for the most part, "the world is not worthy"—who wait for their prodigals, for their loved, for their lost, with tears and prayers, but with much patience.

Mary made a great effort for her mother's sake, and the mother buried her own sorrow very deep in her heart for Mary's sake, and made a brave show of cheerfulness. It was a long time before they could talk of John, though each knew he was never absent from the other's thoughts.

One day Father Stewart came in with "a grand piece of news for Mary": Mr. Lindsey's picture was *the* picture of the year. It was hung on the line and bade fair to make his fortune. "He has had praise enough to turn his head, Mary," said the good Father, his eyes shining with pride and pleasure. "They say it's an inspiration—his face of St. Elizabeth,

so delicate and tender—but there! I'll give you the paper to read for yourself, Mary. You'll maybe not understand the half of it, but you will see he has done a fine piece of work."

"Think o' that now, Mary," said Mrs. Stephenson. "She's said many a rosary for him, Father, she was that ta'en up wi' Mr. Lindsey. But what's his picter a' aboot?"

"We will be having a sketch of it soon, I expect, in one of the illustrated papers, then I will show it to you. But Mary here will be getting so vain there will be no putting up with her."

"I am so glad, Father," said Mary, "but he'll have made me a deal bonnier than I am, I'm thinking, an' I'll no be vain if you'll just let us see what it's like."

Mr. Lindsey did not forget his promise to Mary to "go shares." He felt a boundless gratitude, he said, to the owner of the fair face that had helped him so much. His picture was exhibited, engraved, photographed and stereotyped, so that by the end of a couple of years the famous picture of St. Elizabeth was known to most people in the kingdom, and Charles Lindsey, R. A., could name his own price for his pictures henceforth, and take his place amongst the best artists of his day. By the end of a few years he was a comparatively rich man, and his annual presents to Mary and her mother secured them from that degree of poverty which would surely have overtaken them if such welcome help had not been forthcoming.

As the years went on, Mrs. Stephenson lost the robust health which had happily been hers during the earlier years of her widowhood, and there were many days when she could not go out to work. The sorrow and disappointment she had suffered through her son, had in a great measure broken her spirit and sapped her energies. More and more she longed for John's return, and she and Mary offered up all their prayers and communions for their poor prodigal. If they could only get some news of him, only hear that he was alive and well, and leading a good Christian life they would be satisfied, even if they never saw him again.

As it sometimes happens in the case of delicate children, Mary's health improved as she reached maturer years, and a young fisherman, the son of a neighbor, who had long "wanted Mary," set himself more determinedly to win her for his own. He was a decent Catholic lad, with a boat of his own and "a bit sillar" put by in the bank.

"A fine fule ye'll look wi' a cripple wife," his mother would say sometimes, who wished her son to look higher than the daughter of a poor widow like Mrs. Stephenson, working for her living. "An' its no ain of they Stephenson lot that I'm carin' to hae for a dauchter-in-law."

"It'll be Mary Stephenson or naebody," he always answered shortly.

Mary had never thought seriously of marriage, but she was touched by the man's constancy and his love for her, in spite of her physical defect. "If things had been different" she would say to herself with a sigh, "I might have fancied him, but as it is, I am best as I am."

One day after he had been talking with her some time at the cottage door, her mother came out and took the seat he had vacated. "That's a good lad, Mary," she said, "and a fine. I've niver thoucht o' ye takin' up wi' a lad, but he'd mak' a guid husband for ye, gin ye were minded tae merry."

"I'm too cripple, mother, I should be a burden to him, I'm fearin'. I like Archie well enough, but I'm no much set on being married and the lad's no born yet I'd care to leave you for, mother."

"Ah, but whiles I'm fearin' I may be leavin' you, ma bairn, I'm no' that strong noo, an' I've a heavy feelin' on me mony a time, fearin' ye micht be left a' yer lane, wi' naebody tae care for ye. I've aye been hopin' and prayin' yer brither

waud come hame, an' that I'd see ye baith happy thegither again; but it's fourteen year a' but a month sin' he set off, an' we'll maybe niver see him again. The Lord's will be done, Mary, but I could na dee in peace, lassie, if I thoucht ye were to be left friendless an' alane."

"Don't, don't mother," cried Mary in great distress, "we'll pray to die together—don't talk about dying, mother, I can't bear it." After they had wept together a little, Mary said: "Tell me about your own marriage, mother, and how you felt about it—were you very happy?"

Mrs. Stephenson had never said much about her married life, but it was so long past and its sorrows and struggles had faded into such pale and sweet recollections, that she felt no pain in speaking about it now and giving Mary the whole sorrowful little history. She told it all in a simple matter-of-fact way—it was such an old story now, such a short period out of a life of nearly sixty years. To the girl, however, it was new, and of heart-breaking pathos. A great indignation filled her heart as she listened, and a great compassion for the gentle, loving woman who had been marked for so many and great trials, even from her girlhood.

"I thought it was a' made up to me in ma bairns," her mother went on, but John was his father's son, tho' I did ma best to keep him a God-fearin' lad. Maybe he was sair tempted, lassie, we canna tell."

Presently Mary rose and kissed her mother and took her way down to her old seat on the rocks. She wanted to think over the sad story she had just heard, and weep by herself over her brother's past sorrows. She had suspected for some time that her father had not been a good man and the neighbors had had a good deal to say of him at the time when her brother ran away; but he must have been bad to treat her good gentle mother so cruelly. "And she thought it was all made up to her in her children," said the girl bitterly to herself. "I've been a fine handful to her all my life and John treated her worse than my father; little we've done to make it up to her."

A rush of tears came to her eyes, a rush of sacrificing love to her heart. "Oh God," she cried, "if I could only make it up to her, oh, let me make it up to her, let me, let me; if my worthless life can avail, I offer it for her happiness; send her back her son and take me instead. He is more to her than I can ever be—send him back to work for her in her old age, as I could never do—for the sake of them both, I beseech Thee, that it may be well with them, through Thy mercy." Mary had always been near to God as Father Stewart had said, and now with the whole power of her soul she prayed; the fervent prayer of a heart burning with filial and self-sacrificing love.

* * *

Under a burning Australian sun a small band of men, diggers from some neighboring gold fields, were riding into a town. Their way lay through a dry, barren, sandy country, wild and desolate, which gave no shade from the fierce noon-day heat They swore at the heat, at the drought, at the long dreary tract, without stint, but without any particular rancor, for they had gold hid in their shirts—glorious yellow gold, and they were, therefore, well disposed, on the whole, to creation in general. Luck had been with them of late; and when they should have banked their gold in the town, they would feel like men who had earned some rosy hours of pleasure, after their hard toil and rough life. Their spirits rose as they neared the town. One of them tried to whistle, but his lips were too dry and stiff, and a long pull at the whiskey flask did not help matters much, so they rode along, almost in silence.

There were five of them, and they were a fair sample of the band of des-

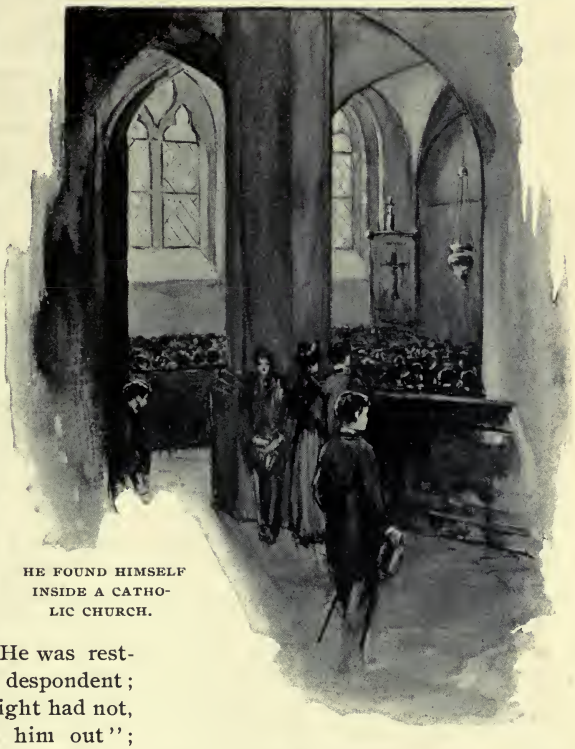
perate, lawless men, who had rushed to the newly discovered gold field, at the first rumor of its treasure. Before evening fell, they had eaten and drunk and rested. They had pockets full of money and hearts hot with the desire of life and pleasure. Before midnight they had gambled and fought, but at length, one by one, they subsided into silence, overcome by whiskey and sleep.

At daybreak one of them stirred, moaned, and awoke, with a heavy aching head, and a bullet wound in his arm. His pain had aroused him. He got up, cursing his sleeping companions, and made his way out to the cool morning air, for he was hot and feverish, though his wound was not serious. He found a pump and a bucket, and he refreshed himself with a good wash, and bathed his arm and tied it up. Then he wandered out into the streets of the city, where a few early risers, like himself, were astir. Carts loaded with fruit and vegetables, passed him, coming in from the country. He bought some grapes from one of these, and he ate them, as he walked aimlessly along. He was restless and disturbed, but not despondent; his losses of the previous night had not, by any means, "cleaned him out"; and a drunken fight was nothing unusual to him; but he was restless, and he walked on and on.

The morning advanced; shop-keepers opened their shutters, and men and women passed to and fro on their daily occupations.

Later, he came to one of the better streets, where the shops were larger and more attractive. One window had a little crowd gathered around it. It was a picture dealer's shop window, and the attraction was an engraving of a famous picture, newly placed there. The man (whom his mate called Stevie), slowed up, and waited his turn to get near the window. When he did so, and had seen the picture, he staggered back with a smothered cry of amazement, and would have fallen had not a bystander caught him roughly, with the admonition, "look out, mate."

He pulled himself together, and looked



HE FOUND HIMSELF INSIDE A CATHOLIC CHURCH.

again. Yes, it was the picture of Mary Stephenson, his sister; Mr. Lindsey's successful picture, which John Stephenson saw now for the first time. Oh, the purity, the goodness shining in that exquisite face! He shrank before it, feeling degraded and ashamed. Was she really so beautiful? Ah, yes, it was Mary to the very life; her eyes looked into his—those innocent, soulful, wide-open eyes—into his very soul. His

patient, beautiful sister, his playmate, his comrade, so gentle and so good. He thought of the time when she had sat for this picture, and the whole scene rose up before him—the whitewashed cottage, with the sea spread out before it, and the breezy green braes behind. He could hear the splash of the waves, and the scream of the sea gulls on the rocks. Memory awoke and gripped him by the throat, a rush of feeling swept over him, and almost choked him. He tried to throw it off, and he turned away to seek distraction by looking at other shop windows; but in a minute or two, almost unconsciously, he was back again before the picture. Those eyes, Mary's wonderful blue eyes, fascinated him, held him, pleaded, commanded; but what? He began to feel very nervous, as though some unseen presence were beside him, whispering that which awed and frightened him, in a language he did not understand.

"It's this wound in my arm, curse it," he growled, "it must have bled a good bit in the night, and made me weak. I want a drink!" He found a bar room and went in and gulped down several drinks, but for once his spirits failed to respond to the accustomed stimulants, or his brain to be dulled to disquieting reflections. On the contrary, he was conscious of a great clearness of mind, something within him, usually dormant, had been startled into terrible and discomforting wakefulness. There was a fear on him, and he shuddered when he realized that it was deepening, in spite of the alcohol. He told himself he was taken by surprise at seeing Mary's picture so unexpectedly. Poor Mary! He would just go back and have another look at it; poor little girl! He was trying a little bravado with himself, for he *had* to go back to the picture, and in his heart of hearts he knew this.

Again he stood before the picture; he tried to confine his attention to the details; to the hands, delicate and spirit-like, to the clinging white robes; but no! he had to meet those calm, penetrating eyes. He tried to avoid them, but he could not, and soon, powerless to avert his own, he gazed as one fascinated. As in a dream, he was back on the rocks by the sea, telling Mary stories and watching the ships. He was in the homely cottage on the quay, and he saw its cheerful firelight flickering on his mother's gentle face as she prepared the evening meal. He was in the chapel, and he swung the censer at Benediction, and saw the Host through a scented cloud of incense. What a bright-faced, happy boy he was, with curly brown hair and wide open blue eyes, like Mary's! How vivid it was! Was he really a boy at Rockhaven? Was that a dream, or was this? He touched himself, his coarse flannel shirt, his leather breeches, his burning, painful arm; but he could not assure himself of his own identity.

There is a suggestion of auto-hypnotism here, the man of science might say, and maybe all the essentials were there for producing such a condition; the man's prolonged and fixed gaze at a certain object, and that object something in itself capable of "striking the electric chain," of all the memories associated with his early life.

John was not his own man, he was caught at a disadvantage, being weak with fasting so many hours, and with loss of blood, and the sudden and most complete reminder of his boyhood had startled him out of his usual callous indifference. His soul, which so long had mourned within him, awoke and cried out for a chance for life and God.

He wandered about the town all the rest of the day, living over again, in memory, the innocent days of his childhood, in the gentle company of his mother and sister, without sadness and without regret, even with an occasional smile at some happy recollection. Now and then a pang of dismay shot through him, as at the thought of some great loss, but for the most part, his past life and his present, had become wholly dis-

associated, and the faculty of combining them in himself, and comparing them, was numb.

Towards evening he found himself in the busier part of the city, and he fell in with a stream of working people who were thronging towards a building which stood inside some railings. He passed through the gates unheedingly, and on to the door. When he reached it, he saw it was a church and he stopped short and shrank back. The crowd was rather thick here, and for a moment he blocked the way of several who were eagerly making their way inside. "Now then," said one man, "either get in or get out, and don't stand there blocking the way for others."

Just then the little crowd received a fresh impetus forward from behind, and in another minute John Stephenson found himself inside a Catholic church for the first time since he left his home on the far-off Scottish coast. The church was packed, for there was that evening a special preacher of great repute. John sat down mechanically on a seat which was shown him, and before he had time to look about him, the preacher was in the pulpit and giving out his text.

He said, "What are these wounds in the midst of thy hand? With these was I wounded in the house of them that loved me," and he repeated it over two or three times, his keen gray eyes wandering over the faces of his audience, as if to assure himself that they were attentive. "It has been said, brethren," he went on, "and wisely, that no stranger can get a great many notes of suffering out of a human soul. It takes one that knows it well—parent, child, brother, sister, friend to wound it in its most sensitive part; and it is in proportion to its power of loving, that the heart is capable of suffering." His theme that night was the love of Jesus, and the power He has given us, through His very love for us, of inflicting suffering on His Sacred Heart, and the preacher led up to it by human examples—the prodigal son, the faithless spouse, the false friend.

It seemed to one wretched, half-dazed man, at the end of the church, that the preacher had singled him out from the first, and that he was preaching to him alone. He tried not to hear, but every word came home and beat in upon his brain, and he felt like a man listening to a recital of his crimes before sentence should be passed on him. He became so nervous that he could hardly sit still in his seat, and once in a kind of panic he half rose, as if to fly.

"Set still, can't you," growled a man next to him, and he sat down again, with the frightened, desperate look of a trapped animal. He could not, he felt, struggle through that crowd of silent wrapt listeners between him and the door. But the preacher was nearing the end; his charge against sinners was finished, and he was speaking of the mercy and love of the Sacred Heart.

"Here," he said, "is the source of all love. In loving this adorable Heart, we cancel all our lesser debts of love; in atoning to this Heart we atone for all; the love of Jesus fills up the measure of our love for all men. Come then to this wellspring of charity; demand the pardon which this loving Heart cannot refuse; learn of His love, pray for it fervently, and in loving Him you will learn that universal charity which He has promised, shall cover a multitude of sins."

Then followed Benediction, and in the adorable presence, did one poor prodigal "return to himself?" Oh wonderful operation of divine grace by which a sinner "returns to himself!" No wonder there is "joy before the angels of God" at this marvellous manifestation of His mercy! Yes, one prodigal returned to himself, but it was a hard won victory, and John Stephenson was found at the end of the service in a dead faint, with his face still wet with his tears.

"Please, yer Reverence, we have a

man ill, in the porch," said a young man, coming into the sacristy, after service. "He fainted in the church, and he seems weak and ill. What had we better do?"

"Take him into the house, Brady," said the priest, "and I'll come and have a look at him."

A few minutes later he found the stranger sitting in the Presbytery kitchen, looking dazed and ill. He fetched some wine and made him drink it off. "That's better," he said. John nodded, and whispered "Thank you, Father."

"How did you come to faint?" the priest went on.

"A slight wound in my arm," answered John, "and I've had no food to-day, I believe, and, I—I want to talk to you, Father."

"Yes, but not to-night, my lad, you must have some food, and a good night's rest first."

"Let him come home with me, Father," said the young man called Brady, "I'll look after him."

"That's good of you, Brady," said the priest, "do so, by all means, and call in at Dr. Wilson's on your way, and have this wounded arm seen to." Turning to John he said, "you will be in good hands, if you will trust yourself with this young man; you are a Catholic are you not?"

"I *was* one, Father."

"Then you are one still. What is your name, by the way?"

"John Stephenson."

"Well, good-night now, and I will look in and see you in the morning."

"A stray lamb with a vengeance," Brady whispered as he passed the priest. "Well, take care of him, Brady, for the sake of the Shepherd, and good-night to you."

"John Stephenson — umph" — said the priest to himself. "A countryman of mine, I'll be bound. Well John, my man, you are not a very creditable specimen just at present, and I fancy you'll have a sorry story for me in the morning. But, please God, you'll be all the better for telling it."

It was "a sorry story" indeed, he heard in the morning, but the "stray lamb" was safely folded and the good Father was happy. A week later John sailed for home; he sold out his claim at a favorable moment and it realized well, so there was something to take back after all, if not a fortune. He longed for home with all his soul, for the peace of that humble godly dwelling, and for the fresh sweet coolness of the Northern air, after the hot, dry climate; for the quiet and repose of his native village after his feverish life of excitement and dissipation. Above all he longed for Mary, his friend and comrade, so fair to see, and so sweet to talk with, so quick to understand. He never doubted of forgiveness, or that his dear ones would receive him again; he knew their goodness and their love. His friend the priest saw him on board his steamer, and bade him Godspeed.

"You'll be home for Christmas," he said, "and what a happy meeting!" He had heard about the beautiful sister and how it was seeing her picture that brought John to repentance, so the good father bought a fine photograph of the famous picture and hung it up in his study, and to this day he tells the touching little incident connected with it. One or two of his visitors inclined to the study of psychology, have given him some lengthy explanations on the matter, but he smiles quietly to himself the while for he knows something of God's dealings with the souls of His children, and he can explain a good deal to his own satisfaction without the help of science.

* * *

Mary had been failing in health for some months. She did not complain much nor did there seem any special cause for her weakness and languor, but every day she grew visibly frailer and her mother mourned over her and

HE THREW HIMSELF ON HIS KNEES AT HER FEET.

watched with jealous eye, her steadily decreasing store of health and strength.

"What's wrang wi' the bit lassie awa?" a neighbor asked Mrs. Stephenson one day.

"There's no anything vera muckle wrang wi' her," she answered, "but she seems to be just slippin' awa."

"Is't a decline, think ye?"

"Na, it's no' a decline; the doctor puts another name till't, something o' the nervous system."

"I'm wae for ye, Mrs. Stephenson," the woman answered, as the poor mother hurried away with her apron at her eyes.

One night Mary awoke after a long sleep and sat up in bed with her eyes glowing with excitement. "Mother," she called.

"Ay, ma lamb?"

"Mother, I've seen John, and he's coming home."

"There, there, honey, dinna excite yersel', ye've been dreamin' a wee."

"I've seen him, mother," she went on decidedly, "he's a man grown now, mother, with a beard, strong and brown he looks, and his arm is in a sling; he's coming home, mother, I saw him say good-bye to a priest on a big ship and the priest said, 'you'll be home for Christmas.'"

"May the Lord grant it, bairn, but ye're talking ower muckle; lie doon and lie quiet a bittee."

"Ah, mother! how happy you'll be to have him again; you'll have him all to yourself and he'll no want to be going off again; I'll see it all mother, I'll be there too."

"'Deed ay will, ye bairn."

"Ah, but you'll no see me, for I'll soon be leaving you, but I shall die contented now, mother, for I know you'll soon have John to take my place."

"Oh lassie, lassie, ye fair grieve me heart!"

"Don't cry, mother, you know the doctor always said that you couldn't look for a long life for me. It's a happy home I'm going to, and whiles I'm feeling tired here. Tell John I knew he was coming home, and that I was glad, and that he's to take good care of you, mother; tell him that from me, and to try and make it all up to you, mother, all your sorrow, and the trouble we've given you."

"Never you, me darlin'; I'd rather never see the lad again, than lose you."

"Ah, you think so now, but you won't when once you see him again. Give him my picture that Mr. Lindsey did, and tell him to think of me sometimes when he sits on our old seat on the rocks, and pray for me where I have so often prayed for him."

A week later she died. Father Stewart was with her at the last, and the old doctor came in just before the end. They walked home together, sad and unusually silent. "She fair flickered out," said the doctor at last, as if speaking his thoughts aloud. "She's puzzled me from the first."

"How will you fill up the *causa mortis* form, think you?"

"It's not easy to say just what she did die of. She was aye different from other lasses, and she died after a fashion of her own."

"She made up her mind that she was to die from the first, doctor, and I don't think anything would have kept her alive; from what she said to me, I gathered that she had some idea that if she died her brother would come home; a most extraordinary notion!"

"You might explain it on the theory of suggestion," the doctor went on musingly, "if you fancied the psychological doctrine, that the soul accepts the suggestion and acts upon it. If I were to tell my patients they were going to die, the chances are that in a great number of cases they would die."

"But you can hardly give suggestion as the cause of death?"

"No, we must look to the objective symptoms. Psychology does not count much in these matter-of-fact details, as yet; it was really heart failure at the end."

"An effect without a cause; do you know that Mary declared she had seen her brother and that he was coming home?"

"She was fey, Father."

"Well, fey or no fey, she was quite convinced of the truth of her vision, and died happy in consequence."

"We may live to verify that," said the doctor. "I've known strange things happen to dying people, and I'm not

such an unbeliever in the supernatural as you fancy, Father, and we come of a superstitious race; heredity comes out in this——

"Now, now, doctor, you're off on your pet topic, so I'll say good-night; I'll have it out with you another time; your conversion must wait."

* * *

One dark, snowy evening, John Stephenson reached his home. The sea was roaring on the rocks, and the wind was whistling round the little cottage. His mother sat in the firelight, with her beads in her hands, gazing sadly into the glowing embers. She looked up inquiringly as the door opened, and, seeing a stranger, she half rose from her seat—but he said: "Mother; oh, mother, mother!" and threw himself on his knees at her feet, asking for forgiveness. A few minutes after he raised his head and looked round.

"Where is Mary?" he asked brokenly, with a sudden sinking at his heart, as he saw no signs of her presence.

"In the kirkyard, laddie, in the kirkyard these two months—she's won home afore ye."

BLESSÈD NIGHT.

By F. de S. Howle, S.J.

The light burned low in the cottage home,
And the stars were sadly shining;
The raw wind sighed, and the lattice creaked,
And the tree you love was pining.

Be still, my heart, 'tis the blast you hear,
In their graves the dead are lying;
My chair I pushed, and I sang a song,
But the tree you loved kept sighing.

O night, I cried, thou resemblest death,
On thy brow is written sadness;
And yet, sweet night, thou art ever kind,
To the good thou bringest gladness.

'Twas night, I thought, when the Infant God
From the realms of day descended;
'Twas night when, round the manger poor,
The kingly strangers bended.

'Twas night, I thought, when He blessed and gave
To His own the Bread of Heaven;
'Twas night when He triumphant rose,
And the rock of death was riven.

The light burned low in the cottage home,
And the stars were sadly shining;
The raw wind sighed and the lattice creaked,
And the tree you love was pining.

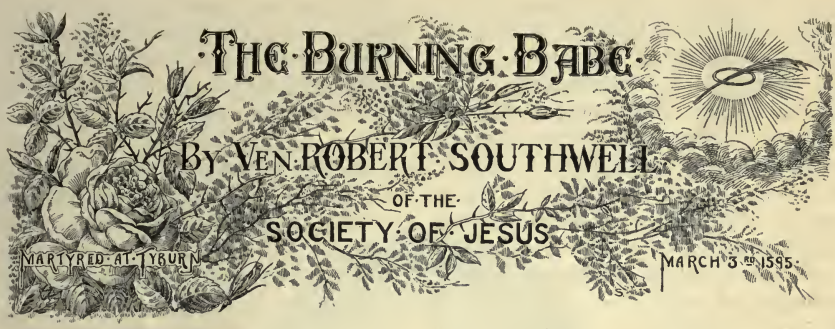
But I was brave, for my heart was strong,
And I smiled in the midst of my dreaming;
And night, in spite of the sighing tree,
Was as bright as the moon just beaming.

THE CHRISTMAS VISION.

A pretty babe all burning bright did in the air appear.

* * * *

And straight I callèd unto mind that it was Christmas Day.



AS I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty babe, all burning bright, did in the air appear,
Who scorchèd with exceeding heat such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames with what His tears were fed.

Alas! quoth He, but newly born, in fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts, or feel my fire but I!
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns;
Love is the fire and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought, are men's defilèd souls;
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath, to wash them in my blood:
With this He vanish'd out of sight, and swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I callèd unto mind that it was Christmas Day.

MARTYR, JESUIT AND POET.

By P. J. Coleman.

OF that glorious company of English martyrs whom the untiring labor and holy zeal of the late Father John Morris, S.J., has well advanced towards the honors of the altar there is none more interesting than the Venerable Robert Southwell. Young, gentle, talented, a poet of subtle charm, a member of the Society of Jesus in his seventeenth year, a missionary to England by intense desire in the face of certain martyrdom, a martyr in the flower of his manhood, and soon, we hope, to be enrolled in the calendar of the Church, his story will ever be a fascination and inspiration to Catholics, while his writings—wells of "pure English undefiled"—speak the magnanimity of his character and lend a tinge of melancholy romance to his saintly life.

Dr. Robert Chambers—surely no partial authority—says in his *Cyclopedia of English Literature:* "Robert Southwell is remarkable as a victim of the persecuting laws of the period;" and, after reciting the events of his brief but eventful life, continues: "found guilty . . . of being a Romish priest, he was condemned to death and executed at Tyburn . . . with all the horrible circumstances dictated by the old treason laws of England." Another critic, writing of him in Ward's *English Poets*, says: "No Protestant could be so desperately bigoted as not to be touched by the sad yet noble story of what this young English gentleman dared and endured. Whatever may be thought of his cause one can only admire the fearless devotion with which he gave himself up to it, reckless of danger, of torture, of death. . . . Such a story could not but move men—the story of a spirit so strong in its faith, zealous, inflexible." While Hallam in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* refers to him with ill-disguised rancor, as "one whom the jealous law too prematurely deprived of life."

The story of one who could thus move even his enemies to admiration must ever be a touching theme and a proud heritage to the children of the martyrs.

Robert Southwell, the son of an old patrician family, was born at Horsham, St. Faith's, in Norfolk, about the year 1562. A youth of extraordinary diligence, fervor, and piety, gave promise of the saintly parts that crowned his later life. Leaving England as a boy and completing his studies at Paris, Douay and Rome, he was admitted into the Society of Jesus at the early age of seventeen years. After an exemplary novitiate and a brilliant course in philosophy and theology, he was made Prefect of Studies at the English College, Rome, whence, at his own earnest solicitation, eager even to the shedding of his blood for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, he set out for assured martyrdom, as a missionary to England, in 1586—having, as he put it quaintly, "travelled far and brought home a freight of spiritual substance to enrich his friends, and medicinable receipts against their ghostly maladies."

The date of his arrival in England was marked by a particularly savage outbreak of "reforming" zeal. The "perverted ingenuity" of intolerance, so vehemently denounced by Edmund Burke, two centuries later, was at work with its inhuman accompaniments of rack and gibbet, stake and thumb-screw, "Scavenger's daughter," "iron virgin" and all the other machinery of torture still to be seen in the Tower of London. Special statutes breathing vengeance and

slaughter against "Jesuits," "Seminarians" and "Papist" recusants had been enacted. Seventy priests had been banished the year before, under penalty of death, should they return. Throckmorton and Dr. Parry had died on the scaffold. Babington and his friends were active in the interests of Mary Stuart, the hapless Queen of Scots. Philip, Earl of Arundel, was a prisoner in the Tower, soon to follow in martyrdom his father, the Duke of Norfolk, his grandfather, and his great grandfather. Cecil and Walsingham ruled the royal Council and fulminated the anathemas of the "Established" Church. Topcliffe and Young enforced their bloody edicts against the Catholics, and the land was full of pursuivants, spies and informers. Indeed, Southwell's gloomy poem, *A Vale of Tears*, is but an allegory of the England of his day—*the place*, as he put it in terible epigram, *to terror framed by art*. These are the lines:

FATHER SOUTHWELL.

Resort there is of none but pilgrim wights,
That pass with trembling foot and panting heart,
With terror cast in cold and shivering frights,
They judge *the place to terror framed by art.*

Yet for six years Father Southwell managed to escape his enemies, in the zealous and perilous work of the ministry. He found a safe asylum in the home of Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, at Hackney, whence, after some months, he was appointed domestic chaplain to the Countess of Arundel in London. There, surrounded by a thousand perils, in imminent and hourly danger of arrest, he wrote most of those poems, the sombre melancholy of which is but a reflex of the grievous condition in which Catholics were then placed. Here, too, he soothed the mourning of the Countess for her imprisoned husband by a series of spiritual exercises, and wrote *The Triumphs over Death, or a Consolatorie Epistle for afflicted minds in the affects of dying friends*, a copy of which is preserved in the library of Jesus College, Oxford.

He also wrote, specially for the consolation of the noble Earl in the Tower, *An Epistle of Comfort to the Reverend Priests and to Honourable, Worshipfull and Other of the Laity Sort, restrayned in durance for the Catholic Faith.*

But at last came the day of his desire when he was to suffer "this purgatory we are looking for every hour." After a ministry of six years he was seized early in 1592 at Uxenden, near Harrow, in Middlesex, the home of the Bellamys, an old Catholic family, whither he had been inveigled through the agency of Ann Bellamy, an apostate daughter of the house, who had lost both her faith and her virtue in the notorious Gatehouse prison in Westminster. Deprived in consequence of her father's favor and aid, and anxious to secure the revenue offered to informers under "Act 27, Elizabeth," she made an appointment, as a would-be penitent, with Father Southwell, to meet her at her father's house, which he had been wont to visit in his ministerial capacity. The unsuspecting young priest went to Uxenden, accordingly, where Topcliffe and his pursuivants, as pre-arranged, surprised him in a secret hiding place, the exact

location of which had been divulged by the recreant Ann.

He was first taken to Topcliffe's house, where, during a few weeks, he was put to the torture thirteen times with such barbarous severity that Southwell, complaining of it later to his Judges, when on trial for his life, declared, before God, that death would have been preferable. After two months in the Gatehouse prison, he was removed to the Tower and cast into a dungeon, so filthy and noisome that, when brought forth at the end of a month for examination, his clothes were covered with vermin. His father, therefore, petitioned the Queen, begging that his son be executed if he had done aught deserving it ; if not, that, being a gentleman, he might be treated as one and not confined in such a filthy hole, which petition the Queen acceded to, and ordered him better quarters, at the same time permitting his father to supply him with clothing, necessaries and books. Of the latter, the only ones he asked for were the Bible and the works of St. Bernard. But withal, his fortitude was not shaken nor his composure disturbed, for it was in the Tower that he wrote that enduring classic, *The Funeral Tears of Mary Magdalen*, and *St. Peter's Complaint*, a long poem filled with sublimest thought and sparkling with gems of poesy, the scope of which he describes himself :

Prophane conceits and feignèd fits I fly ;
Such lawless stuff doth lawless speeches fit;
With David verse to virtue I apply,
Whose measure best with measured words doth fit.
It is the sweetest note that man can sing,
When grace in virtue's key tunes nature's string.

After three years' confinement in the Tower, Father Southwell wrote to Cecil, the Lord Treasurer, asking that he might be either brought to trial or permitted to see his friends. To which appeal Cecil is said to have answered brutally that "if he was in such haste to be hanged, he should have his desire." Accordingly, on February 18, 1595, he was removed from the Tower to Newgate and there confined in the Limbo, a noisome, subterranean dungeon, hallowed by memories of martyrs, who had occupied it before him. Thence, on the twenty-first, he was brought to Westminster, where he was placed on trial before Chief Justice Popham, Justice Owen, Baron Evans and Sergeant Daniel, Sir Edward Coke, the Solicitor General, conducting the prosecution.

The hearing, however, was but a solemn formality, and he was sentenced as a "traitor," in accordance with the barbarous edict of the day, to be hung, bowelled and quartered at Tyburn. He had at length the desire of his heart, and next morning went to his fate, gladly as to a bridal, being drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, hallowed by the blood of so many martyrs.

Such an effect had his behavior on the usually turbulent and derisive mob that, when the executioner wished, in terms of his sentence, to disembowel him while he was yet alive, they cried out indignantly against him nor would they allow him to be cut down until he was dead. Lord Mountjoy, who happened to be present, was so touched by his constancy that he exclaimed aloud : "May my soul be with this man's!"

His head was impaled on London Bridge and his dismembered body placed over four of the gates of London. So perished this saintly, gentle and accomplished priest—one of the most remarkable men of his day, according to the concensus of his enemies—in his thirty-third year. But his memory is fragrant in the Church for which he suffered, and from his blood and that of his fellow martyrs will yet burst an efflorescence of Catholicity in a regenerated England.

Father Southwell's works fill a distinct place in English letters. He is best known as a poet, but whether he wrote in verse or prose—and his prose writings

are extensive—his work has all the attributes of poetry, vivid fancy, lofty sentiment, delicacy and grace of expression, exuberant imagery, felicitous epithet, sonorous rhythm—thus adding one more proof to the old truth, *poeta nascitur non fit*, and showing that all true poetry is independent of form, being essentially, like Ruskin's work in modern times, but noble thought expressed in noble language. The fact that his poems were printed and circulated at all, when the taint of treason attached to their author, is ample guarantee of their merit. Yet we know on the authority of his contemporaries that this was so—that not only was he regarded as one of the choice minds of his day when alive, but that his works were in high favor and widely studied after his death, his enemies, even the Queen herself, being touched to pity by the fate of one so talented, and having copies of his poems printed at their own expense.

But, were all other proof wanting, we have the all sufficing testimony of Ben Jonson to his genius. For Jonson declared, in his conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, that Southwell had so written "that piece of his, *The Burning Babe*, he (Jonson) would have been content to destroy many of his."

What then are the characteristics of Southwell's poetry? Though he himself describes it in a preface from *The Author to His Loving Cousin* as a "blameworthy present, in which the most that can be commended is the good will of the writer; neither art nor invention giving it any credit," we must dissent from his modest estimate. It is not the euphuistic language of compliment nor of classical and mythological allegory, so common to the Elizabethan bards, though inevitably it could not have escaped the hyperbolic vein in vogue in his day. It is not the language of courtiers in a hypocritical court, for it is essentially unworldly in its themes. Had Southwell been merely a courtier lisping honeyed flattery, such talents as he had must undoubtedly have left us lyrics as immortal as any "Drink to me only with thine eyes." And probably in this his fame as a poet suffers, where worldlings like Jonson and Sidney and Raleigh take high rank in the Elizabethan choir. But his poetry is essentially the poetry of devotion, of religion. And in this it is indeed extravagant, but with the extravagance of the saint, who finds words, similes of human compliment all too weak to image forth its divine ideals.

Where sin was hatched, let tears now wash the nest, he exclaims in an exquisite image.

And again:

Baptize thy spotted soul in weeping dew.

And of life he sings:

Ah! life, sweet drop, drown'd in a sea of sours,
A flying good, posting to doubtful end.

And mark this metaphor:

Ah! life, the maze of countless straying ways,
Open to erring steps and strew'd with baits,
To bind weak senses into endless strays,
Aloof from *Virtue's rough, unbeaten straits.*
A flower, a play, a blast, a shade, a dream,
A living death, a never-turning stream.

And St. Peter thus quaintly questions himself:

Didst thou to spare His foes put up thy sword,
To *brandish now thy tongue* against thy Lord?

And again, recurring to the incident on the Sea of Genezareth, mentioned in Matthew xiv, he says:

Why did the *yielding sea, like marble way,*
Support *a wretch more wavering than the waves?*

And then, in a burst of penitence, the saint reproaches himself:

Ah! *whither was forgotten love exiled;*
Where did the truth of pledged promise sleep?

Again, he says:

Base fear *out of my heart his love unshrined,*
Huge in high words, but impotent in proof.

And what could excel the beauty of the line

Christ, as my God, was *templed in my thought.*

To the penitent he says:

Attire thy soul in *sorrow's mourning weed.*

A thought re-echoed in "Shame, the Livery of Offending Mind," and again recurring in "Death's Unlovely Liveries."

"In them I read the ruins of my fall," he says, in a beautiful image, of the eyes of Christ, confronting him with reproach for His betrayal. And he aprostrophizes those eyes of mercy in thoughts, each more exquisite than the other.

Their cheering rays that made misfortune sweet,
Into my guilty thoughts pour'd floods of gall.

O sacred eyes! the springs of living light,
The earthly heavens where angels joy to dwell.

Sweet volumes, stored with learning fit for saints,
Where blissful quires imparadise their minds;
Wherein eternal study never faints,
Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds.

The matchless eyes, *matched only each by other.*

All-seeing eyes *worth more than all you see,*
Of which *one is the other's only price*
I worthless am, direct your beams on me.
By seeing things you make things worth the sight.

Oh! pools of Hesebon, *the baths of grace,*
Where happy spirits dive in sweet desires;
Where saints delight to glass their glorious face.

Images like these the poet pours forth in prodigal profusion.

Much of Southwell's poetry is autobiographical and depicts his sad lot and saintly resignation in suffering, as:

At sorrow's door I knocked. They craved my name;
I answered, one unworthy to be known.
What one? say they. One worthiest of blame.
But who? A wretch, not God's, nor yet his own.

And later:

Pleased with displeasing lot, I seek no change.
My comfort now is comfortless to live.

Southwell had known sorrow face to face; had desired and lived with it until he became inseparably enamoured of it.

Sorrow the smart of ill, sin's eldest child,
A rack for guilty thoughts, a bit for wild;
The scourge that whips, the salve that cures offense;
Sorrow, my bed and home, while life hath sense.

For him, as for so many other Catholics of his day, sorrow was the handmaiden of religion, and how closely he had become wedded to it we know from a passage in *Peter's Complaint*, vividly descriptive of his three years' imprisonment in the Tower.

Here solitary muses nurse their grief,
In silent loneness burying worldly noise;
Attentive to rebukes, deaf to relief,
Pensive to foster cares, careless of joys;
Ruing life's loss under death's dreary roof,
Solemnizing my funeral behoof.

A self-contempt the shroud; my soul the corse;
The bier, an humble hope; the hearse-cloth fear;
The mourners, thoughts in black of deep remorse;
The hearse grace, pity, love, and mercy bear:
My tears, my dole; the priest, a zealous will;
Penance, the tomb; and doleful sighs, the knell.

And all because he was a Catholic priest, bearing the solace of religion to his persecuted countrymen.

"Thus griefs did entertain me," he says:

With them I rest, *true prisoner in their jail,*
Chained in the iron links of basest thrall.

And throughout his poems run these same metaphors of bondage and abuse—metaphors, the significance whereof he had so cruelly learned.

Days pass in plaints, the night without repose
I wake to sleep; I sleep in waking woes.

And then follows an apostrophe to "sleep" that is worthy of comparison with a like apostrophe in "Macbeth," which did not appear until at least five years after the poet's death.

S'eep, Death's ally, oblivion of tears,
Silence of passions, balm of angry sore,
Suspense of loves, security of fears,
Wrath's lenity, heart's ease, storm's calmest shore;
Senses' and souls' reprieval from all cumbers,
Benumbing sense of ill with quiet slumbers.

Whisperer of dreams,
Creating strange chimeras, feigning frights;
Of day-discourses giving fancy themes
To make dumb show with world of antic sights;

Shakespeare has:

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Again compare this, from Southwell, with Shakespeare's well-known passage:

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow.
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her time hath equal time to come and go.

In "Julius Cæsar" the thought runs thus:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Again in *The Funeral Tears of Mary Magdalen* Southwell says: "A guilty conscience doubteth want of time, and, therefore, dispatcheth hastily. It is in hazard to be discovered, and, therefore, practiseth in darkness and secrecy"—a passage that is worthy to be compared with Shakespeare's:

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?

From *Richard III.*, and also with the well-known lines in *Hamlet:*

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

And again we find Southwell saying: "*Thus when her timorous conscience had indited her of so great an omission;*" while Shakespeare makes Richard III. say:

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale
And every tale *condemns me for a villain.*

Of Southwell's prose works, *The Funeral Tears of Mary Magdalen* is the most notable.

Indeed, if all else of his work were wanting, his *Funeral Tears* would assure Southwell a green memory in English letters. It is to the ascetical what the *Fairy Queen* is to the purely profane, and *Utopia* to the ethical literature of the Tudors. It is pre-eminently the great Catholic classic of Elizabethan literature.

But, manifold though the graces of his work, we wonder not at it, so much as at the equanimity in suffering, the constancy in affliction, the unshaken fortitude of soul that could produce such poetry in the midst of abuse and contumacy. Yet the secret is plain. His song is the song of the soul strong in its confidence in God, securely anchored in His love, joyful in its suffering for His sake. Hence its beauty. For the beauty of his soul—of his thoughts, made beautiful from life-long communion with God, the sum and essence of all beauty—was reflected in it. And, as he himself says:

Man's soul of endless beauties image is.

There was yet another reason. He wrote to correct the tendency of the times, even in men of the noblest disposition

towards, if not profane, certainly idle and frivolous works—works which were largely responsible for the depravity of morals that characterized the times and renders Marlowe, Green, Peele and others of their contemporaries noisome to the healthy mind. This grievous state the poet deplores in his prefatory stanzas to *St. Peter's Complaint.*

So ripe is vice, so green is virtue's bud,
The world doth wax in ill, but wane in good.

For to the world, the sensual, the material, then, as now,

Christ's thorn is sharp; no head His garland wears;
Still finest wits are stilling Venus' rose:
In paynim toys the sweetest veins are spent;
To Christian works few have their talents lent.

Therefore, he says elsewhere: "Because the best course to let them see the error of their works is to weave a new web in their own loom, I have here laid a few coarse threads together to invite some skillfuller wits to go forward in the same, or to begin some finer piece, wherein it may be seen how well verse and virtue suit together."

That he was master of "their own loom" and made "verse and virtue suit together," we have the testimony of three hundred years—three hundred years of tendencies alien to the spirit of the poet, that have been unwilling to let his poetry die, reproach and scourge though it be to themselves By the spell of his song he took the world out of itself into ethereal realms of religion, of holiness. And the world through his teaching has recognized the charm of religion, has seen the beauty of holiness.

But he was not blind to the life about him. There were in him touches of tender human philosophy, of gentle humanity, that endeared him, and will forever endear him, to his fellow-men. He had a song to cheer affliction, to bid it look up and be comforted, yet without vainglorious presumption.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

He could also rebuke wrong by the old eternal truth "do unto others as you would be done by."

To rise by others' fall
I deem a losing gain;
All states with others' ruins built
To ruin run amain.

And like Burns—though, sainted servant of God that he was, he had none of Burns' vice—he could reconcile the lowly, the humble, the poor to their lot, in a strain as human as ever brake from the Bard of Ayr—a strain that distils all the wisdom of all the ages into the one and only secret of happiness:

I dwell in Grace's court,
Enrich'd with Virtue's rights;
Faith guides my wit, Love leads my will,
Hope all my mind delights.

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest.

GENERAL INTENTION, JANUARY, 1897.

Approved and blessed by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

THE WELFARE OF RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES.

IN a cartoon lately published in the weekly edition of the great French Catholic paper, which bears the name and imprint of the Cross, the various religious communities of France are represented marching in procession up to an urn labelled "Budget," into which an imperious minister of the State forces them to pour the taxes imposed upon them by the law of subscription, enacted against them in 1895. Below and to the right of the platform on which the Budget rests, is a group of well-to-do citizens, by whom, or at least, in whose interest, the law was framed, and they are helping themselves greedily to the coins that leak through a hole in the urn. On the opposite side is a group of sufferers, an orphan, a widow, a lame man and a feeble veteran, once the happy wards of the religious, but now outcasts and destitute of every human support and consolation.

Our readers are doubtless aware that, under the pretext of secularizing every good work hitherto conducted by the religious communities of France, the government of that nation has been striving for the last fifty years to deprive them not only of the means of supporting their various enterprises of zeal and mercy, but even of the very means of subsistence. Banishment, confiscation, excessive taxation, conscription of novices and seminarists, restriction and denial of the commonest civil rights and privileges, every odious and burdensome measure has been tried, in order to rob them of the resources which they are devoting to the education of the young, and to the many works of mercy to which their lives are consecrated. For robbery is clearly the motive: the secularization of the various institutions controlled by religious is only a pretext. The very same government that is now taxing every member of a religious community seven or eight times as much as it taxes its ordinary citizens, is glad to employ these same religious men and women, and to help them to extend their religious influence in institutions where it controls the financial management. In spite of its secular and godless purposes, it still sets a high appreciation on the services of these same religious, whose influence as missionaries in its colonies, indirectly at least, contributes greatly to the national influence and prosperity.

If we were recommending the welfare of religious communities in France only, we might with profit pause to consider how futile all this persecution is; for, although the French Government has hindered the religious within its territory from achieving a great deal of good, it is wonderful, nevertheless, how much divine Providence has enabled them to accomplish in spite of, or, to speak correctly, in virtue of, this very persecution and the graces won by suffer-

ing Driven from their monasteries and convents, and obliged to desist from the parochial exercise of the ministry, or to close their colleges and academies, they have displayed a marvellous ingenuity and zeal in conducting missions, giving retreats, evangelizing the working classes, writing for the reviews and daily press, and even in leading a community life so far as their circumstances permit—2,000,000 children are still in their schools, over 100,000 old and feeble in their homes, 60,000 orphans under their charge, 12,000 in their refuges, and thousands of homeless deaf and dumb and blind people in their asylums. Truly, the religious congregations of France are thriving by persecution; vocations multiply, religious training is necessarily rigorous, and the very injustice of their enemies makes many who would at other times be indifferent to their welfare, sympathize and cooperate with them in their pious enterprises.

Our Intention, however, is for the welfare of all the religious communities in the world, and we must, therefore, advert to their needs and hardships in other parts of the world, although the difference between their conditions in France and elsewhere is merely a difference in the degree, rather than in the kind of suffering they meet with everywhere. Thus, for instance, our readers will remember our appeals in behalf of certain communities of cloistered nuns in Italy, four hundred of whom, in 1893, were without the very necessaries of life, entire communities actually going several days without food. In the MESSENGER for June, 1895, "An American at the Vatican" described the lot of these poor women, and the same writer, in the *American Catholic Quarterly* for July, 1896, tells at length how wretchedly they live. Twenty-three years ago their property was confiscated. The State invaded their cloisters and impiously seized on all that they had acquired, whether from their own dowries or by the alms of the faithful cheerfully given to maintain them and help on the good works in which they were engaged. Ten cents a day was allowed each professed nun, until she should die, and it was to be paid, not in advance, but only at the end of the quarter, so that in case of death it would not be paid at all.

We might go on multiplying instances of the injustice and cruel extortion that are practised, under one pretext or another, on religious communities in various European countries. We do not need to picture to our readers the privation and distress to which nuns, in particular, are reduced by men who are filling the world with their cries of liberty, charity, sympathy for the weak and downtrodden. Were it only temporal want and hardship religious had to suffer, as a consequence of the confiscation of their property, and of the unequal taxation imposed upon them, it would be enough to excite our pity and make us hasten with our prayers and alms to their relief. We might of course deem temporal misfortunes in their case, as blessings in disguise, as religious themselves consider them. But neither they nor we can look upon it as a blessing that they should be prevented by lack of means from harboring the orphan and foundling, teaching the ignorant, reforming the depraved, consoling the afflicted, nursing the sick, ministering to the old and infirm, burying the dead. Surely it is not a blessing for the nations that ill-treat them, to lose the thousand and one forms of charity religious practise in the exercise of the corporal works of mercy. What a curse such nations must have drawn down upon themselves by closing the churches and the shrines at which religious used to minister, desecrating sanctuaries, sealing the doors of God's house, breaking up the very homes of prayer, and cutting off from the free exercise of their faculties, men whom God has constituted channels of grace for their fellow men?

What we have been saying of the con-

dition of religious communities in France and Italy, might be repeated for Germany during the past twenty-five years, and in some measure for Austria, for in both countries the free action of religious communities is seriously hindered, while in the former some of them have suffered unjustly the penalty of exile and some are still unjustly excluded from the country.

Although there is no formal persecution or oppression of religious congregations in this country, it is clear that the same motives that prevail with French and Italian politicians are influencing many of our own. Not to mention the hatred of Catholicity that manifests itself publicly from time to time, the race for gold and the ambition for patronage and influence turn many a politician against the men and women whose zeal and economy are a painful reflection on the idleness and waste that usually characterize the secular administration of State charities. Were lower salaries offered to teachers or to employees generally in State institutions, there would be less clamor about common school education, and less desire to see State charities grow and multiply. Office seekers and leaders must create places for the men whose votes they canvass, and hence they are never done grabbing at the various institutions of relief, hypocritically protesting against them as sectarian, or not sufficiently national, while secretly they want control of the moneys supporting them. The usurper of the presidency of Ecuador is bolder in his admission than such men usually are. The religious banished lately from that country would not have been molested had they contributed to aid his insurrection, instead of raising moneys, as he falsely avers, to support the lawful government.

Still, temporal persecutions, whether it be by confiscation, unjust taxation, restriction of liberty, or any other means, are not the only misfortune which we should strive by our prayers to avert from religious communities. Indeed, such persecutions usually bring their own compensation, and that in such measure that the founders and reorganizers of certain religious families have often prayed that their followers might always suffer from them in some form or other. Among the compensations that they invariably secure for religious communities are the sympathy of the faithful, the protection and favor of the clergy and hierarchy, and the special concern of our Holy Father, the Pope. On the other hand, one of the keenest trials that can befall religious communities, no matter how affluent they may be in resources with which to conduct their various good works, is that they should be misunderstood or misrepresented by those from whom they naturally expect a correct view of their institute and a cordial co-operation in their enterprises. It is bad enough that those who are outside the household of the faith should have queer and erroneous notions of the religious life generally; but in this they are more to be pitied than blamed, and the very extravagance of their errors and their blind trust in the wildest traditional prejudices make them more an object of our prayers than the congregations whom we are recommending in this Intention. Now, if the errors of non-Catholics excite our pity and move us to pray for them, what limit can we set either to our pity or prayers for Catholics who admit the same or worse views about our religious communities?

Religious communities in this country cannot, as a general thing, complain of persecution or of any legislation discriminating against them. Fanatics here and there have thought of exterminating them, and many of them are just now sorely afflicted by the withdrawal of government support from their Indian schools. Still this affects their temporal welfare only, and they would be the last to pray to be entirely relieved from temporal hardship or distress. So far as they themselves are concerned, they

would pray for the grace to bear it all patiently; and if they should seek relief at all, it would only be that they might have the means of attending to the souls dependent on them. In like manner, Associates of the League, when praying for their temporal relief in every part of the world, should first beg of Almighty God to help them to support their burdens, to convert their enemies, to make them understand how efficiently these helpless victims of their hatred and greed would employ their energies for His glory and the good of their fellowmen, if they were not deprived of their very homes and resources.

Our chief prayer, however, should be, that religious communities may not have to suffer from the harm that is constantly done them by those who ought to be their best friends, either by erroneous views of their calling, or by a misconception of their spirit and scope. To estimate how great a harm this is, we need to keep before our minds the common Catholic teaching about vocation, the nature of the religious state, the substantial requirements of every religious rule, and the common pious observances which every religious congregation sees fit to adopt, whether as a means of preserving its spirit or of facilitating its work. Not to repeat what Catholics should commonly believe about all these points, it is clear that one might more truly deny that a lawyer should have special capacities for his profession than to question the fitness required in candidates for the religious state. Still, there are people who talk of the religious life as if it were merely a haven of rest from the turmoil of the world, a safe asylum for characters that would be too weak to resist the temptations of everyday life, a resort for souls whose crimes call for lifelong penance, a retreat from remorse; in a word, a condition of life that men may enter whenever it pleases them, a calling that no one will adopt who feels capable of contending vigorously with the world. Others, again, ignore the real substance of the religious state. While admitting that its members are bound to aim at perfection, and recognizing that Christ Himself instituted it for this very purpose, even while admiring the holiness of the means with which He provides it for the pursuit of this perfection, they still complain that it unfits men and women for the world, that it arrests the development of their character, makes them all of one mould or pattern, destroys their individuality, keeps them behind their age and renders them capable only of a contemplative life within the cloister, or of the rude, half-savage life in distant heathen missions. They forget that the perfection counselled by Christ was His own, and that it was to raise up families whose members should imitate Him perfectly, that He deigned to institute the religious state. Finally, some cannot understand why each religious congregation should cultivate its own peculiar spirit, limit its activities to the special work for which it was founded, or why religious should live so secluded from their fellow men, devote so much time to spiritual things, shun notoriety, cling to certain customs in dwelling and in apparel, that mark them off from other men and women. Christ was misunderstood, as much by His Apostles as by other men; they, in turn, were misunderstood; and in proportion as souls approach Him more closely, they must expect that those who stand far off will misunderstand their calling and misinterpret their motives.

These erroneous views of religious life do it much more harm than any form of external persecution. They mislead young people and make them question whether they ought to heed and cultivate the first call to the religious state. They lead many who are but newly converted or poorly instructed to give too much credit to the familiar Protestant views of convents and cloisters, and even to believe that some of the traditional libels on religious life may be partly

true. They blind many to the sacred character of the religious state, insinuate worldly principles into its cloister, distract even some religious from the true spirit and scope of their rule, and scatter their energies over many things to the neglect of the special work for which they were instituted.

One would think that Catholic doctrine is so plain and even bold on this point that it calls for assent or denial, leaving no room for error or misunderstanding. Even were there no such thing as a body of doctrine in the matter, it should seem that the rare services which religious communities are constantly rendering the Church and the blessed fertility with which they multiply, would satisfy any truly Catholic mind that they are among the special creations of divine Providence, and that it is a mark of sound Catholic faith and piety to appreciate them for what Christ intended them to be. Even Protestants recognize the divine influences of the religious life, thanks to the many services of religious communities, notably in the late war, and before it and since, in the hospital and schoolroom, in the asylums and other institutions, in which they seem to divide up among them all the needs and miseries of human nature. The best proof of this influence is that they work not for a day or while under a spell of vain enthusiasm, but day after day, and year after year, while the misery lasts, patient under adversity, cheerful in spite of misunderstandings and misrepresentations, brave in meeting every opposition, and above all constant with the constancy which would be impossible without the enduring obligations of their religious vows.

We may be grateful for it, then, that instead of needing to pray that the religious communities in the United States should be relieved from the external persecutions and oppositions they suffer from so grievously in other countries, we may utter a prayer in thanksgiving that the true Catholic sense of the faithful, and the instinct of religious reverence, prevalent among our fellow citizens of every belief, protect them from every hindrance in their holy occupations and enable them to do so much for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Three thousand priests belonging to religious communities, over five thousand lay-brothers and nearly forty thousand nuns, all bound by vows and specially dedicated to the service of God and of the Church, are at present laboring in our midst, giving missions in city parishes and helping in the mission parishes so numerous in the far West and South; conducting more than one hundred colleges for boys and five times that number of academies for girls, not to mention the numerous high-schools under their charge; aiding the pastors in over four thousand parochial schools; teaching nearly eight hundred thousand pupils in every grade, and relieving every form of human misery in a thousand charitable institutions.

We may well bless God for this marvellous providence in our regard. Take away this army of religious men and women and who will replace them? We should pray, therefore, that every religious community in the land may advance in number, in fervor, and in the spirit of its rule; in all gratitude, pray that the favor and protection which our bishops and clergy have always extended to the religious in their dioceses may ever continue to enable them to live as true religious, entirely devoted to their own sanctification and the salvation of souls.

AN IDEAL.

By E. Lummis.

"Paint me a picture, sir artist, I pray you,
The work of your brush I have reason to prize,
Choose any subject, I care not to name it—
But whatever you choose, it must be a surprise.

"Something artistic of exquisite beauty,
That friends may delight in its charm ever new,
A joy when I'm joyful, a solace in sadness;
Such is the task that I set you to do."

The artist then searched, with fancy poetic,
The realm of beauty, the regions of art;
Vain was his quest of a subject, and useless
The dream to fulfil of a kind patron's heart.

One day a mendicant stood in the doorway,
Cheered by a coin, ere the man turned away,
He gave in return a look of such gladness—
The smile of the soul, from its prison of clay.

"Ah now," cried the artist, "I have found inspiration
To-day, in the light of this poor beggar's eyes;
At last I can offer my kind noble patron
A picture, I trust, that will prove a surprise."

At even he stood by the closely veiled easel,
The picture was finished, the patron was near;
The curtain he drew aside from the canvas,
And trembling, awaited, the verdict to hear.

The nobleman looked, and saw but a beggar
Stand out from the canvas in colors so true,
Weary and footsore, in poor tattered raiment.
"Nay, friend," he exclaimed, "I call not this new!"

"Approach," said the artist, "and view it still nearer,
Right here, in the light, from the dome far above."
He looked again closely, and he saw—was it fancy?
In the form of the beggar, the Lord of his love!

Yes, there was the shadow of thorns on the forehead,
The eyes in whose shining were pity and grace;
Outstretched were the hands, as if tenderly greeting—
He knelt 'neath the spell of the Saviour's face.

Oh! many a time as we walk on unheeding,
The Lord passes by in the souls that we meet;
Oh, greet them with kindness the least, yea the lowest,
And trembling await the sound of His feet!

He comes in the duties that lie in our pathway
In voices of loved ones who dwell at our side:
In shadow and sunshine, in prayer and in labor,
We through the long day in His presence abide.

He comes in temptation, in sorrow, in trial,
And clad as a mendicant pleads at our door;
While angelic artists are silently painting
The image divine on our souls evermore.

The image divine, that in colors unfading
Will shine to enraptured and wondering eyes,
The likeness of Jesus, by love's own art painted,
In ways that will prove an eternal surprise.

CHRISTMAS MASS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

By D. Gresham.

I had heard of it, read of it, thought of it, and finally one bleak, biting day in December longed for it so intensely that it became *un fait accompli*. The sleet pelted me spitefully, the leaden sky above scowled at my discomfiture, the sun scorned even to put in an appearance, and wrathful and weary, I resolved to turn my back on the North and go where I could be warm, and where the sun is a sun and not a mockery and a delusion. To resolve was to act

Two weeks later I am on the road to my destination—Asheville—spoiled child of the mountains, petted beauty of North Carolina, haven and hope of weary consumptives the wide world over. Out into the bright sunlight, by winding ways, the train rushes merrily on until first hills, then the mountains steal upon us. Puffing onward it tears into them, then up them; two engines are needed for the feat, and creaking and groaning, the toilsome journey begins "raouend and raouend," leaving valleys, cabins, rushing torrents and pine woods far down below. Oh! the clear, sweet air, the wild grandeur, the uplifting of mind and heart. Oh! that all I love were here to enjoy it.

The setting sun is irradiating the Peaks as we neared the town. Resting on the crest of the hill overlooking the Swannanoa, Kenilworth Inn, with its great stone porte-cochère, loomed above us; running along by the river the train winds round the mountains, and slowly we steam into Asheville. Coming out of the station, one involuntarily stands and looks up, up into the pines, the hills that tower on each side, and one's spirits mount and gladden with the scene, and that first never-to-be-forgotten whiff of air that seems to come from another world. Merry sounds of laughter, negro wit forsooth, bargains with livery men, soft southern voices, chattering pleasant northern ones meanwhile fall cheerily on the ear. Up the steep road into the town, flanked and guarded by the mountains, a gleam of the French Broad river flashes in the sunlight, valleys open and vanish, peak upon peak rises above each other, and high over all, deep blue Italian sky crowns the whole. I reach my hotel with a softened feeling for humanity in general, and a solid satisfaction that I am where I am, and no place else in the world.

I am up betimes next morning, anxious for a tramp before breakfast, standing by the windows to salute the

mountains. I exclaim involuntarily, "Oh! the sea! and a steamer starting out." For the moment I have forgotten where I am, then, enchanted, from where I stand I look down on the city, but there is no city. Instead, a vast, white, level expanse of clouds, shut in by the mountains, blue and protecting. At one end the effect is a cove where the spur of the mountains pushes into the seeming ocean, the pines rising out of the water; beyond the point a white streak as of a river flowing into the sea, while stretching away a great waste of shadowy waters still and dreamy. The only real thing about it is the smoke rising from the chimney stack of one of the hotels, the highest point in the city, the red roof alone visible like nothing so much as a steamer starting for distant lands. The effect is so vivid, so realistic, that it seems impossible to believe it merely clouds, that will vanish at the first kiss of the sun.

Coming down to breakfast I run against an acquaintance from New York, and a few minutes' conversation elicits the fact that a dozen or more are in the town. Asheville is dearly loved in the North; but where is it not loved?

In the hush of the dying day I wander into the little church on the hill, as plain and unpretentious as any country chapel in Ireland, but smaller than any I had ever seen even there. As one closes the door on the outside world a solemn stillness reigns; the altar and statues are gems in their way, and the exquisite neatness would do honor to any convent chapel. The dear Lord is loved here; and where could He seek a more beautiful dwelling? From every window the blue mountains seem to rise up and guard the sanctuary; wherever the eye rests there they are, never one moment the same. A peace steals over one's spirit; earth and heaven seem to meet; and in that little mountain chapel prayers go up with a fervor never known elsewhere.

In and out with slow and weary feet, the sick and the dying are passing through the long Southern day. That cough has less pathos when heard close to the altar, with the kind wistful eyes of the Sacred Heart statue, so wonderful in their calm, sweet pity, looking down on the upturned, stricken face.

Now it is a young mother from the far-off Northwest, wasted and worn, who comes to beg for a life that she knows too well is so necessary for those who love her. Old and young, rich and poor, from the snows of Canada, as from the prairies of the West, all meet there, with one great cry, to spare them yet but a few years longer. And the cough breaks forth again, and the soft air comes through the open windows, and the mountains turn to gold with the setting sun, and the twinkling lamp before the altar keeps up its undying light, and the dear patient prisoner hears all in His own way and in His own time, and the crushed spirit and the broken heart go forth into the mountain world comforted, for He knows and He loves.

It is Christmas morning, Christmas in the South, Christmas in the mountains. It was ushered in at midnight by cannon, and since day-break the school-boys have revelled in fire-crackers to their hearts content. The only day in all the year the law allows them free license in that respect. It is the Southern Fourth of July.

Through the darkness of the early morning the poor and the strangers are climbing up the hill to keep another Christmas.

The little church so often the scene of many a silent tragedy, is this morning all joy and gladness. The altar is beautiful in its simplicity, the candles blaze through the red berries of the holly that cluster round the pillars, gleam out from unexpected corners, and are backed in artistic masses behind the tabernacle. The place is innocent of lamps, so the sole light comes from the altar—the centre, and irradiator of everything. The effect is to render the

poverty of the little church pathetic and touching beyond words. The small congregation is all out, and even some of the invalids have braved the morning mists. It may be their last Christmas! for when the spring flowers are on the mountains, the weary step and the wearing cough may be silent forever. Just before Mass the priest comes up the aisle, he looks at the altar, the fervent little congregation, and then, as if a thought suddenly struck him, he stops before a kneeling figure in the darkness and says a few words. Then quietly going to the side altar, he takes a lighted candle, which he hands to some one. A young girl comes out of the gloom with her dim light carefully guarded, an old white-haired man stretches forth some matches with a kindly air as she passes down the aisle. Her steps go softly up the stairway and I silently wonder what it all means. The Mass begins solemnly and reverently, the kneeling congregation scarcely outlined in the darkness, while out of the stillness a voice rises from above.

It was a strange scene. The small organ with the solitary candle and the stranger singing, singing what seemed to come first, and that not a Christmas carol, but a hymn to the Sacred Heart. *Thy Heart is my Home, Sweet Lord. Thy Heart is my Home.* To the strangers far from all their own, the words were peculiarly comforting, and to the sick and dying gathered below they told of a home nearer, brighter, better than any earth could give them. The elevation is over and the bowed heads show the deep earnestness of the little flock, when scarcely above a whisper, the strange voice rises again in a hymn I had never heard, and never will forget:

> Peace be still our Lord is dwelling
> Silent on His altar throne.

The words and music seemed made for each other, they were so full of deep earnestness and pathos. With a great wail of tenderness, the words fall sadly on the ear:

> Thou hast called the heavy laden,
> Called the poor, the frail to Thee.
> See us then O Son of maiden,
> None could poorer, frailer be—
> Heart of Jesus, come we hither
> With our burdens, meekly in
> From a world where spirits wither
> From a world whose breath is sin.

Not a word was lost, and not a soul there that did not feel its power. Out on the mountains the light had not yet broken, the palatial hotels and mansions are wrapped in slumber, only in this little church poor and simple is the Infant King greeted and received. Only the faithful few are out in the darkness to welcome Him. As in the old days in Jerusalem, strangers from over all the country are in the town—the great, the rich, the powerful. Stately churches welcome Him with closed doors, and in the midst of all this wealth and luxury it is only in this little Bethlehem on the hill, that the great Lord of heaven and earth has come down to His people, as in the obscure cave, with but the shepherds and the strangers from the East to do Him homage.

The *Domine non sum dignus* rings out joyously, the great moment has come, and the last words of the hymn:

> Heart of Jesus, light eternal,
> Fill our souls with light and love,

die out from above, with a fervor and pathos I shall always remember. It is the day, the scene, the place, that make that Christmas Mass in the mountains, so dear to my heart. Where could one find such an *ensemble?* A young priest, earnest beyond his years, living in the midst of the dying, the suffering and the distressed, whose days and nights are given up almost exclusively to the dying—not his own people—but sadder still, to strangers dying in a strange country. The little congregation, many whose days are numbered, the others, the first fruits of a missionary country, and the corner-stones of a great church just springing into active life. All go to Holy Communion, and the young

men seem to predominate, a hopeful sign of a parish. Then in solemn silence the Mass of thanksgiving quickly follows, and as the sunrise falls in golden bars through the long windows, the fervent congregation melts slowly away.

I linger long—I am loath to go back into the every-day, work-a-day world. Such graces do not often flow as in the early hours of this Christmas Mass of the Sacred Heart, if I may so call it. Will the dear Lord hear the cries of His children and change their Bethlehem into a mighty church, with its great cross outlined against the peaks and convent spires rising above the pines, where the *Angelus* will echo down the valley, and the mountains will look on the convent, and the convent will look on the town; and young hearts will learn to love that great Heart that has so loved men, and prayers and praises will rise up from holy souls, whose watchword is "one heart and one soul in the Heart of Jesus," and whose great deeds may one day be done for the glory of God. And as I look up at the altar, it takes but little faith to see all this at no distant day.

* * *

The Winter had passed, and with the Spring came a stranger from the East, sent in the vain hope that the mountain air and the mountain wildness would cure a bleeding heart. She had all the world could give, but counted it as nought; she was a convert, and had given up much for her new faith; she was generous and true and faithful, and God, to try her, took what she prized as only such a mother can—her little child. It was too much. With her little one, she lost all—faith and hope and love. Prayer was a mockery; henceforth her life was an unending misery. She wandered through the mountains more desolate than ever—in all this beautiful world none so sad as she. One day, coming down the hill, she saw the cross, and with reluctant feet she entered the little church. Who could resist it? That tiny white tabernacle, those wonderful pitying eyes of the Sacred Heart that seemed to look straight at her soul. In a moment the light came, and with it the blessed tears—a great sobbing *fiat*, and all was over!

Easter was at hand; for the first time the Repository was seen on Holy Thursday; such a wonder of flowers and lace and lights as drew even many non-Catholics to the strange, beautiful scene of faith and love in the little church on the hill. How her reawakened faith showed itself in lavish gifts of flowers for the great day, and on Easter morning the electric lights blazed in the once darkened little church, her generous token of the light she had received in her dark hours before its simple little altar.

The weeks have run from me blithe and merry, and they linger in my mind this evening as I watch from the hillside for my last mountain sunset. The shadows lengthen, the blue mists veiling the mountains; the sun, after the day's work, is resting on the peak; he lingers lovingly, as if loath, like myself, to leave so fair a scene, smiles down at the valley, flushes the river, warms up the whole sky around him, and is gone.

Bluer than ever the mountains seem flung out by the gorgeous afterglow he leaves behind, which if seen on canvas, would be scorned as the dream of some imaginative artist.

But nature is more vivid and daring than was ever art. She mixes her colors, blends her tints, that while they startle, they charm the eye and lift the thought, mind and heart to the great Artist, whose hand has fashioned this unrivaled picture—His own world. The night comes on, darkness is gathering around me, and reluctantly my feet turn homewards. Along the mountain-side the city lights are flashing; one by one they twinkle as if stars come down from the sky. Not a sound anywhere, and silently, softly, peacefully, the wings of night fold over the mountains, and with the sun they, too, go to their rest.

EDITORIAL.

NEW EDUCATION!

"ANOTHER Phase of the New Education" is the heading under which *The Forum* for November describes a system of educating young people by making them live over again the lives of certain models. Strangely enough the model children as well as men need most is left out, for Christ does not seem to be one of the models. Many another is chosen, pagan and even savage though they be, for one of the oddities of this system is to suppose that "an actual, though very elastic correspondence, does exist between the development of the child's mind during the school period and a succession of phases in the history of civilization." Hence every child is treated as Rousseau would have had him treated, like a young savage, and made to study from Hiawatha up to a number of higher types, Cromwell and William of Orange not excluded, as if they really were higher in the scale than our favorite Indian hero. New education, surely! Of course, the system has some obscure pedagogue's name to recommend it, though we are assured its American advocates have developed new phases in it. Shall we never have done? Or, if it has taken us thousands of years to learn, or, better, to invent such systems, why should we hasten to work them out on poor young brains. Verily, education will ever be made a bugbear to the young; the ferule has but given way to the "modern system," the rod is spared, but the system is applied most mercilessly.

STRIKING FIGURES.

Taking the parochial and public schools of Rochester as a basis, a writer in the Rochester *Cathedral Calendar*, shows from actual figures that it would cost the different States of this Union $20,927,754.12 yearly to educate the 946,101 children who receive their education in our American parochial schools. If the cost of buildings, repairs, and the like expenses, are added, they raise the amount to the enormous sum of $27,597,766.17. The support of our parochial schools, it is true, costs the Church not more than one-third of that amount; but this is owing to the necessary economy which is practised in the administration of our Catholic schools, and the self-sacrifice of our religious teachers, who receive for their labors what is barely necessary for their support.

Yet, these schools, whatever disadvantages they may labor under, thanks to the devotedness of their unselfish teachers, and to the religious piety of the children, which "is useful for all things," compare favorably in scholarship with the palatial, well furnished and well manned public schools. This fact should be "blown into" the ears of our hard-hearing fellow-citizens until they realize the just claims of denominational schools to an adequate remuneration for the work they are doing for the country. The State considers it its privilege and its duty to pay for the secular instruction of its subjects. Are the three R's and the other secular branches

of knowledge, less valuable because they happen to be taught in a parochial school?

PRESS PROPHETS.

"Nothing new under the sun," is truer in our day than ever before, with all the enterprise of our modern newspaper. The foresight of the editor and the insight of the reporters leave nothing to discover. Each day's press predicts so much and pretends to know so much more, that we should know all about every event before it happens. Should it turn out, as it usually does, different from the prophecy, it gives no annoyance to the newspaper man, as the journalist is vulgarly called. He simply tells the fact and proceeds at once to forecast the future, to foresee consequences and to present a number of likely circumstances with every possible graphic detail, using illustration where his style would not be sufficiently actual or life-like. What does it matter to him should most of it turn out false? Who can hope to follow him in the multiplicity of his deceits? With the cool effrontery of falsehood, he is ready to announce the very opposite of his statement of yesterday, and skilful to distract the minds of his readers from examining his fabrications, by offering them news as startling and unfounded as ever before. Still the world reads it all, and craves for more. The world lives on lying, and likes to be deluded. How well the One who came to save it could say: "Sons of men, how long will you be dull of heart? Why do you love vanity, and seek after lying?"

SPREADING THE MISCHIEF.

It is bad enough that the world should run after lying. Some who are not of the world seem to run after it also. Some even who presume to teach the multitude, through a press nominally, at least, Catholic, repeat week after week the idle rumors and the false imformations of an unprincipled secular press. These things are painful to mention, even when they must be mentioned in order to be denied; when printed without a denial they are scandalous and far more hurtful to those who read them in a religious weekly than to those who give them a passing attention in the morning newspaper. And still the editors of such papers are clamoring for Catholic patronage, and complaining that their efforts to publish a Catholic journal meet with little encouragement. We sometimes blame our great dailies for giving erroneous and misleading notices on Catholic affairs. How can we blame them justly if our own newspapers admit into their columns so much that is merely imaginary, or even evidently false? Not long ago a New York newspaper, still in good repute, made some very ignorant statements about the ceremony of the Mass. A week after we were surprised to see the same statements repeated word for word in a newspaper bearing a Catholic title. Lately we have been treated to the wildest rumors about men and things we all consider sacred. Even secular newspapers denounced the license taken, and still no less than five so-called Catholic weeklies repeated them without question.

A STRONG "LAST WORD."

Father Breen, O.S.B., the distinguished English controversialist, puts the continuity question very forcibly as follows: "If Cranmer had wished to retain the Catholic priesthood he would have retained the Catholic rite of ordination. But he deliberately and of set purpose put it aside. He sent for Bucer, a Lutheran, to come over to England and draw up a rite for making Gospel ministers such as he had drawn up for the German Lutheran, which was practically adopted. In estimating the value of such a rite we have to bear in mind the principle laid down by Sir James Stephen: 'That in the interpretation of statutes in general the following points are to be considered: The *old law*, the *mischief*, and the *remedy*.'

"Now, in this case, the old law was the Catholic Pontifical, the mischief was its sacerdotalism, and the remedy the elimination of every trace of a sacrificial priesthood from the new rite. It is the fact of this evisceration, this emasculation of the old Catholic rite that the Pope appeals to, and that Anglican divines have always appealed to as the crucial factor that determines the non-sacrificial character of the Anglican Ministry."

WHO IS TO BLAME?

A gentle complaint on the misuse of words appeared lately in *The Churchman*, (Prot. Epis.) Bishop Paret is the plaintiff. He gives two instances: The words *regeneration* and *ordination*. He says, "In Holy Scripture, and in all early use, it [regeneration] designated the change in relation of the soul to God, and the consequence of that change as effected by God's grace in the Holy Sacrament of Baptism. Careless writing and popular misuse made it mean the same as conversion under the revival system, and many thus lost all idea of sacramental grace." The Bishop lays the charge at the wrong door. It was not *popular* misuse and *careless* writing that are responsible for people losing all idea of sacramental grace. It was the deliberate act, not of the people, but of clergymen, who tampered with the ancient creeds and formularies and cut themselves off from the infallible teaching Church.

The Bishop must recollect the decision in the Gorham case not so many years ago. The High Court of Appeal decided that in the Established Church of England people were free to believe as they liked about baptismal regeneration. Why, then, impute the loss of ideas about sacramental grace to popular misuse? The Protestant principle of the right of private judgment is wholly responsible, and that is taught in the Protestant Episcopal Church whereof the plaintiff is a bishop.

MISUSE OF WORDS.

His next complaint is about the misuse of the word *ordination*. Alack! it is now used by his own sect for the appointing of *women* to be *deaconesses*. He admits that, by a recent canon of the General Convention, permission was given for "setting apart" or "appointing" women to this office, but he notices the careful omission of the word "ordain," and the use of "office" and not "order"; moreover, the service is variable at the will of any bishop and the office may be resigned. So, too, may deacons resign their office, and as for variableness of service, any bishop may use one of two forms, variable doctrinally, in the ordination, not of a deacon, but of a Protestant Episcopal priest.

The complaint is founded on the fact that Bishop Paret holds that ordination "conveys the grace of orders" and "imprints an indelible 'character.'" This is Catholic doctrine, but not warranted by the Bishop's own formulary in the XXV Article of Religion which explicitly denies that orders "is to be counted among the sacraments of the Gospel," since it has not "any visible sign or ceremony ordained by God." We know of no other sacraments than those of the Gospel and having a visible sign or ceremony ordained by God, for He alone can attach the giving of grace to the use of an outward sign.

OTHER INSTANCES.

It was an unfortunate instance for the bishop to bring forward. He might add a few more examples of the same ilk. *Confirmation* was retained in name by the Anglican Reformers, although they put it in the same category with orders, penance, matrimony and extreme unction as lacking a God-ordained visible sign. It became a mere Lutheran ceremony of an adult renewing and assuming the baptismal vows made by his sponsors.

As for the loss of the idea of sacramental grace in *Matrimony*, in the same

way, it must not be attributed to "popular misuse" or to "careless writing," but to the perverse minds and wills of the Fathers of the Protestant Reformation. The present working of the divorce court, the logical outcome of the doctrine of non-sacramental marriage, is the best commentary. The Reformers substituted for the infallible authority of God and His Church the private judgment of fallible men. The teachers are responsible for the lessons taught.

Dryden admirably answers in the following lines the objection of Bishop Paret:

As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find,
The word a weathercock for every wind.

REUNIONIST TEMPER.

The Pope's Encyclical on Anglican Orders, it seems, has completely dissipated the illusive hopes of "Corporate Reunion." Lord Halifax has given up the struggle; but, instead of drawing the one legitimate conclusion, that there is no possibility of reunion except by an unconditioned submission to the visible head of the Church, the successor of St. Peter and Vicar of Christ, and practically acting upon that inevitable principle, he sulks and rails as if the Anglican body were treated without "love," "sympathy" and "justice."

Lord Halifax should have learned at an earlier stage of this movement that there could have been no compromise where truth is concerned. He should have realized the fact that in the matter of truth there could have been no desire and no effort of "meeting him half-way." Truth is a thing that cannot be halved. He should have known that "other foundation no man can lay but that which has been laid, which is Christ Jesus." On Christ and His teaching the Church is founded, not on the policy and work of man. Corporate reunion on their own conditions would have been very acceptable to Lord Halifax and his party, but not corporate reunion on the conditions put by the divine Architect of the Church's constitution. They would have reunion of their own invention and at their own dictation, a Church within a Church—reunion without unity. Their present attitude shows but too evidently how far these gentlemen were removed from true corporate reunion when they fancied themselves nearest to it.

STILL PROTESTING.

It is much to be regretted that the late Archbishop of Canterbury closed his career with a statement which is calculated, as far as its weight may carry, to widen the breach which exists between Anglicanism and the Catholic Church. His Grace of Canterbury's last utterance suggests some reflections to the Episcopal Bishop of Albany which are very characteristic of that dignitary. His Lordship of Albany finds it "a matter of congratulation that the [Pope's] decision takes the form of a denial." Else "certain Anglican priests," he thinks, might be led to recognize the infallibility and supremacy of the Pope—in other words, there might be a partial reunion with Rome, as far at least as these "Anglican priests" are concerned; and this, of course, would be the greatest evil in the mind of the Protestant Bishop of Albany. This means praying for unity, and protesting against unity with Rome, in the same breath.

Yet, while the visionary movement for corporate reunion in the Anglican sense has subsided, it is consoling to know that conversions of individuals are multiplying through the prayers of the faithful and the spread of enlightenment concerning true Christian unity, which is submission to the one supreme authority and centre of unity—the Apostolic See, the Bishop of Rome.

The interests of Jesus Christ are so numerous that we cannot hope to offer anything like a complete or extensive review of them in these columns. The most we can attempt is to call attention to some special items that might easily be overlooked in the mass of news that fills our daily and weekly journals, and to select and chronicle what should keep our readers informed about the triumphs or reverses of His kingdom. If we rejoice at the one and grieve at the other, He who knows their full import for the salvation of souls cannot be indifferent to them.

The ancient monuments of our holy faith naturally become an object of great interest to Christendom. Lovers of Ireland's former glory will rejoice to hear that the Irish Commissioners of Public Works are carefully helping to preserve the ancient or mediæval structures from the ravages of time. Sixteen important ruins have been thus treated. The most important are the great Cistercian Abbey of Dunbrody, in the County Wexford, and the famous stone cross of St. Boyne at Monasterboice near Drogheda, which is considered by many to be the oldest religious relic in the country, as it dates back beyond 534.

In France the ancient casket, which for so many years had enclosed the relics of the Apostle of the Franks, has been replaced by a new one, which is described as an artistic gem. The new shroud in which the holy remains were wrapped is of the most splendid material. The translation was the occasion of a solemn triduum in the venerable Cathedral. Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, presided, and Cardinal Perraud, bishop of Autun, delivered the opening discourse on the vocation of Christian France. On the closing day of the triduum, which was a Sunday, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the bishop of Arras in the presence of three Cardinals, two Archbishops and nearly forty bishops. In the afternoon, the celebrated Dominican Père Monsabré, preached to an immense audience. He sketched in a masterly way the terrible crisis through which France had passed, and which, by the grace of her baptism, she had passed through safely. He recalled the pact entered into between God and France; if France had wished to break away from God, He in His infinite mercy had not accepted the rupture as final. He instanced the numerous sanctuaries of our Lady, and especially the great national votive basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre. He then appealed to the people to renew the baptismal vows taken by Clovis fourteen hundred years ago, and in response the whole assembly, in the name of the nation, repeated the promise made by the Frankish King ages ago at Rheims. A procession of the relics of St. Remigius and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the festivities. The music of the Mass was composed by the late Charles Gounod by request of Cardinal Langénieux. After Gounod's death it was found in a box with the inscription: "Mass of Clovis, after the Gregorian style."

Very different, but very well meant, was the Anglican service which was held on St. Edward's day, the first since the Reformation, to honor him at his shrine in Westminster Abbey. At evensong Bishop Creighton delivered a lengthy sermon upon the saintly Confessor. It was the cause of much disappointment, for many Catholics had come to the Abbey to pay their devotions to the Saint at his shrine. This they could not do, as there is a rule in force which closes the chapels to the public during divine service. When the sermon was over, such was its length, the hour for opening the chapels had passed.

In some way or other, however unsectarian these non-Catholic celebrations and movements profess to be, they are generally sectarian in tendency. East 14th Street, New York, has a new missionary organization called the Brotherhood Club. The originator of it is Mrs. Katharine A. Tingley, and so her name precedes the word Brotherhood in the title of the club. Our readers may be aware that she is the President of the occult branch of the Theosophical Society. She started, in the Winter of 1893, to work among the east side poor. To continue and enlarge this work the club in question has been organized. It is the intention of the organizers to establish classes for the education of children in useful occupations, to form a free reading club and a medical dispensary, and to carry out a system of relieving the needy. A "Lotus Circle" or a non-sectarian Theosophical Sunday-school has already been established for the young. One of the chief objects of the new organization is to get the tenement dwellers well acquainted with one another and with the Theosophists. We imagine the latter is the thing most desired. To attain this they purpose having from time to time "brotherhood suppers." Is it not the old story of the "soupers?" The first of the series was held at 607 E. Fourteenth Street. Fifty men and women sat down to a repast of sandwiches, pork and beans, bread, cakes, and coffee. Theosophical songs were sung. The object of these suppers is to inculcate the principles of brotherly sympathy and co-operation among the tenement dwellers around the big car stables in Fourteenth Street.

The Protestant Episcopalians have also an establishment on a grand scale in East Fourteenth Street, where the work of proselytizing is being carried on among the poor and needy. Of course, as usual, the main effort is to gain the rising generation. And now the news comes that the Universalists will soon open a campaign in the same neighborhood, where some five others are already in the field.

How successfully such influences as these can be counteracted is clear from the following instance: Four years ago the Montreal Branch of the Catholic Truth Society organized a club for Catholic sailors while in that port. A Protestant Sailors' Institute had long been in sole possession. Montreal claims to have been the first to provide for Catholic seamen, and her example has been successfully followed in London, New York, and other seaports. The French "Works of the Sea," especially among the fishermen on the Newfoundland and Miquelon Banks have already been described in our pages. The activity of the Protestants is astonishing; they have missions or bethels for seamen in more than fifty seaports, and one society alone, the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, has one hnndred and thirty-five agents and seventy-two establishments.

In the face of such opposition, the work in Montreal was undertaken. They began in an attic in St. Paul Street. Games and reading matter were provided, and every Thursday evening a concert was given by the sailors themselves, assisted by local talent. The average attendance at these concerts was from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. Greater space was needed and a large four-story building on the corner of St. Peter and Common Streets, was rented a year ago. Two floors are given to the reading and games rooms. Another floor is used as a concert hall with a seating capacity of three hundred. The top floor will be fitted up as a gymnasium. The founder of the club was Rev. A. E. Jones, S.J., the editor of the Canadian English *Messenger* and Central Director of the Canadian English Apostleship of Prayer, but on account of the multiplicity of his work, he was replaced this year by Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., the present chaplain. In his report he states that 12,800 seamen have enjoyed the hospitality of the club since the opening of navigation; 100 took the abstinence pledge; 180 added their names to the League of the Sacred Heart; 960 packages of reading matter were given to sailors on outbound ships; 3000 MESSENGERS were distributed, besides innumerable pious articles, such as prayer books, beads and scapulars; 900 letters were written and about 700 received. Twenty visits were made to seamen in the hospital.

The organization of the club consists of an inside and outside committee. The former is made up of members of the Catholic Truth Society; the latter is formed of ladies, of whom Lady Hingston is President. They do the collecting and provide the funds. They have worked most admirably. We wish the good work godspeed.

Active work like this is imperative, but it will not do to devote all our activity to external work merely. It is a higher form of Christian philanthropy to give a fellow man sound principle than to afford him bodily relief or amusement. How well the enemies of Christianity perceive this truth, and how zealous they are in propagating their evil principles is clear from the sessions of the anti-Masonic Congress lately held in Trent.

The report of the Congress contains important conclusions founded on authentic documents. It declares that the religious doctrines by which Freemasonry has been inspired are those of nature-worship, practised in ancient times in the mysteries of the Indians, Persians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Romans, Greeks and Druids. In Christian ages the same was professed by the Gnostics, Manichæans, Albigenses, Cathari, and kindred sects, as well as of the Templars, Philosophers of Fire, Alchemists or Rosicrucians, who, on June 24, 1717, founded Freemasonry with its actual symbolism, in order to perpetuate their creed. The fundamental principle is: "The ability of nature, the intelligence of the power that exists in nature, with its various operations." The impious developments of this creed are not imparted to all the initiated, but the various beliefs professed may be summed up as "Monism," or the "Great-All-in-All," of idealistic Pantheism, and of Materialism under the name of Positivism. The connecting link of Masonic doctrines is the identification of the universe with God, and the idea of a generating God of the universe is substituted for the Christian idea of God, the Creator of heaven and earth. This is said to be shown in the name Architect of the Universe, the word *architect* implying the pre-existence or co-existence of the materials of architecture, and of the forces used in handling them. The Congress defined the aim of Masonry to be "destruction in the moral, intellectual and physical orders."

This it does in the moral order by substituting evil for good, in deifying the evil principle, and with it of all the vices under the name of virtues. In the intellectual order, the explicit and necessary profession of secrecy and falsehood destroys truth. In the physical order, death or universal destruction is divinized. The Holy Trinity is rejected, and the Indian trinity of a generating, destroying and regenerating god, representing the Triangle, is substituted. We see this in the principle that the death of one is the birth of another, and in the phrases "struggle for existence," "perpetual revolution" and "indefinite progress."

There was at the Congress an interesting though horrible exhibit of Masonic writings and documents in one hundred and fifty volumes. Together with these were exhibited Masonic maps, symbols and ornaments. Among the latter was a crucifix arranged as a sheath of a poniard. There was also a collection of emblematical designs belonging to the *Palladist Formulary*, all of which are horribly blasphemous. The cross is put as the symbol of darkness, while the triangle represents light. The spirit which animates them is seen by the representation of a Host transfixed by a dagger beside a chalice overturned and spilling its sacred contents.

On the subject of reunion: "Here in England," says Father Smith, in *Les Études* for September, "we have not observed that the movement of Lord Halifax had any great influence on those who had Catholic tendencies or on those who have in the meantime come over to the Church. On the contrary, we find that the number of converts to Catholicism have increased to a marked degree since the publication of Leo XIII.'s Encyclical *ad Anglos;* and this increase we attribute to the prayers which this Encyclical has elicited. This is a hopeful omen. We must not forget that it was the action of Abbé Portal and Lord Halifax that led to the publication of that document, and we cannot help being thankful to them. In another respect also this movement is calculated to exercise indirectly a very salutary influence. It has called attention, on the one hand, to the dreadful evils of religious disunion, and, on the other hand, to the magnificent spectacle of Catholic unity. In the long run, the contrast thus brought into relief cannot fail to impress serious minds."

NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES.

SOUTH AFRICA.—The Rt. Rev. A. Gaughran, O.M.I., writes from Kimberly: "Of the fruits of the Apostleship of Prayer in South Africa I can say, from my own experience, that they cannot be exaggerated. Shortly after my arrival here this whole vicariate was consecrated to the Sacred Heart; for I made this promise to the Sacred Heart before the Altar at Montmartre before setting out from Europe. Since then all the Catholics of this Mission seem to be wholly devoted to the Sacred Heart. In our Mission in Basudaland the power of the Sacred Heart was shown in an almost miraculous manner. On the very day of the consecration to the Sacred Heart a large number of pagans presented themselves for instruction, and during that year the number of conversions increased in a remarkable degree. Where formerly there were ten converts we have now one hundred. In all our missions we owe great thanks to the Sacred Heart for its marvellous favors."

POLAND.—During the year 1895 in the Province of Galicia 69 parishes were aggregated to the League, with about 100,000 members, 20,000 of whom belong to the 2d and 1,000 to the 3d Degree. The number of subscribers to the Polish *Messenger* was between 137,000 and 138,000. This number has doubtless been considerably increased during the past year. The fruits of the devotion to the Sacred Heart are also manifest from the fact that during the same year over 300 remarkable favors, obtained through the prayers of the League, were recorded. This speaks well for the faith and piety of the Polish people.

ENGLAND.—In England the number of Aggregations are very considerable. The Local Directors are careful to make the reception of Promoters and also of Associates as solemn as possible. June 28, 1896, such a reception was celebrated in St. Joseph's Church, Surrey. At the nine o'clock Mass about 200 approached Holy Communion. The Reception took place at the evening service. The Church was packed. After Vespers, before Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Promoters approached the altar rails holding lighted tapers in their hands, received their Crosses and Diplomas, and pronounced the Act of Consecration. Hereupon about 300 Associates were invested with the League Badge. It was particularly gratifying to see that a large number of the Associates were young men.

November 3, Feast of St. Winefride, a large statue of the Sacred Heart, overlooking the whole town, was blessed at Holywell by the Vicar Apostolic of North Wales. Thus the Sacred Heart will greet from a distance the pilgrims that flock from all parts of the Kingdom to this hallowed spot, and soften the bigotry of the Protestant inhabitants.

The Apostleship of the Sea is carried on vigorously by the Promoters of the League, while the Central Director offers up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for this object every fourth Friday of the month.

The English *Messenger* will be slightly enlarged this year. Promoters make it a part of their duty to circulate it everywhere.

IRELAND.—The Irish *Messenger* with true Irish zeal urges, in season and out of season, the Apostleship of Temperance, and that to very good effect; for the League supplies all the means necessary to overcome even the strongest passions and to peform the most heroic sacrifices. It takes also the greatest interest in the Work for Seamen. In a recent number it recommends the custom which has obtained in some fishing villages in Ireland—at the commencement of the fishing season to ask the priest to come and bless the boats, nets, and the crew themselves before setting out to their perilous work. But above all they are exhorted to prepare themselves against the dangers of the sea by a good confession and Communion.

The Kinsale fishermen, who are very devout to the Sacred Heart, are accustomed to affix to some safe part of their

boats the Badge of the Sacred Heart. Others are exhorted to imitate their example, and not only carry the Badge in their boats but also on their persons. These exhortations will bear direct fruits for seamen, as the Irish *Messenger* is widely circulated among them.

SPAIN.—The Spanish *Messenger* always inspires respect. It is decidedly the most progressive of the organs of the League of the Sacred Heart. The General Intention always combines solid instruction and information with ardent piety and devotion. Its biographical articles, under the heading of "Friends of the Sacred Heart," which run in regular series, are very interesting. Controversial subjects are treated in a solid and, at the same time, in a popular manner. At present it is publishing a series of articles on Galileo. Another very interesting series, now running in the Spanish *Messenger*, is that of P. Watrigant on Protestants and the *Exercises of St. Ignatius*. Familiar conferences on social questions, by Father Van Trich, are always sprightly and instructive, while the Literary Department (the popular story) has received a world-wide reputation through the genius of Padre Coloma. The League notices are very carefully compiled, but are, to our taste, rather minute in detail. In short, the Spanish *Messenger* bespeaks not only superior literary ability on the part of the editors, but also, what is more significant, a very intelligent constituency of readers.

Fruit of the League in Schools—East India.

The following obituary comes to us from St. Joseph's College, Darjeeling, East India. The subject, little Leonard Snee, was a member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, for whom he had an ardent devotion, and of the League in Schools, whence he derived the spirit of self-conquest which animated him in his last moments.

When, some days ago, I heard of death's first visit to North Point College, Darjeeling, I could well recall the lad with his bright, round face, lively as a lark, innocent as a babe, and loved by all, masters and boys. He was one of those boys for whom silence or refraining from an innocent trick, when occasion offered, meant a heroic act, but in chapel he could pray like an angel. There he appeared quite a different boy. Early and thorough Catholic training, in a pious Catholic Irish home, had made Leonard Snee what he showed himself so unmistakably in his last moments.

He was ill for hardly more than a week; it was a case of high fever, and the doctor soon declared it to be a serious one. Sunday, September 20, was the day for the General Communion of Reparation, and Leonard, used to frequent Communion, would not let that day pass without Holy Communion. It was given to him as viaticum. When Extreme Unction was spoken of, he said: "Oh yes, the catechism says, 'it will help the sick man, he will recover." He received the sacrament in presence of his masters and the officers of the Sodalities: he was a Sodalist and he always kept his medal by him during his last illness. He had been taught to say "Thy will be done!" and till the last these words were on his lips Very early on Tuesday morning he remarked: "I hope I'll go to heaven! There is nothing like heaven!" Mass was said in his room; he wished to make his last Holy Communion. He followed with great devotion, but at the offertory he exclaimed: "Good bye! I am going!" However, he recovered and received his dear Lord and joined in the prayers of thanksgiving. After that, his brother Willie kissed him and Leonard said to him: "Good bye, Willie! Give my love to all at home; poor mother, she will feel it!"

The fever remained high and the poor little fellow began to grow delirious; but religious thoughts alone occupied him. In his fevered imagination, he fights over again the spiritual battle which he had so often victoriously fought against the evil one, and he is heard to exclaim: "Where is my crucifix, and my Sodality medal?" Grasping them he cries: "Begone, Satan! don't you know this is holy ground? The Holy Sacrfice of the Mass has been said here. Don't you see I'm a child of Mary? Here is my medal!" Holding his Badge of the Sacred Heart, he said in a touching tone: "Behold this Heart! Have you ever seen a Heart like this? This is the Heart of my God, who died for me!" Indeed from the fulness of his pious heart his pure mouth spoke, even under the influence of the raging fever.

Thursday, September 24, our Lady of Mercy came for this faithful child of Mary. In the morning he was calm and conscious, and he wished once more to receive Holy Communion. He was still able to do so, but he was evidently sinking. Yet, there was strength enough left him to repeat frequently his favorite aspirations, "Thy will be done! Jesus, Mary, Joseph!" Towards evening the prayers for the dying were recited, and the dear little boy gently expired at about 9:30 P. M. A solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the college; there was general Communion and a short sermon preached on the text: "He pleased God and was beloved. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter

his understanding or deceit beguile his soul."

I am convinced there is no North Point boy who has not said to himself since that day: "May my last hour be like unto his!"

The League at Home.

The American *Sendbote* (*Messenger*) records the following Aggregations for October and November, 1896: St. Mary's, Des Moines, Iowa; St. John's, Alden Centre, N. Y.; The Guardian Angel's, Cedar Grove, Ind.; St. Anthony's, Jeffersonville, Ind.; The Guardian Angel's, Ottawa, Kans.

The careful reader will remark an increase in the number of our own Aggregations for the last few months. They now nearly average one a day.

St. Patrick's Centre, Providence, R. I.—The League was started here Sunday, October 25, by one of the Fathers from the Head Centre, New York, who preached at all the Masses and at Vespers. Seventy Promoters, a few of whom formerly belonged to other Centres, presented themselves at the Promoters' Meeting, which was called at 3 o'clock, and about 1,000 Associates were registered the first week. Since that time the number of Associates has doubled, so that we have now about 2,000 registered. The League at St. Patrick's promises to be a grand success.

St. Catharine's Centre, Broadbrook, Conn.–The Apostleship of Prayer was organized in this parish Sunday, November 15, by a Jesuit Father from New York. The reverend Father preached at Mass and Vespers on the Devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Apostleship of Prayer, and held a Promoters' Meeting at 4 P. M. We had 15 Promoters to begin with; and there is good reason to hope that the bulk of our congregation, which numbers about 500 souls, will soon be enrolled in the League.

St. Mary's Training School, Feehanvile, Ill., reports 413 Associates of the 1st and 2d Degree and 258 monthly communicants, or of the 3d Degree.

St. Francis de Sales' Centre, Brooklyn, N. Y., reports a total enrolment of 5,350, an increase of 1,520 over last year. The number of Promoters is 215, 82 more than last year.

St. Francis Xavier's Centre, New York City.—The congregation of deaf mutes at St. Francis Xavier's, New York, is flourishing. They meet every Sunday afternoon and receive an instruction from the Father in charge, after which they attend the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The League of the Sacred Heart has been established among them. There are 14 Promoters and 161 Associates. It is gratifying to note that the men are well represented among the Associates. Out of the total of 161, the men number 60. The Promoters' meetings are held at St. Joseph's Institute, 113 Buffalo Avenue, Brooklyn; the ladies meet on every third Sunday, the gentlemen on the following day. One of the Associates has been sick in the hospital for over two months, and her fellow Associates have shown their charity and zeal by visiting her frequently.

—A Director writes: "I am highly gratified with the success and the spiritual fruits of the League. The Sacred Heart melts everything as fire does wax. As Local Director I feel my own heart inflamed, and I realize God's love to us daily more and more. The League is the soul of Catholic devotions."

St. Patrick's, Taberg, N. Y.—Thursday, October 29, a reception of Promoters took place in this Centre. Rev. Dr. Lynch, of St. John's Church, Utica, N. Y., assisted by the pastor and a number of the neighboring priests, after dedelivering an eloquent and touching address, conferred the Crosses and Diplomas on fifteen Promoters. The occasion was one that will be long remembered in this congregation.

The Holy Angels' Institute, Fort Lee, N. J.—A Branch of the League in Schools was established in this institution by one of the Jesuit Fathers from the Head Centre, New York, Sunday, November 29. The children and young ladies all entered with great fervor upon the work and promise, under the fostering care of the zealous School Sisters of Notre Dame, to make this Apostleship productive of much spiritual fruit as well as intellectual profit.

OBITUARY.

Patrick Burke and Charlotte Moore, St. Patrick's Cathedral Centre, New York City; Mrs. Joanna Delany, Cathedral Centre, Philadelphia; Catherine Irene Poland, Convent of the Sacred Heart, Clifton, Ohio; Rev. John P. McIncrow, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Amsterdam, N. Y. R. I. P.

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

January 1. First Friday.

The new year begins on a day specially consecrated to devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It offers a fine opportunity to Promoters to have their Associates begin the year with a proof of their eagerness to honor that Heart, and to make it their first and last thought during the whole year of 1897. It would be a splendid tribute to the Heart of Jesus, if Promoters could induce all or most of their Associates to approach our Lord at His banquet table that day. The turn of the year is a time for better aspirations and holier resolutions. Men as a general thing, want to bury the past, and look forward to the future as a chance of repairing its evils. With Christ our Lord in their hearts, they might attempt the work of reparation with every assurance of success. Even if each Promoter could induce but one or two of a band to receive Holy Communion that day what a glorious beginning it would make! Where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed during the entire day or part of it, there should be no difficulty in having every League Associate visit the church on this day of mutual courtesies and civility.

The MESSENGER Index, 1896.

The index for last year's MESSENGER is quite different from the indexes drawn up for former years. Instead of grouping various articles under common titles, it gives them all alphabetically, keeping together only the poetry and the League department. It makes a very good showing by the variety and interest of its titles, and proves how broad the scope of our Apostleship is. For those who have their MESSENGERS bound it is indispensable. Every subscriber received a copy with the December issue.

Diocesan Directors.

The monthly bulletin, issued by the Director General of the League, publishes a list of the Diocesan Directors of our work in France. They are seventy-eight in number, one being appointed for each diocese by the Bishop advising with the Director General. This is in strict accordance with our statutes, although even in a Catholic country like France it is not always easy to provide Diocesan Directors at liberty to attend to the work, even when they are well acquainted with it, and interested in its advancement. Usually, some active Local Director takes this charge. The observance of this statute has been tried in this country, but always with some loss to the League. Now that it has become so widespread, and that so many efficient Directors have grown familiar with every detail of it, it should not be impossible to find among them capable Diocesan Directors, who would promote its interests among their brother clergymen.

The new Intention Blanks.

It is gratifying to hear of the satisfaction given by the new Intention and Treasury blanks. They will save us much trouble, and what is more important, they will be a means of inducing secretaries of League Centres to be more punctual in sending us the summaries of Intentions instead of leaving that task to the Promoters who may wish to send them. In this way the union of prayer, for which the League has been instituted, will be more extensive and fervent. The change announced last month for the *Calendar of Intentions*, to go into effect this month of January, will help to this end. By the use of clearer and more compact type, there is now space enough on this sheet to give not only the Calendar, but blanks for the Intentions and Treasury.

Review of 1897.

There is scarcely any need of a review of our work this month, as the *Almanac* furnishes so many details about almost every branch of it. What is chiefly worthy of notice, viz., the changes in our periodicals, has been so widely advertised, and speaks so well for itself, that it would be useless to mention it here. One thing we cannot help mentioning, as gratitude requires it: al-

though we cannot acknowledge all the letters that say complimentary things of the MESSENGER, we are still very grateful to the writers and much encouraged by their kind expressions of approval. We are happy to add that these sentiments seem very common even among those who do not write them, if we can judge by the prompt and numerous renewals of subscriptions and by the fact that the few who give up the MESSENGER do so with regret, in which we cordially sympathize with them.

The SUPPLEMENT Cover.

To enable all our readers to know the full extent of the changes we are making in our different periodicals, we have inserted in this number the design for the cover of the SUPPLEMENT, printed on the red-colored paper that will be used for that magazine. It has been inserted just before the General Intention, because with the explanation of that, as the special pagination shows, the SUPPLEMENT properly begins. The *Pilgrim* cover design is very beautiful, as our readers will have an opportunity of judging for themselves on receiving the first number, which will be mailed to all who are now on our lists for the MESSENGER or *Pilgrim*.

The November Treasury.

The increase in the number of good works, reported in the Treasury printed for this month, is the result of the work of Promoters during the month of November in behalf of the souls in purgatory. Many special reports are only now reaching us, too late for mention here. Three to four million good works, the increase over our last Treasury, is no slight proof of the piety of our Associates toward the faithful departed.

Promoters' Receptions.

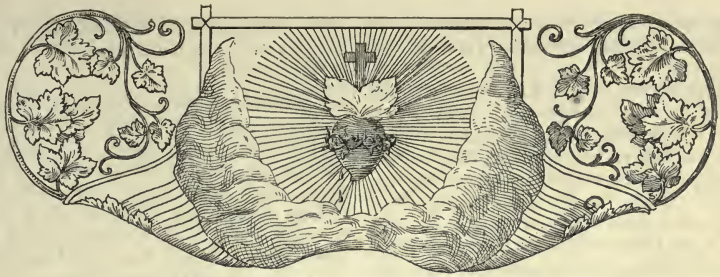
If December has come around to find some Centres without enough candidates for the Promoter's office to hold a solemn reception for them, Directors and Promoters themselves should be reminded that it is not too early to begin preparing for the reception they hope to hold in June, as candidates chosen now will by that time have finished their six months of probation. It is not fair to keep any of them waiting too long. It ensures the permanency of League work to keep training a number of them for its continuation. Promoters are not doing all they should do by merely enrolling new members; part of their work is to help Directors in getting and in forming new Promoters.

Triduums for Promoters.

Triduums have been given to Promoters for the past twelve years, and in some places they have been attended by Promoters from other parishes as well as from the parish in which they were given. This year, for the first time, Promoters have been invited to make these exercises in a common church, and thanks to the zeal and cordial coöperation of Local Directors, they have been a means of giving a new impulse to Promoters in several dioceses, notably in Boston and in New York. The triduum given in the Church of the Gesù, Philadelphia, beginning November 30, and closing December 4 with a Reception of Promoters, was really a short retreat, three exercises being given every day. The triduum in St. Francis Xaviers, New York, which was held the same time, was attended by Promoters, representing over forty of the League Centres in that city. Both of these were conducted by Fathers from the Central Direction. Many of the Promoters from the various Centres attended the reception held in this church the night after the triduum, at which Rev. J. H. McMahon, Director of the Cathedral Centre preached the sermon.

Premiums and Novelties.

A neat eight page circular has been issued from the Central Direction, showing by illustrations the beauty and variety of some of the premiums and novelties prepared for our subscribers the coming year. A mere list of its contents will show how well it has been designed to effect its object, which is to increase our subscription list. The new SUPPLEMENT cover design; the premium pictures, The Mission of the Apostles, and Imlé's Sacred Heart of Jesus and Immaculate Heart of Mary; the emblem and Apostleship medal for the premium beads; the new *Pilgrim* cover design, and the premium given to *Pilgrim* subscribers, together with a summary of the contents for the January MESSENGER, all make a circular worth having and circulating.



IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 120,148.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v, 18).

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

A priest returns thanks for a wonderful conversion. A Protestant man had a Catholic wife and children. He himself was a strict Scotch Presbyterian. His little boy fell sick and the father asked the priest to call. So pleased was he with the visits, that, when some time later he was ill, he sent for the priest, stating, however, that the visit was to be purely a friendly one. He asked the priest "to put up a prayer for him," warning him, however, not to form a wrong impression as he intended to die, as he had lived, in the faith of his fathers. He pointed, as he said this, to a trunk, containing his Presbyterian baptismal certificate. The priest, nothing discouraged, asked if he believed in the Holy Trinity and the different articles of the creed, and if he would not like to be a member of the true Church. "Yes, indeed," he replied, "and I would die for the Church if I knew it were true." So he begged for more prayers. It happened to be a First Friday, and the priest at once spoke to the Local Director of the League to ask the Associates to beg for this honest man the light of faith. On the next Monday the sick man sent for the priest and asked for more prayers. "Why can I not be anointed like other sick persons, Father?" "Because you are not a Catholic." "Then I want to be a Catholic. The Reformation, I believe, came from passion and the love of money." As he was very ill the priest thought it imprudent to delay. He, therefore, questioned him to try his sincerity and explained various things. Convinced that he was in earnest, the priest baptized him conditionally, heard his confession, anointed him, and was about to give him Holy Communion, when there was a knock at the door. "That is the minister," said the sick man. "Do you want to see him," asked the priest? "No, let my wife tell him that I will see him as a friend bye-and-bye." He had stood the test. He seems to have had a great love for the Sacred Heart, for he wore the Badge and frequently asked for prayers to be made to the Sacred Heart. On Wednesday night he waked up, and missing the Badge which had slipped off, he at once asked to have it replaced, and for the priest, who happened to come in, to say some more prayers. He lived till Thursday morning. When dying he took his crucifix in his hands, whereupon his brother, a strict Presbyterian, was so displeased that he went off in a rage and has never come near the family since. But this did not trouble the dying man He looked lovingly at his Badge and died with a smile on his face saying: "Isn't the Sacred Heart good?"

Special Thanksgivings. — A zealous Promoter records the following conversion: She asked a Protestant to make the Morning Offering, telling him that he would have a share in the prayers of millions of people, and he promised to do so. From that moment there was the greatest change in him. He is a lawyer and a very intelligent man. His parents are extremely bigoted so that his change

of faith is a cause of great surprise to everybody. He is extremely fervent and edifying.

Thanks are returned for the saving of property from damage and ruin by a flood. The whole town suffered terribly. The water was rising rapidly, and above us a larger body of water than at any previous flood was overflowing the country and coming down upon us. A Badge was thrown into the water and Mass and publication promised. It was truly wonderful how we were spared.

A society woman married to a Protestant, and surrounded by Protestants, had for many years practically abandoned her religion. After many prayers, Masses and novenas offered to the Sacred Heart by pious relatives, she consented to see the priest, received the sacraments, and is now looking forward to an early death with sentiments of true penance, piety and resignation.

A young man of twenty-two years had a very sore finger, caused by a little abscess at the nail, in which he caught cold. The doctor said an operation was necessary, that he would lose the first joint and perhaps the entire finger. Recourse was had to the Sacred Heart and publication was promised. The finger is perfectly well and not even the finger nail was lost.

A person was compelled to sign a note payable in three months, but there seemed little likelihood of being able to meet it. An intention for work was recommended to the League so that the money might be earned. The request was granted and the obligation was cancelled when due. Three Masses for the suffering souls and publication were promised.

A prominent man, non-Catholic, was very ill with pneumonia. He consented to receive a Badge and applied it himself to his chest with great faith. He was at once relieved, and attributes the cure to the Sacred Heart. He had a handsome frame made for the Badge and hung it over his bedstead.

Thanksgiving is made for the immediate cure of a young woman at the point of death with typhoid fever. The doctor had no hope of her recovery and she had received the last sacraments. A medal of the Infant of Prague was put on her and she was instantly cured.

A dying man was in a state of coma and could not respond to the questions of his confessor enough to receive absolution. A Badge was pinned on his breast and he then became able to repeat the act of contrition and make the sign of the cross.

Spiritual Favors : Several conversions to the faith ; a man of twenty-nine prepared to make his First Communion ; return to the sacraments of a young man after ten years ; of another after fifteen years ; of another after twenty-four years ; of two others after thirty years ; of a father and son long neglectful ; of a brother after several years ; of many other similar favors.

Reconciliation between a husband and wife, when a separation seemed inevitable. Almost in despair the poor wife fell upon her knees and cried out : "Oh God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Her prayers were heard immediately and perfect peace now reigns in her home.

A mother, after recommending her intention to the prayers of the League, got news from her absent son, of whom she had not heard in fourteen years. The account was consoling.

Temporal Favors : — Restoration of reason to a father of a family, who had been insane for ten years ; after three intentions had been sent in to the League, a letter came stating that he was entirely cured. Recovery from a serious case of lung trouble through a novena ; sudden and wonderful cure of a very sore foot in a few days ; cure of a very badly ulcerated sore throat, through St. Blaise ; relief from severe stomach trouble ; cure of two children of whooping cough and of three of very sore eyes ; relief from severe headaches, through St. Aloysius ; recovery of a little boy from diphtheria ; regaining of strength to perform duties after receiving Holy Communion five times in honor of St. John Berchmans ; restoration to health of a man down with nervous prostration for a year ; relief by applying a relic of B. Margaret Mary ; recovery of one at the point of death ; cure of a woman from an abscess which threatened to prevent her working for many months. Many other cures and successful surgical operations.

Remarkable success of a pupils' recital and many benefits resulting from it ; successful building and working of machinery ; increase of business ; satisfactory settlement of a matter which threatened a great loss of money; a favor obtained from the Sacred Heart through St. Expedit after fifteen years of prayer ; also quick alleviation of extreme pain through the same Saint; many other

favors obtained and acknowledged but not specified.

Success in obtaining funds to continue work on a church when it seemed hopeless to be able to raise them; unexpected help to meet debts; means to send a young man to college when there seemed no way of doing so; money to take a health cure; means for an institution to pay a heavy indebtedness.

Position assured to one in danger of losing it; another position retained through devotion to the Sacred Heart, when the loss of it was threatened because the holder was a Catholic; regaining a position which had been given up; employment obtained for many persons, when recommended to the League.

Preservation of a house from catching fire from a burning building across the street; safety in several severe storms. The averting of a great trial. Preservation from a threatened danger during a cyclone.

Favors through the Badge and Promoters' Cross.—Recovery of a patient without a threatened operation; cure of a non-Catholic from a bad case of neuralgia when all other remedies failed; cure of a little girl from spasms; immediate change for the better of a woman dangerously ill; a temporal favor granted in an extraordinary manner; great ease obtained for a rheumatic person; cure of a serious lung trouble that seemed to be consumption, Lourdes water was also used, the recovery is perfect; cure of an ingrowing nail in four days without any operation; relief from a nervous attack, from toothache; a cure of typhoid fever.

The cure of the broken arm of a little boy, eleven years old, is acknowledged. Though the doctor pronounced the fracture serious, by using the Badge a speedy recovery was effected and the little fellow is as active as ever. Cure of one who had so serious a trouble in one of her legs that she could scarcely walk. The doctor could do nothing to help her, but a Badge was applied, and she is now entirely well. Many other favors not specified were also obtained through the Badge and Promoter's Cross.

A Promoter called on a Protestant friend who was very sick and of whose recovery the doctor had very little hope. The Promoter pinned her Cross, a Badge, and a St. Benedict's medal on the sick woman, making some promises and getting the patient and her mother and sister also to promise something. The sick person is now convalescent and says the Badge of the Sacred Heart has been doing its work.

An Associate, who had suffered for over twenty-eight years with a severe shooting pain in the spine, which at times would affect the heart and make her feel as if she were dying, was instantly cured by the application of a Promoter's Cross.

A Correction.

St. Michael's College Centre,

Sante Fé, N. M., November 30, 1896.

Dear Rev. Fathers:

It was with the greatest pleasure I received, and with no less degree of interest, read, the last issue of your valuable magazine, the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. The article, entitled "New Mexico and the City of Holy Faith," does justice to the able pen and thorough researches of the late Rev. Father to whom the readers of your magazine are indebted for its production.

A mis-statement is found in the second column, page 982, beginning with the words "The cracked old bell" and ending with the words, "into the heaving crucible."

There can be no doubt that the late Rev. Father was fully convinced that he was justified in putting the date of its casting as 1850; but when he speaks of a "cracked old bell," and one that is at present in "mournful disuse," it seems to me that the subject of his statement must have been an entirely different bell from the one for which there is a claim of old age; for there is just such a bell as the one he describes standing near to where the old one hangs. This bell would exactly coincide with the said statement, as being cracked, out of use, and probably cast in 1850. But there never has been any claim of old age given to it, and the real old one hangs by its side, in use to-day, pronounced by all to have the most beautiful of tones, and with proofs to justify the claim of its having been cast in 1356. It still bears the inscription *San Jose rogad por nosotros, Agosto 9, 1356.*

I remain, dear Fathers,

Yours truly,

Bro. Botulph.

THE·READER·

THE New Year's MESSENGER will reach its readers just about the time when they will be asking themselves the important question: What shall I give for a Christmas present this year? This question we answered at great length in the "Reader" for December, 1895, when we also touched on the motives which should animate us and the rules which should guide us in making such presents. We could now add considerably to our list of good books, but we must content ourselves with referring our readers to our Book Notices during the past year, which will serve as a safe guide for Catholic book-buyers at this season. Without incurring the stigma of egotism we may be allowed here to suggest that a bound copy of the MESSENGER for 1896, or a subscription for 1897, would be a very appropriate, and in very many cases, acceptable Christmas or New Year's present. Such a gift would not only give joy to the heart of the individual to whom it would be inscribed, but bring light and gladness to the fortunate family of its possessor.

* * *

In selecting books for Christmas presents we should combine usefulness and edification with pleasure—choose with preference those books that are edifying and instructive. It is to be feared that we trust too little to the intelligence of our young people, as if they appreciated nothing but beautiful covers and pictures, and wild adventures in books. We had an evidence of the contrary the other day, when we received a letter from a cultured Catholic mother asking us to send her a copy of *Father Jogues' Life*, by John Gilmary Shea, for her little son, who asked to have it as a Christmas gift. The lad is not yet twelve years of age. He has been reading the graphic account of Father Jogues' martyrdom in the *Pilgrim*, and wanted to know all about the holy priest who had suffered so much for Christ's sake.

* * *

In the January issue of 1896 we gave an extended review of the work of the largest and most efficient organization of the Apostleship of the Press in existence—that of the *Croix*, in Paris. We are pleased to see from the report of the general congress of the *Croix* held at Paris in September last, at which over 600 representatives of local organizations from all parts of France assisted, that the work is spreading rapidly and doing immense good.

The *Croix* of Paris itself, with its various weekly and monthly supplements, has now an aggregate circulation of very nearly 2,000,000. The provincial and foreign supplements, over a hundred in number, have an aggregate circulation of nearly 500,000. The increase of circulation during the year is about 500,000.

The organization of the *Croix* is being perfected from year to year. At this year's congress an elaborate plan of campaign has been arranged and adopted to defend Catholic interests at the polls. It is based on the organization of the German Catholics, which is acknowledged to be the most efficient in the world.

Another very important resolution has been adopted—to consolidate local Catholic papers with the *Croix* of Paris, reserving one page in each number for local items. This plan, if it succeeds, will enable even the smallest hamlets in France to have the full benefit of the most up to-date daily or weekly in the metropolis with all the interest of a local paper at very small cost, the local advertisements paying the additional expense of printing the local page.

"The *Croix*," says the Director, "has passed through its critical period, overcome the prejudice against it, found supporters—in short, taken a firm foothold. The time has now come when we should

no longer rest satisfied with certain victories gained in this or that place, but should endeavor to secure a truly effective and universal circulation for the safety of the country. Our motto is: Faith and confidence in God; submission and devotion to the Pope, His Vicar on earth, loyalty to his teaching and guidance; we are his soldiers."

* * *

The *Catholic University Bulletin* for October, publishes a set of interesting and valuable documents from the Vatican library, bearing on the history of the early Church in Greenland and America before the discovery. They are ten in number. "These ten documents," says the editor, "form that chapter of the Chartularium of the Church of Norway which deals with her in all her dependencies. No doubt much more has perished, but enough remains to show that the *Curia* had a knowledge of, and an interest in, the lonely territories that lay far off in the Atlantic flood, where the dwellings of men were six days' journey apart, and the visits of merchants rare, sometimes at intervals of eighty years; where wealth consisted of hides and peltries, and the products of whaling; where wine and bread and oil were obtained with difficulty, and barter was slow and coin depreciated; where men lived on dried fish and milk and carried their tents of skin on the sledges that bore them over the great icebergs; where the savage Esquimaux harried the white settlers, and cut them off from the sea and left them at last without a priest to say Mass with only a corporal that they kept one hundred years and exposed once a year, waiting for the return of their priests."

* * *

The idea of a public library is to provide books for the reading public at the city's expense. Now, as this expense is usually met by funds coming from taxes, it is clear that the taxpayers should have a voice in the selection of the volumes to have a place on the shelves of their library, for theirs it really is, both because it is intended for their use and provided at their cost.

We have called attention in times past to the great dearth, if not entire absence, of the works of Catholic authors. This would not be so remarkable if there were not an abundance of books by decidedly anti-Catholic writers and written professedly against the Catholic religion, so that the perennial excuse of non-sectarianism cannot be alleged.

We could understand an intention to exclude all books on controversial questions, but understand we cannot, how in equity the Protestant side should have free fling, and the Catholic side no fling at all. Fair play is a jewel and one prized by all fair minds. Unfortunately Catholics, hitherto being a minority in numbers, as well as in wealth, have been very passive in the matter. Perhaps it comes from the fact that the public libraries are not so much patronized by them. Perhaps, too, it comes from a comparative scarcity of Catholic authors The fact remains the same that the history of religion available in our libraries is invariably from Protestant sources.

Our attention was called to this great danger by an editorial in the *Catholic Universe* of Cleveland. It seems that the Cleveland public library, strange to say, has a Catholic department. Stranger still is the collection of "religious" works comprising the "Catholic collection," which is supposed to constitute a "concession" to the Catholic sentiment in that city. As the *Universe* remarks: "What an admirable 'working library' it would make for the bitterest and most uncompromising anti-Catholic evangelist, crusader or Protector of American Institutions! Here it is:

Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome, (Littledale).
Elliott on Romanism, 2 Vols.
Romanism and the Reformation (Protestant Educational Institute, Exeter Hall, London).
Political Romanism.
Variations of Popery.
Romanism in Canada.
Romanism at Home.
Growth of the Papal Power.
Evenings with Romanists.
The Faith of Our Forefathers (Reply to Card. Gibbon's Faith of our Fathers).
Rome, Christian and Papal.
History of Roman Catholicism.
Essay on Romanism.
Catholicity, Protestantism and Romanism."

If other public libraries were examined, doubtless we should make similar discoveries in the *Catholic* department, if any such department exists. It is time for the Catholic taxpayers and public at large to see to it that the true Church be properly represented, and that the young and unsuspecting be safeguarded against imbibing such soul-poisons.

BOOK NOTICES.

Our Martyrs. A record of those who suffered for the Catholic faith under the penal laws in Ireland. By the late Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J., LL.D., M.R.I.A. Illustrated from contemporary prints. Dublin: O'Fallon & Co. 1896. 8vo. Pages xxii and 373. Price 6s.

This is a book of rare historical value and research as well as interest. It is culled from contemporary records scattered through many libraries of the British Isles and the continent of Europe. The learned and painstaking author did not live to give it the finishing touch. But even as it is, it cannot but elicit the interest of the Irish at home and abroad, and of Catholics generally.

The preface, which has been written not by the author himself, but by another hand, forms a succinct and instructive treatise on martyrdom as understood by the Church. Then follows the author's introduction, giving in nine periods, as so many different phases, the history of the Penal Laws in Ireland from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of Victoria. The main body of the book gives the record of over three hundred Irishmen who gave their lives for their faith under British persecution. Of these a good number are bishops. Of the remainder the great majority are religious, particularly Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians, Cistercians, Carmelites and Jesuits. Yet the secular clergy and laity are well represented. The book is illustrated with six characteristic contemporary prints, the frontispiece being a portrait of the Venerable Archbishop Plunkett.

Yet this record does not make any claim to completeness, as many others were massacred, or starved, or tortured to death, whose names are known to God alone. We warmly recommend this excellent work to all who would gain an accurate and detailed knowledge of the history of the dark days of persecution in Ireland.

Rome and England. By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 193.

This is the latest controversial work by that master of controversy, Father Rivington. His sub-title, *Ecclesiastical Continuity* gives us the subject of the book. It is a refutation of "The National Church in the Middle Ages," by Dr. Creighton, then Bishop of Peterborough, but since translated to the See of London. His work was selected as being "fairly representative of the line of argument adopted by members of the Church of England on the subject of continuity."

Anglicans are difficult people to refute for they are always shifting their ground, adducing new theories, and have no standard of authority.

Father Rivington undertakes to prove that "the present titular church of England is not a spiritual continuation of the old Church of England, but that the Roman Catholic body in England *is*." He does not, however, "deny a certain kind of continuity between the present Establishment and the Anglican Church of the past. There is a kind of legal continuity; there is a sort of material continuity; there is a continuity of nomenclature." But this is not sufficient; there must be unity of government, unity of faith, unity of sacrament, and not unity in name, or material privileges, or local habitation.

It is a question of history. "Is it, or is it not, true," he asks, "that the Church of England—by which I do not mean the Parliament, but the accredited teaching body in England—held that doctrine concerning her relationship to Rome to be a part of the faith once delivered to the saints?"

Father Rivington conclusively proves his point. He clinches it from the teaching of Cranmer's predecessor in the See of Canterbury; and the testimony of Archbishop Warham is conclusive for the hitherto universally recognized power of the Pope in spiritual matters in England.

A Key to Labor Problems: being an adapted translation of the *Catèchisme du Patron*, by Léon Harmel, with an illustration by Virginia M. Crawford. London: Catholic Truth Society, 1896. 16mo. Pages xxiv and 52. Price 6d.

This little book, which was first published in French under the modest title and unpretending form of a *Catechism for Employers*, condenses a vast amount of matter in very small space. It contains no vague speculation, but solely

and simply the outcome of the author's own experience. Léon Harmel has for many years controlled an extensive industrial concern which served at the same time as a model and as a social and economic experiment. The experiment has proved a success and is regarded almost as a prodigy of industrial organization. It is based on a strictly religious foundation and is conducted on scientific economic principles. Every principle laid down in this book has been practically and thoroughly tested and found efficient towards the formation of a healthy, intelligent, moral and happy working population, as well as a successful and profitable development of the industry in question. There is nothing one-sided in the principles of M. Harmel. He treats of the rights and duties of employer and employed with equal fairness and impartiality.

The translation is carefully done and is enlarged by a copious and highly interesting introduction by the translator, chiefly descriptive of the admirable organization of M. Harmel's woolen industries at Val-des-Bois. In the English translation the work has been stripped of its catechetical form, which we can hardly regard as an improvement. We should like to see this excellent little book adopted as the standard handbook of employers and employees. Here they could find their true rights and duties, as based on the law of God, and sanctioned by all just human legislation, clearly set forth, and thus they would become, at the same time, proof against the pernicious doctrines of the hundreds of social and economic quacks who infest our modern society and cajole the unsuspecting working-man.

Father John Morris, S.J. By Rev. J. H. Pollen, S.J. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. Pages 294.

We quite agree with the criticism of this book sent to the author by Mr. Gladstone. "It seemed to me while reading it that you had executed an accomplished piece of biography." It will interest not only those who knew Father Morris personally, but even strangers, on account of his intimate connection with so many prominent men of the day, particularly with Cardinals Wiseman and Manning, to both of whom he was secretary. He earned a great reputation as an historical writer, especially for his life of *St. Thomas Becket*, and of *Father John Gerard*, and *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*. Largely through his efforts as Postulator were the English martyrs beatified. He was well known as a skilful director of souls and held the office of Master of Novices. Father Pollen is very fair in giving both light and shade, and in not trying to make out his subject faultless, as too many biographers do.

Cochem's Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 424. Price $1.25.

This is a translation of an excellent book by Father Martin von Cochem, a Capuchin, who lived in Germany in the seventeenth century. He wrote several other works, both in Latin and German, which were very popular, but his explanation of the Holy Mass is considered his masterpiece, for learning and practical usefulness.

The matter is treated both dogmatically and devotionally. The style is agreeable and impressive, and the translation is, on the whole, well done. The holy sacrifice of the Mass is, as Father von Cochem rightly says, an inexhaustible treasury, whence we all, sinners as well as just, may draw the riches we stand in need of. To make these treasures more widely known is the object of this book. There is a useful preface by the Right Rev. C. P. Maes, D.D., at whose suggestion the translation was made.

Katakombenbilder. Erzählungen aus den ersten Jahrhunderten der römischen Kirche. Von Anton de Waal. New York: Pustet & Co. Illustrated. 12mo. Pages 430.

This volume contains three delightful stories of the Catacombs told by one who combines an accurate historical and archæological knowledge with superior literary culture—Mgr. De Waal, the accomplished rector of the *Amina* in Rome. The series consists altogether of six stories, representing different periods of the persecutions, and thus giving a complete picture of the first four centuries of the Church's history. The chief persons, places and facts are strictly historical, while the details, which go to make up the narrative, are taken from life. If only some competent hand would put these stories in English, they would be a very valuable addition to our Catholic literature.

Children of Mary. A Tale of the Caucasus. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann,

S.J. Translated from the German by Miss Helena Long. St. Louis: B. Herder. 16mo. Pages 122 Price 50 cents.

This interesting tale forms the third volume of a series of stories for the young. As intimated in the title the scene is laid in the Caucasus, amid the horrors of the Russian war of extermination. Our young friends will find the story full of stirring incidents, and, at the same time, high ideals of Christian heroism. The translation is well made, and the book is attractively gotten up.

Prayer. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. Benziger Bros. Pages 222. Price 50 cents.

This is a neatly printed handy edition of the celebrated treatise on prayer, as the great means of obtaining salvation and all the graces which we desire of God.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Catholic Family Annual. 1897. New York: Catholic School Book Company.

Jus Publicum Ecclesiasticum. Dissertationes. Auctore Saç. Jeremia Rossi. Roma: Festa, 1896. 8vo. Pages 91. Price 2 lire.

Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and Eucharistic League of the People. New York: Cathedral Library Association. 1896. 32mo. Pages 15.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from October 20 to December 1, 1896.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Date of Diploma.
Buffalo	Newfane, N. Y.	St Bridget's	Church	Nov. 17
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Mel's	"	Nov. 6
"	Kankakee, Ill.	St. Patrick's	"	Nov. 27
Cincinnati	Bond Hill, O.	St Agnes'	"	Oct. 30
Cleveland	Cleveland, O.	St. Vitus'	"	Oct. 26
Columbus	Columbus, O.	St. Francis'	"	Oct. 26
"	Ironton, O.	St. Lawrence's	"	Nov 12
Dallas	Cleburne, Tex.	St. Joseph's	"	Nov. 12
Denver	Denver, Colo.	Loretto	Academy	Nov. 6
Dubuque	Rockwell, Ia.	Sacred Heart	Church	Nov. 27
Erie	Erie, Pa.	St. Ann's	"	Nov. 17
Fort Wayne	Crawfordsville, Ind.	St. Bernard's	"	Nov. 21
" "	Notre Dame, Ind.	Holy Cross	Convent	Nov. 6
Grand Rapids	Muskegon, Mich.	St. Mary's	Church	Nov. 6
" "	Saginaw, E. S., Mich.	Holy Family	"	Nov. 6
Green Bay	Briggsville, Wis.	St. Mary, Help of Christians'	"	Nov. 21
" "	Delwich, Wis.	Our Lady of the Snow	"	Nov. 1
Hartford	Broad Brook, Conn.	St. Catharine's	"	Nov. 6
Kansas City, Kan.	Kansas City, Kan.	St Margaret's	Hospital	Nov. 30
" " Mo.	Lee Summit, Mo.	Immaculate Conception	Church	Nov. 27
Natchez	Ocean Springs, Miss.	St. Alphonsus'	"	Nov. 6
Newark	Newark, N. J.	St. Benedict's	College	Oct. 26
"	Fort Lee, N. J.	Holy Angel's	Institute	Nov. 21
New York	Sylvan Lake, N. Y.	St. Denis'	Church	Oct. 26
" "	Tarrytown, N. Y.	Transfiguration	"	Nov. 6
Pittsburg	Allegheny, Pa.	Y. L. Sodality, St Andrew's	Convent	Nov. 30
Providence	Providence, R. I.	St. Patrick's	Church	Oct. 26
"	Taunton, Mass.	St. Mary's	"	Nov. 27
Richmond	Richmond, Va.	St. Mary's	"	Nov. 12
"	Fort Myer, Va.	St. George's	Chapel	Oct. 30
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St Louis'	"	Nov. 17
"	" "	Sacred Heart	Convent	Nov. 27
"	Mexico, Mo.	St. Brendan's	Church	Nov. 17
St. Paul	St. Paul, Minn.	St. Luke's	"	Oct. 30
"	Byrnesville, Minn.	St. John Baptist's	"	Nov. 17
Savannah	Rome, Ga.	St. Mary's	"	Oct. 26
Syracuse	E. Syracuse, N. Y.	St. Matthew's	"	Nov. 27
Wichita	Hutchinson, Kan.	St. Teresa's	"	Nov. 6

Aggregations, 38; churches, 29; chapels, 2; convents, 3; college, 1; school, 1; institution, 1; sodality 1.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have faithfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (October 21 to November 21, 1896).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Diploma Crosses.
Albany	Ilion, N. Y.	Annunciation	Church	4
"	Albany, "	Holy Name	Convent	4
"	" "	Our Lady of Angels	Church	1
Alton	Effingham, Ill	Sacred Heart	"	2
Baltimore	Mt. St. Mary's, Md.		Mission	2
"	Baltimore, Md.	St Joseph's	Church	1
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Francis de Sales'	"	19
"	" "	St. John's	College	11
Buffalo	East Buffalo, "	Holy Name of Jesus	Church	6
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	All Saints	"	10
"	" "	St. Elizabeth's	"	2
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	Atonement	"	3
"	" "	St. Xavier	College	1
Cleveland	Cleveland, "	St. Agnes'	Church	5
"	Akron, O.	St. Vincent's	"	1
Covington	West Covington, Ky.	St. Ann's	"	5
Dallas	Fort Worth, Tex.	St. Patrick's	"	3
Davenport	Davenport, Ia.	St. Anthony's	"	2
Denver	Colorado Springs, Colo.	Loretto	Academy	1
"	Trinidad, Colo.	Most Holy Trinity	Church	1
"	Denver, Colo.	Sacred Heart	"	1
"	" "	Sacred Heart	College	5
Dubuque	Odebolt, Ia.	St. Mary's	Church	1
Galveston	Galveston, Tex.	St. Mary's	Cathedral	1
"	" "	Sacred Heart	Church	3
Green Bay	Oshkosh, Wis.	St. Peter's	"	6
Hartford	Hartford, Conn	St Joseph's	Cathedral	19
"	Meriden, "	St. Rose of Lima	Church	80
Kansas City	Ottawa, Kan.	Holy Angel Guardian	"	3
"	Paola, "	Holy Trinity	"	2
"	Leavenworth, Kan.	Mt. St. Mary's	Academy	2
"	St. Mary's, "	St. Mary's	College	17
"	" "	"	"	1
Louisville	Loretto, Ky.	Loretto	Academy	1
"	Fancy Farm, Ky.	St. Jerome's	Church	12
Manchester	Concord, N. H.	St. John's	"	10
Marquette	Manistique, Mich.	St. Francis de Sales'	"	6
Monterey and Los Angeles	Santa Barbara, Cal.	Our Lady of Sorrows	"	14
Nashville	Nashville, Tenn	St. Joseph's	"	1
Natchez	Bay St. Louis, Miss	St. Stanislaus	College	8
Nesqually	Seattle, Wash.	Immac. Concep.	Church	5
"	O'Brien's, "	St. Bernard's	"	2
Newark	Macopin, N. J.	St. Joseph's	"	11
"	Paterson, "	St. Joseph's	"	18
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	Holy Name of Jesus'	"	2
"	" "	St. Francis of Assisium	"	12
New York	New York City	All Saints	"	7
"	" "	Guardian Angels	"	1
"	Mt. Loretto, S. I., N. Y.	Immaculate Virgin	Mission	3
"	New York City	Nativity	Church	2
"	" "	Sacred Heart	"	2
"	" "	St. Catherine's	"	27
"	" "	St. Ignatius Loyola's	"	2
"	" "	"	"	5
"	Milton, Ulster Co., N. Y.	St. James'	"	1
"	Tremont, New York City	St. Joseph's	Academy	22
"	Brewster, N. Y.	St. Lawrence O'Toole's	Church	27
"	New York City	St. Vincent Ferrers'	"	5
Ogdensburg	Watertown, N. Y.	Antwerp	Mission	3
"	" "	Notre Dame	Church	9
Omaha	O'Neill, Neb.	St. Patrick's	"	1
Oregon City	Portland, Ore.	St. Mary's	Academy	9
Peoria	Peoria, Ill.	St. Mark's	Church	12
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Boniface'	"	10
Pittsburg	Pittsburg, Pa.	Holy Trinity	"	6
Providence	Providence, R. I.	Assumption	"	2
"	Woonsocket, "	Sacred Heart	"	41
Sacramento	San Andreas, Cal	St. Andrew's	"	9
"	Nevada City, "	St. Canice's	"	12
San Francisco	Santa Clara, "	Santa Clara	College	6
Savannah	Macon, Ga.	St. Joseph's	Church	1
St. Augustine	Tampa, Fla.	St. Louis'	"	2
St. Cloud	McCauleyville, Minn	St. Thomas'	"	5
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Francis Xavier's	"	42
"	" "	St. Paul's	"	4
Syracuse	Taberg, N. Y	St. Patrick's	"	9
Wheeling	Huntington, W. Va	St. Joseph's	"	7
"	Wheeling, "	St. Joseph's	Cathedral	12

Total number of Receptions, 78. Number of Diplomas, 633.

CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, JANUARY, 1897.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES, for the intentions of the League throughout the world, and for these particular intentions recommended by the American Associates.

1	*F.*	**First Friday.**—CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD—1st D., A.C.	Self-denial.	120,148 Thanksgivings.
2	*S.*	Octave of St. Stephen.—St. Macarius (Hermit 391).	Pray for enemies.	53 075 in affliction.
3	**S.**	Octave, St. John.—St. Genevieve V.(512).Pr.	Humility.	54,358 sick, infirm.
4	*M.*	Octave Holy Innocents.—B. Angela, W. (O S.F., 1309).	Morning Offering.	66,951 dead Associates.
5	*T.*	Vigil.—St Telesphorus, P.M. (139).	Confidence in God.	35,912 League Centres.
6	*W.*	The Epiphany of our Lord.—A.I., B.M.	Thanksgiving.	2,152 Directors.
7	*Th.*	St. Lucian, M. (312).—H.H. [482.)	Fidelity in trifles.	19,872 Promoters.
8	*F.*	St. Severin, Ab.—(Ab. Austria and Bavaria,	Zeal for souls.	182 732 departed.
9	*S.*	SS. Julian and Basilissa, M.M. (313).	Forbearance.	104,249 perseverance.
10	**S.**	**1st after Epiphany.**—St. Agatho, P. (682).	Sorrow for sins.	450,312 the young.
11	*M.*	St. Hyginus, P.M. (142).	Crush human respect.	35,753 1st Communions.
12	*T.*	St. Bennet, Bp. (690). [Bp. (608).	Purity of heart.	117,112 parents.
13	*W.*	Octave of the Epiphany.—St. Kentigern,	Kindliness.	85,373 families.
14	*Th.*	St. Hilary, Bp. D. (368).—St. Felix, M. (256).—H.H.	Read good books.	37,596 reconciliations.
15	*F.*	St. Paul, First Hermit (342).—St. Maur, Ab. (O.S.B., 580).	Retirement.	140,500 work, means.
16	*S.*	St. Marcellus, P. M. (310).	Generosity with God.	77,206 clergy.
17	**S.**	**2d after Epiphany.**—The Holy Name—St. Anthony, Ab. (366).—C.R.	Repair blasphemy.	114,083 religious.
18	*M.*	St. Peter's Chair at Rome.—St. Prisca, V.M. (54).—A.S.	Devotion to Holy See.	61,889 seminarists, novices.
19	*T.*	St. Canute, M. (K. 1086)—SS. Marius and Comp. MM., C. (270). [288).	Detachment.	43,709 vocations.
20	*W.*	SS. Fabian, P. and Sebastian, MM. (250–	Knowledge of self.	42,190 parishes.
21	*Th.*	St. Agnes, V. M. (304).—H.H.	Love holy purity.	64,033 schools.
22	*F.*	SS.Vincent and Anastasius, MM. (303)[304).	God's holy will.	36,583 superiors.
23	*S.*	Espousal B V M.—St. Emerentiana, V. M.	Say Daily Decade.	31.319 Missions, Retreats.
24	**S.**	**3d after Epiphany.**—St. Timothy, Bp. M. (97).	Respect authority.	24,333 societies, works.
25	*M.*	Conversion of St. Paul, Ap. (35).	Guard the eyes.	81,618 conversions.
26	*T.*	St. Polycarp, Bp. M. (66).	Spirit of justice.	139,870 sinners.
27	*W.*	St. John Chrysostom, Bp. D. (407).	Fear mortal sin.	121,315 intemperate.
28	*Th.*	2d Feast of St. Agnes.—St. Julian, Bp. (1208).—H.H.	Guard the tongue.	122,197 spiritual favors.
29	*F.*	St. Francis de Sales, Bp. D. (1622).—Pr.	Judge not.	96,654 temporal favors.
30	*S.*	St. Martina, V.M. (260).	Patience in trials.	137,653 special various.
31	**S.**	**4th after Epiphany.**—St. Peter Nolasco, F. (Order of Mercy, 1256).	Be firm in hope.	MESSENGER Readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship.* (D.=*Degrees*, Pr.=*Promoters*, C. R.=*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.=*Holy Hour*); A. C.=*Archconfraternity*; S.=*Sodality*; B. M.=*Bona Mors*; A. I.=*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.=*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.=*St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society*; B. I.=*Bridgettine Indulgence.*

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	762,563	11.	Masses heard	303,911
2.	Beads	697 356	12.	Mortifications	279,102
3.	Way of the Cross	104,279	13.	Works of Mercy	185,654
4.	Holy Communions	126,469	14.	Works of Zeal	138,593
5.	Spiritual Communions	357,147	15.	Prayers	4,681,279
6.	Examens of Conscience	234,802	16.	Kindly Conversation	64,812
7.	Hours of Labor	996 648	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	113,482
8.	Hours of Silence	320,183	18.	Self-conquest	201,023
9.	Pious Reading	147,401	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	400,944
10.	Masses read	15,457	20.	Various Good Works	447,517

Special Thanksgivings, 1,392; Total, 10,550,806.

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM GASTON,
Catholic Pioneer in North Carolina.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXIV. FEBRUARY, 1899. NO. 2.

CATHOLICITY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

By Very Rev. F. Felix, O.S.B.

JULY 4, 1584, opens the annals of the history of North Carolina. Sir Walter Raleigh, at the direction of Queen Elizabeth, sent two vessels, under the command of Philip Armidas and Arthur Barlow, to the New World, not, however, to fulfil the pious ambition of a Columbus, to plant the standard of salvation upon the virgin soil of America, but acting effectively upon the order of the reigning Tudor, to conquer and appropriate in England's name.

These vessels were driven about the bays and inlets of what is now the Carolina coast, until a landing was effected on Wokoken Island. Here they discovered a friendly tribe of Indians, artless and generous, upon whose chief, at a later date, the English Queen conferred the title, "Lord of Roanoke." This was the Anglo Saxons' preface to the great chapters of their history on the new continent.

The visit paid to the amicably disposed red men and their island, was not succeeded by a settlement in this region until the year 1637, when we may speak of the first colony in North Carolina. Religious persecution had driven men and women into the inhospitable wilderness of the then unbounded State.

The Puritans of Massachusetts, those liberty-loving, God-fearing exiles of the Mother Country, forced the Quakers as far south as Virginia, after having mutilated their bodies by revolting tortures which truthful historians do not hesitate to depict in all their shocking details.

I shall pass over the Palatines founded in this State by Swiss and French Huguenots. The number of these immigrants was barely one thousand. Many of them were massacred in struggles with the Indians, and their homes destroyed. Subsequently English settlers, Scotch Presbyterians, and Lutherans formed communities, and by Colonial legislation, the "Church by Law Established" enjoyed exclusive rights; other religions were permitted, provided they did not interfere with the Episcopal form of worship.

The voluminous Colonial Records of

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North Carolina give no evidence of any early Catholic settlers. Even the names chronicled suggest none that may be suspected of belonging to the true Faith. If there were a few faithful souls, no trace of them can now be discovered. Probably Catholic emigrants feared to share the cruel treatment their co-religionists received in Virginia, where they enjoyed no liberty, were named incompetent to act as witnesses "in any case whatsoever," and hence were mere slaves to lordly proprietors. There Irish women and children were actually sold as slaves, when under Cromwell seventy thousand sons and daughters of Erin were transferred to the colonies, the greater number, however, being sent to the Barbadoes and Jamaica.

Bicknall's History of North Carolina, published in Dublin, 1739, refers to a Catholic settlement at Bath Town, on PamlicoSound, where a priestwas supposed to have resided, but no trace of such an established colony is extant. The absence of any positive law against the Church in the primitive days of the settlements, leads one to imagine the non-existence of a necessity for framing such ordinances. Only after the sons of the State had rallied and banded themselves in freedom's cause, to which the celebrated Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence (of which the Carolinians are justly proud) gave an impulse, laws detrimental to the Catholic Church were enacted; in fact, no early constitution of any State, except Massachusetts, equalled that of North Carolina in animosity towards those professing that belief—"any man who shall deny the existence of God *or the truth of the Protestant Religion*, or the divine authority of the Old and New Testament, shall not hold any office in this State."

These difficulties naturally deterred conscientious Catholics from seeking an asylum within these hostile borders. Later and present perplexities will be mentioned as we proceed.

Research proves that the torch of Catholicity was first lighted in the little town of Newbern. In 1774, Gerard and Joseph Sharpe, two English gentlemen, were extensively engaged in commercial pursuits in this town. They were visited that year by their sister, Margaret, a devout, pious Catholic woman of strong intellectual acquirements and an equally intense attachment to her faith. Though far away from the consolations of the Church, she was not shaken in her belief, and by her example kept alive the smouldering flame of faith in her brothers' bosoms.

In May, 1775, she married Dr. Alexander Gaston, a native of Ballimini, Ireland, a graduate of the medical college of Edinburgh, and a surgeon in the English navy, a position which he resigned to sail for the North American provinces. He settled in Newbern, where, after a few years' residence, during which he practised his profession, he married Margaret Sharpe. Her two brothers had died and her husband was shot by Tories commanded by Major Craig of the British army, in August, 1781, whilst attempting his escape in a canoe across the river Trent. Mrs. Gaston was then left entirely alone in America with a young son and infant daughter dependent upon her. Too strong to shrink amidst these disasters, supported by religion and energy of character, she met the exigencies of the hour with fortitude, and made the education of her son the grand object of her existence.

Upon his susceptible childish character she stamped her own exquisite sensibility, high integrity, and above all her religion, thus fashioning his volatile and sometimes irritable temperament in her own perfect mould. She knew he might be of use to his God and country; therefore he was reared for these two great ends.

William Gaston received his education in that bulwark of learning, Georgetown, where his name is immortalized. "Few institutions in America can boast of having matriculated a man of higher intellectual attainments and more spotless

character,'' wrote Stephen B. Weeks, of Johns Hopkins University. Mrs. Gaston lived to see her son loved by his fellow-citizens, honored by his State, and promoting the cause of God's Holy Church, so that the very name of Gaston was sufficient to dispel the pulpit defamations of would-be religious ministers. By his eloquence he succeeded in having the constitution of his State amended so as not to exclude Catholics from office. His mother died at Newbern full of days, blessed with temporal possessions, but more glorified for preserving the pearl of religion in a hostile State, and after giving the same trust to her son, departed to God to receive her reward.

In time Newbern became the residence of other Catholics, Francis Lamotte, a refugee of the French Revolution, two other French gentlemen, Francis Xavier Martin, author of a history of North Carolina bearing his name, Mr. Gillet and wife and Mr. William Joseph Williams, formerly a respectable Episcopal clergyman and a convert to Catholicity.

Rt. Rev. John England visited the town for the first time in 1821, remained eight days, preached each night in the court house, and celebrated Mass every morning in Hon. William Gaston's house. He organized the little congregation, and erected Newbern into an ecclesiastical district under the invocation of St. Paul. This may be considered as the opening of the Catholic missions in North Carolina.

From that year, Bishop England paid frequent visits, baptizing, confirming, preaching, and in 1824 appointed Rev. Francis O'Donoughue missionary for the entire State, with Newbern as his residence.

The vestry met on June 24 of the same year for the purpose of raising funds to purchase a site for a church. The foundation was soon laid and the church finished, but owing to the death of Bishop England in 1841, was not blessed until his successor, Dr. Reynolds, paid his first visit in 1844, placing it under the patronage of St. Paul.

The death of Judge Gaston, January 19, 1844, affected the interests of the little church materially, so that its pastor, Father Quigly, was obliged to solicit contributions from other cities. Bishop Reynolds continued to visit Newbern, carrying on the good work; converts increased, and the congregation was now fully organized. Yet the death of Judge Gaston would long be felt.

RIGHT REVEREND LEO HAID, O.S.B.

Judge Gaston was also the founder of the first Catholic colony in the western

part of the State, in a county named after him "Gaston," which now forms the centre of Catholicity in the State. He composed the stirring lyric so dear to the hearts of Carolinians, a stanza of which will suffice to show the trend of its verses and convey an idea of the love which gave it birth :

Carolina ! Carolina ! Heaven's blessing attend her,
While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her ;
Tho' scorner may sneer at, and witling defame her,
Yet our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

CHORUS.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the old North State forever !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the good old North State !

At the present writing the church at Newbern is in a flourishing condition. Extensive improvements have been made by the present pastor, who, together with an assistant, labors energetically for the propagation of religion and the education of white and colored children. As a number of prominent colored people reside in the town, a school has been recently erected for their accommodation, and a church, both placed under the patronage of St. Charles. The result has been very gratifying.

* * * * *

Edenton, a mission attended by the priests of Newbern, was inaugurated in 1857, when three young graduates of St. Joseph's Academy, Emittsburg, who were converts to the Faith, conceived the idea of building a church in their home. The twelve Catholics of the place were compelled to worship in a small room in one of their houses, and forced to be satisfied with an annual visit from some good old missionary. Without a farthing in their pockets, the young girls commenced the great work among Protestants of every persuasion, nothing daunted by the refusal of the visiting priest to assist in the project, lest failure be the ultimate issue.

Applying to her Protestant father, one of the girls received $100 and a promise of a site for the church. A trip to Baltimore followed and an appeal to Archbishop Kenrick, whose answer, as he placed a twenty-dollar gold piece in her hand, deserves to be recorded: "Go, my little apostle, with my abundant blessing; you will succeed with the help of God. Be sure, my child, to put all insults in your heart and the money in your pocket."

Returning home with $585.50, the work was commenced and continued by the young women, who translated French works, taught music and, through the post, solicited donations in the United States and Europe. Father Faber of the Oratory of St. Philip, Prince Hohenlohe, and even the great Cardinal Antonelli, helped them. Bishop Lynch of Charleston laid the corner stone on the feast of St. Anne, to whose care it was entrusted, and the occasion was made memorable by his eloquent discourse.

Surmounting innumerable obstacles, these persevering converts *prayed* the humble church to completion, and on July 26, 1858, the first Mass was celebrated in Edenton in a house really dedicated to God's service. On that happy morn, as the congregation knelt at the altar to receive the Bread of Life, as the priest advanced with the uplifted Host, a beautiful white dove flew in through the window and hovered over the middle of the sanctuary until the priest returned to the altar.

The church gained converts and thrived until the Civil War, when it became the barracks of soldiers and everything of value was stolen or sold at auction among them. From this deplorable condition it has been rescued, rededicated, and brighter days have dawned for the little church of St. Anne.

* * * * *

A church in time arose at Fayetteville, a quaint old town in the centre of the

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE AND ABBEY, BELMONT, N. C.

State, which, even to-day, gives the visitor many reminders of the colonial epoch, when the curfew meant "lights and fires out—all abed," as even now it rings at nine o'clock.

John Kelly presented the property upon which a church was built, but a fire destroyed the greater portion of the town and consumed this wooden structure also. In 1839 the present building was erected, and stands to this day a significant monument of the poverty of God's religion in the South, especially in North Carolina. Yet sweet are the memories that linger around that hallowed place. The eloquence of an England and a Reynolds flowed in a golden tide within those sacred precincts, but the once flourishing mission gave way to time, so that, in the period when in Northern cities a cathedral might have graced the site, the poor frame church still remains, its little tower pointing heavenward. In recent years Fayetteville has again received a resident priest after a vacancy of nearly thirty years, and by his energy and careful zeal he has wiped away the dust of by-gone years, and now the mission is growing.

During the war hundreds of Catholic soldiers worshipped in this humble house of God, dedicated to Ireland's saint and built by the faithful sons of Erin.

* * * * *

The capital of North Carolina, Raleigh, is situated near the geographical centre of the State, a city flourishing by reason of the various institutions located there, supported by State appropriations, and owing its aristocratic reputation to gubernatorial influence.

The first Mass celebrated in Raleigh was by Father Whelan in 1832. A small church was built the same year and dedicated by Bishop England, but subsequently sold and new property purchased near the capitol. This second edifice was blessed by Bishop Hughes, of New York, on his way to Chapel Hill, N. C., to deliver the annual address to the graduates of the State University.

The church building acquired was formerly a Baptist meeting-house, and being of many years' erection, was officially condemned and a new lot with house, etc., bought, and to this was attached a chapel of the Sacred Heart.

The late Rev. James B. White, who was ordained by Bishop Gibbons after having served the United States as an

important Federal officer, gave to Raleigh all that it can boast of to-day. He was a familiar figure in Northern cities, for only through Northern Catholics was he able to effect what proudly claims to be his monument in this State. His venerable appearance, sweetness of voice, and charm of manner made him loved everywhere. For many years he was pastor in Raleigh, and when he was removed to Asheville, he left the place free of debt and a handsome property as its own.

Few churches in the United States have experienced greater visitations than this; God's Bride has bowed her head amidst severe trials; she could exclaim with Jeremiah, "*Intuere et respice opprobrium nostrum.*" Let us cover these dead sorrows with the mantle of love and consider only the present and future. Gloriously she arose out of chaos, and now enjoys the respect, love, and confidence of the city and State.

The present efficient pastor has done much to further the interests of Catholicity, not only in Raleigh, where the congregation has numerically increased, but in all the missions attached.

* * * * *

Wilmington, the seaport of the old North State, is our largest city, and has many advantages commercially and socially. Doubtless Catholics reached this point early in the century, owing to easy communication with the West Indies. The present church, known as the Pro-Cathedral of St. Thomas, was built by Rev. F. Murphy in 1854. It is a massive structure with a beautiful interior.

Wilmington was frequently ravaged by yellow fever, but in 1862, the malignant disease hurried unusual multitudes to an early grave. Father Murphy, assisted by the Sisters of Mercy, with untiring zeal administered to the dying, averaging more than one hundred each day. The scenes which transpired in this plague-stricken community baffle description. Old citizens, survivors of the dread epidemic, can with difficulty be persuaded to refer to those mournful days when death's sable pall hung over the city. Father Murphy died in 1863, a victim of yellow fever, and was buried in the basement of the church, where a marble monument marks his last resting place.

Subsequent to the separation of North Carolina from the Charleston Diocese by Pope Pius IX. in 1868, when it was raised to a vicariate, the young Vicar Apostolic, our present beloved and most eminent Cardinal, selected Wilmington as his residence. In a paper read by His Eminence before the Historical Society of New York, in his "Recollections of North Carolina," he says: "My sole companion here was Rev. M. S. Gross. Our accommodations (we had no house) consisted of two small rooms, one for an office, another for a library, attached to the rear of the church. But my work on hand left no leisure to breed homesickness. Everything had to be started, missions inaugurated, schools established, priests to be had, conversions to be made."

The young Bishop Gibbons worked without ceasing among the five hundred Catholics in the State. He introduced into the Vicariate the Sisters of Mercy, from a branch of the order founded in Charleston by the illustrious Bishop England, and they established a flourishing school in the city. The Pro-Cathedral was adorned by marble altars and grand paintings, which the Bishop brought with him from Rome when he returned from the Vatican Council.

Wilmington's present pastor has identified himself with the cause of his people and his church. Bishop Haid, now Vicar Apostolic, has established a successful school for colored children, and is aiding the good priest in all his noble undertakings.

Speaking of colored schools, my mind reverts to the significant words penned by Cardinal Gibbons: "I remember on the Saturday after my arrival in Wilmington, October 31, 1868, I witnessed a political torchlight procession of colored people. I learned that this element was

the leading political factor in the State, as it was at that time in the South generally. While right-thinking men are ready to accord the colored citizen all to which he is entitled, yet to give him control over a highly intellectual and intricate civilization in creating which he had borne no essential part and for conducting which his antecedents had manifestly unfitted him, would be hurtful to the country as well as to himself."

* * * * *

A beautiful church was built in recent years at Goldsboro, and dedicated to the Virgin Mother. Another was only lately dedicated at Taboro. Both owe their existence to the noble efforts of Father Price. This Reverend gentleman, a North Carolinian by birth, now sacrifices his sacred ministry to an exclusive missionary work. He publishes *Truth*, a monthly magazine for non-Catholics, which is doing effective good in dispelling ignorance and aids the priests in the work of conversion. It is edited in Raleigh, and subsists by the charity of the faithful.

* * * * *

In Sampson County there is a small settlement called Newton Grove, twenty miles distant from a railroad, in which a congregation sprang up in almost the same miraculous manner as did that of Jerusalem on the first Pentecost. Dr. Monk, a gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence, entertained for a long time serious doubts concerning his religious views. By chance a copy of the New York *Herald*, in the shape of wrapping paper, reached his isolated home. Upon reading it, he perused a sermon, preached by Archbishop McCloskey, on the "One True Church." Instantly the light of faith dawned on his heart. He addressed a letter to "any Catholic priest in Wilmington," requesting to be received into the Church. Shortly after, Bishop Gibbons baptized him and his family, and the neighbors began to imitate his heroic example with the happiest

GROTTO, ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, BELMONT, N. C.

results. The mission numbers nearly six hundred souls now, all of them converts.

Another mission, with a beginning somewhat similar, was started by three brothers, Irish peddlers, who settled in Duplin County. Strange! They could neither read nor write, yet by their integrity and personal influence, they assisted the priest whom they called to their home, in the work of conversion, and helped to erect the Church of the Good Shepherd. These men have now passed to their reward.

When Bishop Haid visited those counties for the first time in 1888, Mr. Galagher, one of the brothers, drove him in an open buggy from Newton to Good Shepherd, a distance of thirty-six miles. The road took them through sand beds, and swamps alive with reptiles, malaria, and mosquitoes. The Bishop remarked the dismalness of the country, but Galagher, equal to the emergency, retorted, "Yes, my Lord, our good God forgot to finish this portion of North Carolina," and sadly added, "and I believe He never will."

In his "Memoirs," Cardinal Gibbons refers likewise to another interesting mission in this locality: "One of the missionaries went still further and visited the 'classic' precincts of Chinquepin, a village in the dark pineries, where lives a most primitive people, blissfully ignorant of the outside world. Here he met an old Irish woman, who had not seen a priest for forty-five years. Her faith, she said, was still as fresh as the sod of her native home, and her prayers, embalmed in the old Irish tongue, were never forgotten or omitted. Chinquepin grew into a mission of converts with chapel and school."

Goldsboro being conveniently located, has now these missions attached to its church. The zealous priest who attends to the spiritual wants of them has indeed to endure countless temporal wants, owing to the extreme poverty of the people. And yet no place has produced greater or happier results, for God's words seem to be fulfilled: "The poor you have always with you."

Having considered Catholicity in the eastern portion of North Carolina, we shall now briefly regard the growth and condition of our Faith in the western division. Like a queen among her subjects stands the most beautiful of the cities of the State, Asheville. Travellers claim for her the grandeur and natural magnificence of the most favored retreats in Europe, and for healthfulness, agriculture, mineral, and other resources, she is without a peer in the Old North State. Picture to your mind a region where range after range of heavily forested mountains parallel each other like waves of the sea, where interlacing valleys are rich with verdure and flowers, and where silver streams murmur unceasingly. Imagine an air so light and pure that breathing itself seems a newfound joy, then throw over it all a canopy of bluest of Italian blue, and you have what our eminent Catholic novelist, Christian Reid, first named the "Land of the Sky."

"Land of forest-clad mountains, of fairy streams,
Of low, pleasant valleys where the bright sunlight gleams
Athwart fleecy clouds gliding over the hills,
Midst the fragrance of pines and the murmur of rills.

"A land of bright sunsets, whose glories extend
From horizon to zenith, there richly to blend
The hues of the rainbow with clouds passing by—
Right well art thou christened the 'Land of the Sky.'"

During the administration of Bishop Gibbons and while paying the first visit to Asheville in 1868, a vacant plot of land, seven and one-half acres in extent, attracted his attention as a suitable site for a church. Whilst conducting negotia-

tions for the purchase of a church site, the present valuable Battery Park property could have come into his possession for a few hundred dollars. Now, millions cannot buy it. But means were then wanting. After much labor the necessary funds were collected, a brick building erected and dedicated by him under the invocation of St. Lawrence. Later at Hot Springs, forty miles distant, the resort of health and fashion, Father Gross built a small church for the accommodation of visitors. After years had

PAROCHIAL SCHOOL FOR COLORED CHILDREN, WILMINGTON, N. C.

elapsed, St. Lawrence's in Asheville was found on account of its location to be inconvenient of access. To better meet the demands of the growing congregation, land was obtained in the central portion of the town, almost opposite Battery Park, and a church erected thereon. It is an attractive edifice, just the dainty, ornamental structure required in such a place. To describe the gentle, restful feeling which soothes one's senses as he kneels in that hallowed sanctuary, with the bright beams of the sun streaming from a dazzling blue sky full upon the mountains in the near distance, at the same time transforming the creamy tints of the altar into pale gold, is impossible. A correct estimate of the amount of good the present pastor in charge accomplishes cannot be given. Numbers who would never have had a claim to a heavenly inheritance now enjoy the bliss of the celestial city through his kindness. They came to this health resort with the last hope for life. Whilst many are cured, many more never see their home again. The congregation may be termed fluctuating, as it grows and decreases with the seasons, owing to the influx and departure of visitors; however, the few hundreds permanently located in Asheville are fervent Catholics, worthy sons and daughters of the true Church.

The grandest of the grand peaks surrounding Asheville is Mt. Mitchell, the highest mountain in the United States east of the Rockies. In 1866, with a

half dozen companions, Dr. Jeremiah O'Connell reached the top through treacherous passes. It had been made memorable by one sacrifice, the life of Prof. Mitchell, of the State University, who, while engaged in authenticating his measurement of the peak, was dashed to pieces on the rocks lying in the bed of the Caney River. But now the summit was to be consecrated by another sacrifice, the grandest and sublimest sacrifice of a God, the unbloody rite of Calvary. Early that August morning, as the sun shot his first rays in great splendor over the eastern hills, diffusing all around a flood of golden light far more brilliant than St. Peter's illuminated, Father O'Connell erected an altar and said Mass. It was the feast of St. Rose of Lima, the first flower of the American Church. There could be no temple more sublime or more worthy of the Holy Sacrifice. The majestic mountains that stood around on all sides, like the ancients before the throne of God, seemed to bare their heads in tumultuous adoration before their Maker. Who can know and tell us that they did not rejoice after centuries of waiting, in being able to pay their first act of jubilant homage to the Hand that raised them up, the unbending witnesses of His power, wisdom, and goodness !

Again on August 17, of this year, our zealous missionary, Father Price, ascended this mountain and nearest to heaven, offered the unbloody Sacrifice for the conversion of North Carolina. It was the Mass of the Assumption of the Glorious Virgin.

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Leaving the everlasting hills, the Piedmont Valley next claims our attention. The Southern Railway passes an insignificant looking station, "Belmont;" but one mile beyond that village, we find the very nucleus of Catholicity in the State, as the majestic towers of Maryhelp Abbey greet our eyes. From here the spiritual affairs are administered ; here resides the Bishop of the Vicariate ; here too is the centre of Catholic education, comprising the magnificently equipped St. Mary's College and the Academy of the Sacred Heart.

Great, and almost insurmountable, difficulties faced the Benedictines when, in 1875, they first set foot on the spot. Remote from the great centre of Catholic population, and outside the settled currents of immigration, the foundation seemed destined to become a failure. The gift of the Rev. Dr. J. J. O'Connell of many acres of forest, with many onerous conditions attached, gave little promise for the future. The first colony that came from the Mother-House in Pennsylvania, regarded the undertaking as extremely hazardous, premature, and hopeless. Men, who themselves doubted, marvel at the success to-day.

By apostolic decree the infant college, in the pineries of North Carolina, was raised to the dignity of an Abbey in 1885, and the following year Rev. Leo Haid, O.S.B., was elected Abbot. With a band of energetic young men, he came to North Carolina, to be clothed with a dignity which in European countries a prince might envy, but here meant little more than drudgery. The mitre was placed upon Father Leo on Thanksgiving Day, 1886, in the Pro-Cathedral of Charleston, S. C., to which diocese the vicariate was then attached under the administration of Bishop Northrop. The noble personality of Bishop Haid is thus described in the New York *Sun*, February 24, 1886 :

"He is deservedly esteemed one of the foremost pulpit orators of America. Unconscious of self, his very sermon is an entire tract—touching all the important truths bearing on the subject. . . . . Perhaps no one else could be found better adapted to the situation, or equally capable to found a new abbey. He attends personally to every department and seems ubiquitous—on the field, in the chapter, at the workshops, at the altar, in the pulpit, in the choir from four o'clock A. M. to eight P. M. at the canonical hours, in the class room." Even as

bishop he continues the same simplicity of life, and he never fails to bring before our people the truth of the Gospel in churches, in court-houses, opera houses, public halls — anywhere, everywhere. Like the great Bishop England, he thinks no place unworthy and no audience too small to hear the word of God.

IN THE CONVENT FOREST, BELMONT, N. C.

Abbot Haid was consecrated titular Bishop July 1, 1888, in the Cathedral of Baltimore, and in him was united the double dignity and honor, unique in America, of Abbot and Bishop. He is the successor of three living prelates, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Keane, and Bishop Northrop, of Charleston. I shall leave to future historians the good work of recording the labors of Bishop Haid as a missionary, and only speak of his monument, the present St. Mary's College and Abbey.

The most conspicuous of the massive buildings within the monastic precincts is the Gothic church erected in 1895 and dedicated by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, surrounded by all the Abbots of the United States and many Bishops. The interior contains gems of Christian art. The stained glass windows are acknowledged universally the finest in the country, and as such, were awarded first prize at the World's Fair.

The Abbey comprises one half wing of the building, is two hundred and forty feet long, forty feet wide, and three stories high, and contains a monastic chapel, chapter rooms, a suite of rooms reserved for the Abbot-Bishop, domitories, and cells for the monks.

The College is two hundred and fifty feet long and sixty feet wide; has study halls, class rooms, dining hall, parlor, laboratory, reading room, library, chapel, and recreation halls. All the buildings are lighted by electricity.

To the north of the church is situated the Music Hall, equipped with a handsome stage. It is outside the monastic precincts, so that the neighboring population may attend the entertainments, which are generally of a classic nature. The workshops, power house, etc., answer the required needs. What strikes the natives most forcibly is the handsome barn, large herd of cattle, and agricultural implements. Benedictines laid the foundation of agriculture in Europe; no surprise, then, that in the forests of North Carolina, history should repeat itself. His Eminence, the Cardinal, is exceedingly proud of this place, which he terms his foundation, since the first steps were

taken whilst he was Vicar Apostolic, and I once heard a Bishop remark to His Eminence, upon viewing the Abbey from a distance, "Cardinal, this is the brightest jewel in your crown."

The little seminary attached to the Abbey has already become the nursery for priests in the South. More than twenty-five have been ordained within the past twelve years, who now labor in Southern missions. As Seminarians, they learned the poverty and privations of the Bishop's missionaries, and as priests they expect only to share in them, their only aim being the advancement of religion. May the good work go on !

Several years ago, a pet project of Bishop Haid's was to found an academy for girls on a lovely hillside, a short distance from St. Mary's College. His chief object was to place the mother house of the Sisters of Mercy in the Vicariate under the immediate spiritual influence of the Abbey. These good sisters had worked for nearly twenty-five years on various missions, and through the scarcity of priests had never really enjoyed the spiritual comforts for which the soul longs in religious life, though they had deserved them a hundred-fold. The Bishop's project was gratefully and joyfully received by the sisterhood, a plain, yet pleasing building was erected, and a school for girls opened. It now enjoys, after seven years of existence, an enviable reputation. Considering all the difficulties to which schools in this State, with only thirty-five hundred Catholics, are exposed, it has achieved wonders. No other academy in the South, it may be safely said, enjoys such advantages as this. The Sisters now contemplate the erection of a magnificent chapel, which, in addition to the various and handsome buildings, will give to the Sacred Heart Academy an imposing appearance. Through the beneficence of a wealthy Catholic, an orphanage for girls was likewise added to the convent, so that the poor of the Vicariate may have a safe refuge for their children. The convents at Wilmington and Charlotte are subject to the jurisdiction of the Rev. Mother at Belmont.

On St. Patrick's Day, 1851, Rev. Jeremiah O'Connell laid the corner-stone of the first Catholic church in Charlotte, the queen city of the State. The ceremony was simple, quite as unostentatious as the structure, which was dedicated the following year by Bishop Reynolds and called St. Peter's. The church lot is located almost in the heart of the city. At that time a very small sum was paid for the property in comparison with its present value. At the date of erection there were scarcely one hundred adult Catholics in the town, the mission was poor, but the priests who attended this and other places labored with zeal, fidelity and disinterestedness during many years, even through the bitter days of civil strife.

Later the church was attached to the Benedictine mission, and for a number of years has been in charge of a resident priest of the Order. A handsome new church and rectory have replaced the dilapidated frame building of '51. St. Peter's has an attractive exterior and a surprisingly beautiful interior, lovely altars, walls daintily frescoed, windows the best creations of American manufacture, and a grand organ recently placed in position.

The congregation numbers more than six hundred, an extraordinary increase in the South. The energetic pastor has organized various societies, all of which have many members. A parochial school in charge of the Sisters of Mercy is gratifyingly successful. On the whole, this parish may be considered the most successful in the State. The Rev. Rector is especially successful in making converts. Prominent families were recently added to our faith. Considering that Charlotte was first settled by Scotch Presbyterians, it will be only the more gratifying to know that possibly nowhere in the State are priests and Sisters more respected than here. The gentle influ-

ence of the educational institute of St. Mary's, only eleven miles distant, has gradually worked upon the people, and the more they come in contact with Catholicity, the more pleased they seem to be. The founding of a school for colored people has opened a new channel for conversions among those people. It may here be mentioned that Bishop Haid has made it a regulation in the Vicariate that in all churches to be built a row of pews either to the left or the right of the aisle must be set aside for the colored people. In this way he has overcome the great difficulties he first met in solving the race question in the church.

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Salisbury, forty miles north of Charlotte, is an old mission. During the war, Salisbury was a noted stockade for the captured Federal soldiers, among whom were many thousand Irish and German Catholics. The horrors of this military prison baffle all description; suffice it to say that over eleven thousand died of disease and starvation whose remains now peacefully slumber in the national cemetery to await the eternal call. Their names were never recorded, so it is impossible to compute how many of these belonged to the true faith. The fearless Father J. P. O'Connell administered spiritual consolation to the dying. It may be mentioned that in the Museum of St. Mary's College a chalice is preserved which was stolen during these days in the house of a Catholic and put up as a target by Federal troops. It was hit no less than fourteen times.

The present handsome little church owes its existence to the celebrated Fisher family, on whose property it is located. Colonel Fisher of the Confederate army fell in the first battle of the Civil War. His sister, Miss Christine, and his children entered the Church. Among them is the gifted Frances C. Fisher, now Mrs. Tiernan, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Christian Reid," ranks among the leading Catholic novelists of this country. In the parlor of their colonial residence they were baptized and later confirmed by Bishop Gibbons. The congregation steadily increased by conversions greatly

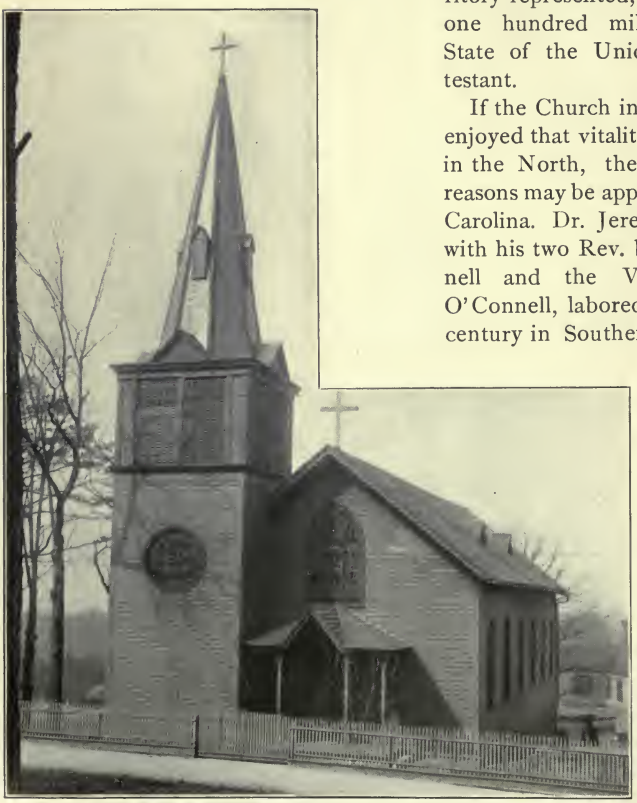
ST. PETER'S CHURCH, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

due to the pious example of the Fishers. In justice it may be said that no mission in the State is as thoroughly Catholic and as edifying in its piety as that of Salisbury. The Southern Railway by its recent enterprises has imparted new commercial life to the city, and in consequence Bishop Haid has assigned the first resident priest to the little flock there. This kindness of the Ordinary is keenly appreciated by the faithful, and they work most harmoniously with the Rev. Rector to the social and religious advancement of the congregation. The church was at once remodelled, a residence built for the priest, and a school opened.

At Greensboro, twenty-five miles north of Salisbury, the present mission was established about 1871. Rev. F. Moore erected a frame chapel and dedicated it to St. Agnes. Bishop Haid gave the place a resident priest. At the present writing transactions are on foot to erect a new church, more conveniently located and better suited to new demands. St. Leo's at Winston is attached to this mission and visited once a month. In each of the other prominent towns of that district, as Reidsville, Burlington, Thomasville, Highpoint, etc., at least one family can be found to represent our faith.

The State of North Carolina, with its fifty-two thousand, two hundred and fifty square miles, is almost as large as England; among its one million, seven hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, probably three thousand five hundred are Catholics, or one man in five hundred. The missions with resident priests are few for the territory represented, and often more than one hundred miles apart. No other State of the Union is so densely Protestant.

If the Church in the South has never enjoyed that vitality which it justly claims in the North, the general and specific reasons may be applied *a fortiori* to North Carolina. Dr. Jeremiah O'Connell, who, with his two Rev. brothers, Mgr. O'Connell and the Very Rev. Lawrence O'Connell, labored for nearly one half century in Southern missions, most appropriately says: "Slavery, like another wall of China, isolated the Southern Church from the world abroad, and during a century she sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. The learning of her Bishops, like a lightning flash, was the only ray that rent the universal gloom. Eminent writers who fluently related the progress



ST. LAWRENCE'S CHURCH, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

of the Church in America, slightly noticed its existence in the South, or barely recognized it in a line or two, like the epitaph on a tomb."

The entire absence of immigration to North Carolina is the most potent cause of the apparent stagnation of the Church. In recent years, the average immigration to this State was seventy persons a year, less than any other State in the Union, and probably only five of them might have been Catholics. Were it not for the terrible race question, which again, like a fiery dart, has flashed over the horizon of this State, immigration might be encouraged. Our farm lands are fertile, our mountains are rich with pasture and valuable lumber, and in their bosoms they bear priceless mineral wealth; and yet the dreaded negro stands guard over the princely domains and repels the white foreigner who wishes to seek a home. Will it always remain so? Is there no change? The All-Wise Father alone can answer.

To speak of manufacture and commercial enterprises, I must limit myself to cotton mills and distilleries. The laborers in the former, though white, are of such a moral and social standard that Catholics cannot be induced to be numbered among them. And as to the latter, they had better abstain from them entirely. Our Catholics are mostly converts, true and noble sons and daughters of our holy religion. They have a fearless, zealous band of priests protecting their religion and defending their faith. Nothing is left undone by prayer and work, by teaching and preaching, by zeal and good example, by spreading wholesome literature, and coming in social contact with non-Catholic citizens; and if the harvest of conversion nevertheless remains small, we can only, with humble and fervent hearts, point heavenward to the Giver of Grace, and say with St. Paul: "Neither he that planteth is anything, nor he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."—(I. Cor. 3, 7.)

MODERN CHRISTIAN ART IN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

By Professor William H. Goodyear.

(*Continued.*)

WE shall now assume that a simple church, Basilica plan, with large wall surfaces, sufficiently lighted, is ready for the brush of the decorative artist. How shall the work be begun? What are the conditions of success?

The first condition is the employment not necessarily of one artist, but distinctly of one absolutely controlling artist, who employs and directs the others. In no other way can one color scheme be attempted and carried through. That there should be great personal confidence and good feeling between the employers and the employed is also, of course, necessary. It is also necessary, or desirable, that the employing priests should appreciate the educational and spiritual value of the pictures to be made, and quite essential that the artists should have in view this value as the real cause of their employment. In other words, we must throw away the idea of decoration as an end in itself, and yet without denying that the merely decorative end must be thoroughly understood and compassed by the designing artist. We must exalt the point of view that the Resurrection and the Crucifixion, the Apparition, the Draught of Fishes, the Giving of the Keys to Peter—in a word, the whole inexhaustible list of Bible subjects—have a unique power when presented in pictorial art, a power which, of course, depends on

some contact with the story as it is found in literature, or, at least, on a traditional knowledge of it. Pictorial art is a most important adjunct to religious instruction, and its assistance has been wofully neglected in recent times.

I do not see how a reform is possible unless ecclesiastical students strive to acquire some elementary knowledge of the conditions under which the great works of Christian art were achieved in the past; unless they school their taste by some knowledge of the actual matter-of-fact history of the subject. In the present tendency to specialize occupations, and in the hurry of modern life, from which even the Catholic Church cannot escape, I have no exalted anticipations as to the number of ecclesiastics who might undertake their own art education, even in the cause of their beloved Church, but I can see that a respect for the knowledge and power of others in such matters depends on a certain amount of knowledge in themselves. That much knowledge, it seems to me a part of their calling to obtain or strive for.

The elementary condition of any attitude whatever to the subject of art is an ability to guage the subject matter and to value the work according to subject matter and its worthy conception. I have found among Catholics an excellent literary standard, far superior, it seems to me, to that held by the average Protestant of corresponding position or station in life. What is needed is enough fulness of mind, enough knowledge of the subject to apply this literary standard to an art work—the ability to look at the subject and the conception of the subject are then essential.

The application of this remark to our immediate topic is this: In the choice of an artist do not consider that your main mission is to test his knowledge of design. The knowledge of design is essential, but the ability of the artist to present the religious subject in a serious, earnest spirit, in which his own science is purely a means to the worthy representation of the subject, is the main point. *Character* is the quality which we must seek in a work of art and in an artist. The whole matter then of Catholic church decoration seems to me to rest on this question: Is it possible for ecclesiastics, by study of historic art, to acquire a standard which will make them apt in their choice of painters? I will not attempt any answer to the question. Neither is this my affair. My business is rather to point out the causes which have produced the decline of religious art, to indicate the traits by which this decline is distinguished, and to explain the conditions under which religious art once flourished. If this is properly done the remedies will suggest themselves. The greatest remedy of all, a conception of the possibilities and mission of Christian art, might even dawn on some.

It will probably appear from the matter of my papers, as so far presented, that the starting point and axiomatic mental condition of the art critic, as I understand him, is a profound sense of the superiority of the past and of the inferiority of the present in the matter of Christian art. This inferiority is due in the first place to the invention of printing. The substitution of printed books for pictures and carvings deprived these of the one important field of subject-matter which had been their chosen one for ten centuries, viz.: the Bible story, Christian tradition, and Church history. When you deprive an art of its subject-matter, you have cut away its root; it will perish by degrees for want of employment. This is a simple statement of the causes which have led us step by step from the decorations of the Sistine Chapel to the pitiful barrenness in art of a modern Catholic church.

Now there is going on in the civilized world to-day a movement in education which recognizes the failure of an educational system which is confined to books. This movement is represented by the kindergarten, by the idea of manual training in public schools, by the revival of

decorative art, and in the revival of interest in historic art. It is for the Catholic Church to say whether or not it will take part in this movement outside the necessary reaction which it must in any case experience from it.

But we have to consider another cause of decline, that determined by the division of labor, the specializing of occupations, and the use of machinery. What is done by the trained hand, is done well; what is inspired by independent creative effort is well thought out. The modern stone-cutter is given a cathedral capital carving to *copy*, the ancient stone-cutter invented one for himself, and a different one for each separate column or pillar of the church. This example applies to all trades and consequently to all arts. In general, the use of machinery and the consequent division of labor have crippled the creative power and lowered the moral stamina of the working classes. The artisan of our day is, man for man, the pitiable inferior of the artisan of the Middle Ages.

We have for this difficulty at present only one practical remedy and only one practical recourse. We must get from the aristocracy of intellect and talent by paying double and treble prices, in fact, by paying ten-fold prices, a work of art which any ordinary painter of the sixteenth century could have surpassed. Raphael had fifty scholars, to any of whom we might have confided a work of church fresco decoration with greater security than we should feel with the greatest modern artist. Our only consolation is that if we revive the demand, we shall also revive the supply. Patronage is the lever of art—patronage, not of wealth or caprice, but permanent patronage, will raise any art to any desired level in the long run.

I come back then to the question, how shall taste be cultivated in religious art? The answer is not difficult. Owing to the causes named, viz., the use of printed books, the division of labor and introduction of machinery, to which I am inclined to add the general influence of the Protestant reformation (for its antagonism to Catholic art undoubtedly had reactive detrimental influence on Catholic countries), there has been a gradual and consecutive decline in religious art from about the year 1530 down to the present time. According to the law of decline the seventeenth century art is inferior to that of the sixteenth century, and the eighteenth century art is inferior to that of the seventeenth century. We have, then, a sequence in time by which a sequence in art is determined. The student of religious art traces a progressive rise from the time of the Catacombs up to 1530, and a consecutive decline after that date. When the traits of the progression and of this sequence of decline are once grasped and understood, the criticism of art, religious or otherwise, stands on a firm basis.

It is true that but few of us may have sufficient contact with the originals to train the eye to quick recognition of artistic quality. Still it is important to note that there is a science in this subject which appeals to definite standards and definite authorities. I shall, therefore, now undertake some account of the distinctive traits of the centuries of progress and greatest success in Christian art, as compared with the centuries of its decline.

We begin by noting that in historic Christian art, there were long centuries in which technical perfection in design was made impossible by historic conditions. In the matter of realistic illusion and of scientific drawing, the whole period from the fifth to the fourteenth century was one of frequent shortcomings and general incompetency according to our modern point of view and knowledge. This was owing to the coincidence of early Christian history with the relative barbarism of early Mediæval Europe, to its coincidence with the decadence of Roman civilization, and to the battle between paganism and early Christianity which was waged for the destruction of pagan art as representing pagan belief.

From this period of Christian art we may learn, however, most interesting lessons; for instance, in Cathedral sculpture, how the beauty of the whole building was still furthered by work which was undeniably deficient in scientific knowledge of form; in mosaics, how gorgeous color effects and imposing solemnity of conception were possible in works which were likewise deficient; in all branches of art, how Mediæval interest in the subject-matter carries our thoughts beyond the mere question of technical perfection.

The study of early Christian art does not lead one to despise science in design, but it leads one to understand how inadequate this science, by itself and alone considered, must be, since such great results were achieved without it.

Both in decorative results and in thoughtful conception of subject-matter, in simple faith and in ingenuous innocence, the art of the Middle Ages is full of exquisite beauties and profound lessons. It had its undeniable limitations, but it had also its undeniable merits, both artistic and religious.

I should say that the great lesson of Mediæval art between the sixth and the fourteenth centuries is, that art to be great must be popular, that it must appeal to faith, to conviction, to the interests and needs of the whole people, not of the favored few of wealth and culture. When we consider the solemn power of the Romanesque frescoes, now mainly destroyed, but still here and there to be judged by surviving relics—when we consider the decorative beauty of the Gothic Portal Sculptures, the unrivalled solemnity and decorative color of the Byzantine Mosaics, the delicacy of the Mediæval wood carvings made for devotional purposes, the extraordinary vigor and inventive quality displayed in Mediæval metal works, and notice how the Christian subject and the Church tradition ruled throughout—we shall find a wide field for the cultivation of taste in Christian art beyond the senseless modern habit of laughing at every design whose quaintness separates it in exterior appearance from the style of the nineteenth century. An art must be judged by its subject-matter. Where that matter is worthy and serious, the art will be essentially good—this I consider the great lesson of Mediæval art.

In the fourteenth century the Italian painting began under Cimabue and Giotto to struggle after greater accuracy in the design of the figure and after a more powerful expression in the matter of gesture and action. The illusive representation of details was, however, still quite neglected. In the fifteenth century this also became a care to the painter. Perspective, light and shadow, precision in drawing, the scientific expression of form and action, the reproduction of the facial portrait—all these things were gradually brought inside the aims of Christian art.

In the early sixteenth century, the supreme moment arrived when modern science in design had been perfected and when intellect and thought still rose triumphant to their own higher aims, making this science their servant and hand-maid. The time of Raphael and Michael Angelo has this distinguishing quality, that its science in design was of supreme perfection, but that the thought of the artist, the subject-matter of Christian art and Catholic tradition, continued to be the essential thing. Design was still a means to an end.

Although we are accustomed to quote the names of certain great geniuses like those above named as characteristic of this period, its greatness was not confined to them. The greatness was that of a period, not of certain men of special genius. This greatness lay in the fact that the subject-matter of the art continued to be what it had always been since the history of Christendom began, that the technical capacity and facilities of the artists were superior to what they had ever been before, and that they had not yet become an end and object of themselves, as distinct from the subject-

matter. To reattain the perfection of his period of Christian art would demand an amount of patronage equal to that which it enjoyed, an equal amount of public interest, an equally quick and profound public appreciation of the value of art to the cause of religion and the cause of culture, an equally high public conception of the mission of Christian art. For the present, perhaps forever, we must put aside even the ambition of rivalling this past perfection, since it implies a social revolution beyond our power even to hope for. None the less it is clear that our efforts for improvement, our efforts to realize our own possibilities, and to do our own duty in the matter of religious art, must look back to the sixteenth century as the source of inspiration, and that we must be able to realize that little has been done since, even in individual cases, that has not been relative decadence. I am far from saying that we should make the sixteenth century our outward model. This would appear to me absurd, since no century can revive successfully the exterior forms or appearance of its predecessors. But we should make its art the object of study and reverence and appreciation. We should use its art as a standard of appeal in the cultivation of taste, and we should above all consider as the main thing the knowledge of the conditions which produced it. Among these conditions universal patronage of it and universal interest in it must be put first. Let the fact be grasped that the decline of religious art since the sixteenth century is at bottom a decline of patronage ; by which I understand a decline in the whole amount of work done and a decline in the whole number of artists employed.

The elementary difference between the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is this—that whereas the sixteenth century painted the Holy Family entire, the seventeenth century painted a head of the Madonna ; the sixteenth century painted the historic Crucifixion ; the seventeenth century painted the head of Christ crowned with thorns ; the sixteenth century painted the Last Supper, the Draught of Fishes, or the Charge to Peter, scenes in which the apostles appear in their historic activity ; the seventeenth century painted the half figure of one saint in a picture whose main claim to interest is the realistic success in painting the portrait of a picturesque model. The distinction between the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is thus in the first place a distinction in physical extent, in amount, quantity and dimensions, a distinction concealed from view by the fact that the characteristic pictures of the former period are wall paintings which can only be seen in the buildings which they decorate, whereas the characteristic pictures of the latter period are the panel pictures which fill the galleries of Northern Europe. In this mere fact of portability, the element of smaller dimension is contained. Otherwise, when the panel pictures themselves are considered, the same philosophy of the subject asserts itself, when we notice that the characteristic type of the seventeenth century panel is a head or a half figure, as compared with the full figure composition of the sixteenth century.

Side by side with the diminution in patronage thus attested, ran the efforts of the artist to save himself, to make himself felt, to draw the eye, to please the sense. In a word, the whole character of the seventeenth century religious art betrays the relative insecurity and the anxiety of the artist. Hence it is more demonstrative, more sentimental, more disposed to exalt the importance of details and consequently more commonplace. What use may be made of these historic distinctions by the patrons of modern religious art, I shall now endeavor to point out.

We have seen how the diffusion of printing deprived the art of painting of its importance and leading position. The social and political revolutions of the Reformation period had also much to

do with the decline of Christian art. In Protestant countries it was formally antagonistic. In Catholic countries, the battle with the Reformation absorbed the energies which had once found their outcome and expression in it. The Catholic Church was now poorer, it was often hard pressed to hold its own in the field of politics or religion, as the case might be. All this tended to depress the enthusiasm of the artist, to lessen the exaltation of his spirit, and to weaken the moral and material support which the community gave him.

We turn now, under these conditions, once more to the seventeenth century, the time of Van Dyck, Rubens, Murillo and Domenichino, of Carlo Dolci and Le Sueur.

I have no wish to under-estimate the beauty of its paintings or the warmth of its Catholic faith, but there was a lamentable decline at this time in power of thought, in simplicity of expression and in average dimension, for wall decoration was almost abandoned. There was a tendency to exalt the means above the end, to make the picture pleasing to the eye, at the expense of its serious interest. The machinery and science of art began to be exalted at the expense of subject-matter. This is the time of Madonnas which are simply aristocratic ladies, of holy families which are scenes taken from the nursery, of Divine shepherds which are simply beautiful children, of crucifixions whose human agony was more interesting to the artist than the triumph of our Lord over death, of martyrdoms whose gory cruelties were stressed at the expense of good taste, of saints whose emaciation is more evident than their learning, or their piety, or their services to man, of evangelists whose sentimental attitudes and expressions ought to be revolting to every well-bred gentleman. The seventeenth century was at times a very carnival of bad taste in religious art; it was at its best generally not much more than a period of art when beautiful pictures were more in demand than serious thought. Its productions have flooded the galleries of northern Europe. The print-shop windows are full of its Magdalens and Ecce Homos. There is not much hope for modern Catholic art until the true quality of seventeenth century Catholic painting as universally known to art historians, is equally well known to the average taste of the cultivated Catholic world. What is needed is that we should learn to reverence Raphael and Michael Angelo not only as great painters but also as sincere Christians, and good Catholics.

I do not allow myself to be guilty of the absurdity of elevating the Catholicism of the sixteenth century above that of the seventeenth century, but I do most distinctly say that the quality which makes Shakespeare greater than Dryden, and which makes Corneille greater than Racine, also makes Michael Angelo greater than Guido Reni. I say that the distinction, as far as paintings go, is not one simply between men, but that it is also one between periods. I say that there is no criticism of Christian art which does not draw the line distinctly against what was done after 1600 as compared with what was done before, and I say that it is highly important for intelligent and educated Catholics to master the rudiments of art criticism as recognized by all historic critics in the matter of the distinction of styles according to centuries.

It is rather important after the sweeping assertions preceding, to qualify our general remarks on seventeenth century religious painting by noting the more serious artists as against the less serious. The heaviest weight of stricture falls on the Italians of this century. The Flemings and Spaniards are undoubtedly superior in point of religious warmth and of serious intellectual purpose for the given time. Among the Flemings, we must in this point of view again differentiate between Van Dyck and Rubens in favor of the latter, who was the greatest religious artist of the century. In Italy we must place Domenichino far above Guido Reni

or Guercino in the matter of sincerity and thought. The summary of all this matter is that in the decline of religious art the facility and science of the artist came to be of more importance than the serious treatment of his subject.

I have taken the point of view in preceding matter that some historic knowledge of Christian art would be an excellent guide to a proper standard in modern Catholic art, as tending to correct the mistake commonly made by the non-expert, that a painting is judged for its technique before it is judged for its thought. I do not wish to urge this matter of historic art education further than common sense or average possibility would carry us, but it seems to me high time that intelligent Catholics should put themselves on the average level, and even on the progressive level, of the taste of the day. Admitting that taste in art cannot be ladled up in buckets or dealt out in reading courses, it is still possible for non-experts to recognize the success and employ the talents of the admitted leaders in American art.

When we strike the heart of the matter the truth will be this, as to the present relation of the Catholic Church to art: In all matters of general culture, all religious faiths are interested, and all are dependent on a general movement in culture which is confined to none. As a question of general culture, there has been in modern architecture a deplorable indifference to interiors as to their proper color decoration by monumental pictures, a deplorable excess of attention to exteriors and an excess of expenditure on exteriors, with inadequate results. In this mistake the Catholic Church of the nineteenth century has suffered, as is natural. In the progress of events and of modern education there is a tendency to correct this error and to retrieve this lapse, which becomes more and more apparent the more the works of historic Italian art are studied and enjoyed, the more the possibilities of interior decoration are realized, as these works of the past become known to a wider circle of travellers and students.

The progressive movement is distinctly felt in this country, and of its effects I might cite many instances. Now I say that the Catholic Church ought to be abreast of this movement and it ought to lead it. A taste for color and a taste for music are natural to the Catholic temperament, which is at large warmer, more sympathetic, and more artistic than the Protestant temperament. The subjects of religious art are nearer to the tastes and comprehensions of Catholics; the average dimensions and splendor of their churches are already superior to others, their church financial policy is sounder and their church financial standing is firmer.

What is needed first, then, is a redistribution of estimates in the matter of new churches; second, a collaboration of architect and artist in which the wall spaces needed by the latter are properly distributed and seen to by the former; third, an appreciation by the priesthood of the spiritual and educational value of pictures in churches; fourth, the employment of artists of recognized distinction or possibilities in the given specialty and of known decorative power.

On this last head let me say a final word. The wall painting demands qualities and talents which may or may not be possessed by a successful oil painter. More than that, the almost exclusive use of oil paintings in the last two centuries has cultivated methods of painting which are prejudicial to the qualities of fresco. Hence our difficulties in reviving that art. The first elementary difference between these arts is that of permanent location on the one side and of portability on the other. Permanent location means monumental quality, and this again means dignity and power as inexorable conditions of success. In the oil painting we may ask for many other qualities and may concede the absence of these. In the wall painting dignity and power are absolutely essential. In the latter again we demand life-

size figure, composition and subordination of landscape and detail. Wall-painting, therefore, demands a draughtsman having at his fingers' ends the science of figure. Simplicity of arrangement and effect is presupposed by the foregoing conditions. The oil painting may win favor by complication and by elaboration, not so the wall painting. With every increase of dimension in painting we demand a simpler scale of color, a more commanding balance of outlines and forms at the expense of multiplied tints and shadows. As regards the color scheme, the very best decorative talent of our day is needed if even a remote approximation to the glories of old Italian art in color harmony is to be obtained. It is, therefore, essential that artists be employed who have already made a specialty of the problem of decoration. That many superior oil painters have paid no attention to these problems is well known. Finally, artists of serious character and intellectual power, as distinct from those merely efficient in technical detail, are demanded by the wall painting. It is one glory of the Catholic Church to have developed in past centuries the greatest school of art which has been known since the ancient Greeks. Doubtless she will do her fair share in that revival of art which is one glory of the later nineteenth century.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

By D. S. Beni.

"Fleet footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs."

A LETTER to-day from a sorrow-stricken, widowed mother, telling of the death of her two sons, her only children, at the battle of San Juan, revives within my heart, most vividly, some incidents of the Civil War, one of which, a scene so sad in its surroundings and its sequences, will hardly be credited by those who did not witness it. But before unveiling the sad picture, let us throw a gleam of sunshine on this page, by showing the happy home-life of a most estimable family, before the "disastrous accidents" of war had veiled all in gloom.

Our home was in a small city or town, picturesquely nestled in the shadows of the Blue Ridge, and in a population of six or eight thousand, I think no man was more universally respected and beloved than John Randolph Creighton. He was a lawyer, as distinguished for his literary tastes and attainments, as for his success in his profession. His family were among our nearest and certainly our dearest neighbors, and interwoven with the most pleasant recollections of my childhood, are the hours I spent under their hospitable roof. Mr. Creighton had some peculiarities; he visited little, finding his pleasure in his own home; he had few intimate friends, he was exceedingly particular about the associates of his children, he devoted himself to his family, who fully repaid all his tenderness. Mr. C. and all his children were musical, and every evening they had a little musical entertainment, followed by reading selected by Mr. C. About once a week, they invited a little coterie of congenial friends to spend the evening with them in this charming and improving way. Mrs. C. was a niece or grand-niece of Thomas Jefferson, and she looked like a lady of the olden times, for the beauty of her sweet, gentle face was enhanced by the quaint lace caps which she always wore. She was thoroughly congenial to Mr. C. in his tastes and inclinations; both were devoted to children, and certainly both practised in a

marked degree that "affability to the poor" recommended by Holy Writ. They dispensed an open-handed charity, and in after years, when I read in the "Life of Charles Dickens" that he often walked five miles a day to visit some poor child, the pen-picture of his charity immediately recalled Mr. C. to my mind. I think he never passed a child without speaking to it; if it was bright and intelligent, he invited it to come and see him, and in this way many young men of humble position were allowed the use of his fine library, and Mr. C. himself directed their reading, for he was always willing to "help those who helped themselves." As to his home, his door was always open, and no one of refinement ever visited L—— without being entertained by the Creightons, not at a grand table catered by Delmonico, but with real, genuine hospitality at a well-filled board, where was found

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The old-fashioned house must have been a remnant of Colonial days; certainly there were no ground rents when it was constructed, for the one object seemed to be to spread out as much as possible. The furniture and all the surroundings were antique; old china, old silver, everything in it would have been treasures beyond price in the Centennial craze. There were old-fashioned portraits, fine oil paintings and beautiful engravings. The history of each one I think I knew perfectly when I was ten years old, for it was Mr. C.'s delight to relate or read to us everything connected with them. Among their treasures was a handsome chair which had been used by the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, which was either given to Mrs. C. or bequeathed to her by Thomas Jefferson, who was in Paris at the time of the execution of that unhappy Queen, and secured the chair as a souvenir. Sometimes Mrs. C. would show us the queer little ball dresses and high-heeled slippers which she had worn as a young girl in Washington, such as we afterwards saw reproduced at the Martha Washington tea parties. She told us many stories of the olden time, but none touched my heart, or had such a fascination for me, as that connected with the chair of Marie Antoinette. How many tears I shed over her death and the sufferings of the poor little Dauphin, as dear Mrs. C. related it to us so pathetically as *a true story*. The Creightons were Episcopalians, and I believe conscientiously exact to their convictions; in all the years we lived together almost as one family, I never heard one unpleasant word about religion, and from what I know of their character, I am sure they respected us all the more for being staunch Catholics. My mother had so impressed it upon our youthful minds that, living among Protestants, we had a double duty to perform; we must "be ready to give a reason for the faith that was in us," give good example, and let every one see that we were proud to be of the true faith. I was so imbued with this pardonable pride, that although I then knew not the words: "*Oh, if thou didst but know the gift of God*," it was certainly the sentiment uppermost in my heart, and the extensive sign of the Cross I always made when I was at the table with Protestants, I am sure must have surprised them.

One day at Mr. Creighton's, I forgot it was Friday, and was just going to help myself to a piece of meat, when Bessie whispered to me gently: "Agnes, don't forget this is Friday," and with a delicacy which would have done credit to maturer years, she quietly had my plate removed. Oh! how I thanked her, for had I eaten meat on Friday, I should have deemed life too short to atone for the scandal given to my Protestant brethren! Mr. C. had lost his oldest children, five boys, who died in childhood, who were known to me only by family tradition and the names on their tombstones. He had two married daughters, besides two daughters and two sons at home. It was his rule

to take a long walk with his children every day for exercise, for there was nothing effeminate in his training of young people. In these long walks we always accompanied them, but later when the two Creightons went to the University and our boys to college, the little party was reduced to Mr. C., Bessie and myself, and as we walked along he told us beautiful stories or repeated rural poems for us. There was a favorite walk of several miles to a place called the "Rattling Bridge," where the scenery was most beautiful. High hills, covered with wild azaleas, surrounded it in every direction, and the bridge spanned a deep ravine, the sides of which were covered with luxuriant ferns which cast their long shadows in the silvery stream below. In the Spring it was like fairy land. Along the road, broad fields, green with tender young wheat, spread out before us; the orchards laden with pink and white feathery fruit tree blossoms, the little violets peeping out from their mossy beds showed us that all nature had put on its sunniest smile to greet Christ in His glorious Resurrection. Turning our faces back towards the town, the mountains towered far above it, covered with verdure of many shades, relieved by white dogwood and graceful festoons of that beautiful mountain moss which I have never seen elsewhere, but which there falls in great sheets of pure white and brilliant rose color from the overhanging rocks, "upon which nature's ready pencil paints the flowers."

The wagon road which leads up to the summit of the Blue Ridge is thickly covered with a silvery white sand intermingled with quartz which shines and glistens in the sun like a terrestrial "Milky Way" upon a dark-blue background. The hills in every direction are covered with "Johnny-jump-ups," and later in the Summer we used to gather wild field poppies and the pretty corn-flowers, which

"With their blue eyes in tears o'erflowing
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn."

Afar off towards the north a spur of the Alleghanies loomed up grand and gloomy, with its sighing pines and its hemlocks, "a remnant of the forest primeval." In Winter, when the fleecy snow covered our beautiful valley with its silvery veil, we took our sleds, for Mr. C. always knew the best sliding places, and he even "pulled us up" the hills. But these were days of peace.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Mr. C.'s sons had graduated with the highest honors at the University, John Randolph Creighton, Jr., was practising law with his father, and Henry was studying for the Anglican ministry. Miss Jennie, the oldest daughter, was about twenty-five, a charming, intellectual woman, Bessie, the youngest of the family, was seventeen, and I, her little friend, just fifteen, when we saw the troops march out with glittering arms and martial music, little dreaming of the horrors of fratricidal war.

"The noble steeds and banners bright,
And gallant youth and stalwart knight
In rich array;——
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dew-drop on the grass,
They passed away."

One month later, it was Sunday, July 21, the town looked deserted, and the clouds hung low all day—not the clouds which portend a thunder shower—"but over it was spread a heavy night, an image of that darkness which was to come upon it." There was a sound of distant rumbling, and in whispers it was passed from mouth to mouth: "A battle is going on," and the day was spent in suspense and fear, which cannot be described. At three o'clock that day, a young lady died in the town, and just before her death, when she was supposed to be unconscious or delirious, she terrified every one around her by her screams: "A battle! see how they fall! Now they lie flat with their faces

to the ground ! The shells tear them to pieces, and among the bushes, side by side, die Randolph and Henry Creighton locked in each other's arms ! There on that side falls Cousin Creighton Carter !" Then she expired. I think we must have been sixty or eighty miles from the battle field, and at another time, perhaps the low rumbling of the artillery would not have been noticed. A sleepless night followed—the next day passed and still no news. The clouds still hung over us like a funeral pall, and there was around us the stillness of death—when suddenly, at 8.30 P. M., a horseman dashed down the street, and halting in the Court House square, looked in every direction, as if to locate something. His right arm was in a sling and the bandages on his hands were covered with blood. My father immediately stepped out to the curb-stone, and the trooper advanced towards him, and looking at a paper he held in his hand, he said, "Can you tell me where I can find George B. ——— ? I bring news of the battle."

"I am he, what news do you bring?"

"Victory is ours," said the young soldier triumphantly, "but Col. S. of the Third Regiment sends the list of dead from Co. B." Here he read aloud : First Lieut. John Creighton Carter; Second Lieut. John Randolph Creighton; Private Henry Carter Creighton, the fourth name which had been written with a pencil on the battle field was —— illegible. "Can you not tell me the name of the fourth?" my father asked anxiously.

"I am sorry I cannot, but it was impossible to learn, as I was detailed to bring the bodies, as soon as my wound was dressed, and the battle was scarcely over. Oh ! it was a noble charge, the enemy in full retreat, the war is virtually at an end. I came in advance of the wagon, which moves slowly, as we have travelled all night and all day. The burial must take place at once." My father tried in vain to hear something of my brother, who was also in Co. B, only eighteen years of age, and as the message was sent directly to my father, it led him to believe that the fourth name was that of my brother, though he told his fears to no one. It was a terrible moment. My father turned to me and said: "Try to dress his wound, give him a substantial supper, tell John to assist him to bed, and see that his horse is put up—I must go." The wound which the young warrior called slight, was the loss of the first three fingers on his right hand ! My father went to carry the crushing news to Mr. Creighton. As he reached the house, he saw through the open windows, Bessie at the piano and Mr. C. accompanying her with the flute; Mrs. C. and Miss Jennie sat at a little distance from them, playing chess. My father paused, and these words of Keble's hymn fell on his ear:

"And well it is for us, our God should feel
Alone our secret throbbings: so our prayer
May readier spring to heaven, nor spend its zeal
On cloud-born idols of this lower air.

"For if one heart in perfect sympathy
Beat with another, answering love for love,
Weak mortals all entranced, on earth would lie,
Nor listen for those purer strains above."

My father walked away, he was unequal to the duty laid upon him. Then he sought a friend, Mr. R. and begged him to take his place. Finally both went together, and calling Mr. C. they told the crushing news. Mr. C. received it quietly, said not one word, but returned into the house. Lieutenant Carter was Mr. C.'s nephew, a promising young lawyer only twenty-seven, who left a wife and four children. When the news was carried to Mrs. Carter, she fell to the floor and remained unconscious for several hours. Mr. R. and my father then repaired to the cemetery to have

the graves prepared. The night was spent walking back and forth from the suburbs, watching for the wagon which bore such a precious weight. About two A. M., while the moon was shining almost as bright as day, the wagon rolled slowly down the street. About six gentlemen followed it with Mr. C. Anxious inquiries were made about the fourth coffin, which strange to say was the only one unmarked, but the driver knew nothing, he was a civilian pressed into service. As the procession passed on slowly, from the house directly opposite to Mr. Creighton's, a young man stepped forth, and joined in silently. He was a Catholic priest. At the grave there were no funeral services, "not a prayer was heard, not a funeral note," as the bodies were lowered into the earth, but we know that some prayers were said from the heart, though not audibly. Where was the fourth one to be buried? In consecrated ground? or where? No one knew. Mr. R. said: "We will be obliged to open the box." My father walked away.

"Breathless he waits and listens—
A desolate hearth may see;
And God alone to-night knows where
The vacant place may be!"

And when Mr. R. called out softly: "It is John Foster," all wept, not because John Foster was a relative or even a friend, but death is "that touch of nature which makes us all kin."

"There all are equal, side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still."

And all hearts wept in deepest sympathy and sorrow. John Foster was a brave young fellow,—some one must tell his poor father—then Mr. Creighton, forgetting his own grief, said: "I will go with you when the day dawns. Poor Foster! when he sees a companion in shipwreck and in sympathy, it may help him to bear his cross."

As Mr. Creighton turned away from the grave, his eyes fell upon the young priest; he looked at him a moment and then extended his hand to him across the grave; it was a reconciliation. Father X. was a most gifted man, a convert, and seven years before when he announced his intention of going to Rome to study for the priesthood, Mr. C. had opposed it earnestly. For a year Father X. had been the pastor in L——, and although his house was directly opposite to that of Mr. C., the latter had never called on him or shown him any courtesy. Father X. had retaliated as the saints retaliate; he had spent that night in prayer for Mr. C. and his sons, and we will see later how that prayer was answered by the conversion of Mr. and Mrs. Creighton. The next day the whole town was in mourning. Everybody knew and loved the Creightons; they had had a kind word for everyone, rich and poor. During the following week the funeral services were held in the Episcopal Church, a meaningless ceremony certainly, for they knew not of prayers for the dead. Everybody wondered at the composure and self-control of the Creightons; theirs was that awful, crushing, stunning sorrow which paralyzes the heart and finds no relief in tears. Miss Jennie had scarcely spoken since that awful night of July 22, and after the service in the church she ceased to speak, and for seven years she never uttered one syllable, neither did she eat unless the food was put in her mouth. She acted like one in a trance, never changing her position unless she was told to move, and then she did so mechanically. Bessie was the sunlight and the comfort of her home. She had no thought of self, but tried in every way to lighten the cross of her devoted parents. One day she asked me to go with her to the cemetery, where a massive slab had been placed over the double grave. Mr. C. himself wrote the epitaph.

"Under this stone lie buried
John Randolph Creighton,
aged 23, and
Henry Carter Creighton,
aged 21,

Brothers, as they fell side by side in battle
July 21st, 1861.

"Brothers in blood and faith,
Brothers in youthful bloom;
Brothers in life, brothers in death,
Brothers in one same tomb.

"Well fought they the good fight,
In death the victory won;
Sprung at one bound to Heaven's light
And God's Eternal Son!"

Bessie sat down beside the grave, and wept as if her heart would burst under its weight of woe. Could this be the pretty, joyous, light-hearted Bessie Creighton? Oh! true it is, that "the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning," and as I tried to console her, she said: "Oh! let me cry, I am so glad to be where no one can see me. I hide my tears and my grief at home, because I must try to bring a little sunshine to my father and mother. Do you remember, Agnes, when we were studying Ancient History, like foolish children we said, we wished we could see a war? Now we have seen it, and this is what it has brought to me." Hoping to divert her, I pointed to the beautiful acacia trees around the cemetery which were covered with a heavy dew, or drops from a gentle shower, that sparkled in the sunshine like innumerable diamonds. Bessie said: "They are tears—all nature weeps, and every flower I see has a tear hidden within its heart." Mr. Creighton tried to alleviate his own grief by going from house to house to comfort the sorrowful, for almost every day brought news of more wounded, dead or dying, and his heart knew how to sympathize and "to weep with those who weep." Later, when the great battles near us made our town one vast hospital, Mr. C. visited the wounded every day, waiting on them, writing letters for them and cheering them in their suffering; whenever he found a Catholic ill, he notified the priest, and I never attended a soldier's funeral that Mr. C. was not near the bier. He was especially kind to the widows of those who fell in battle, and from his farm near the town, he had provisions sent to them. But this did not last long, for even "the seed time and harvest failed," for there were neither men to work nor horses to plow, and at the close of the war, I think we might have gone from one end of the county to the other, without seeing one field fenced in, the boards had been used for firewood, and stone fences levelled to give way for the passage of the troops, first of one army, then of another. There was scarcely a family in the town which was not in mourning, and now, as I look back, I wonder how the human heart survived each sorrow and the continual anguish of suspense, almost as crushing as the sad reality. We learned from the wounded, who were brought home from camp, that on the twenty-first of July the Third Regiment, with others of the same brigade, had orders to fall flat among the bushes, where they lay for two or three hours under heavy fire, without firing a shot, until they were ordered to charge, just before three o'clock, and in the charge the two Creightons fell and died in each other's arms. Lieutenant Carter fell by their side, and thus the words of the dying woman were verified. The Holy Scripture says, "It is better to go into a house of mourning than to a house of joy," and Mr. Creighton's was certainly the house of mourning. There was no longer the sound of music within its walls. The piano was covered with its pall, the shrouded violins in their narrow coffins were hidden from the sight of men and the flutes hushed in silence; for the Divine Musician played upon the human heartstrings, attuning them to the song of sorrow, until every note should be in perfect harmony with His own.

During the Summer of 1862, Mr. C. received word that his daughter, Mrs. R., was dead. Her husband was in the army, and her seven children, the eldest ten years of age, were on their Southern

plantation with about two hundred colored slaves. We were then within the Federal lines, there was no way to reach them or write to them, and his other married daughter and her only child had died within the same week. Mr. and Mrs. C. tried to be cheerful and look forward to the time when the little ones could come to them to bring sunlight into their desolate home, but that time never came, for their father would not part with them. In spite of their sweet, quiet resignation, I think I never looked at Mr. or Mrs. C. without thinking of the words of Job, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me;" for, like him, they saw before them only ruined hopes, a desolate fireside and a name extinct, and they said always, "May His holy will be done."

This was the agony, but the summit of Calvary was not reached. There were still ties to be severed, and on July 21, 1863, after a short illness, the noble-hearted Bessie Creighton, bowed down by suppressed grief, passed beyond the veil. I went at once to the sorrow-stricken home. I asked Mr. C. to let me take his place by her side. He answered: "Let me have her to myself; I will not leave her till she is taken from me." I tried to say a word of sympathy and consolation, but I could scarcely speak.

"O, what were life if life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee."

After the record of Bessie's death in the family Bible, Mr. C. had written these words, which were seen only after his death:

My God, these gifts were Thine ere they were ours:
Oh give us strength to give them back to Thee.
With patient resignation.

One day towards the close of 1864, Mr. C. called at our house, and my father said to him cheerfully: "There is a prospect of peace, and that is good news." Mr. C. said: "You may read it to me," and as my father read aloud, Mr. C. leaned his white head upon his cane. "They cry peace, peace, when there is no peace, the time is past," said Mr. C. My father continued the article in which the word reconstruction was used many times. Then almost in a tone of despair Mr. C. said: "*Reconstruction!* impossible! Can they reconstruct our desolated fire-sides, can they breathe the breath of life into my dead children and give me back my home? Reconstruction is beyond the power of man."

In 1866 Mrs. Creighton was paralyzed, and although helpless her mental faculties were unimpaired. This was the moment of God; she and Mr. C. received the light of Faith, and together they were admitted into the true Fold, by Father X., and her death in 1868, was to her but the beginning of life. Mr. C. had never spoken of his children after their death, but of Mrs. C. he spoke incessantly, saying over and over again: "All good came to me through her, she taught me to trust in God, and though He slay me, I will trust Him still." Miss Jennie's condition remained unchanged, and at last Mr. C. yielded to the solicitation of his friends and consented to send her to a hospital for treatment. Only those who knew Mr. C. can judge what this separation cost him. In her affliction he had devoted himself to her, and it was like giving publicity to his family troubles, which were to him so sacred. After a year, she returned home much improved, but still her condition was most pitiable, she spoke as one awaking from sleep. She was so gentle, and so grateful for every attention. She had been exceedingly fond of chess, and as she had frequently played with my younger sister, the physician suggested this as a diversion for her. At first she placed her men at random, but after they

were placed for her she began to play, and when she observed that my sister did not checkmate her, when she could have done so, she said gratefully, "How kind you are, you do not want to give me pain." But the battle of life for her was over, and in 1870 she joined her loved ones who had passed beyond the tomb, and Mr. Creighton said: "My God, I thank Thee, all have passed over the river before me."

Mr. C. remained in the old homestead, with no other companions than two faithful Irish Catholic girls, who had been in his household for years, and whose silent fidelity had made an impression upon him for good, and a colored man-servant who waited on him. Instead of the long walks to the country, he now lived the life of a recluse, taking exercise only in his large garden. We went sometimes to see him, and although he received us most kindly, we were not sure but that we were intruding upon his grief. Indeed I never could pass the house without emotion, when I thought of the many hours I had spent there, for Dante says: "*Nessun maggior dolore che ricordarsi della gioia nella miseria*, there is no greater grief than to remember days of joy, when sorrow is at hand."

One day in 1876, I was surprised to see Mr. C. sitting on his front porch, and as I drew near, he said: "Come here, my child, sit down beside me and tell me where you have been that I have not seen you for so long—I love you because you are the child of a good and virtuous man—I knew your father and your grandfather, yes, and even your great-grandfather, and where have you been all this time?" I answered that I had only been away three weeks attending the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. "And what is this Exposition?" It was then September, and he had lived so far out of the world that he had not even heard the echo of the Independence bell which resounded over the whole Continent, but he seemed interested when I told him what I had seen, especially when I spoke of the paintings, and he talked like himself, "though as one whose voice seemed faint, through long disuse of speech." The next time I went to that dear old house it was to pay a last farewell to that kind friend, who lay still in death, but a happy death purchased by a long crucifixion, which opened to him the gates of life eternal. But it was a sad funeral. Everything in the house remained just as I had first seen it in my childhood, not even a piece of furniture had disappeared or changed its place, and in the midst of those things he had loved, lay the master, the noble-hearted Christian gentleman whose life had been spent in kindness towards others. He was a gifted man,

"But he has a higher and nobler fame
By poor men's hearths, who love and bless the name
Of a kind friend; and in low tones to-day
Speak tenderly of him who passed away."

The chief mourners who walked next to the coffin, were his two faithful Irish girls—who were faithful to the end—they had assisted him when the summons came suddenly, repeating with him acts of love, contrition, hope and confidence, catching his last whisper: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him still, Jesus, Jesus come! I believe—I hope, I repent."

A short time after his death, some ambiguity in the wording of his will, resulted in an auction sale of all his property. The things which had been so sacred in his eyes, seemed now to be public property, even the record in the family Bible and his own private diary were opened, read and commented upon.

"Nothing is our own; we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled:
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead."

ONE OF THE UNNUMBERED.

By John J. à Becket.

IT was six in the morning of a cheerless December day. The lowering sky hung in dismal greyness above the bare brown fields. The country road, stiff with the frosts of the night, stretched a forlorn streak of solitude. The dawn seemed breaking dispiritedly on the chilly world. A few fitful snowflakes, dry minute particles, floated about in the air, not even hardy forerunners of a cheering storm. It was an hour and a morning which they best enjoyed who were snugly bestowed in warm beds, asleep.

The numbing dullness of the scene was punctuated by one living thing. An old woman past seventy-five Winters (she did not suggest past Summers) was toiling along the road with resolute slowness. Her burden of years lent a feeble roll to her gait humorously suggestive of a mariner's.

A black shawl was held tightly around her narrow shoulders. A warm but unsightly "quilted" hood sheathed her head like a baby's cap. From it her wrinkled faced peered out, as a walnut might from its shell.

One intuitive of the soul in human features would have found an odd beauty in that old face, of a serener grace than the senile tenderness breathed for centuries from the stone Silenus with protective yearning for the Babe in its arms: the beauty to which the heart quivers. As the face of age has its last ugliness when it shows the scorings of vice, this wrinkled visage held the mellowed sweetness of a lifetime on the heights.

The small sunken black eyes had the shy softness of a wood violet. The thread-like line of the thin, closed lips was movingly benign. The cheeks dipped from the broad high bones into hollows with a like pathetic accent.

Her dark brown woolen skirt cleared the ground by three or four inches, revealing the stoutly shod feet. One of the shoes showed a small rent near the toe, eloquent of poverty rather than untidiness.

The old woman's hands were tucked away beneath her shawl, perhaps through the spirit that leads him who prays to his closet. For the stubby fingers were slowly passing one bead after another of a wooden rosary through their calloused tips. From longtime friction of this kind the grains had taken on a modest lustre.

Poor old hands, whose rest was prayer, though their labor was a prayer, too. On their backs, in dim blue ridges, rose the veins, hypocritically full conduits of the blood that performed its function for the outworn body with tepid laggardness.

Had the villagers seen her, this is what they would have surmised her hands were doing, as they would also have known the term of her lonely course that Winter morning before the sun had softened the iron grey sky to cloudy pearl. They knew nothing short of a cyclone would prevent Mother Brennan from journeying each morning to the ugly wooden church on the outskirts of the village, a full mile from her own box of a house. Not a villager but felt heartened by her sweet homely smile of greeting. Never a smile breathed more dignity, content and warm fellowship of heart.

The ravens that brought his loaves to the Prophet were not more regular than was the lone old woman in quest of her daily bread, the manna of the Lord.

Lone, for Mike Brennan had been sleeping, tired laborer that he was, full forty grateful years in the small graveyard on the slope of the hill, and only a few months back had her gently streaming eyes seen stout Tom Brennan, her only son, "and she was a widow"—lowered to a place by his father's side.

It was a pleasant place to sleep, that sunny slope, when one was to sleep so long, and one felt they must sleep in dreamless peace who were laid there.

The field flowers flecked it with their artless prettiness in Springtime, and in Summer the ruminant kine roved along the hilltops above it, their cumbrously gracious forms a pastoral processional athwart the sky. Yes; a sunny tract, one to charm from out the hearts of the living any rancor of regret for the dead.

Mother Brennan felt no farther removed from her long dead husband than from her recently lost son. They were both only over the border line of the two worlds, and few could know how close those two worlds were to each other for Mother Brennan. Now, especially when she was so near that border herself, she was nearer to her dead than to the living ones about her; she dwelt more in their company. The Communion of the Saints was a lively tenet of her simple faith.

Each day she rose before the sun, lit her oil lamp, as neat and trimly kept as one of the Wise Virgins', and then prepared her simple breakfast: a cup of coffee and a cut from the loaf of her own making. Having renewed her slender strength, she made her slow, loving way to the church, where, with the childlike audacity of God's little ones, she held familiar converse with her Lord.

Through sheer humility she would not receive Communion except on Sundays, the Feast Days of the Church and the days of Saint Michael the Archangel, Saint Thomas the Apostle and Saint Rose, the family patrons. Mike and Tom were Saints now themselves, and though she never thought it, so was she. Those dear ones, their address was different from her own; but hers, like theirs, was in the "Care of God."

THE NUMBING DULLNESS OF THE SCENE WAS PUNCTUATED BY ONE LIVING THING.

Friends she had on earth as in heaven. The whole village regarded her as a homely comfort and an honor rather than as a duty heritage to the community. The tender heart had other ties, not as close as those which bound her to the dear Unseen with Mike and Tom, nor as strong as the bonds between the good

village folk and herself; yet sweet and soothing. There was the fragile rose bush, back of her kitchen window. It responded to her constant care by two or three sumptuous blooms which seemed to tax its whole system. This was in the Summer. The remainder of the year it pined, a chronic invalid.

Then there was the cat, sleek, demurely affectionate and house-loving. It would curl itself up on the hearth when Mother Brennan went to church in the morning, and would come to greet her with a tremulous miaou on her return, arching its back caressingly against the brown woolen skirt, though it was cool from the morning air, and Bethlehem loved warmth with her whole soul.

For Mother Brennan had named it Bethlehem. It had not seemed quite right to call it after one of the Saints and yet she wished it to bear a holy name. There was an advantage in it she had not foreseen; for it was so long and said itself so slowly that it was like having a little talk with the petted thing to call it by its name. The soft grey creature answered to it with sweet simplicity and no more abashedness than if it were Jessamine or Mehitabel.

But Mother Brennan loved it dearly. For Tom had brought Bethlehem in one evening, a small, wild-eyed mop of stringy fur. He had plucked it from the mill-pond, where small boys had thrown her, not through a laudable Malthusian view of kittens, but merely in exuberance of innocent cruelty.

When Tom's stout hand had placed the damp, rattled waif upon the sanded floor, it had worked to its feet, raised its head and regarded Mother Brennan with wide, arraigning eyes. Then with deep conviction it tottered toward her, doling out a feeble yowl. A mere fraction of such commending things would have won her hospitable welcome. Bethlehem always reminded the old lady of the sweet heartedness of her big, powerful son, who could never see a weak thing ill-used. Many a prayer had Mother Brennan breathed with deepest devotion for Tom's dear soul, at sight of Bethlehem dreaming in homely comfort on the hearth, a purring coil of contentedness.

One other object, dear to her old heart, she cherished with some spiritual reserve because its appeal was only human and roused reflections the good soul viewed askance in that they were tinged with melancholy. One who is a friend of God should not be traitor to Him by any feeling of that kind. Not one drop of melancholy had ever mingled with her beautiful sorrow that Mike and Tom had gone from her. This qualified object of Mother Brennan's affection was a pot of shamrock, grown from a tiny sprig Father Downes had brought back to her from her native Limerick. Like that little plant, she had been uprooted from the land of her birth. Unlike it, she had no one to care for her.

Other loved objects, partly of heaven and partly of earth, were the beautiful things of the bright world that surrounded her. The broad tranquil mill-stream in front of her small house, which the sun stroked with lambent touches and into which the wild swallows would dip in their needless haste, and then dash away; the willows, that stretched their slender wands of palest yellow above the mirroring water, and when the wind ruffled them turned the silver underside of their lanceate leaves, as if paling at the thought of a storm; the broad sweep of meadow, sparkling gaily with dewdrops in the Summer mornings, soft in soothing green after sundown, and hushed in white silence when Winter wrapped it in a pall of snow; the undulating line of hills melting into hazy blue against the distant horizon; the genial brightness of the sun by day, and the fantastic clouds, snowy, pearly, rosy, which God let play in His heaven; the stars that blazed in glittering confusion in the night's dome of blue, each of which answered to God from just that spot where He had set it—these were all Mother Brennan's good, dear friends. She loved them all, for they were God's,

and so was she, and kinship is cementing.

But kind, stupid, human friends had been telling Mother Brennan of late that she ought to provide for herself and for her latter days. Not that they were weary of supplying her with things to be knitted or made up; but they saw that she took longer to get to church, and that the sturdy, faltering steps were more faltering, if still determined. She would need be cared for at home, how soon none could tell, nor for how long. There was no one to give that care.

A factory man wanted her plot of land. He needed it for business ends. With the money he would give her she could comfortably provide a refuge for herself in her last days. She could go to the Little Sisters of the Poor in the neighboring town and be tenderly looked after till she died, and with a sense of independence withal.

Mother Brennan, who had gone on in utter trustfulness upon God, nursing her rose-tree and caring for Bethlehem, her soul exhaling an aroma that sweetened her lone but not lonely life, lent humble ear to their superior wisdom. She did not want to trouble any one. She had thought before that came to pass, the Angel would have called and taken her to Mike and Tom. God knew how willing she was to go. But the simple faith that accepted and did not analyze or rebel, or even pray that something that God wished might be changed to something that she wished, felt that duty might point to what the neighbors urged. She was not insensible to her growing weakness. She had noted it with inward joy as a loosening of the bonds. But she had no right to impose herself as a burden upon others. She had no wish to.

So the small house where she had lived for half a century, where Tom had been born and where Mike and Tom had died, with her quarter acre of ground, including the forlorn rose-tree, passed to the factory man, who could hardly wait to tear it down. Her few household goods she gave to a poor shoemaker who had made shoes for Mike and Tom and her; good shoes, if they were the only thing she wore out. To him she also gravely consigned Bethlehem in perpetual trust on his promise that the cherished thing should never want a home or food.

Then Mother Brennan rode in the milkman's cart ten miles to the town, the neighbors coming to the doors and waving their hands and handkerchiefs to her as the rickety white horse slowly jogged by the cottages, she bowing simply and gravely to them like an old queen going into exile.

She endured her asylum in the noisy, ugly city six months without a murmur of tongue, look or feeling, not knowing that she was making greater headway toward heaven than ever before. But one soft early day of Spring, a broad sunbeam stole into her room, and the tepid air that lightly stirred the grey locks on her temples smelt of the warm, resolvent earth. It said budding willows, the peace of a sunlit stream, the elms waving in a mist of green welcome, the long sweep of meadows quickening to emerald life after their Winter sleep, the mountains dim in the azure distance. Oh, so distant!

A yearning for the soothing touch of that old friendly environment, as possessive as Death's fingers, laid hold of Mother Brennan's soul. The balmy Spring, the joyous Summer were coming to the hillocks of her dead, and she would not be near them.

There was an almshouse in her little village. She must go there and wait so long as God should will. It was His inn, and they would take her.

She told the Sisters with slow earnestness that she must go back. They had been good and kind. Yes, very. But she was nearer to God there, where she had lived so long. She knew the pathways to Him better there.

They strove to dissuade her, strove innocently, ignorantly, and in vain. They told her they could not give her back the

money, for it was gone. She did not want it. She was glad the poor old things for whom they cared should profit by it. She must go back. They would not ask anything for her keep in the almshouse. She must go there. The graveyard on the hill, the meadow, the stream, the waving willows, all the beautiful dear things God had lavished on her, and which had woven themselves into the slow pulsations of her tired old heart —she said almshouse, she meant them.

So they reluctantly let her go. For her soft, sweet patience was so different from the querulous exactions of the other old people, that the Sisters loved her. She revived visibly in that dear home-setting. Poor old woman in an almshouse; everything about her was her own.

A tinge of pink crept into the fine skin with its myriad wrinkles, like the reflection of a rose petal on old ivory, and the dim, worn eyes had almost a glow.

Never had Spring been so soothingly gentle, never a Summer so bounteously sweet. They were as great flagons brimming with Nature's wine, from which her weary old body and grateful young soul drew gladness and refreshment.

Then came the nipping touch of Autumn. The willow leaves turned their silver backs upon the harsh air with artless aversion. The sleepy stream broke into a dumb whimper of steely ripples, and the blooming meadow fell into shrivelled brownness before its Winter sleep under the snow.

Mother Brennan felt the chill of the dying year like those friends of hers. The almshouse was not her cosy, if humble home, seasoned with hallowed memories and brightened by Bethlehem's sympathy. The Fall was despoiling her as it did the other creatures of the dear God, and the coming Winter forenumbed her brave, resigned spirit. She must take her heart to what warmed it most, the Lord in His little church.

So she told the Overseer one day that she must go to church the following morning. It was the anniversary of Tom's death, though she was characteristically silent about that. The Overseer remonstrated with her well-meaningly. The morning air was too cold for her, the walk too long. At least she should have some bread and coffee before going, and she could not get that before seven. Let her wait till then. No, she could not. There was only one Mass and that was at six. She would go fasting in any case, for she wished to receive Communion. She could do it well; she had often done it before.

The sullen dark morning found her faring slowly over the old familiar road. The chill got into her blood, but there was something in her heart that made her insensible to it as well as to the feeble lagging of her feet. The enfolding peace of her thoughts surpassed the charming of the Springtide. Mike and Tom seemed never so near. As she passed the little graveyard and looked at their two graves, side by side, a more than wonted tenderness for her dead made her poor old eyes grow moist with unshed tears as she plodded on without a pause.

When she got to the bare little church, with its three or four worshippers, she made her way to a pew near the sanctuary and sank exhausted on her knees. When the time for Communion arrived, a young girl near her, a factory hand, marvelled that she did not rise and go to the altar railing. She knew Mother Brennan well.

Looking at her more closely she saw that her head drooped, that she was breathing with the fitful respiration of a gaunt dog, dreaming on the hearthstone. Leaning forward the girl touched her, and as Mother Brennan roused herself with conscious effort, asked if she did not wish to go to Communion. The sweet smile came to the old woman's lips, her smile of lowly gratitude.

She rose laboriously, and with tenacious purpose made her flagging strength bear her to the Communion rail. When the

Priest came to her, the venerable old head sank back upon her shoulders as she raised her face, that he might place the sacred particle upon her tremulous tongue. Then it slowly bent in touching dignity of obeisance to her Lord, and the small black figure did not stir.

She clung close to the Communion rail, as a ruffled bird snuggles into some tiny niche in a Cathedral tower, seeking shelter from the scurrying blast.

The Priest had marked the expression of the wan, worn face. The soul had never stood forth so strongly in it. When he came down the altar steps at the end of Mass, he looked at her again, keenly. He made his genuflection, walked quickly into the sacristy, and having set down the chalice, took a leather case containing the Holy Oils from a closet, and without unvesting hurried back to her. He touched her sloping shoulders, then gently raised her head. Mother Brennan revived under his hand like a fainting flower, and slowly the sunken eyes upturned to his with the look of a baby in their innocent gaze.

"You are ill, Mother Brennan, are you not?" he said in his warm, unctuous tones. "Would you not like to have me give you the Last Sacrament and Absolution? Then I will send you home, or take you there myself."

The bony fingers feebly interlaced themselves and the lids fell over the dimmed eyes in meek assent. With light touch of the Holy Oils the Priest anointed the eyes, ears, nostrils, lips and hands, those organs of the senses which Mother Brennan had never used, save to get at God with through His vesture of the sweet, clean universe, never anything but sweet and clean to her.

Then the weary old head, with its touches of the consecrating chrism, sank slowly forward once again and the homely little figure became motionless. The Priest walked rapidly back to the sacristy, returned the leathern case to the closet, took off his vestments as quickly as he could and, in soutane and biretta, returned to her at once—the shepherd to his stricken sheep.

"Now, Mother Brennan," he said, with quiet, cheerful tones, "I will take you home. Come."

THE VENERABLE OLD HEAD SANK BACK UPON HER SHOULDERS.

For the first time in her life, Mother Brennan paid no heed to the Priest. He placed his hand on the bowed figure. There was no movement. Stooping, he peered into the placid face, which seemed to be shyly hiding, as if with a smile at her own playfulness. Mother Brennan had gone home by herself.

LIGHT HOUSE AT ENTRANCE TO RIVER PASIG.

MANILA AND ITS SUBURBS.

By R. V. V. Schuyler.

TEN years ago, when the steamer, on board of which I was a passenger, plowed her way up into Manila Bay, little did I think that the Stars and Stripes would ever be floating over the Philippine Islands. Not the most imaginative mind could have conceived such an idea. Except to those, possibly a score, who had business connections with the Islands, I doubt if many Americans could have told their exact location, if the question had been put to them suddenly.

As you sail up the Bay, your first impression of Manila is not favorable, and it produces a feeling of homesickness, even before landing. After getting on shore, the next step is to the Custom House, where fortunately I had no trouble, as I was well prepared; to be "forewarned is to be forearmed." As I had no dutiable effects, I was detained only a few moments, and I have been put to much more inconvenience, in our free and glorious America. The next thing was to present my letters of introduction to one of the American firms, which I did, and was at once given a cordial welcome and installed as a member of their household; from that moment things assumed a more *couleur de rose* aspect. My first night in my new home was an eventful one. I retired early, as I was completely fagged out. During the night I was awakened by the rocking of my bed. Thinking that I had not quite got over the motion of the ship, I lay awake for a moment, and then went to sleep again and forgot all about it.

In the morning, about nine o'clock, as we were taking our "desayuno," or before-breakfast cup of chocolate, one of the gentlemen asked me how I had rested. I told him of my experience, and they all smiled very audibly, and informed me that we had had an earthquake. This was rather a startling experience for the first night in a country to which you had come

LOWER PART, RIVER PASIG. OLD FORT ON LEFT.

with the intention of locating for some years. After "tiffin," or noon lunch, my friend took me in his carriage to call upon the foreign residents. This was soon accomplished, and I became, in one day, a duly accredited citizen so far as the foreign element was concerned. But there was still another important formality to be gone through, and that was to obtain permission from the Spanish authorities to remain in the Islands. I signed a petition made out on *papel sellado*, official paper, which costs fifty cents for the seal; this had to be countersigned by my friends, guaranteeing that I was a proper person. This same formality has to be gone through when you desire to leave the country. Visitors coming to stay only a few weeks, have to get some responsible person to be guarantee for their good behavior during their stay; this is required only in the event of their not having passports; should they have them, they will have to be countersigned by their consul, and these passports will be retained by the authorities until the parties are ready to take their departure, when the consuls will have to make application for their return. Thanks to our Army and Navy, this red tape business will soon be done away with.

It is now time to say something about Manila, and the customs of its inhabitants. One of the most notable features is the Rio, or River Pasig, which has its source in a large lake some distance up country. It is the dividing line of the Old City, always spoken of as Manila, with its crumbling old walls and generally dilapidated appearance, from the commercial quarter, or New City, so to speak. The Old City is on the right bank of the Pasig, as you enter from the bay. The Custom House and other government buildings are located there, and many of the government officials reside within its walls. On the left bank is located the commercial quarter; a short distance from the entrance you will find the stores usual to a seaport, ship chandlers, sailors' boarding houses, etc. Further up the river are the business places of the foreign merchants, some of which are very handsome buildings, with large warehouses or "Go-downs," as they are there called, for the storage of merchandise awaiting shipment. At one time many of the foreign residents lived over their places of business. The terrible earthquake of 1863 partially destroyed most of these buildings, rendering them uninhabitable as residences, though

some of them were still occupied for offices. Much serious damage was caused by that shakeup in Manila proper and its suburbs. Churches that had withstood many previous shocks were either partially or entirely destroyed. The Custom House and other government buildings were badly damaged.

The earthquake occurred June 3, at 7:20, in the evening before the Feast of Corpus Christi. Great preparations were being made for the celebration and many persons were in the churches at the time, but, thanks to a merciful providence, few were injured. The Cathedral, founded about the year 1578, suffered severely, as did also the Convent of Santa Isabel. One of the Fathers, who was caught in the Cathedral, was almost completely buried under falling stones, but was most miraculously saved. It took several hours to remove the stones, as the utmost precaution had to be taken for fear of crushing him. Had the shock occurred on the day of the celebration, when the procession was in the streets, there would have been a great loss of life. The old stone bridge over the Pasig was badly injured and for a time was condemned, so to facilitate traffic a pontoon bridge was constructed, as the only other bridge was the suspension bridge further up the river; strange to say, it was scarcely damaged at all.

The natives are very much afraid of earthquakes, and when they feel the slightest shake they cry out "*tembla, tembla!*" and are on their knees in a moment, beads in hand, saying their prayers. The Fathers maintain that these little "shakes" have a beneficial effect upon the natives, as it induces them to be more mindful of their duties to the Church.

PONTOON BRIDGE OVER RIVER PASIG.

The Chinese are the retail dry goods merchants of the Philippines, and you will find them in every little village, no matter how unimportant it is.

The principal shops in Manila are located in Binondo, one of the suburbs, and in the *Calle del Rosario* (Street of the Rosary) you will find dark-skinned Señoras making their purchases at almost all hours of the day, for they do not mind the heat so much as do their fair sisters of America.

Over the narrow sidewalks are stretched canvas awnings, which hang down quite to the curb, completely shutting out all glare from the street and affording shelter from the extreme heat.

The *Tagalos*, as the natives of the Island of Luzon are called, seldom have regular shops, but have instead little covered stands in the streets. Their stock in trade usually consists of the native fruits and sweets, and articles made from the fibre of the pineapple plant, such as handkerchiefs, shirts, and other knick-knacks suitable to the needs of the people.

STONE BRIDGE OVER RIVER PASIG, PARTLY DESTROYED BY AN EARTHQUAKE, 1863.

Some of the handkerchiefs that are made from this fibre are very elaborate, the work is all done by hand, and will compare favorably with our best imported lace goods. Some bring as high as a hundred dollars apiece. The natives are also skilful in the manufacture of hats and cigar cases made from a species of grass called *Tarey*. They also make many fancy articles out of the tortoise and mother of pearl shells.

A great industry is the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes, which gives employment to many thousands, mostly women. Their pay is very small, but their wants are few, and they seem satisfied with their lot. The writer has often visited the factories, and chatted with the employees, and invariably found them cheerful and contented. A more tractable, happy-go-lucky people does not exist. They are born gamblers, and are very fond of card playing; but their greatest sport is *pelea de gallos*, as they term it (cockfighting in our language). They seem, actually, to think more of their game-cock than they do of their families, and should their house, or rather hut, for it is little more, catch fire, their first thought is for the safety of their "*gallo.*" The wife is supposed to look out for herself and children.

Hospitality seems to be innate in them, and on occasions, such as their "*Fiesta del Pueblo*" (Feast of the Village), and christenings they keep open house, and give a hearty welcome to every one that calls, they are uniformly courteous, and pride themselves on being up in little points of etiquette. They are undoubtedly superior in many respects to the natives of Cebú, and some of the other

SECTION OF RIVER PASIG.

islands. They do not seem to be crushed by the supposed iron heel of despotism of the so much censured Augustinian and Franciscan Friars.

Touching on this subject, it would be well to reflect a moment as to what might have been the condition of these people had it not been for the kind care and solicitude of the Friars. It was their good counsel and advice that prevented them from an outbreak years ago. The writer, then a non-Catholic, during a residence of many years, often wondered at their patience under the tyranny of the Spanish Government. The Fathers are surely entitled to some credit for this, as well as for the general contentment of the natives.

One of the accomplishments these Tagalos possess is that of dancing. They are very fond of it, and dance besides the "Habanera," originated in Habana, from whence it derives its name, all the dances known to Europeans. The women are exceedingly graceful, and waltz beautifully. A most remarkable feature of their dancing is that they wear heelless slippers, which they keep on their bare feet, as they do not wear stockings, by placing their little toes outside of the slippers; they hold them firmly, never losing them no matter how rapidly they dance.

Smoking is universal, men, women and children indulge. When one enters a house, after the usual salutation *Magandary a vi Po*, cigars, cigarettes and the betel nut are offered to all present. It is the exception when any one declines, as it is not considered courteous to do so, but occasionally the line is drawn at the betel nut. In appearance this nut is not unlike our nutmeg. For chewing purposes, the nut is cut into slices, or small pieces, and a part of the leaf of the plant is rolled or twisted around it. It discolors the teeth very much and it has a sharp, pungent taste, not unpleasant to most persons, but the effect it produces in some is not altogether agreeable, for it is like that produced by liquor, flushing of the face and momentary dizziness in the head. Old timers put a small quantity of lime in the leaf to make the effect more lasting.

There is a great mixture of races in the Island of Luzon, the worst is that of the Chinese and native women; the offspring Chinese Mestizo seems to inherit all the vices of both races and none of the vir-

tues of either. Aguinaldo, the Insurgent Leader, looks like one, and probably is one; certainly his conduct towards our people demonstrates his fondness for double dealing.

The Palace of the Captain General, a large comfortable looking building, but not much from an architectural point, is located in the Village of San Miguel. It is surrounded by some beautiful tropical plants and is considered one of the sights worth seeing.

Many of the foreign merchants reside in that vicinity, and in the suburbs of Sampolos, San Sebastian, Nagtajan, and Santa Ana. Many of these residences will compare favorably, in point of comfort, with any in Europe or America. The foreign merchants live in the most luxurious manner, no expense being spared.

All the suburbs of Manila are accessible by water, and although the gondola is not in evidence, the graceful and buoyant canoe answers the purpose quite as well. Nearly every one keeps a trap of some kind, as the cost of keeping one is moderate. Some of the turnouts are very fine; the horses are small, but quite speedy.

One of the most amusing things at an entertainment there is to watch a newcomer trying to roll a cigarette in the presence of a bevy of young girls, who try their utmost to keep from laughing, but after witnessing the destruction of a dozen or so of cigarettes, one of them steps forward, and in the most charming manner offers her assistance. After giving a few lessons in the art of rolling, she lights one, puffs it for a moment and then, with her dainty fingers, places it between the stranger's lips. Is it to be wondered at that men take to smoking cigarettes in the Philippines?

The costume of the *Mestiza* (half-breed woman) consists of a richly striped, colored skirt, generally of silk, over which falls a shorter skirt, called *tapis*, somewhat like an apron, in front. The waist has long, loose sleeves; it is rather low in the neck, while a bright colored handkerchief is carelessly thrown over the shoulders, coming down below the waist in a point.

The native girl wears a loose skirt and waist of fine *Nipe*, or piña cloth, a valuable

RUINS OF CUSTOM HOUSE, EFFECT OF EARTHQUAKE, 1863.

material of the finest tissue. Her neck is bare and ornamented with beads. On her head she wears a handkerchief of bright fantastic colors, which comes over her eyebrows and down to the tips of her ears, from which hang long earrings of sparkling gems. One end falling over her neck is fastened to her waist, in front. Her legs are bare, and on her feet she wears slippers half shod, which when she walks she drags in a careless way, peculiar to her class, but inconceivable to a European lady.

The theatre, located near the "*Calzada*," or Boulevard, just outside of the walls of Manila, is well patronized, Sunday and Thursday being the "gala" nights.

There is a very imposing and exceedingly well-proportioned monument erected in memory of the great navigator Magellan, the discoverer of the Philippines, who lost his life in battle with the natives.

The great event of the day is the drive on the "*Calzada*," or Boulevard; every one that can muster a vehicle of any kind turns out. The Spanish element dine at five o'clock, and then go for their drive. The foreigners take their drive before dining at 7:30. When the Captain General, with his escort of Mounted Lancers, drives down the centre of the avenue, all the carriages, with their gay occupants, line up on either side until he passes. Crowds of pedestrians, hurrying along to their homes after their day's labor, suddenly come to a halt, as well as the carriages, at the sound of the "Angelus" bell. Hats are removed, and for a moment there is a deathlike silence. The effect is most impressive, and if there is a spark of Christianity in one it must kindle with love for God, and his fellow-beings, at that moment, at this reminder of the great mystery of the Incarnation.

Each suburb has its own church and parochial residence. Some of these churches are very fine specimens of architecture, San Sebastian and Santo Domingo being notably so. The "Tagalos," apparently, are a religious people, very strict in their observance of the rules of the Church. Not so much

SPANISH VESSELS AWAITING CARGO.

CHINESE SHOPS, ESCOLTA, BINONDO.

can be said of the Spanish element; the men are very lax in their duties, the women, as they are everywhere, are more devout. The Military Mass is usually well attended, on account of the music. There are no pews or seats in the churches and the worshippers have to kneel on the tiled floors, so they have to be well imbued with a good share of Christian fervor to go through the services on their knees. Since the arrival of the Jesuits, some thirty-five years ago, there has been a notable improvement in the community in every particular, but especially from an educational standpoint. Comparatively little had been done towards improving the condition of the natives in that direction. In the Philippines, as everywhere, the presence and refining influence of the Jesuits is felt.

The fertility of the soil of the Philippines is marvellous; the growth of every tropical product is so spontaneous that scarcely any cultivation is needed. The methods hitherto used are of the most primitive character. Just imagine the immense increase in the production when modern implements are introduced. It is impossible to compute the wealth of these islands, as many thousands of acres are uncultivated, in fact are virgin soil. Its resources are illimitable. In minerals alone there are immense opportunities, to say nothing of the thousands of trees of the most valuable and merchantable species of wood The fruits grow wild; you can ride for miles and miles through the woods and will find the mango, banana, lemon, orange, guava and other products, natives of the soil, in abundance, and can indulge your appetite to the utmost, free of cost. The export trade is at present confined principally to sugar, hemp, tobacco and indigo; coffee, Japan wood, hide cuttings, and rattans are also shipped in small quantities.

The staff of life of the natives is the

cocoanut. They use it for many purposes. It provides them with food, wine, oil, fishing tackle, fuel, etc. But little attention is paid to the cultivation of coffee, which could be made a great source of income if properly cultivated. The berry is very similar to that of the "mocha" and the flavor is quite as good.

Cavite, where the navy yard is located, is about twelve miles from Manila, just across the bay, and stands about in the same relation as Brooklyn does to New York. It is but little visited by the residents of Manila. It contains several very old churches.

VILLAGE OF SAN SEBASTIAN, SUBURB OF MANILA.

Much has been written about the unhealthiness of tropical climates, but that objection cannot hold good so far as the Philippines are concerned. On the contrary, there is no healthier spot on the face of the globe; but of course one has to adapt one's mode of living to the climate. The difficulty with Europeans is that they do not take proper, or even ordinary care of themselves. We often read of persons coming back from the East Indies broken down in health, liver upset and other such complaints. If these persons would tell the truth about their manner of living, we should find that they had kept up most of their old habits, particularly in the way of imbibing, taking their Guinness' stout, brandy and soda *ad libitum*, and then blame the climate. This is probably the trouble, at this time, with our soldiers that are ill in Manila. If the matter were looked into, it would be found to be attributable to their excessive indulgence in drink. Malaria exists there, but are the islands in the neighborhood of New York free from it? Yellow fever is not known. The most prevalent fever is typhoid, but it is seldom epidemic. During certain hours of the day the heat is intense, but is tempered by cooling breezes; besides, no work is done during those hours, and the nights are invariably cool and refreshing, so one can sleep and arise in the morning invigorated and ready for the day's work. How I longed for such nights last Summer in New York. The temperature changes but little, the rainy season sets in about July and continues until the middle of October. During

RESIDENCE OF AN AMERICAN, NAGTAJAN.

RESIDENCE OF CAPTAIN GENERAL, SAN MIGUEL, SUBURB OF MANILA.

that season occasional typhoons make things lively; the river overflows its banks and canoes become serviceable for navigating the streets; but such events happen even in climates that are not tropical. If there is a Paradise on earth, in my opinion it is in the Philippines.

When the American government shall have extended its benign sway over the inhabitants and given to them their rights, while exacting a strict observance of the law, then will open a new era of prosperity, and, we trust, of happiness for all classes of Filipinos.

A PEASANT WEDDING IN FRANCE.

IN a picturesque part of Northern France stands a charming old chateau, surrounded by a park with many fine large trees and vast stretches of greensward. The neighboring hills and meadows are covered with innumerable wild flowers, which lift their purple and golden heads to show their joy at the return of Spring and sunshine.

The chateau, still inhabited by representatives of a monarchical age, though architecturally not imposing, is rather a spacious home-like structure, with many dependent buildings near by; and a short distance from a town quaint with moss-thatched cottages, a town hall and school house, not to mention the village church with its pretty Norman tower. Adjoining the church is a deserted Calvary, long the scene of many beautiful reunions, when father, mother and children gathered round the foot of the cross, to offer their first prayers at morning, their thanksgiving at night, to Him who by the cross had redeemed them. At least the symbol of salvation is allowed to stand, and though few gather near to pray as in the good old days of faith, perhaps this silent reminder may be an influence, which in time will make the many as fervent as the few now are, and bring back a repetition of other days, before wars and revolutions came to work such havoc.

Evidently something unusual has happened in the quiet little town, for the peasants hurry to and fro with garlands and bunches of flowers, and beaming faces and expectant looks tell of some pleasant event to occur. It is nothing less than a wedding, and the bridegroom being one of the richest men of the village, a cultivator of the soil, whose wealth in a newer country might make him aspire to positions of great importance, here is perfectly content to till his fields and live as his fathers have done for generations.

The nineteenth century with its progress, however, has invaded this secluded spot, and no longer will the scene be bright with quaint old-fashioned costumes; short petticoats, knee breeches and bright ribbons, all belong to a bygone age, and in very few parts of France do we see anything picturesque in costume, though many old customs still remain.

The bride is from an adjacent village where the marriage ceremony had occurred the day before, but in a few hours, the bridal procession will reach this town, which being the home of the groom is the last place to be visited. Whenever a wedding takes place, it is customary for the newly married pair to visit all their friends, and this duty is not confined to a single hamlet, but if they are peasants of some wealth and importance, they must visit all the neighboring villages, and in this case, it is the second day after the wedding, before the bridal couple reach their home. Fortunately these maidens are little less sturdy than the men, otherwise their visiting, we fear, would be apt to result disastrously, as in most cases they go entirely on foot, and the fatigue of the dancing and merriment in addition would hardly be borne

by those who were not brought up in the open air and green fields of a healthy country.

Two triumphal arches have been erected, one at the entrance to the town which they must pass through, the other outside the bride's new home. These were gayly decked with flowers and boughs of trees, and the words "Happiness, joy, felicity to the newly married" were inscribed below. The plan was that the bridal party should come from the town to the chateau, where they would be entertained by the family, and this would conclude the ceremonies, at least, the bride's visits would then be completed. The young people from the chateau go down into the village to see the entry of the procession. Nearly all the peasants are in their freshest frocks and the children are wandering about in evident glee. At last the signal is given that the party is in sight, and immediately a grand cannonading begins. It was a slightly alarming spectacle to behold a smoking gun in the hands of a next-door neighbor, and a somewhat astonished small child having the hardihood to cry at such unexpected proceedings, is summarily suppressed by a determined mother's well-timed slap, and in the midst of the uproar, the bride and bridegroom appear. She had discarded her white dress and veil of the preceding day, and was now attired in a silk dress of a light color, and wore a hat bedecked with flowers, which if scarcely of the style adopted by the Parisian lady of fashion, at least bore more resemblance to that mode than to the quaint picturesque peasant costume of an earlier date. She was said to be very young, but this child of the fields had not worked for naught, and her robustness gives her the appearance of a maturer age. The groom wears a high silk hat and black suit and the rest of the procession are dressed in their best clothes.

A table had been placed beneath the arch with bisque figures of a man and woman, and before this the newly married pause while a speech of congratulation is read to them. At last they turn their footsteps towards the chateau, the procession being led by performers on the cornet-à-piston, and make their way to a beautiful grove where they are to be received. Light refreshments had been prepared, but they first began by a dance. All the men wore their hats as they went through the mazes of a sort of quadrille, which was performed with considerable solemnity. As soon as this dance was over, the groom left his wife, and invited one of the ladies of the chateau to dance, and then all the men left their village partners, to ask different members of the household to honor them. The young ladies graciously complied. An onlooker could not help thinking how much prettier the sight would have been, had there been glimpses of vivid color and quaint garbs, rather than the imitation of city styles, reaching a culmination in stove pipe hats. However, everything was very interesting, and when the lord of the Chateau came forth to drink the health of the young couple and in graceful words wished them many blessings and much happiness, a fitting termination seemed to have been given to the day. As all had been invited to stay and make merry, the music and dance went on somewhat longer, and then the wedding party moved back to the town, where the bride's entry into her new home was marked by a second cannonading.

On the morrow everything had returned to its ordinary condition, and these simple pleasure-loving people were ready to begin again their rustic toil, brightened by the memory of this wedding festival.

A GLIMPSE OF MISSION LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

LETTER OF FATHER RAYMOND PERUGA TO FATHER PAUL PASTELLS, SUPERIOR OF THE MISSION.

My Very Dear Father Superior, P.C.

Last week I went to Cauit, thence to Oteiza to greet Father Moré who is all alone at his station; then I visited, successively, the missionary posts of Tago, Alba, and St. Michael, and finally returned to Tigas for the Easter duty. Thus in a few days I managed to make a little visitation of the whole of this mission. Everywhere I found good health, and moreover a general appearance of cheerful content, because the rice-harvest, which they have just gathered, was everywhere fairly good. This will keep them in food; their clothing, tribute, and other necessary expenses, will be supplied by the filament of the abacá, which abounds in this region and brings a good price. It remains now that, in acknowledgment of so many favors received from our Lord, these people should try to lead a good Christian life and serve God by a faithful observance of His Commandments.

I would to God that I could tell you positively and without qualification that all our converts are fulfilling this duty of gratitude. But among so many there are always some lame, some laggards, some stragglers, as if the light burden of serving God were too heavy for them. There are some, too, who seem to grow weary at times of walking steadily on the beaten road and who, like wild goats, leap the barriers and run wild in the woods and mountain paths, which are full of perils for their souls. But even these wanderers, it must be said, if once their shepherd can succeed in reaching them, submit readily enough and return humbly to their duty. From this it appears clearly enough that the mistakes and the sins of our poor Indians proceed much less from lack of good feeling or real wickedness than from ignorance and a certain levity of character.

As you know already, in the vast basin of the river Tago which is navigable for boats of light draft, there are unconverted natives of various races, who are in great need of the work and the zeal of the missionaries, who should be able to devote to them abundant time and care. These races are the Mandayas, the Manobos, and the Mamánuas. The Mandayas are already, for the most part, converted and baptized. Some of them are included in the municipal limits of Tago, as their plantations lie near that settlement; the remainder of them form the Reduction of Alba, which is situated on the right bank of the river, about a day's journey from its mouth. For this people, then, the chief part of our work has been accomplished; they need only cultivation in Christian life and principles, that is, frequent visits and instructions, to become deeply rooted in Christianity and to bear abundant fruit in the Vineyard of the Lord.

It would be very consoling to be able to say as much of the Manobos and Mamánuas. Unhappily their story is vastly different. However, in order that you may be able to take measures for the conversion and the organization of these people, with full knowledge of their case, I shall tell you all that we know of their character, their customs and their attitude towards Christianity.

The Manobos of the Tago consist of natives of the valley of the Tago itself and of those who have come to them from beyond the mountains, that is, from the basin of the Agusan. These immigrants are called by them Luyohanon, which means, those from the other side. These

form the majority, and they are the dregs and the refuse of the Agusan district, from which they have fled for various reasons: some for fear of the troops, who have been hunting them because of their crimes, which are innumerable; others to avoid the Fathers of that Mission, who were seeking them with great zeal and solicitude, in order to bring them to a better life, and to form them into civilized communities. From this, you can easily judge what manner of hardened wretches and criminals they are, and how hard it will be, if at all possible, to Christianize them. There are other difficulties concerning these poor savages, which, together with those mentioned, would make us despair of ever converting them, were it not that our chief ground of hope is in the Precious Blood of Christ, which was shed for them, as well as for us and for all.

However, I may say, for your consolation, that something has been done by way of an opening, towards winning them over to Christianity. It is not quite three years since I made my first visit to a number of those Manobos who are nearest to Alba, though it takes a good day's journey by water to reach them. Though they received me, on that occasion, into their dens and their forest-haunts, I made no headway with them concerning the chief purpose of my visit. Yet this was more than I expected, for I was quite prepared to find that they had all taken to the woods on my approach. Thank God, they did receive me well enough, after their fashion, though I observed that they seemed very suspicious. As I soon discovered, they believed that I had brought with me a large body of troops, left somewhere in the rear, to make them all prisoners. Though I protested repeatedly that I had no thought of any such thing, I could not quite overcome their mistrust. I found them with hardly enough clothing on to cover their bodies; indeed, many of them wore nothing but a dirty breech-clout. All night long some of them kept watch, fearing a surprise from the fancied escort of troops.

On the following morning I proposed to them to form themselves into a community, and I promised them that we would establish a court among them to adjust their constant and troublesome disputes. They answered that if I would allow them time, say until I should make them another visit, they would consult about the proposal and then give me a definite decision. As this was all I could obtain from them for the moment, I treated them to a few cups of *nipa* wine, of which they are exceedingly fond. Before I left them they promised, as it is very hard to reach their distant habitation, to meet me at the shores of their river and to put up a little hut for the night. Finally, I took leave of them, and rowed away with mingled feelings of satisfaction at the fact that I had effected an opening for further negotiations, and of sadness at the sad condition of those poor savages who had no knowledge or thought of the true God.

When the time fixed for my next visit had come, I went up the river again to meet them. I found a few Manobos at the appointed place, and when I inquired about the shelter they had promised to provide, they answered very coolly:

"We were just beginning to put it up when a *limócon* began to sing, which we take to be a bad omen, and so we all left the place."

"Is it possible," I asked, "that men as brave as you, are afraid of a wretched little bird?"

"What could we do?" they answered, "for so we believe."

And so I was compelled to make a new appointment for a meeting, which had happier results. This time I found a shelter prepared, a very poor one, it is true, but it gave me much encouragement, for I looked upon it as a token of progress in my relations with these savages. We had a long talk together before retiring to rest at night, though it was hardly a rest for me, as the sleeping place was so small that there was no possibility of stretching one's self out in it.

Early in the morning I began by recommending my undertaking to St. John Francis Regis, whose feast we celebrated on that day. When the sun was well up we resumed our conference, which resulted in their promising to build themselves houses like civilized men, and I was able to appoint judges and judicial procedure for settling differences among them. They begged, however, that I would not insist on their receiving baptism immediately. I told them that I should be happy to baptize those who might apply to me for it, but that it was not the custom of the missionaries to force anyone to receive baptisim.

I have visited them twice since then, and I find that they are actually building themselves dwellings, very few indeed, so far, but it is a beginning. In this new reduction there are about twenty-five families, and there is another band of them about half a day's journey further on and about as numerous. I have not yet been able to meet these, but I hope to bring them in soon. They tell me that there is also another party of Manobos, still further off, consisting of about fifty or sixty families. Their chief is an escaped convict from Surigao, and his presence and influence will increase the difficulty of treating with them. He is a real fugitive and always keeps himself out of sight, for he is, as he has reason to be, very fearful of the approach of strangers. I hope to make another excursion soon into that region with some hopes of taming those savages. Could you not send me a supply of hardware, tools, and the like, as a means of attracting them? They are fond of such things and it would be well to have them learn the use of them. But enough of the Manobos for the present. Now let me say a word about the Mamánuas.

These savages seem to me to be among the most wretched of the children of Adam. I have no idea of their number, nor is it easy to ascertain it, because of their nomadic life. They are vagrants, always moving and carrying with them all that they possess, which amounts to a spear and the dogs they keep to hunt wild boars. As far as I can learn, they wander about the region which stretches from the source of the Tago to the basin of the Cantilan. They lead so miserable a life that they are despised even by the Manobos. I beg you to consider whether there may not be some means of approaching and of bringing them to the knowledge and service of God.

In a word, I believe that the gaining and Christianizing of the Manobos along the Tago, will be a very hard task, and even much harder still will be the work of dealing with the Mamánuas. I hope that you will help me to overcome these difficulties, by your prayers, your counsels and some timely alms, which are all levers of great power for removing obstacles.

But I am running on too far, though I have endeavored to spare you by omitting details that would be interesting. But, to come to an end, I recommend myself to your Holy Sacrifices and Prayers.

Your Servant in Christ,
RAIMUNDO PERUGA, S. J.

LETTER OF FATHER RAMÓN RICART TO THE REV. FATHER PASTELLS, SUPERIOR OF THE MISSION.

DEAR FATHER SUPERIOR, P. C.

This letter is my account of the second quarter of 1892. Until the 17th of June, I was helping Father Ramo among the natives, near Talacogon, and those who dwell on the shores of the river Gibon. I reached Veruela on the 16th, and there celebrated the feast of St. John Francis, patron of that settlement. After the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I set out, on the 27th, for Játiva, where Brother Mataniala had been left all alone.

The news of the murders at Talacogon came upon us here like a thunderbolt, and spread terror among our communities of Christians in these parts. The

unbelievers around about us have also committed murders, and have carried off some captives into slavery. I have heard likewise of three human sacrifices in May and June. Some of them, early in May, made an attack upon the old settlement of Pilar, where they killed some and enslaved others, and they did the same to some Manobos at Salug. By way of reprisals, the infidel Bacudan of Salug carried off into slavery a woman and her two little sons, though they failed to seize the husband, who is a Christian of the station of Patrocinio.

In the beginning of June, among the hills opposite Veruela, there were two murders, and a chief performed a *paghuaga*, or human sacrifice, the victim being a Christian maiden whom he had brought for the purpose from I know not where. We shall probably soon hear of other murders by these same inhuman wretches. The chief motive of all these crimes may be found in the iniquities which accompany the traffic in slaves. These are nearly always carried through Gandia and Compostela, and the Gandians always know when they pass. By transferring the detachment of troops stationed in Veruela to Gandia, and ordering them to bring the slave-drivers as prisoners to Surigao, there would be an end to this nefarious business; one thing certain is that the Manobos of these mountains and along these rivers, will soon disappear, for it is known that every slave means preceding murders and consequent reprisals for revenge.

Here in Játiva we have Aférez, who was one of the civic guard that was engaged in the pursuit and punishment of malefactors, and who is quite ready for such work. If we could have, in addition, from Surigao, Sergeant Bernardino Leasurra, who was in the same service, and who knows those evil-doers very well, and who, moreover, is acquainted with every foot of ground along these rivers and mountains, it would be a great help toward setting things right.

I must add that, for the care and the consolidation of these communities, there ought to be a Father in residence here. It is impossible for me to visit them all, even as often as twice a year. Though I am on my feet and travelling without interruption, yet I cannot even attend properly to the conversion of the unbelievers and the recovery of our stragglers. I must be content to send messengers to them and thus I have managed to reach nearly all the backsliders. By this means I have been able to organize three new settlements.

During the eight days I spent in Veruela, I made up a number of feuds and quarrels among the Manobos, most of which sprang from assassinations. In Patrocinio I met five converted families that had come in to escape the dreaded assassins. At Játiva no one dares to go over to the other side of the river, where their plantations are left uncared for because of the terror that reigns everywhere among them.

In our visitation of the settlements of San Luis, Santa Inés, Novelé, Ebró, Borbon, Navas, Prosperidad, Azpeitia, and Arcos, Father Ramo heard confessions and preached in their language, and without any need of an interpreter. It seemed to me that all was going on well there.

You perceive that I have not asked for anything this time; however, if it should occur to you to send me any little thing that might be useful in our dealings with the savages whom we shall try to bring over, or any church articles, they will be received very gratefully, for Veruela is quite destitute. If any money comes in for alms, I might give you a hint as to the objects in which it could be most usefully invested.

I wish you all a very happy feast on the day of our Blessed Father Ignatius. Present my affectionate greetings to our Fathers and Brothers, to whose Holy Sacrifices and prayers I commend myself.

Your Servant in Christ,
RAMÓN RICART, S.J.

THE AUGUSTINIANS IN ASIA.

THE following interesting and instructive details are taken from the "Annual Report of the Missions of the Augustinian Province of the Most Holy Name of Jesus in the Philippines, China, Spain and Rome for 1897–1898, printed at Malabon, at the Orphan Asylum of Our Lady of Consolation, under the management of the Augustinians, 1898."

REPORT.

From this report we gather the following data relating to the missionary work of the Augustinians in Asia, in the Philippine Islands and China.

In the Philippine archipelago, in the care of the Fathers in the Islands of Luzon, Panay and Cebu are twenty-two extensive districts, whereof six are in the archdiocese of Manila, and sixteen others in the following dioceses,—eleven in Nueva Segovia, one in Cebu, and four in Jaro, embracing in all two hundred and twenty-five parishes and missions, in charge of three hundred and twenty-six religious.

The statistics of their work for the last year (as given in the Report) present the following figures: Souls in charge of the Fathers, 2,377,743; number of baptisms, 110,233; number of marriages, 17,909; number of deaths, 67,508.

As we learn from the Report, co-workers with the above Augustinian missionaries are three secular parish priests in care of souls, under the direction, however, of the Father Provincial.

All the missions (as well as those on the Asiatic continent in China) are under the direction of a chief, styled Provincial, whose headquarters are in Manila. With him as assistants in his widely scattered territory, are associated seventeen coadjutors, known, all but one, as vicars provincial, whereof one resides at Madrid, Spain, another in China, the others assisting him in the Philippines, in different parts of the islands under his care, in the several mission groups, thirty-two in number, which are formed of parishes and cures.

These groups, all comprising a larger or smaller number of cures within their limits, are centered in the four dioceses of the Philippines as follows: In the archdiocese of Manila are six of them with 940,906 souls in charge; in the diocese of Nueva Segovia (also in the Island of Luzon), are eleven with 553,739 souls, whereof 140,392 are pagans; in the diocese of Cebu (in the island of the same name and others of the Visaya group) is one district with 258,866 souls in charge, while in the diocese of Jaro (in the island of Panay) are four missions-centres with 623,302 souls in care of the Fathers.

In Luzon the six mission groups (in the archdiocese) have their headquarters as follows: Manila with ten parishes; Batangas with ten parishes; Bulacan with eighteen parishes; Nueva Ecija with twenty-two parishes; Tarlac with four parishes; Pompanga with twenty-five parishes.

These are in the archdiocese (as said of Manila), while the other eleven in the diocese of Nueva Segovia (in the same island of Luzon), are in four groups known as provinces, Ilocos Norte with twelve parishes; Ilocos Sur with eleven parishes; Union with twelve parishes; Abra with four parishes; five known as districts, *distritos*, Tiagan with two missions; Lepanto with five missions; Bontoc with four missions; Quiangan with two missions; Benguet with three missions, and two commanderies, *commandancia*, Amburayan with three missions; Cabugaoan, *data not given.*

On the island of Cebu is one sole province known by the same name, with seventeen parishes, while in Panay are three provinces, Iloilo with thirty-one

parishes; Capiz with eighteen parishes; Antique with sixteen parishes, and a district, Concepcion, with seven parishes.

Thus in these two hundred and twenty-five parishes and missions the Fathers have in care 2,376,813 souls, of whom 140,392 in Luzon are yet to be Christianized.

CONVENTS.

With these immense burdens depending on the labors of the missionaries, yet are there only three convents, so-called, in the Philippine group. At Manila are the convent headquarters of the brethren in the islands founded on June 24, 1571. Here are fifty-one religious in community; twenty-six Fathers, whereof eight are retired from active mission service; fourteen scholastics and eleven lay brothers.

At Manila, which is the headquarters of the Eastern missionaries, resides the Father Provincial with his immediate assistants, as definitors, the procurator-general of the missions (with his assistant), the archivist, chronicler and secretary of the provincial and the preacher general of the province.

Here at Manila, it may be observed, was held the second provincial chapter of the province on May 3, 1572, whereat twelve Fathers, all at the time in the East, were present.

A second convent in honor of the Most Holy Child is at Cebu, founded on April 28, 1565, the year the Augustinians with Admiral Legazpi reached the Philippines from Mexico, whence they had sailed the year before. At Cebu are eight religious in community, four Fathers and as many lay-brothers. At Cebu was held the first provincial chapter of the Fathers in the Philippines, in June, 1569.

Then, thirdly, comes the convent of *Nuestra Senora de Gracia* at Guadalupe, a Sanctuary or Shrine much frequented by the devout, especially the Chinese, two leagues E.S.E. from Manila, where a house of the Order was opened in 1601. At Guadalupe are four religious in residence, three Fathers and one lay-brother.

Belonging to the Philippine province are two other convents in Europe, one at Madrid (in Spain) where resides the European vicar-provincial depending on Manila, with two Fathers and one lay-brother, and the other in Rome (Italy) with a Father and a lay-brother in residence.

COLLEGES.

Both in Spain and the Philippines are colleges under the direction of the Provincial at Manila for the education and training of youth destined for work on the missions.

One of these institutions is at Valladolid, the novice-house of the Philippine province, founded in 1735, under the title of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, where there are 158 religious in residence, nine Fathers, 134 clerics, of whom twenty-five are novices, and fifteen lay-brothers.

Here is taught philosophy, a three years' course, and one year's divinity.

At La Vid (also in Spain) a monastery founded in 1032, but granted to the Order in 1865, are 108 religious in residence, ten Fathers, eighty-one clerics and seventeen lay-brothers. Here the Scholastics pursue a four years' course of Theology.

At both convents lay-brothers pass their year of novitiate. While at the Manila convent (to which reference has been made), the students finish their fourth and fifth year of divinity.

So much for the administrative departments of the Philippine province.

For the aged mission-workers and such as have been invalided in service, a house of the province known as la Casa de Gracia was opened in Spain in 1880. This community embraces twenty-three religious in residence, twenty-two priests and six lay-brothers.

INSTITUTIONS.

In the Philippines under the direction of the Fathers are conducted the follow-

ing establishments of training and beneficence.

COLLEGE AND SEMINARY.

At Vigan, the Villa Fernandina of other times, a charming city, thus named in memory of King Ferdinand VI., who conferred on it city rights, and place of residence of the bishops of Nueva Segovia since 1755, is a seminary and college under the direction of the Fathers, seven of whom are teachers. Here 209 students are taught the following branches (as set down in the Report), viz.: Dogmatic Theology, Moral Theology, Metaphysics, Logic, Ethics, Physics, Chemistry, Geography, Poetry, Rhetoric, Trigonometry, Geometry, Algebra, Arithmetic, Analysis and translation of Latin, Greek, Spanish and French, Church History, Natural History, Universal History, History of Spain, History of the Philippine Islands, Christian Doctrine.

ORPHAN ASYLUM FOR BOYS.

At Tambohn, about a league from Manila, is an orphan asylum under the care of six religious, two Fathers and four lay brothers, inspectors of the schools, where 145 lads are taught the following trades: Compositors, thirteen; press work, twelve; bookbinders, thirty; gilders, three; candle makers, forty-three, and forty-four too young to train.

ORPHAN ASYLUM FOR GIRLS.

At Mandaloya on the Tasig is another orphan asylum for girls, conducted by Augustinian Nuns, in number twenty-two. From the report we gather the following items: Number of pupils, 122.

The course of instruction embraces music, piano; painting, drawing, embroidery, artificial flower making, dressmaking, hairdressing, lacemaking, laundry work and sewing.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF THE SAID PROVINCE.

Total number of religious engaged on the missions entrusted to the Order or associated therein, 613, of whom 326 are in the Philippines, thirteen in China, two at Rome in Italy and 272 in Spain. Total number of missions with care of souls, 234, of which nine are in China and 225 in the Philippines.

CHINA.

In China, where the Fathers, twelve in number, have charge of the province of North Hu-nan in the interior of that empire, they have missions in eight districts with headquarters at Hofu or Jofu, Yalan or Pateros, Cai-tchi-kiao, Tseleangping, Yotchon, Sesuetien, Semen-sien and Nie-kia-se. At Shanghai and Hanghow, cities nearer the coast, are residences, which, with the missions, are under the direction of the Augustinian Vicar Apostolic, Father Louis Perez, Titular Bishop of Corcyra, and Vicar Provincial, Father Saturnino de la Torre. Unfortunately, no detailed statistics of these Chinese missions similar to those referring to the Philippines, whereon they depend, are given in this report.

VITAL STATISTICS RELATING TO THE MISSIONS OF THE AUGUSTINIANS (RECOLETOS EXCLUDED) IN THE PHILIPPINES. FROM 1892–1898.

Year	Pueblos	Parishes, Missions	Souls	Baptisms	Marriages	Deaths	Augustinians in the Philippines
1892	203	188	2,082,131	98,731	20,355	83,051	310
1893	208	——	2,096,281	103,015	21,279	78,335	286
1894	219	——	2,136,103	104,049	25,005	73,696	317
1895	231	——	2,191,604	107,573	22,660	81,652	317
1896	——	——	2,324,968	112,130	19,421	71,295	344
1897	——	225	2,377,743	110,233	17,909	67,508	319

THE VENERABLE FATHER ALOYSIUS MARY SOLARI, S.J.

WHAT Father Bernard de Hoyos was to Spain in the last century, the venerable Father Aloysius Mary Solari, the subject of this sketch, was to Italy in this century, in spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart. Both were priests of the Society of Jesus, both died young and in great repute of holiness, and the cause of the Beatification of both has been begun.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD, 1795–1806.

Father Solari was born May 13, 1795, in Chiavari, now an important town of thirteen thousand inhabitants on the Riviera di Levante, about twenty-five miles south of Genoa. He was baptized on the Feast of the Ascension, the day after his birth, in the parish church of St. John the Baptist, and was named Augustine John Nicholas Aloysius and Raphael. Although it is not the custom in the Society of Jesus, for its members to take a new name in religion as in other religious Orders, still instances are found of names being changed or modified. Before his entry into religion, Father Solari was always called Augustine, but thenceforth he wished to be called Aloysius Mary, out of devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to St. Aloysius, to whom he had made a vow when he was in trouble about his vocation. He received the Sacrament of Confirmation, January 18, 1801, from his uncle, Monsignor Luke Solari, Bishop of Brugnato. Another uncle, Father Joseph Solari of the Congregation of Pious Schools, enjoyed some fame as a man of letters.

Augustine was the only son of a family of four children. Like many others we read of, he amused himself at a very early age by preaching to his three sisters. On one of those occasions he indulged in a rhetorical flight to which significance was attached in the light of after years. He compared the Solari family to a beautiful torch with four lights, and himself to an extinguisher which should put them all out. The four lights, it seems, were his father and his three uncles, the Bishop, the Scolopian, and another who was a lawyer of note. The fact proved that the renown of the sanctity of the young orator eclipsed in after years the fame of those distinguished personages, though his father had his fears at the time that the youth would prove anything but a credit to the family on account of some faults he observed in his character. This good man died in the July of 1807, and in him Chiavari lost one of its most respected and public-spirited citizens. He was one of the three founders of the *Societa Economica* of Chiavari, the first of its kind in all Italy, and it was through its means that the cultivation of Indian corn was introduced, as well as that of another popular vegetable sometimes called *solanum tuberosum*, but better known as the potato. So slow, after all, is the spread of the knowledge of useful things.

AT SCHOOL IN SAVONA, 1806—1814.

In the November of the year 1806, Augustine was sent to a college at Savona, once the property of the Society of Jesus, now kept by the Lazarists. The Rector, Father Castagna, has left us in a letter, written March 16, 1830, the following account of Solari as a school boy :

"During the first year of his college life he was so lively that at times he seemed to be beside himself. His vivacity, however, never led him to breaches of good manners and failure in docility. His levity sprang from impulse, and never from malice, nor did it ever degenerate

into boldness or wilfulness. He was inconstant in study, though he was not backward in class, owing to his clear and ready mind. During that year he was neither fervent or negligent in practices of piety. In the following year he changed so suddenly and completely that the Fathers used to say he was no longer the same boy. Thenceforth he was always diligent at study, constant and faithful in his piety, and guarded in his conduct. At proper times he was jovial but always in moderation. He chose the most virtuous of his companions for friends and they called him their St. Aloysius. He had a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and was solicitous to make her the subject of conversation at the evening recreation, especially on Saturdays. He arranged with his companions to draw by lot a little ticket every week on which was prescribed some special virtue to be practised during the following week, a pious practice he kept up the whole of his stay in the college. He would not tolerate anyone speaking ill of another in his presence, even though it should be of trifling faults; much less would he stand scurrility, or anything wanting in decency. I know that he fasted, especially on the eve of the feast of our Lady, but I am not sure whether or not he practised other mortifications, though I suspected that he did. He used to pray by his bedside longer than was prudent, and it was remarked that he knelt on his bare knees. His humility led him to give unstinted praise to the gifts of others, while without affectation he accounted himself inferior to all in talent, knowledge, and endowments of the mind. He was charitable to the poor, equal to every emergency, and docile to the orders of his superiors and the advice of his spiritual director, though he was somewhat scrupulous on account of the delicacy of his conscience."

The salutary change recorded in this letter was largely owing to a Prefect who came to the college in 1807. Up to that time the young Solari was apt to give too free rein to his natural liveliness. Hence his sisters, when vacation time approached, did not look forward to his home-coming with feelings of unalloyed satisfaction. They knew by experience what a disturbing element his vivacity was in their quiet home. But when he returned to them in the Autumn of 1807, they were agreeably surprised to find him changed so much to their liking.

In the Summer of 1814, he left the college of Savona, having completed his course of rhetoric, and studied some philosophy. The impression he made on his companions and superiors during his eight years of college life, was one that lasted all their lives. One of them wrote in 1871, after an interval of sixty years, that he remembered him as a saintly youth, who was the joy and admiration of all, and that to his love of letters he united a rare and winning piety.

UNIVERSITY AND CLERICAL STUDENT. 1814–1817.

After his return to Chiavari, Augustine studied mathematics for a while under Father Spotorno, a Barnabite, a famous teacher of the exact sciences. Being more of a literary than a scientific turn of mind, he derived little profit from the two lessons he received each day from his tutor, who was called away soon after to Bologna to be professor of rhetoric in the Barnabite College. Solari then went to Genoa to continue his philosophy in the University under a certain Father Massucco. During that year he was often blessed by Pope Pius VII., without being aware of it. The Pontiff had removed from Rome to Genoa, where he lived for a time in the Durazzo Palace, now the Royal Palace, in the Via Balbi. From its terrace Pius VII. often beheld Solari, in a little room in the house opposite, all intent on his studies. The Holy Father, filled with admiration at his application and the modesty which revealed itself in his countenance, blessed him as

often as he beheld him; and this blessing was productive of abundant fruit.

A year later he returned to Chiavari, where he put on the clerical habit, and began to study theology under the direction of the Provost of Rupinaro. He agreed to this arrangement to content his mother, who, failing to induce him to give up the idea of adopting the priestly life, preferred to see him a secular priest rather than a member of the Society of Jesus, which had been lately restored throughout the whole world by Pope Pius VII., and to which he felt strongly drawn. During his studies, his zeal displayed itself in every direction. At one time we find him striving to do away with abuses that crept in at the celebration of a festival in a neighboring village; at another, nursing the fever-stricken in the hospital, and ministering to the spiritual as well as the temporal wants of those detained in prison. His charity to the poor impelled him to give away to them even his own clothes. Within his own home circle he always exerted his influence for good among his sisters, relatives and friends. In short, his conduct was so edifying that the old people in Chiavari still retain memories of him as a most edifying cleric.

This one fact alone will show how earnest he was at this time to attain the perfection of his state. He made an agreement with his relative, Christopher Gandolfo, to mutually admonish each other of their faults, and because Augustine always insisted on the fulfilment of the bargain, in order to satisfy him, Christopher scrutinized him most carefully, to try to detect even the slightest fault in him. His efforts, however, were unsuccessful, although he enjoyed his closest friendship, and well understood what goes to make up perfection.

On May 16, 1817, he received the tonsure and minor orders from Mgr. Gentile in that prelate's private chapel in Genoa. On the 31st of the same month he was raised to subdeaconship, and to deaconship on the 20th of September, in the chapel of the convent of St. Sebastian. In the same year he made a public defence in theology in the Church of St. John the Baptist in Chiavari, in the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop, Spina, and a number of learned ecclesiastics.

VOCATION.

Solari's vocation to religion resembled somewhat that of St. Aloysius in the opposition he had to encounter for three years. This opposition came from his mother who, being a very religious woman and unwilling to run counter to the will of God, multiplied examinations and trials of his vocation in the hope of proving it to be a passing whim or fancy. From letters written before he left school at Savona, we learn that it was his intention to become a religious, but it was not till the middle of August, 1814, that he made known to his brother-in-law, Christopher Gandolfo, that the Order of his choice was the Society of Jesus, which had been restored one week before, August 7, 1814, having been suppressed through the machinations of Freemasonry in 1773. A month later, he broke the tidings to his mother, who at first made light of it. Seeing afterwards that he was in earnest, she made an agreement with him not to speak of the matter any more for a certain length of time, after which, should he remain firm in his resolve, she would give her consent. When the term of the truce had come, she found that he was as steadfast at his vocation as ever, whereupon she had him examined by seven different ecclesiastics, who one and all approved of his decision. Blinded by maternal love, she still resisted, and assembled under her own roof another tribunal of distinguished persons, among whom were the Archpriest of Chiavari, a canon, a Capuchin, the confessor of her son, and some others. She then went before them and pleaded her cause for withholding permission for her son to become a Jesuit with an eloquence of which none had believed her capable. Never-

theless, she found herself in the minority; the vocation carried the day. Still she would not yield, but had recourse on two occasions to Cardinal Spina, Archbishop of Genoa, to have him throw the weight of his authority in the scale against her son's entering religion. She would have him in his capacity of Archbishop forbid him once for all to become a religious. On the first appeal the Cardinal wrote from Forli, where he happened to be at the time, to Augustine, exhorting him to weigh the matter more attentively; but the second time he answered the mother plainly that he could not oppose a vocation which bore the stamp of truth. In the theological disputation before mentioned, Solari concluded with some verses of his own composition expressing his thanks, and to the surprise of all, ended his appeal with the two lines:

E mai non tergero dagli occhi il pianto,
Finchè non vesta di Loiola il manto.

For two years the mother had resisted her son, and could not bring herself to give her consent to his becoming a religious. Having now come of age he determined, after taking counsel of Mgr. Biale, Bishop of Ventimiglia, who was then in Chiavari, to do at all hazards what he believed to be the will of God. Accordingly, at the country-house of a kinsman near Chiavari, he renounced before a notary his rich inheritance in favor of his three sisters. He then returned home happy in the thought that he had freed himself from at least one bond that might have bound him to the world. Then, after having once more consulted the Bishop, he left a letter to his mother on the table in his room, and set out under the cover of night for Genoa. This was probably the 26th of September, and the day following, accompanied by the kinsman in whose house he had made his renunciation, he knocked at the door of the Jesuit novitiate attached to the Church of St. Ambrose.

His mother took some time to become resigned, but at length yielded, and wrote to her son giving her full consent and her blessing. The occasion of this reconciliation was the visit of three young Jesuit novices, who came on foot from Genoa in guise of pilgrims to visit the sanctuary of the Madonna del' Orto at Chiavari. The novices preached in the Church of the Sanctuary, and in another near by, and God made use of their words and example to bring about a change of heart in the mother when they visited her and explained to her that further opposition might entail the sending away of her son to some more distant place than Genoa.

LIFE IN RELIGION. 1817–1829.

The new novice, henceforth to be known as Aloysius Mary, spent the whole two years of his noviceship in Genoa. We have noticed that from boyhood he had quite a taste for literature, and that he cultivated from a very early age his talent for preaching. One of the reasons why he preferred the Society of Jesus before other religious orders was that he believed it would give him a wider field for turning these two talents to account. In connection with this it is pleasing to note that before he effected his entrance into the Society, he said daily prayers that he might be sent to preach in America, "as I have always desired," are his words. Being in deacon's orders his superiors occasionally appointed him to preach in their church. He evidently acquitted himself with credit, for he was selected to preach the panegyric of Saint Ignatius on his feast day, July 31, 1819.

The steady advance he made as a novice in the practice of every kind of virtue corresponded with the high expectations raised by the singularity of his vocation. He was especially remarkable for his obedience and simplicity of manner, so much so that his Master of Novices declared that he could never find in him the least trace of self-will. On a scrap of paper, which after his death was given to his sister, Teresa, along with a picture of the Sacred Heart, which bore

he impress of many a fervent kiss, the ollowing was written in the third person n which he gives an account of himself:

"He one day asked his Master of Novces for a spiritual book to read, and he, olding up a crucifix, said to him: 'It is ut of this book you should study.' Havng thus rid himself of the thought of other eading, he set himself to hear what this Divine Master was teaching from His chair of the Cross, and soon learned there to despise whatever passes with time, to deny his own will, to desire to suffer, to think little of himself, to take pleasure in being made little of, to desire earnestly the salvation of his neighbor, and many other virtues."

On October 3, 1819, he made the three vows which Jesuit novices take at the end of their noviceship, and was sent immediately to the Collegio del Carmine, at Turin, to teach rhetoric. He taught this class until after Christmas, when superiors relieved him of a burden to which he was not equal, and, knowing that he was a man of solid virtue, they put him to teach the lowest grammar class in the same college. To one who was naturally as ambitious of glory as he was this would have proved a severe trial if he had not learned well those lessons he was taught by the crucifix.

During the month of November, 1820, he went back in Genoa and preached to the congregation of Bona Mors in the Church of St. Ambrose, and explained the catechism. He was then sent for a term to Rome to perfect himself in Italian, Latin and Greek. From Rome he went to Naples to teach grammar, and was soon after ordained priest and devoted to the ministries proper to the priesthood, especially preaching. He was stationed chiefly at Benevento, where he remained till his death in 1829.

The well known philosopher and writer, Father Liberatore, S.J., who died a few years ago, often heard Father Solari preach, and said of him that he usually mounted the pulpit with his eyes dimmed with tears, and that he easily moved his audience also to tears. When he preached on the Passion, he remained the whole time on his knees bathed in tears. He was so powerful in word that at Naples where gambling was a prevalent vice, inveterate gamesters were known to go and hand over to him their cards and dice, and make a confession full of compunction. There was a young man who had resisted every entreaty to give up a long standing enmity until Father Solari took him in hand, and holding a crucifix up before him, said so pathetically: "Will you refuse this to Jesus?" that he yielded at once. In the confessional he was so kind and loving that all sorts of people flocked to him. He frequently visited the hospitals and prisons, where everyone wished to confess to him. On his way back to the college he was sure to meet some sinners, whom he used to lead to a little chapel, where, after a few words, he would kiss the feet of all, which so won them over that he had no difficulty in getting them to make their confession. In giving the Spiritual Exercises he was exceedingly successful, and perhaps nowhere were their beneficial results seen to better advantage than among the three hundred boys, for the most part undisciplined and wayward, who flocked to the College of Benevento, when the Society was restored in the Kingdom of Naples by decree of Ferdinand I., September 3, 1821.

The celebrated Father Parisi, S.J., who was called the Apostle of Naples, used to say that it would be a difficult thing to write the life of Father Solari, because his sanctity consisted rather in the perfection of his interior life than in any showy external work. The sweetest hours to him were those he passed before the Blessed Sacrament, and for a long time it was his custom to visit our Lord at midnight. He was once found as if in ecstasy before the Tabernacle. On one occasion he distributed to the poor the money given him for a journey of thirty-five miles. He made the journey on foot and fasting, and, as soon as he arrived at his destination in

Naples, he went without taking rest or refreshment to shut himself up in the chapel before the Blessed Sacrament. Sometimes while passing through the corridors he would stop and remain motionless as if rapt in spirit. His love of corporal mortification was so great that superiors had to watch over him to check him. His desire of the foreign missions never deserted him, and when he died, he had been already destined by the General of the Society, Father Roothan, for the Missions of the Ægean Sea.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is in our day universal. But at the beginning of the present century, it, had many opponents, although so often approved and defended by the Holy See. The opposition came mainly from the spirit of Jansenism, which found itself in direct opposition to the spirit of the devotion. Father Solari, when a boy at school, read the life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, and it was probably the reading of this book that attracted him to the Order which was commissioned by our Lord to propagate the devotion to the Heart of Jesus. He began this apostolate among his fellow students at the University of Genoa. It is not surprising, then, that his attachment to the devotion and his zeal for its spread took very deep root in his heart during his noviceship. From that time forward he was accustomed to have frequently on his lips the following verses which he himself composed :

Il Cuor del mio bene
Tutt' arso d'amore,
Il Cuor del mio cuore,
Il Cuor de Gesù.

The Heart of my Beloved
All burns with love,
The Heart of my heart
The Heart of Jesus.

When he was professor, first in Turin and afterwards at Naples, his schoolroom was the field of his apostolic work. The themes which he set his scholars always contained some allusion to the Heart of Jesus and Mary. Then, as now, it was the custom in the colleges of the Society to excite emulation among the students by dividing them into two opposing camps of Romans and Carthaginians, who wage relentless and bloodless battles with pen and tongue. Father Solari substituted for the old historic rivals the two departments of Jesus and Mary. At Naples he placed a picture of the Sacred Heart on the door of his class-room, and woe to the boy who neglected to salute it as he passed.

He continued the same apostolate in the Roman College among his fellow-students of the Society, and their fervor wonderfully increased. His letters reveal this tender devotion to the Sacred Heart. In one written from Naples in 1828 to a relative, he says: "I rejoice with you and your sister that you have propagated devotion to the Sacred Heart in the Church of St. Peter. What spiritual and temporal favors are in store for you and your children ! What inestimable treasures of merit may you not promise yourselves from the Divine Heart, which is so pleased with this devotion, and has promised to shower down blessings on those who practise and spread such a tender and excellent and fitting devotion ! You could not, I assure you, have given me more consoling news than this." He then goes on to treat at length of the many practical ways of spreading the devotion.

In 1829 he wrote from Benevento to his sister Rose: "Be sure to have a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart in the church of the future Hospice (an institution he was instrumental in founding at Chiavari), exposed to public veneration. If you love me, help me to extend this attractive devotion, which I long to be able to spread throughout the world. coupled with that of the Sacred Heart of Mary."

In every sermon he preached there

was mention of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He founded at Benevento the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart and preached to its members on the First Friday of every month with great fervor. At recreation with those of his community he could not speak of anything but the love of Jesus; and he went so far in this that his superiors used to recommend him to moderate it. In his daily meditation he invariably introduced some point relating to the Sacred Heart. On the very Friday morning when he was seized with his last illness, he preached on devotion to the Sacred Heart in such a way that one who heard him wrote: "If your Reverence had heard that sermon you would have said, 'This is the last sermon from Father Solari.' He made a résumé of his former sermons, explained the nature of solid devotion to the Sacred Heart, and concluded with a stirring exhortation to practise it."

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

It is not known whether the day of his death was revealed to Father Solari, but it is certain that he spoke many times as if he had that knowledge. He gives some indication of it in his last letters to his relatives, especially in one written to his mother in the month of July, 1829, the month before his death. He said also one day to a lay-brother of the house that he would soon die. On the first Friday of the month of August, he was taken with a fever, the nature of which the doctors could not well determine, so one called it brain fever, another spotted fever, and another nettle-rash. After several days he appeared to be well again, but it was an illusion; the spots disappeared, but the disease was inwardly progressing. The day before his death, he told those about him that the morrow would be the last day of his life; an opinion that was shared in by no one. He then called his confessor to make his last confession, and begged that Extreme Unction should be administered to him. The following day all admitted that the disease had taken a change for the worse. Notwithstanding the weakness of his stomach, which rejected the least thing he took, he was able to receive the Viaticum. When he was anointed, he bade farewell to many of his brethren, as one about to start on a distant journey, and then turned his thoughts heavenward. He joined in when the prayers for the dying were recited, and repeated to himself many ejaculations. When the end came he laid his hands on his breast in the form of a cross, and breathed his last, with his eyes turned toward heaven, about the hour of noon, on Thursday, August 27, 1829.

A missionary of the Precious Blood who was present at his death, expressed the sentiments of all when he exclaimed: "This is the death of a saint!" During the progress of his illness, the whole city of Benevento was interested in hearing the latest news about him, and many were the prayers offered for his recovery. As soon as he was dead, there was universal mourning. At his funeral it was found necessary to put barriers around the bier, so eager were the people to secure some memorial of him. The Fathers who watched his remains, as they lay in an open coffin, were kept busy touching them with the rosaries to satisfy the devotion of the people. Some of them even sent candles afterwards to be lighted at his grave, where many went to pray and weep. The Fathers of the community, foreseeing the honor that was in store for him in after times, decided to have him buried in a closed coffin, such as we see in general use nowadays.

THE FAME OF HIS SANCTITY.

Father Solari's reputation for holiness was very widespread, even during his life. It was the fame of his sanctity chiefly that drew great crowds to the church of the Society at Benevento whenever it was known that he was to preach. Although other Fathers who had some claim to eloquence succeeded him

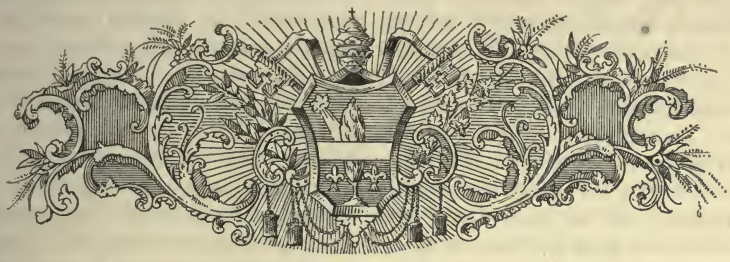
they never brought such crowds to hear them. In 1869, his sister Rose, accompanied by her two sons, who were priests, visited Benevento, to pray at his tomb, and although forty years had elapsed since his death, she learned from some aged canons who had known him, how his memory was held in veneration. When there was question of receiving Father Solari's sister into the congregation of the Sisters of Mercy, Father Minini, S.J., said to one who consulted him: "Certainly, receive her, she is the sister of a saint, who perhaps will be one day venerated on the altar." His mother used to say to her grandchildren, when she would show them Father Solari's room: "Respect this room in reverence, for it is the room of a saint." In Naples he was commonly called an angel, on account of his modesty and recollection. When there was question of his being sent as a missionary to the islands of the Ægean Sea, the Fathers of the house declared that the wonders of the apostolate of St. Francis Xavier would be renewed in him. Even during his life, material was collected for his biography; and a Father in Benevento had such confidence in his intercession with God, that he begged a certain favor by means of a letter which he placed in the tomb of of Father Solari. The Rector of the Jesuit college at Naples, as soon as he learned of the death of the saintly Father, assembled the whole community and declared him holy during life, at death, and after death. He and others were of opinion that his soul was not detained in Purgatory. The Fathers of Benevento concluded a letter, which they wrote two days after his death, with these words: "Everyone of us looks forward to the day which the Lord God for His great glory may make manifest."

That day seems to be near at hand, for the preliminary processes before the Ordinary have been successfully gone through at Benevento and Genoa, and the cause of his Beatification was presented to the Congregation of Rites on April 27, 1894. The cause of Father Solari will be watched by all with much interest on account of his connection with the devotion of the Sacred Heart, and by the brethren of the Society of Jesus, for the additional reason that he is the first member of the restored Society whose cause has been so far advanced. Many special graces obtained through his intercession, especially in Naples and Benevento, are reported, which are at present the subject of inquiry by ecclesiastical authority. May this great apostle of the Sacred Heart intercede for the Apostleship of Prayer and all its Associates!

ASH WEDNESDAY.

By S. T. Smith.

ASHES of penance! Ashes of vain desires!
Ashes of memories, blown so wide and far!
Upon my brow before the altar fires,
The priestly hand hath traced the Stem and Bar.
"Remember, thou!" he said unto my soul,
"Thus, even thus shall end the years' long roll
In ashes light as these, as pale, and worth
Less as a sigh. For this God gave thee birth?
Nay! For the Cross. And, as I sign and seal,
The welcomed Cross doth only wound to heal."
The welcomed Cross! Be forty days for me
Companionship and service, Lord, with Thee!
I bring the ashes of my life. Thy touch
Kindles to flame the love that loveth much.



Priests in Parishes.

General Intention for February, 1899.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

WE pray for our priests continually. We join with them in the august prayer of the Mass, and we kneel with them before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, invoking blessings upon them through whose ministry we have the inestimable blessings of Christ's Eucharistic Presence. Our eyes and our hearts follow them as they go about their ways of mercy, and our lips utter only blessings on their work. Nor do we forget them when death deprives us of their presence; we inscribe their names where the faithful may read them as they enter the house of prayer, and without ceasing we sing our requiems on the anniversaries of their departure.

It is right that we should pray for all those who are "ordained for men in the things that appertain to God," since, as our mediators with God, they all must offer gifts and sacrifices for our sins. It is, therefore, most proper and natural that we should pray unremittingly for priests whose occupations bring them directly and constantly into contact with ourselves, whose lives and energies are devoted to our welfare, and who by a wise constitution of the Church dwell in our midst in such close and familiar relations with us as to form with us the household of the faith, shepherds keeping their flocks in the great fold of the Chief Pastor, and able to say for their several sheep, as He says of all: "I know mine and mine know me."

A parish is wholly a Catholic creation. It is so constituted as to enable bishops and priests to carry out the design of Christ in appointing Peter to be his Vicar, with the Apostles, His disciples and their successors to take His place in extending the benefits of the Redemption to souls. Its object is to make certain priests and their assistants responsible for the salvation of a definite body of people, to whom they are to give the most careful personal attention. The priests of a parish are in every case selected and appointed by the bishop; the parishioners usually are those who dwell within a certain district, also determined by the bishop, though sometimes those who dwell beyond the limits of a parish may become parishioners by fulfilling certain conditions which the bishop again must name. In any case the parish priests must live among the faithful confided to their care, and dedicate their whole life to the welfare of the parish. As much as possible they are to remain with their several flocks, so as to know them thoroughly, watch them growing from infancy to mature age, study their characters, observe their needs, recognize their various capabilities, and be ready always to keep them from error, to prevent them from falling, to confirm them

in virtue, and inspire them with zeal. The priest in a parish is verily a spiritual father to the souls under his care, and gladly do the faithful give him this title, and all the love and veneration it calls for.

Since, therefore, we are always the special objects of their paternal solicitude, since we are ever in their prayers, we should not ask why we are invited to pray especially at this time for those for whom we pray at all times. Much as we may pray for them we cannot realize how frequent and fervent our prayers for them should be without recalling, from time to time, how well they deserve and how greatly they need our prayers, and how our own obligations of gratitude and piety should move us to make intercession for them above all other men.

The priests who build up and maintain our parishes deserve our special prayers at all times, because they sacrifice themselves for our benefit and devote their lives to labor for our salvation. In the spirit of the chief duty of the priesthood, which is to offer up sacrifices for sins, they begin by making their own sacrifice, leaving house and brethren, sisters, father and mother, wife and children, lands, and all things, in the name of Christ. To be entirely conformed to Him, the great High Priest, they leave home and kindred, and go to dwell in the company of their fellow priests ; consecrated for the exercise of divine worship and for the administration of holy things, they withdraw as much as possible, not merely from the evil influences of the world, but even from its lawful and innocent associations, lest anything earthly should distract them from the things that appertain to God, lest the things that are their own might keep them from the things that are Jesus Christ's, and lest secular ties, pursuits, or pleasures might hinder them from working for our good. They are in the world but not of it, they stand apart, not to live solely for themselves, but the better to help us ; they are never aloof from us, because they are constituted mediators between God and men.

The sacrifice a priest must make before receiving Holy Orders cannot be estimated by simply enumerating the things he must leave or forsake. It must be measured by the generosity with which it is made, by the fact that it is to be lifelong, and by the motive of charity which prompts him to make it for others as well as for himself. Its earnestness also must be considered, for it is made in all sincerity and with every possible precaution to persevere in the life of privation thus begun, by sworn submission to the authority of the Bishop and other ecclesiastical authorities, by giving up the opportunities of engaging in commercial life to live in a spirit of poverty, and by a promise, which is considered as binding as a vow, to lead a life of celibacy, so as to be forever and entirely free to work for God's glory and for the salvation of souls.

How well our priests deserve our prayers by the sacrifices they make in order to dedicate themselves to labor for our welfare, we can only judge when we remember that no men in the world realize more clearly than they the nature and extent of that sacrifice, experiencing, as they do, its hardships already in their seminary life. The sacrifice once made, the priest who is to engage in parish work assumes the responsibility and obligations of his office, which also have been explained to him most thoroughly during the seminary course, and put before him in the solitude of retreat to be measured and weighed solemnly in God's presence, so that no man entering a profession is made to study its responsibilities as conscientiously as our candidates for the priesthood. With this clear knowledge of what he is undertaking for our sake, the young priest generously enters the labors of his vocation, and the experience of each day but makes his sense of responsibility all the more vivid and trying, and his obligations more numerous and exacting.

With responsibility comes labor, the never-ending lot of a priest who gives

himself to parish work. Indeed, in certain religious orders, the consecrated term used to designate a priest engaged in parish duty is the significant Latin term *operarius*, or workman in the sanctuary or pulpit on Sunday, in the confessional or parochial office, in the schools or homes of his parishioners the rest of the week, from early morning until late at night. His night's rest often disturbed, and his day laden with cares, he is constantly weighed down in body and mind, and often unable from sheer fatigue and ceaseless demands on his time, to devote himself to all his high and holy tasks as he longs to do. He is responsible for saving and perfecting every soul under his care as well as his own, and instead of being free to meditate and study spiritual books, or even to prepare his sermons properly, too frequently his very thanksgiving after Holy Mass is interrupted, and one duty presses upon another so rapidly that he barely finds time for reading his Office, and with difficulty can recollect his thoughts sufficiently for this pious duty. The catechism class and the schoolroom, the parish register and account books, the adornment of the sanctuary and the altar, the training of altar boys, the management of a choir, the direction of pious and benevolent associations, and the constant administration of the sacraments, baptisms, marriages, First Communion and Confirmation classes, sick calls and funerals, the instruction of converts, and all the special cases of poor to be relieved, the distressed to be comforted, the afflicted to be consoled, of scandals to be averted or repaired, of injustice to be exposed, of crimes to be prevented, of wrong to be righted, of virtue to be protected and sustained,—these are only the ordinary tasks of a priestly life, not to mention the special and extraordinary occupations or solicitudes with which every faithful priest is invariably charged.

The priest's parochial duties are, therefore, so numerous and so supernatural in their nature as to require extraordinary helps of divine grace, and the special favor of divine providence for their accomplishment. Difficult as they are in themselves, they are doubly so in our country where our parishes are still but *quasi* or missionary parishes. With comparatively few exceptions they are constantly changing. A parish is scarcely built up and completely established before the change begins; now it is a change of parish limits, or new people come to dwell within the limits, while old parishioners move away, and this change means new requirements, and different resources; again a church must be renovated or replaced by a larger and finer structure, or rectory, school, society rooms and library must be provided, and in many dioceses all this material work devolves upon the priest: he is thus made responsible for the temporal as well as for the spiritual interests of his parish, and that one or other of these interests does not suffer is due only to the self-sacrifice and devotion with which our pastors and their assistants apply themselves to both.

Surely our parish priests need our prayers quite as much as they deserve them. If their hands are constantly uplifted in prayer for us, we must needs stand by to keep them uplifted when human infirmity leaves them unable to sustain their many burdens. They need our prayers to keep up their disposition and desire for their own and our perfection, when all around them is a world of disorder, indifference, lukewarmness, ingratitude, discontent and depravity. They need our prayers to sustain their zeal in spite of the discouragement which seizes their spirit when they are left without resources or cöoperation, and confronted with apparent failure, or met by contradiction. They need our prayers to keep their faith strong and vivid, their confidence unwavering, their prudence at once simple and wary, their fortitude indomitable and their reverence for holy things so conspicuous, as to compel and justify the pious reverence we have for them.

We might go on forever enumerating the needs of a priest in parish work and his titles to our prayers. When all is said, each one of us can quietly recall the special blessings we owe to their ministration. Suppose for a moment—and may God avert the misfortune !—that their number should be lessened, that their spirit of piety and zeal should fail, or that they should be taken from us, as in some European countries, or prevented from devoting themselves freely to our welfare. Without making the supposition, we have reason to know too well how many of our brethren in our own country are falling away from the faith for want of priests, and too often we have to deplore the good left undone and the evils caused by priests who are careless and indolent, worldly and even faithless to their holy calling. "Like people, like priest," was a saying of the prophets, and it means that our lot is bound up with theirs, and that as we depend on them for instruction, example, and all the sacramental channels of grace, so they in turn, look to us for our prayers and for the encouragement afforded them by our coöperation with them, and for the benefits we derive from their ministry.

We must therefore pray for the priests who are building and maintaining our parishes and laboring night and day for our welfare, that their number may be increased so that every hamlet in our land and in the territory lately brought under our control, may have the blessing of their ministry, that they may grow in piety and zeal, and impart their own spirit to ourselves so abundantly that the Catholic life, thus engendered and propagated, may compel not only the admiration of sectarians and unbelievers, but also by divine grace, their acceptance of our holy faith. While blessing God for His mercy in providing us with so many good and zealous priests, who go about their work quietly and humbly with so much consolation for our souls, we must pray that the good work they are doing may be multiplied by the proper coöperation of the laity, that their holy lives and example may influence even those who do not believe as we do, to recognize the divine forces at work in our holy religion, and that God may make every one of them "a faithful priest, who shall do according to my heart, and my soul."

THE TWO VICTORIES.

By F. S.

SOME years ago, I attended a military hospital in one of our cities, where self-sacrificing religious generously devoted themselves to the care of the sick and wounded. They had consecrated their labors to the Sacred Heart with the earnest supplication that not one soldier confided to their devotedness should leave this world unprepared to appear before God. To this end, they had attached a Scapular of the Sacred Heart to every bed, remitting with entire confidence each soul to the mercy of the Divine Heart, while they lavished most tender cares on the wounds of their mangled bodies.

One day, a young officer was brought in, whose state excited the deepest compassion, and the efforts of the attending physician to relieve him only aggravated his excruciating torture; however, a strong constitution gave a slight ray of hope. Morning and evening, the visits of the doctor occasioned such acute suffering to the patient that his companions could scarcely bear to witness the cruel operations. Every time his wounds were probed, they were found more

fatal; soon all hope was abandoned, and the Christian doctor expressed to the gentle religious his wish that something might be done for the soul of the unhappy man, whose condition at this moment was most critical. The patient was morose and insensible to every other thought than that of his agonizing pain. The Sister, at the same time his nurse and good angel, at first sought only to make him endure patiently his awful sufferings. Who would not accept a word of kindness at such an hour? What nature would not incline towards a religion which is our only support when all else fails? Instinctively, the eyes of the dying man rested on the little scapular suspended at the foot of his bed. As he gazed on the image of that meek and merciful Heart, his cries of anguish and distress were changed to this touching prayer: My God! My God! In spite of his state he still clung to the hope of life, but there were moments when almost in despair he wished at any price to end his existence. One night in a paroxysm of pain, he called for some one to shoot him and thus free him from such misery. The Sister approached his bed and tried by gentle words, drawn from the Sacred Heart, to soothe the anguish of his soul. Seeing him somewhat calmer, she spoke of the disquietude of the physician in his regard, adding that the interest she felt in his eternal welfare would no longer permit her to dissimulate the gravity of his condition. "You tell me there is no hope!" he cried. "Impossible!" It must be acknowledged resignation was difficult for a man in the flower of his age, already decorated with the highest military honors and captivated by the seductions of the world. Danger, however, was not immediate. The next morning I visited him again, but alas! my ministry was refused. This was a delay, but not a defeat, for his soul was in the keeping of the Sacred Heart, in which no one has ever vainly trusted. It should certainly be a miracle, such as has never yet been wrought, nor shall ever be seen, if that royal Heart were wanting to them that rely upon its aid, or if it did not hasten to their assistance. Meanwhile fervent prayers ascended in the patient's behalf to the Throne of Mercy, and I was asked to make a second attempt. Grace had done its work, the Sacred Heart had triumphed. The young officer made his confession with sentiments of deep contrition and prepared with true devotion for the reception of the Holy Eucharist. Reminiscences of childhood being awakened, carried him back in spirit to that happy day, when for the first and probably the only time in life, his heart had been the dwelling of his Saviour. After a fervent thanksgiving he renewed with great fervor the promises of baptism, and when an Act of Consecration to our Immaculate Mother was suggested to him, he gladly acquiesced. During this little ceremony, the countenance which heretofore had worn an expression of suffering and sorrow, shone with hope and joy. Weakness gradually increased, and as the pallor of death overspread his features, he gently murmured: "Oh! how good God has been to me!" and in these dispositions passed from this vale of tears to bless eternally the infinite mercy of the adorable Heart of Jesus.

Another miracle of mercy has recently come under our notice manifesting again the unlimited power of the Sacred Heart over the most wayward of its creatures, proving once more the miraculous virtue of that little talisman, the Scapular of the Sacred Heart.

Miss M. made a practice of giving daily to the first person she met a Scapular of the Sacred Heart. One Friday, last June, a man selling strawberries called at her residence and according to her custom, she presented him a scapular. At first he appeared startled, but when she told him to put it on, he obeyed. Some hours later, the man returned to her palatial home, and asked to see Miss M. alone, which impudent request was refused. He mani-

fested such distress and insisted so earnestly that the interview was permitted, the mother of the young lady remaining within calling distance. As Miss M. entered the room, the visitor of the morning, telling her not to fear, mysteriously closed the door. Great was her surprise when the unhappy man informed her that she had that day prevented the commission of an enormous crime, as it had been his intention to kill his wife. The dread deed consummated, he planned escape on the first train leaving the city. When he placed the little scapular on his breast, remorse seized him, and some hours later he determined to seek his benefactress, acknowledge his guilty design and beg her to release the intended victim, who at that moment was locked up in one of the rooms of her house. Imploring light and strength from above, Miss M. spoke to him of the love of the Heart of Jesus for his immortal soul, and after many fruitless attempts, finally convinced him of the necessity of seeking pardon in the Sacrament of Penance. A good priest, to whom Miss M. recommended this poor man, took a deep interest in him; many interviews resulted in a fervent retreat from which the penitent came forth a changed person, and has since led an edifying life.

How encouraging are these facts which exemplify the promises made by our dear Saviour to His faithful disciple, Blessed Margaret Mary, the Apostle of Devotion to the Sacred Heart, who assures us on the part of her Divine Master, that we shall want for help only when His Heart shall want power! If, then, these little Scapulars are as a spark enkindling in a soul the love of the Heart of Jesus, bringing it back to the sweet empire of grace, with what zeal should we not spread them, recalling the words of our Lord Himself: "Those who propagate this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, and they shall never be effaced."

THE BOY SAVERS.

Juvenile Use of Billiards, Pool and Cards.

LAST month, we outlined a defence for those who would offer the above pastimes to lads in their teens. Opponents cry "away with such games; they will lead our boys to saloons." On the contrary, provide these games, say we, and thus prevent young people from filling saloons.

Concerning billiards and pool in particular; there is a fact, generally unnoticed and unknown by critics: these amusements usually excite no *permanent* interest, but merely a short-lived, though passionate attachment. A little practice at driving billiard balls eliminates from the game much of the delectable element of *chance*, and develops something unpleasantly suggestive of skilled labor. As we were once informed by a retired expert of fifteen summers, "when a feller gits so he knows how ter make shots, de fun is most gone."

Amusement seekers soon tire of the cue, as saloon proprietors well know, hence, these unworthies usually regard cushioned games, not as permanent fixtures but in the light of passing novelties. Saloon tables are great travellers. A dozen of them trundled about town, halting now at this bar, and again at another, like Indian strategists, take on semblance of great numbers by simply reappearing in several different places. In Young Men's Clubs, also, the above two games frequently pall, and to the extent of suffering exclusion. Indeed, the boys' rendezvous would have to relate similar experience, only for its sustained copious

influx of new members, all of whom begin by enthusiastically contemplating the green table surface as if a most delicious oasis amidst the arid deserts of life.

Conjointly with this, consider another feature of the situation: By consenting to saloon monopoly over these innocent games, you drive the vast majority of even God-fearing, young men into drinking places for that trial of the cue *which they will inevitably make.* Be not deceived by imagining that boys can be successfully turned against future patronage of the amusements in question. They grow up with pleasing anticipations concerning these choice games that "the men play,' and in passing glistening doors, give eager heed to the wondrous, clicking balls. After a few years, these young auditors will begin their pool noviceship—to be professed, at least for a season or two—and the period thus occupied will find them saloon *habitués.*

Therefore, observers are thoughtlessly and needlessly horrified that, in a pure moral atmosphere, lads of thirteen crowd about pool tables. The earlier this, the better. The vast majority of our boys will soon tire of the cue: let them, therefore, have full use of the same, *and be done with it before reaching the age that admits into drinking resorts.* Let them in early years "work off the fever," and thus become immunes, able to withstand climatic moral evils of social life.

No doubt, through juvenile attachment to the cue, an occasional lad ends sadly enough, by permanently accepting saloon hospitality, just as vaudeville actors of low type sometimes begin development in school theatricals, but be assured that, while one youth may lapse from early billiards or pool to alcoholism, a dozen of his companions obtain happy satiety of these games which averts their otherwise inevitable patronage of saloons.

The foregoing reasoning, confidently advanced regarding amusements that quickly pall, is not, however, applicable to cards. These latter remain a joy forever, because always handy, while dependent less on skilful play than on Dame Fortune's favors bestowed in shuffling and deal.

The situation thus created is more serious than the one just considered. Cardplay in general certainly inclines to cardplay in the saloon; and, do what you will, *cards boys are going to play.* Positive restrictions on this point only alienate the youthful crowd. The most that can be done is to check the game very considerably by inducing its patrons to interest themselves in other forms of amusement.

The club that excludes cards suffers disastrous lack of membership; hence we advise a policy of toleration, if only to secure the following that is to be led into new fields of recreation. Gambling must, of course, be under severest ban, but legitimate play should be mercifully permitted in the interest of many boys ready to suffer expatriation out of loyalty to their favorite game.

There need be no fear that such liberality will increase the local contingent of card devotees. On the contrary, since a well equipped club actively weans boys from objectionable sports, less attention will be given to spades and diamonds when all of their young patrons flock to the rendezvous, and there learn to play at something else; but card games will not decrease as long as players, debarred from the amusement centre, are returned to former haunts, which offer scarcely any indoor diversion save this very one that ought to be checked.

While undertaking at once to permit and discourage cards, the writer has found great advantage in obliging members to carry their playing packs to and from the club; this arrangement saves trouble for attendants, while rendering the greater service of gently directing youthful visitors to safer amusements.

In the present instance chronic boyish heedlessness, for once, serves a purpose. Tell a lad that cards may not be used in the rooms, and he will become a deserter for the sake of enjoying them. On the

other hand, effusively bid him to bring his own cards, for play, to the rooms, and half of the time, out of forgetfulness, he and his chums will arrive in empty-handed readiness for other pastimes. In this way, cards, even left idle at home, become contributory to the cultivation of amusements of better class. Sometimes they lead to such pursuits as music, light reading, etc., in other instances, by developing taste for gymnastics and general athletics, they place still stronger barriers to saloon frequentation.

We believe the foregoing arguments justify boyish use of billiards, pool and cards, even when associated religious influences are not at all considered. However, our position becomes immeasurably stronger when it is remembered that the games in question are of unspeakable additional value as attractions to a *Catholic* recreation centre, wherein religion and morality are actively cultivated.

It seems, then, a deplorable mistake that the best of indoor pastimes should be surrendered, with anathema, to the evil one, because he has power to set them up within the "wide gate," and on the "broad way that leadeth to destruction." Rather, let God's children reclaim what is really their own. Let them thwart the enemy by placing innocent amusements—for cheer and encouragement, for temporal support and spiritual gain—beside the "narrow gate," and along the "straight path that leadeth to life."

DE GAUDIIS PARADISI.

Attributed to Saint Augustine.

Ad perennis vitae fontem
Mens sitivit avida,
Claustra carnis praesto frangi
Clausa quaerit anima,
Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur
Exul frui patria.

Dum pressuris ac ærumnis
Se gemit obnoxium,
Quam amisit, dum deliquit,
Contemplatur gloriam,
Praesens malum auget boni
Perditi memoriam.

Nam quis promat summæ pacis
Quanta sit laetitia,
Ubi vivis margaritis
Surgunt ædificia,
Auro celsa micant tecta,
Radiant triclinia.

Solis gemmis pretiosis
Haec structura nectitur ;
Auro mundo, tanquam vitro,
Urbis via sternitur,
Abest limus, deest fimus,
Lues nulla cernitur.

THE JOYS OF PARADISE.

Translation.

For the fount of life eternal
Panteth the enamored soul,
From its bonds th' imprisoned spirit
Seeketh freedom of control,
Exiled here it turns and flutters,
Struggling for its native goal.

When 'neath trial and confusion,
Pressed by misery and pain,
It beholds its glory clouded,
By the breath of deadly bane,
Present evil but enhanceth
Memory of a perished gain.

Who can voice the joy surpassing
Of that endless peace supreme,
Where the living pearls of beauty
In the lofty dwellings gleam,
Where the spacious halls and mansions
With a golden glory stream?

Precious are the gems compacted
In that palace, stone on stone,
Purest gold like unto crystal
Is upon the highway strown
Free of dust and spotless ever,
For no darkening stain is known.

Hiems horrens, æstas torrens
Illic numquam æviunt,
Flos perpetuus rosarum
Ver agit perpetuum,
Cadent lilia, rubescit
Crocus, sudat balsamum.

Blighting Winter, burning Summer
There no longer hold their sway,
Spring perpetual bright with roses,
Bloometh, knowing no decay:
Lilies glisten, crocus gleameth,
Balsam sendeth perfumed spray.

Virent prata, vernant sata,
Rivi mellis influunt,
Pigmentorum spirit odor,
Liquor et aromatum.
Pendent poma floridorum
Non lapsura nemorum.

Verdant are the springing meadows
And the honied rivers flow,
Odors breathe their sweet aroma
As the spicy breezes blow,
In the groves, with fruit unfailing,
Leafy boughs are bending low.

Non alternat luna vices,
Sol vel cursus siderum,
Agnus est felicis urbis
Lumen inocciduum,
Nox et tempus desunt ei,
Diem fert continuum.

There no fickle moon appeareth,
Nor do planets speed their way,
For the Lamb is light undying
Of that happy land alway,
Night and time are ever banished
For 'tis never ending day.

Nam et sancti quique velut
Sol praeclarus rutilant,
Post triumphum coronati
Mutuo coniubilant,
Et prostrati pugnas hostis
Iam securi numerant.

There the saints in light supernal
As a glorious sun-burst shine,
Crowned triumphant then, exulting
In an ecstacy divine,
They recount their glorious conquests
With the raging foe in line.

Omne labe defæcati
Carnis bella nesciunt,
Caro facta spiritalis
Et mens unum sentiunt,
Pace multa perfruentes
Scandalum non perferunt.

Free from stain, their battle over,
E'en the flesh is glorified;
Flesh transfigured, with the spirit,
Doth in harmony abide,
Peaceful with a holy stillness
Troubled by no sinful tide.

Mutabilibus exuti
Repetunt originem,
Et praesentem veritatis
Contemplantur speciem.
Hinc vitalem vivi fontis
Hauriunt dulcedinem.

Freed from weight of all mutation,
To their source they swiftly rise,
On the Face of Truth eternal
Gazing with enraptured eyes,
Thence to draw reviving sweetness
From the fount of Paradise.

Inde statum semper idem
Existendi capiunt,
Clari, vividi, jucundi
Nullis patent casibus,
Absunt morbi semper sanis,
Senectus juvenibus.

They rejoice in changeless being,
Glory in a steadfast will,
Lit with vivifying rapture,
Subject to no passing ill,
Sickness flying, health undying,
Though eternal, youthful still,

Hinc perenne tenent esse,
Nam transire transiit,
Inde virent, vigent, florent:
Corruptela corruit,
Immortalitatis vigor
Mortis jus absorbuit.

Thus they have perennial being,
For transition now is o'er,
Thus they flourish, bloom and flower,
Ne'er decaying, as of yore.
Strong with an immortal vigor,
Death is conquered evermore.

Qui scientem cuncta sciunt
Quid nescire nequeunt,
Nam et pectoris arcana
Penetrant alterutrum
Unum volunt, unum nolunt,
Unitas et mentium.

Knowing Him who knoweth all things,
In all knowledge they delight,
E'en the secret of each bosom,
Charmeth now each ravished sight,
One in mind, in will, in spirit,
They in all of good unite.

Licet cuiquam sit diversum
Pro labore meritum,
Caritas hoc facit suum,
Quod dum amat alterum,
Proprium sit singulorum
Fit commune omnium.

"Star shall differ," for the glory
Is apportioned to the pain,
But in bond of sweet communion,
Charity doth so ordain,
That the treasure each possesseth
Shall enrich the common gain.

Ubi corpus, illic jure
Congregantur aquilae ;
Quo cum angelis et sanctae
Recreantur animæ,
Uno pane vivunt cives
Utriusque patriae.

To the body flock the eagles,
For the royal feast is spread,
Saints and Angels rest together,
On celestial bounty fed;
Citizens of earth and heaven,
Seek the one life-giving bread.

Avidi et semper pleni,
Quod habent desiderant,
Non satietas fastidit,
Neque fames cruciat,
Inhiantes semper edunt
Et edentes inhiant.

Famished yet restored with plenty,
What they have they yet desire,
Sated, yet they languish never,
Nor doth hunger ever tire.
Ever longing they are feasting,
Yet to feast they still aspire.

Novas semper melodias,
Vox meloda concrepat,
Et in jubilum prolata,
Mulcent aures organa,
Digna per quem sunt victores
Regi dant praeconia.

Songs of melody enchanting
Their melodious voices raise,
String and psaltery are mingled
With the jubilee of lays,
Offering to the King eternal
Homage of the victor's praise.

Felix cœli quæ praesentem
Regem cernit anima,
Et sub sede spectat alta
Orbis volvi machinam
Solem, lunam et globosa
Cum planetis sidera !

Happy soul to whom the vision
Of the Heavenly King is known,
Who hath seen the vast creation
Circling 'neath His lofty throne,
Sun and moon and sphery splendor
In their varied beauty shown.

Christe, palma bellatorum,
Hoc in municipium
Introduc me post solutum
Militare cingulum,
Fac consortem me donetur
Beatorum civium !

Thou, O Christ, the palm of battle,
Lead me to Thy land of rest,
When I shall have loosed the sword-belt,
Cast the buckler from my breast,
Make me sharer in the guerdon
Thou bestowest on the blest.

Probes vires inexhausto
Laboranti prælio ;
Nec quietem post procinctum
Deneges emerito,
Teque merear potiri
Sine fine præmio.

Prove the valor of Thy warrior
When the din of war is rife,
But refuse not sweet refreshment
To the victor after strife,
Be Thyself my prize eternal,
Thou, my everlasting life.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

ST. LUKE explains this mystery in the first chapter of his Gospel.

And in the sixth month [after the birth of John the Baptist], the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee called Nazareth. To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the Angel being come in, said unto her: Hail full of grace: The Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women.

Who having heard, was troubled at the saying, and thought with herself what manner of salutation this should be.

And the Angel said to her: Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus:

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the most High, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father: and he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever. And of his kingdom there shall be no end.

And Mary said to the Angel: How shall this be done because I know not man?

And the Angel answering said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the most High shall overshadow thee, and therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God.

And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren: Because no word shall be impossible with God.

And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word, and the Angel departed from her.

The mystery, known as the Annunciation, is, therefore, the Incarnation of the Son of God. The Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the Eternal Word of the Father, His Only Begotten Son, born of Him before all ages, was made flesh in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary, assuming our human nature in its integrity, a body and soul, real and in all things endowed like ours, and made it truly His own, uniting it so closely to His divine nature, without, however, confounding the two, that it could be truly called His own body, and the Virgin Mother of whom He was born the Mother of God.

EDITORIAL.

INDIVIDUALISM VS. UNITY.

"Meanwhile Rome remains calm and undisturbed, logically rejecting the individualism that a persecuting Protestantism first scorned and then embraced," are Dr. De Costa's own words, as reported in the daily papers of December 12. Which means that the Catholic Church *logically* rejects selfishness in every form in which it can manifest itself, whether it be in the form of private judgment or in the excessive attachment to one's own will to the oversight, and often to the positive injury, of others. *Logically* is not the word here, though it does express part of the fact ; the Church rejects individualism instinctively, as the source of every breach of God's great law of love, and as the cause of disunion among the members of Christ. The right of the individual she protects, and she promotes in every way the personal development of each of her subjects ; indeed, the more one submits to her laws and ordinances, the more completely is the individual character preserved and perfected. It is not individuality that she seeks to suppress, but individualism, or the selfishness which aims at imposing one's views on others, and at making them contribute to one's own advancement without due regard to the common welfare and progress. Protestantism, which is individualism in the extreme, may well regret having embraced a principle, which has produced so many hopelessly divided sects, and even within each sect such hopeless disunion among ministers and members.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"They never descend to sensationalism ; institutional methods are not popular with them. They insist upon parish limits, and compel their people to respect them. They require all attendants upon their churches to give. They invest the Mass with a sacredness that no Catholic thinks of disregarding. They exalt the altar and bring the confessional into the foreground, and by a system carefully articulated and consistently put into practice, they keep their adherents closely tied to the church and carry on a successful propaganda among Protestants." So spoke a Moderator of a Presbyterian Assembly, quoted by Dr. De Costa, in his tirade against Protestantism in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, Sunday evening, December 12. And the Presbyterian Moderator says much that is true, and discerns very well, from a natural point of view, some of the causes of the vitality of our holy religion. This is precisely the trouble. These well meaning men either do not understand what is meant by a supernatural religion, or they deal with all religious belief as if it were of purely human origin. Still we may hope that either they, or others prompted by their utterances, will be led to investigate the truly divine origin and character of a church whose mere external discipline excites such admiration.

THE CATHOLIC'S BEST ARGUMENT.

Apparently, Dr. De Costa is right, because Protestants cannot agree on anything, even on the fact that their at-

tempt to make a religion is a failure. The Rev. F. D. Luddington, of Shelton Baptist Church, Derby, Connecticut, contradicted the New York divine, and said so many outrageous things against the Catholic Church that his own congregation rose up against him, and his resignation is now before the Board of Trustees of his church. Pending the acceptance of his resignation, the poor man has been burned in effigy in various parts of Derby, Shelton and Ansonia, as the New York *Herald* of January 4, reports. The people in these cities know too well the virtue of the Catholic women in their communities to tolerate Mr. Luddington's slanderous reflections on their virtue, as reported in the local newspaper, the *Evening Sentinel* for December 19. Meantime, the two ministers are reported to be exchanging letters, and the newspapers hint that the Derby preacher may have to answer in a suit for slander. It is consoling to know that the people are so much better informed and fair-minded than their ministers, and that the Catholics of Connecticut generally command such respect. If heresy spreads, the ministers are to blame; the good lives of Catholics are the strongest proof of the divinity of our holy religion.

OUR SALVATION ARMY.

We shall not need our army chaplains much longer; some of our generals and colonels are ready to take their places. It simplifies things to combine in one and the same person, spiritual and civil authority It is edifying, indeed, to see our army officers so deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of their men, but we do not understand why officers only should feel inspired, or take upon themselves the religious advancement of the troops. Since this vocation is usually considered to come from above, why should not some of the men preach to their officers? Since there is question of providing religious instruction and ministry not only for the army, but also for the benighted Porto Ricans, Cubans and Filipinos, at present under our care, may it not be that our private soldiers will be needed and that they will suffice to evangelize the natives in their respective territories? It would be so economical and effective in every way to have religion preached by the men whom we send to police the islands.

NOT TOO BAD FOR USE.

It seems that after all the monks in the Philippines were not so bad, and, according to the New York *Herald*, "one of the most well informed [sic] men in Spain," says that all they did was to make the islands a "monastic colony, the enormous profits of which went to Rome and into the hands of chiefs of various orders which exploited the archipelago." The Universities in Manila "distributed every year a great quantity of diplomas to the natives, who thus regarded themselves as young literary men." . . . The monks filled the empty heads of the Tagalos with the theory of Roman law and the philosophy of St. Augustine and St. Thomas. Masonic lodges and Spanish liberal democratic newspapers quickly transformed this kind of learning into revolutionary aspirations and protests against an insupportable theocratic domination." That was all; and since they constitute a power in the country, they could be utilized, "but their sphere of action, he thought, should be limited to purely religious and moral functions." As if it were not a religious function to teach, and to fill the empty-headed Tagalos with the philosophy of St. Augustine and St. Thomas. With all this lofty knowledge, and with the inner light and lectures of the lodge-room, which, we presume, will also be utilized, why concern ourselves about the highly cultivated Filipino, unless, indeed, we mean to profit by his knowledge of Roman law, and his readings in the Doctors of the Church, as we hope to profit by the material products of his native soil?

CAPTIVE TURNED CONQUEROR.

The most well informed Spaniard who spoke with the correspondent was not altogether wrong in his tribute to the high grade of education given by the monks in Manila, but he expressed himself as ignorantly on this point as on every other. The *Independent*, in an editorial on "The Educational Outlook," in its issue of December 29, pays the following tribute to the higher education in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, which is quite remarkable after all we have been hearing the past year about Spanish ignorance and dread of civilization generally.

"It is important," the *Independent* says, "at this moment in our national life to emphasize the claims of higher education. We have had much to do with training inferior peoples, but in our new possessions we encounter an unfamiliar class. For ages they have been in contact with a civilization in which higher education has been honored and fostered. The leaders in all the conquered islands, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, are familiar with, and many of them are formed upon, the humanities; they have intellectual standards by which to measure us. Moreover, we shall come in touch with foreign diplomats in respect to matters that have to be settled by historical precedent rather than upon a broad basis of principle. Knowledge, comprehensive and minute, must supplement the natural aptitudes which have heretofore been the chief reliance of our diplomacy."

So the new territories, which we shall in all likelihood annex as colonies, under the pretext of civilizing them, will force and help us to improve our own civilization. It is a hopeful sign that we are so far emerging from the conceit of ignorance as to admit that we have much to learn from our elders.

ONLY ONE INSTANCE.

The Rev. T. J. Earley, of St. Peter's Church of the Borough of Richmond, New York, has succeeded in having a public school teacher reprimanded and punished for making remarks and criticisms in her class of history which were both untrue and prejudicial to the Catholic Church. Even had she escaped punishment, Father Earley would have succeeded in showing how defective and dangerous is any school system which engages teachers who neither know nor respect a doctrine which is at least as important as the branch of a science they are employed to teach. Father Earley has also succeeded in convincing a number of Catholic parents that they cannot send their children to the public schools without taking extraordinary precautions to preserve them from shipwreck in their faith, and he has put clearly on record another instance of the abuses in our much-cherished school system, which even some pastors, who persist in praising it, will do well to examine.

A FIELD FOR FADDISTS.

If we cannot appreciate the benefits of educating our children in Catholic schools, and the importance of helping pastors to make these as good as we desire to see them, we should at least take the trouble to know something of the defects in the public school system, which commonly receives such indiscriminate praise. A Western educator has lately shown the weak points of the system as applied in the Empire City, and though some members of our school board resent his attack, they are painfully aware that the Mayor of the city has the same opinion of many of their methods as their Western critic. The sensible superintendents and teachers of our public schools are raising an outcry against educational fads. That the abuse is prevalent in more than one city we can judge from the repeated charges of our local newspapers, which are well summarized in the editorial of the *Independent* quoted above:

"One of the chief causes for alarm in respect to the public schools is the tendency to make them an experimental

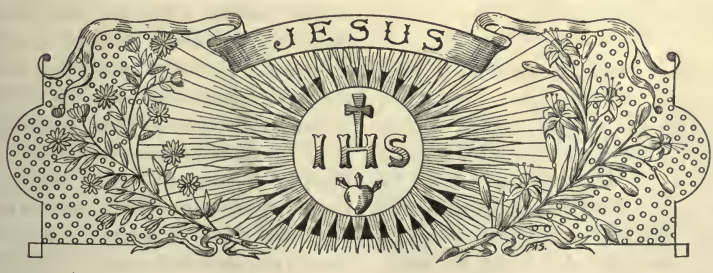
field for faddists. Unfortunately, even superintendents are found in this class, and may sacrifice the interest of a whole generation in the pursuit of crude fantasies, psychological, sociological or what-not."

NOT UNWELCOME.

The Superintendent of Education in the State of New York says that nuns employed as teachers in public schools must give up their religious garb or go. By this decision some few parishes will lose the support they have been deriving from the towns of which they form part, but they will gain by having the nuns free to give their children a thoroughly Catholic education, without constant hindrance and annoyance from officials of the city and State. As there is no election in sight the decision is not likely to be reversed. The nuns will surely not regret it, but rejoice that it has at length been announced, along with the principles laid down by Mr. Skinner in explanation of his views. We have seen this system of conducting some of our parochial schools at work in various places, and whatever may be said of its advantages, when Catholic lay teachers are employed, it is always both humiliating and oppressive for sisters, preventing them from giving the full course of instruction for which they are instituted, and submitting them to countless annoyances from people who cannot be expected to appreciate the modesty and reserve of religious women. The decision will not be welcome to the pastors, who must now seek to support their schools by collections from their parishioners; but they have at least the satisfaction of knowing how vainly they look to politicians for State aid for our schools, and no doubt, they will recognize in this as in other instances the advantages of the union of Church and State, against which so many declaim, while at heart they long for it.

TO PURIFY THE NEWSPAPERS.

"To announce a murder or a suicide, to allow a few lines for the circumstances of time, of place and of persons, to seek the motives and the causes of such an odious act with a view to showing the shame and ignominy thereof, constitutes the honest use of a liberty which nobody thinks of contesting with you." So writes Archbishop Bruchési of Montreal, to the newspaper editors of that city. Were he addressing his letter to our own journalists, he would add what seems so obvious to everyone but them, viz., that they should report only what they have reason to believe true, and leave out all invention, conjecture, and ill-founded report. Our yellow journalists will consider the Archbishop as very simple-minded and innocent to address such an appeal to men who act on their principles; but apparently he has reason to hope for a respectful hearing from the Montreal editors, and it is possible that they will at least publish less revolting illustrations and less sensational details in their reports of crimes which His Grace well describes as a sort of diabolical attack on the imagination of the readers.



The third national congress of French Catholics was held at Paris from November 27 to December 4. The best Catholic orators of France spoke in turn on various subjects interesting for the welfare of religion and society. We notice the following points in particular:

The work of teaching catechism to children by volunteer instructors was highly praised and strongly recommended. To make it more efficient, it was suggested to award certificates to such teachers as should have qualified themselves by an examination in Christian Doctrine. It seems that similar diplomas are already given by the Catholic Institute of Paris, and that they are greatly appreciated by the zealous catechists of the capital.

Father Lemius, superior of the chaplains of Montmartre, called the attention of the congress to a plan of his, aiming at nothing less than the creating in every parish of France of groups of "Men of the Sacred Heart." They are to be the right-hand of priests and pastors in all their works and enterprises. They will at the same time form an immense army, with the banner of the Sacred Heart as their standard, and will group themselves around the national Basilica to promote the speedy consecration of France to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The ever-increasing popularity of clerical schools in France, and the consequent disrepute of government institutions, have once more aroused the spiteful anger of the atheistic legislators. A socialist deputy introduced a motion in the Chamber, prohibiting religious congregations and members of the regular clergy from taking part in educational work. Urgency was asked for the proposal, but the demand was rejected by 303 votes against 149. Urgency was likewise refused for another motion to give the university a monopoly of education.

Mgr. Laborde, Bishop of Blois, is one of the latest victims of religious persecution, as it now prevails in France. Whilst making his episcopal visitation in a small village of his diocese, he was seen crossing the short distance from the presbytery to the church, attired in rochet and cape. Immediately the law stepped in, and the bishop was found guilty of attempt at procession, and condemned to the maximum penalty, a fine of five francs.

The next Eucharistic Congress is to be held at Lourdes. It will open on August 6th.

An interesting feature of the Exposition recently held at Turin, was the presence of a number of missionaries from various parts of the globe, accompanied by natives from those countries, and exhibiting important collections of ethnographical curiosities. Before returning to their several missions, both the missionaries and their charges had an audience at the Vatican, and were most kindly received by our Holy Father, Leo XIII. In the motley and picturesque gathering there were nine Arab children, fourteen Chinese Christians, seven Bedouins, sixteen Hindoo women and native nuns, twenty-six Copts of Upper Egypt, thirty-three Abyssinians, eight Bolivian Indians, and five Brazilian Indians. Each group was in turn led before the Pope, and had

he honor of kissing his hand and of receiving his blessing. The Pope appeared greatly moved at this manifestation of the great progress made by Catholicity of late years in the wildest and most distant regions of the world.

The question, Of what good are religious?—was thus answered lately at one of the sittings of the Paris Congress, by the Very Rev. Père Le Dore, Superior of the Eudists. "Preparations are being made," he said, "for selling this month in the name of the law, the premises of certain religious communities. Men thus turned out are not so helpless as women. Yet not one of these women is inclined to falter in her resolve. When our country is invaded and an army of 120,000 sent to defend it, the loss of 20,000 soldiers is reckoned of small account as the price of victory. And so let it be with our nuns. Let 20,000 of them perish, if necessary. They are ready." The orator said that he could affirm without exaggeration that in several communities the religious had already asked what hymn they should sing in going to prison or to the scaffold, in order that by practice they might become perfect in it.

He proceeded to point out that beside the 180,000 religious whom it is a question of putting outside the reach of the law in the matter of their rights, there is a much vaster array of human beings dependent on these religious for all the necessities of life. He alluded to the pupils of the colleges, convents and orphanages, whom they taught, and to the inmates of homes, asylums and hospitals whom they tended, housed and fed, these making in all with the benefactors and those benefited the sum total of upwards of 2,500,000 persons in France at the present time. Alluding to the institution of the Bon Pasteur of Père Eudes, he showed 7,000 religious to be employed in connection with it at the work of reclaiming fallen women.

"This is what religious communities are good for!" he exclaimed in ringing accents and with a tone that communicated his energy and conviction to those who heard him. Alluding to the work of foreign missions, he showed how missionary priests were to be foremost in the great work of winning to Christianity the twelve hundred million souls of the as yet unconverted races of the globe. "This is what religious are good for!" he again exclaimed. Coming to the contemplative orders, he said: "But there is still greater work being done by religious than any we have been enumerating. Members of the active orders speak before men, but their work would be of little profit were not the angels to pray for them before God. Carmelite, Ursuline, Carthusian and other contemplative orders serve as precious lightning conductors to the world. Destroy the contemplative orders of prayer and penance and the fabric around would quickly crumble."

In connection with the foregoing just and indignant protest against the iniquitous proceedings of the French Government our readers will remember that not long ago a law was passed in France imposing such heavy taxes upon religious orders that the payment of them was impossible if the orders were to continue in existence. Under the disguise of a tax it was nothing else than a law for the suppression of religious communities. Justice demands that taxes for the public good should be distributed proportionately over the whole population. A tax laid upon one class of the people for the benefit of other classes is manifestly unjust. No one is obliged to obey a law manifestly unjust. And hence of 180,000 religious in France, 120,000 refuse to pay this suicidal tax.

The twenty-seventh Annual Report of the Apostolic School at Turnhout, Belgium, furnishes striking evidence of the assistance rendered by it to the Foreign Missions. Conformable to the motto of its founder that their work was

to be accomplished without noise, the Report is silent as to much of the good effected by its former pupils, but a few extracts from their letters home, testify to their career of usefulness on the Missions.

At a Secret Consistory held in the Vatican, on November 28, the Holy Father appointed Mgr. Ephraem Rahmani to be Patriarch of Antioch.

The Pope has addressed a letter to the Franciscan Order urging renewed zeal for higher studies, and apostolic work among the masses. He hopes that the Third Order of St. Francis, intended for people living in the world, will greatly increase in membership. When we recall all that the Church has done to promote the honor of St. Francis of Assisi, and the welfare of the great Order which he founded, it is amusing to hear a "learned" critic in a recent periodical telling us that St. Francis had a "dread of dogma" and that he believed in "the annihilation of creed and cult"—in other words St. Francis was not a Catholic. Later on we are told that "the famous economic aphorism of Proudhon, 'Property is theft,' an unconscious echo of Brissot de Warville's 'Wealth is theft,'" was almost anticipated by the creed of St. Francis and his followers—in other words, St. Francis was a Socialist. After this we shall not be surprised to hear that Washington was King of England or that Luther was Pope of Rome.

Renewed life and vigor have come to the Baltimore *Mirror*, the official organ of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, with the advent of its new editor, Rev. M. O'Keefe. In his salutatory editorial he declares that one of the objects dearest to his heart will be to uphold Christian education, and particularly parochial schools. He quotes in this connection the strong language of the Pastoral issued by the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, and signed in his own name and in the name of all the Fathers by Cardinal Gibbons, who, as Apostolic Delegate, presided over the Council. Father O'Keefe is Superintendent of Parochial Schools for the Archdiocese of Baltimore, a position for which he is well qualified, having devoted himself to the cause of Catholic education for the space of eleven years.

Mgr. Rubics, Bishop of Kaschau, in a recent pastoral, deplores the decline of Catholicity in Hungary—that land once so thoroughly Catholic. The cause is State education Speaking of the youth the Bishop says: "When this precious treasure of the nation, they who are destined to rule the country in the future, step out into life at the close of their studies, very few will be recognized as the children of Catholic parents." As the University of Pesth has almost entirely lost its Catholic character, and the two other universities are non-sectarian, that is to say, infidel, Mgr. Rubics proposes to establish a new university which shall be thoroughly Catholic, under the invocation of St. Stephen, Hungary's famous monarch. The Bishop promises to subscribe for this purpose 200 florins a year as long as he lives.

When President Grant inaugurated his "Peace Policy" according to which the various Indian tribes were arbitrarily apportioned among the different religious denominations without regard to the rights of conscience, the arrangement was made that each denomination should appoint its own teachers for Indian schools, and these teachers should receive their salaries from the government and be placed on its pay-rolls as if they were government officials. But as this arrangement seemed to many too much like a union of Church and State, it was after a time abolished and the system of contract schools was introduced. Under this system the religious denomination built and equipped its own Indian schools and was paid *per capita* for the support and tuition of the children who attended

them. At first this arrangement was satisfactory to all, but when it was seen that the Catholics, having the largest number of schools and the largest number of pupils, received the largest share of the public money, there arose a great outcry from those who had hitherto favored the contract school system, and the result was that in 1897 Congress declared it to be "the settled policy of the government to hereafter make no appropriation whatever for education in any sectarian school," and proceeded to cut down the appropriations for Catholic Indian schools by twenty per cent. of the allotment for 1895.

Thus the government has undertaken to force non-sectarian schools upon the Indians. Those who have lived among them can testify that such schools so far from improving them only make them worse than they were before.

And now it is proposed to compel the Indians to send their children to those schools whether they like it or not. And without waiting for the law the Indian Commissioners as far back as 1896 issued a declaration that Indian parents have no right to designate which school their children shall attend, and Indian agents to-day claim the right to enter an Indian home, seize the child by force, carry him off to whatever school they please, and punish the parents for harboring their own child. Surely this is persecution of the most atrocious character. It would be less cruel to burn mother and child at the stake than to tear the child from the mother and force it to receive an "education" which, without a miracle of grace, must result in the ruin of its faith and morals, and most likely its everlasting misery.

Why should the government pay for the education of the Indians? First, because they are unable to educate themselves. Secondly, because they are "Wards of the Nation" and the government has undertaken to provide for their welfare. Why should the government support denominational schools? Because without religion it is impossible to civilize. The government is not asked to pay for the religion that is taught, but it *should* pay for everything else that is taught.

In the name of all the Archbishops of the United States, Cardinal Gibbons has addressed a petition to Congress in favor of retaining the contract school system. He asks that the whole subject be investigated by a committee of Congress and the result given to the world in a public report, "and not kept as a secret of State concealed in the files of any department or office."

On the same day that Lord Kitchener proposed the founding of a college in the heart of Africa, Mr. Hope proposed the founding of a Catholic University in Ireland. The first request has been granted, the second, thus far refused. The religion of the Mussulmans is to be scrupulously respected, the religion of the Catholics is to be scorned. What Mahometan Africa desires, is to be cheerfully conceded, what Catholic Ireland demands, is to be contemned. We are not surprised then to learn that Lord Emly has left the Unionist party in disgust, declaring that as a Catholic he can no longer subscribe to the anti-Catholic attitude of what he calls "the most offensively anti-Catholic government of modern times."

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Annual Reports

Under the heading "Apostleship at Home and Abroad," Directors will note an abstract from the Reports of two Local Centres which have been published as supplements of our Almanac and Calendar. One of them, St. Aloysius Centre, Washington, D. C., with 381 active Promoters, reports the distribution of 84,481 *Leaflets* during the year, 60,000 Communions of Reparation, and 3,230 Reports handed in at the Promoters' Councils. The Director of this Centre has written his views on the benefits of an Annual Report as follows:

DEAR FATHER:—The 500 Sacred Heart Almanacs arrived safely. The Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer in this Centre are very much pleased to see our local report printed under one cover with your Almanac and Calendar.

"Printer's ink is nowadays a very great power to help on organization. The list of Promoters in clear type with addresses attached is of incalculable service. I am convinced that it would benefit the work of the League immensely if every Centre would publish an annual report. Local Directors could then exchange reports and thus see at a glance what is being done for the glory of the Sacred Heart in every Centre.

"Now, the cheapest way to print a report is to accept your terms."

It will be observed that both these reports lay special stress on the part that men take in League work in these Centres. In St. Aloysius' Centre, Washington, D. C., the services every third Friday evening are chiefly for them; and in St. Francis Xavier's Centre, New York, they occupy places in the middle aisle on the first Friday evenings, and make the nocturnal adoration during the Forty Hours Exposition and on Holy Thursday. Their interest in the League was enlisted by young men, who as Promoters canvassed the parish a year ago to make sure that every parishioner was enrolled in the League, and the five hundred or more men, that they discovered were not active members, have since become more faithful and zealous.

Promoters' Triduum.

We recommend to Local Directors the triduum of instructions for Promoters, as described in the letter of the Diocesan Director of the Apostleship in San Francisco. Though such an invitation comes most properly from the Diocesan Director, still there are many cities and towns distant from a Diocesan Director, in which Promoters might very properly be assembled in one or other of the churches to hear special instructions from one or several Local Directors. Such triduums might be held before some feast day, or before the first Friday, so that the Promoters might conclude the exercises by Holy Communion.

Please Notice.

The Apostleship of Prayer is civilly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, under the title of the "Apostleship of Prayer." Directors may communicate with us under this title, sure that one of the Fathers, whose names are given in the Annual Almanac and in the Catholic Directory, will give their letters personal attention. They will do us a favor by letting us know of Post Office clerks and others who are not satisfied with this title, for registered letters and money orders.

The League Director for February will contain the continuation of the subject taken up in the January number, why pray for all men? Last month the answer was: Because God wishes the

salvation of all, and calls on all to pray for it. This latter point will be developed in the February number; the usual summary of the General Intention; some practical hints and some questions and answers, together with a refutation of a strange error regarding images or pictures of the Sacred Heart, will complete the number.

To Promoters.

1. St. Francis de Sales' feast is transferred this year from January 27, to February 3, and the indulgence granted to Promoters on his feast may be gained on this day.

2. The two days before Lent, February 13 and 14, are days for special reparation, since so many people make the Carnival of those days a time for licentiousness and of grievous insult to God. Promoters should strive to multiply the Communions of Reparation received on the Sundays previous and following.

3. Lent begins on February 15, just as the Promoters' Councils begin, and they should make it from the very start a time of special prayer and zeal for the Associates, taking care to repair the past by more than usual fidelity to the practices of the League, and the duties they have assumed for the benefit of others.

4. Thanksgivings are published almost verbatim as they come to us, without discrimination on our part as to the senders or the locality whence they come. We must, however, insist on having them signed. A priest opens the letters, so that no one need hesitate to give us this evidence that the thanksgiving is sent us in good faith. If we give preference to any, it is to those that are expressed with the greatest simplicity and that recount favors obtained through our special practices.

Apostleship Abroad and at Home.

England.—Seldom has the trite expression "Much in Little" had fuller meaning than when applied to the Annual Almanac, issued for the Associates of the Apostleship by the Rev. Editor of the English *Messenger*. The whole booklet is brimful of interest and of hints, suggestions, and advices which, if carried out, would make the perfect Apostle according to the model set before us by the founder of our Apostleship, Father Ramière. Its six stories are all well told, and the virtues proposed for each day of the year are eminently practical and within the power of every Associate. What, however, we most admire is the Promoters' Corner, a short instruction, averaging some twenty lines, placed at the foot of the Calender for each month. The Promoters' Cross, the necessity of having the Handbook at their fingers' ends to do effective work, a personal, enthusiastic love of our Lord, the Sacred Heart as the Centre around which everything revolves in the Apostleship, the value of the Morning Offering, the purpose of the *Messenger*, are some of the subjects treated, and this with a freshness and succinctness which invite reading. The year's progress is thus summed up: Forty-four Diplomas of Aggregation have been sent to new Centres. Seven hundred and thirty-three have received Promoters' Diplomas, 40,000 Certificates of Admission and 123,750 Monthly *Leaflets* have been issued, and the number of *Messenger* subscribers has reached 37,000. A reprint of "*Messenger* Stories" at the low price of twopence is announced as a feature of the League publications for 1899.

France.— The French Almanac is more elaborate than the English, especially in point of copious illustrations. There is a peculiar charm and naiveté about its many short stories. Its opening page, greeting the Grand Army of

those who pray under the banner of the Sacred Heart, has truly a military ring. Its keynote is found in the following forceful quotation from Donoso Cortes; "I believe that those who *pray* do more for the world than those who fight, and that if the world is going from bad to worse, it is because there are more battles than prayers. If we could penetrate the secrets of God and of history, I hold as certain that we would be seized with admiration for the prodigious effects of prayers, even in human affairs. My conviction on this point is so strong that I believe that if there were a single hour or a single day on which no prayer ascended from earth to heaven, that day and that hour would be the last day and the last hour of the world." An item of practical interest and weight as coming from the Moderator General of the Apostleship is the announcement that the total number of Local Centres throughout the world is 56,592, representing a membership of upwards of 20,000,000 souls.

California—The following letter of the Very Rev. Diocesan Director for San Francisco, may suggest the possibility and advisability of a similar reunion of Promoters, especially in large cities. It may be here remarked that there is no State in the Union where the Apostleship of Prayer is better organized, has more numerous Associates in proportion to the Catholic population, and gives so many signs of spiritual activity, than California.

St. Ignatius' Church,
San Francisco, Dec. 12, 1898.

Reverend and Dear Father:

I have arranged a Triduum for all the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart in the city and its immediate neighborhood, to be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, the 3d, 4th and 5th of January, and to be concluded with a solemn Renewal of Consecration, on the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6.

You will, I am sure, agree with me as to the great profit to be gained from gathering all our Promoters together for this renewal of spirit. That those of your Centre may receive the necessary cards of admission, I beg you to be good enough to request your Secretary to call upon me for them; or to send me a list of the Promoters' names and addresses, that I may send them to each by mail; or to direct your Promoters to apply individually to me for them, as may be most convenient.

Should you desire to attend any of the exercises yourself, you will be most welcome; and I most earnestly invite you to be present in the Sanctuary at the closing ceremonies on the Feast of the Epiphany.

Your servant in Christ,
J. P. Frieden, S.J.,
Diocesan Director.

Colorado.—Rev. Dear Father,
P. C. Your note of October 6, in regard to Diplomas of Aggregation to the Apostleship, after many meanderings, reached me yesterday. Thanks for kindly interest manifested in my work. Wish I had one of your men to help me; there is a whole empire out here to evangelize, Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, Western Texas, Western Kansas and Western Nebraska. Many souls are lost to the faith in this vast territory. Missions have never been given save in a few of the very largest centres of population and there is not a town of even 500 people that would not yield a sufficiency of fruit to gladden a missionary's heart. The poor people are good-hearted, but become negligent and incredulous through ignorance. It is astonishing how they brighten up and get interested when the great truths of Holy Church are made plain to them. A large percentage of the Catholics are Irish, and you know it is very hard to knock all the faith out of an Irishman's heart. I tell them this, and quote Moore: "You may break, you may shatter the vase as you will, but the

scent of the roses will hang round it still." You should see the tears glisten for a moment in the eyes of some brawny miner who had not been to confession since he left the "Auld dart," and then he hangs his head in shame and sorrow, but he will be sure to turn up for confession. Some weeks ago I was giving a mission in a town on the other side of the Range. A manager of a mine invited me to hold a service or two at his "camp," almost at "timber line." So I went. The "Bunkhouse" was put in order, and some seventy-five persons assembled. Started the Rosary. No response. So I turned towards them, and said "My God, boys, is it possible that you have forgotten the Hail Mary which your good old Irish mothers taught you in the old land?" "No, father, no, father, go on." And after that the responses were loud enough to deafen you. The service lasted two hours, then confessions, Mass at four o'clock in the morning, to accommodate both the "Dayshift" and "Nightshift," as the crews are called. When all was over, a delegate approached me. "Father," said he, "the boys is very sorry ye didn't come round pay day—this is all we have now—they is awful glad ye came anyhow. Shure we didn't think there was any God up in these hills."

I have given ten missions, and established nine Local League Centres this Fall. The work is hard, but there is a world of good in it. The League takes like hot cakes when explained. I always introduce it with a talk on the personal attractions of our Lord—the workman of Nazareth and nature's only gentleman. Protestants, or rather agnostics, for they have no faith at all, come in crowds to hear "the big talker up at the Catholic Church," and they persist in coming night after night, even though I roast them for their immorality and want of faith. Many of them want to join the League; let us hope that the Sacred Heart will be mindful of their good desires.

New York, St. Francis Xavier's Centre.—The special edition of the Apostleship Almanac prepared by this Centre furnishes us with many interesting and instructive details of the work accomplished by Promoters and Associates. One hundred and seventy-five new Promoters received their crosses and diplomas during the past year, despite the fact that the parish is not a growing one, and the already large number of Promoters. For this increase, not merely of number, but also of fervor and zeal, several causes are assigned. First there was the careful attention given to the Promoters by the Rev. Local Director, and his insistence on fidelity to the duties of their office. A second cause was the facilities afforded by setting apart and furnishing an office for the use of the Secretary and other assistants. This office was found useful, not only as a store-room for League supplies, the new card registers, and all report and account books, but also as a reception room for those who have any business connected with the Apostleship, that needed the Director's or Secretary's attention. A third, and perhaps the most potent factor in this increase, was the new impulse given to the zeal by the approved Promoters, and the need thereby created of a number of others to help them in the additional fields of labor opened to their energies. A striking evidence of this was the house to house canvass of the parish made by some of the most active men Promoters. Their apostolic work was blessed beyond the most sanguine expectations. In two weeks they had registered five hundred men, almost all of whom agreed not merely to observe the three degrees, but also to give one or more hour's time watching before the Blessed Sacrament during the nocturnal adoration of the Forty Hours, and to attend the First Friday evening services. This canvass revealed a fact of great importance, namely, that some of these men had never even heard of the League, while others who had long ago

given their names for membership, had never received the essentially necessary certificates of admission, or their monthly leaflets. This discovery shows how there is always work to be done, even in well-organized Centres, and serves as as admirable illustration of one leading principle of our Apostleship, that Promoters must not wait for people to come to them, but go out to them, to lead them to the Church and an active and devout attendance at her services. A fourth cause was found in the beauty and attractiveness of the First Friday services, and the solemnity and preparation attending the semi-annual Reception of Promoters. A great increase in the circulation of the MESSENGER, work in the hospitals and on the Islands, organized adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, are other evidences of the activity of this Centre. The Deaf Mute Associates have twenty Promoters from among their own number, and thirty regular Adorers. The League in the Parish School has been rendered more efficient by the establishment of the Apostleship of Study. Out of eight hundred and forty pupils, one hundred and seventy qualified themselves for the decorations by their faithful performance of all the devout practices recommended, especially the daily offering to the Sacred Heart of Jesus of an hour of study, an hour of silence and an hour of recreation. A full list of Promoters and another list of deceased Promoters and Associates, give completeness to this sixteen page report, and make us cherish the hope that other Centres may imitate their example by annually setting forth the history of the League in their respective parishes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., ST. ALOYSIUS' CENTRE.—A sixteen-page supplement, printed and bound in with the regular Apostleship Almanac, constitutes the Special Edition issued by this flourishing Centre. Here, again, the success of a house to house canvass for Associates is a marked feature of the year's work, an increase of 1,200 Associates being the immediate result. There are 381 active Promoters, of whom ninety received their Crosses and Diplomas during the first year. Forty-nine others are filling their term of six months' probation; nine who were formerly active have resumed work; thirteen resigned either because they entered convents or for other reasons; death deprived us of four faithful Promoters and 121 Associates, while the names of five Promoters have been erased from the Register, owing to remissness in duty. Eighty-four thousand, four hundred and eighty-one *Leaflets* were distributed during the year, and 60,000 Communions of Reparation offered. Three thousand, two hundred and thirty-six Monthly Reports have been handed in by Promoters, and 5,500 Badges distributed. A steady increase in the use of the Intention Blanks, and the Treasury of Good Works, has been noted, an effect due, in part, to the handsome new "Sacred Heart Casket" placed in a prominent position in the church. A "Roll of Honor," containing the names of those Promoters who, during the year, never failed to hand in their reports before the fourth Sunday of the month, was read at two of the Promoters' Meetings, and then hung up in a conspicuous place in the League office. The third Friday night of each month is called the Men's League Night. On that occasion, the middle aisle is reserved for men, and their deep voices lend an additional charm to the congregational singing, which is now a striking feature of all public services in this Centre. The practical and energetic Local Director notes with pleasure an increase in the number of subscriptions to the MESSENGER, the great means, as he says, to keep alive the true spirit of the Apostleship, and he declares he shall not rest satisfied until every Band subscribes for at least one copy. His short chat with Promoters which closes the report, is full of valuable suggestions and clearly-enunciated practical principles.

From our Mail Bag.—"I am in receipt of the first number of the Messenger for 1899, and to-day I received the beautiful picture you sent as a premium to my address. I feel now that I was never so rich in all my life. My sincere thanks for both, and I will save up every cent I can, in order to be able to continue my subscription for the Messenger for many years to come."

"With this find subscription for another year. I could not do without the Messenger."

"I have recommended the Messenger all I could, but not as much as it deserves, for I do not believe we have in the English language anything like or equal to your Messenger. May God prosper it!"

"Enclosed find subscription to the Messenger for 1899. Would have renewed it sooner, but being a working girl and only paid once a month, I did not have the means to do so sooner. I am very much pleased with the Messenger, and being a member of the League of the Sacred Heart, I hope to continue taking it as long as God spares me and gives me the means to do so."

"Thanks for your kind offer to send me Messenger free next year. I confess that I would have missed it very much, had I been obliged to do without it. A friend has been sending me hers, but it reaches me late in the month. I glance at it and mail it to my niece who lives nine miles from a church. She has gathered the few Catholics around her, and after unceasing effort a priest has been appointed, who comes twice a month to say Mass. Every Sunday she reads the devotions and some suitable selections to the people in the little hall, and she and her children lead the singing of hymns, and teach catechism. This good woman is married to a non-Catholic. When she has read the Messenger, she forwards it to my nephew, who went a year ago to a mining district in northern California. Many Catholics are scattered over the mountains, and for miles reading matter goes from hand to hand, returning honorably to the owner, only to go forth again."

"Hoping for the unlimited success which your efforts deserve, I beg to assure you that an inestimable amount of practical good in the parish, is always the result of the presence of the Apostleship."

A Strange Error.—"While the Church," says the *Catholic Weekly*, "approves the devotion to the Sacred Heart, she only tolerates pictures or images of the Heart alone or of Christ with His Heart exposed. Such representations will be gradually withdrawn and the scapular of the Sacred Heart now bears only an image of Christ."

This is wrong. The Church has repeatedly approved of such images by granting Indulgences at various times for the use of scapulars or badges bearing the image of the Heart alone, and for prayers before pictures of the Christ exposing His Heart, and the Sacred Congregation of Rites has decided that such Indulgences could not be gained unless the Heart appears on the picture. The dates of these decrees are given in the *League Director* for February.

The Sacred Heart scapular still bears the image of the Heart of Jesus alone, and so also does our Badge; if we have added on one side the figure of Christ exposing His Heart, it is because we wish to make our Badge a perfect expression of the spirit and practices of our League, by representing Christ pleading for us and showing us His Heart in order to suggest the love and devotion with which He prays for us, and would have us pray for others.

Obituary.

Ellen Handibean, St. Aloysius Centre, Washington, D. C.; Patrick Lally, St. Ann's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Nicholas Martin, St. Patrick's Centre, O'Neill, Nebraska.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 1,075,899.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings. — GARDINER, N. Y.—"Please announce in the MESSENGER, that I attribute my recovery from a severe attack of influenza to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord. I promise, therefore, to say a Mass, for the intentions of the League, on the first Friday of each month during the coming year of 1899. I asked for this favor when my illness was most critical."

"I wish to offer a public thanksgiving for the safe return of my husband from the Santiago campaign. Though not a Catholic, he wore a medal of the Sacred Heart, also a Badge, and a medal of Our Lady of Victory. His regiment was under fire from noon, July 1, until July 3, when the flag of truce went up. Its members occupied a position nearer the Spanish lines than any other regiment, and here it remained in the trenches until July 17, without once being relieved. The rifle pit of my husband's company was penetrated by a Spanish shell, which exploded, injuring no one, though the cap of the shell, weighing many pounds, fell in his own rifle pit, immediately in rear of his company. Neither was he ill a single day in Cuba. For these great favors I wish to return a special and fervent thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart."

WASHINGTON, D.C.—"Being obliged to go to a hospital to undergo a serious operation, I placed myself under the protection of the Sacred Heart, and felt great confidence in the prayers of the League Considering my age and weak condition, doctors and nurses thought I got on remarkably well, better than many others who appeared to have much in their favor. One night, in particular, I suffered severely. I knew nothing could be done to relieve me, and I tried hard to be patient. I had my Promoter's Cross, Badge and a relic of Blessed Margaret Mary fastened together, aud I suddenly remembered having heard that it was proper to make use of these articles. I placed them just over the terrible pain, begging the Sacred Heart through the virtues attached to them, and the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary, to ease my suffering. In a few moments the pain was gone, and I fell into a comfortable sleep."

WASHINGTON, D.C.—"Since January of last year, my brother had been out of employment, trying all the while, both in Washington and other cities, for something to do, but all his own efforts and those of friends seemed of no avail. Still he never lost faith in the prayers of the League. On the First Friday of October, the intention was read out at our regular League meeting, and a novena begun to St. Joseph, with a promise of publication in the MESSENGER, and a Mass for the poor souls in honor of the Sacred Heart. That same month, from a most unexpected source, he was helped into a position here in this city."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"About a month ago, some articles were lost, and in consequence I was in danger of being retired from my position. I prayed to the Sacred Heart and promised to go to Holy Communion and to have favor, if granted, published in the MESSENGER. I had searched everywhere, but could not find the lost articles. On Monday morning, when I came in, I found them where I am sure that I had looked before, in full view. I received Holy Communion, and hope that you will publish this, so that I may fulfil my promise."

Ashtabula, Ohio.— "We wish to return special thanks to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a child sick with a fever. The little one grew worse rapidly from the beginning of her sickness, and almost from the beginning her mind wandered. A Badge was pinned on the child's clothing, a Mass promised in honor of the Sacred Heart, and promise of publication if the child were cured. Almost immediately the child grew better, and in about three days after, the little one was able to be up and play about the house. Her cure was certainly wonderful, and with grateful hearts we offer this for publication."

Caliente, Cal.—"I wish to return thanks to Blessed Margaret Mary for recovery of health, when very much depressed at the prospect of being obliged to give up work. In a short time I picked up wonderfully."

Waterbury, Ct.—"Would you allow me space in the Messenger to thank the Most Sacred Heart for obtaining the grace of a happy death for my husband? He had seen the priest several times, but refused to go to confession or Communion, though he knew his end was fast approaching. Almost discouraged, I promised the Sacred Heart that I would have it published in the Messenger if he received the Sacraments, which he did, several times, before death came."

Spiritual Favors through the Sacred Heart.—Two conversions to the faith; a return to religious duties; a deliverance from temptation; reform of two persons addicted to drink; reconciliation of two brothers and two sisters who had been at enmity for years. A wife and her non-Catholic husband were about to obtain a divorce on account of suspicions and misunderstanding. The wife was asked by a Promoter to wear a Badge of the Sacred Heart, that the separation might be avoided. She consented. The difficulty was happily settled, and the divorce suit dropped. The wife is convinced that all is due to the Sacred Heart. The return to his duty of a neglectful Catholic; the grace to make a good confession; preservation of virtue amid grave danger; the conversion of an only brother; peace of mind and patience for several persons; the good work done by the Promoters in my parish.

Temporal Favors.—Success of four surgical operations; good positions for three; recovery of a child from malignant scarlet fever; successful examination; unexpected sale of some property, after promise of publication and a novena of communions; a brother's restoration to health; the cure of a severe cold; abatement of a high fever; recovery of health; receipt of an important letter; means of livelihood for several persons; settlement of a lawsuit; unexpected success in business; recovery of a mother and daughter from a contagious disease; recovery of a husband from serious bone trouble; cure of rheumatism; recovery from an injury which threatened a serious operation; rapid convalescence after an attack of pleurisy; employment through a novena to Blessed Margaret Mary; the return of a nephew who had been missing for nearly eighteen months; cure of headaches and nervous trouble; a good position; recovery from severe attack of appendicitis.

Favors Ascribed to Application of Badge or Promoter's Cross. — Escape from threatened appendicitis; relief from pains in the side; cure of sore eyes in the case of two; cure of earache; stopping of hemorrhage of the lungs; relief from rheumatism of the back; checking of a severe cold which threatened to lead to consumption; cure of a swollen leg; subsiding of a swelling on the face; cure of sore throat; relief from severe pain in the limbs; recovery from cramps; cure of bronchial troubles.

THE·READER·

It has been often said and cannot be too often repeated that reading is for the mind what food is for the body. Just as the strongest constitution must needs succumb to the effects of unwholesome diet, so the sturdiest soul will sicken and die from the effects of unwholesome reading. The enemy of mankind was quick to seize upon the press for the ruin of souls, but it can also be made one of the mightiest means for their salvation.

* * *

We have reason to rejoice at the great increase of Catholic literature during the past decade of years. In every department Catholic authors are coming to the front. We must not, however, make the mistake of thinking that because an author is a Catholic, therefore everything in his book is commendable, nor allow ourselves to imbibe the poison of a book which caters to the popular taste at the expense of principle and even sometimes of purity. Still, of good literature by Catholic authors there is now an abundance. Every taste can be gratified, every condition of life find something to suit its needs.

* * *

College students will derive both benefit and entertainment from a little book recently published by Rev. John F. Quirk, S.J., late Professor of Rhetoric at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y. This work contains a eulogy on Bl. Edmund Campion, S.J., together with the martyr's *Homo Academicus*, a Latin oration delivered at Douay. There is an English translation by Father Quirk. As a boy Edmund Campion, a pupil of the Blue-Coat school, was chosen among all the school-boys of London to address Queen Mary upon her entrance into that city. The little orator was then only thirteen years of age. At sixteen he entered St. John's College, Oxford. Here his brilliant talents and especially his gift of eloquence soon made him famous. When Queen Elizabeth visited Oxford he took the principal part in a Latin disputation held in her presence. He delivered the funeral oration over Amy Robsart, whose tragic death is told in Scott's Kenilworth. He became the model and hero of university students. He was the leader of the fashion not only in literary style, but even in dress and manners. He was the favorite of Elizabeth, of Cecil, and of Leicester. Cecil called him one of England's diamonds. Who could then have predicted that this dashing young student, this spoiled child of fortune, would end his life upon the scaffold?

Hitherto he had remained faithful to the Catholic faith. But in a moment of weakness, yielding to temptation, he allowed himself to be made a deacon of the new religion which Elizabeth was forcing upon the English people. Repenting of his sin, he resolved to devote himself to the service of God. He left Oxford in 1569 and after a short stay in Ireland passed over to the Continent. He entered the Society of Jesus, returned to England as a missionary, and became the most famous champion there of the persecuted religion. Proscribed, hunted, but always feared, he was at last taken and finished his life a glorious martyr for the Faith.

Next to St. John's College where Campion studied there stands a massive and noble-looking building, though of modest

proportions. It was there in Campion's time and had been there for centuries before. As you enter the door the first thing you see is a statue of the martyr in his Jesuit dress, and you know that you are in Campion Hall, where the young Jesuit students of Oxford are preparing themselves to follow in the footsteps of their great patron. The *Homo Academicus* puts before us an ideal college student, such as all students should strive to become. Father Quirk is to be congratulated on bringing it within reach of our Catholic young men.

* * *

Lovers of fiction will be charmed by *Westchester*, a tale of the Revolution, by Henry Austin Adams, M. A., the well-known lecturer and editor, and two books of stories by Maurice Francis Egan. We need not make any remarks on these books. The names of their authors are a sufficient commendation.

* * *

The Apostleship of Prayer in England is working hard for the sailors. It has published a Sailors' Hymn Book and a series of Letters to Catholic Seamen by the Rev. John G. Gretton, S. J. These letters are short but solid, well-written and impressive. The following extract will serve as a specimen of the style :

"Eternity is not made up of years and centuries, like time. No amount of time could ever make up eternity, just as no amount of the restless ocean could make up the immovable rock. Time and eternity differ much more than sea and land. Time is always moving and changing, filled with our countless thoughts, words and actions. Eternity knows no movement, no change. *It is one unchangeable, everlasting, infinite Now.* It has no yesterday and no to-morrow. It is foolish, therefore, to imagine, as some do, who have not the faith, that *after an immense time* the soul will change its mind and return to God. After ages and ages of time, eternity has not moved by the fraction of a second from its beginning, for it is an everlasting existence."

* * *

In far greater need of help than the sailors are the pagans and the slaves of Africa. *The Life of Cardinal Lavigerie*, by Rev. J. G. Beane, tells of the immense labors and glorious success, not however unmixed with great trials, of one man—the Apostle of a Continent. To give an idea of what he accomplished it will be sufficient to state that before his death there were 100,000 Catholic Africans in Uganda alone, where his first missionaries had found not one.

* * *

A bright and interesting little book is Father O'Conor's *Sacred Scenes and Mysteries*. It contains accounts of such places as Paray-le-Monial, Oostacker, the home of St. John Berchmans, with short articles on devotional subjects such as the Childhood of Mary, St. Ursula, the Guardian Angels, etc. The volume closes with a hymn and several poems, composed by the author. There are numerous half-tone illustrations taken from the works of great masters. It is a book that can be taken up at any time in moments of weariness, when one is in search of spiritual recreation and refreshment.

* * *

The Columbian Guard designates an important booklet, by Rev. M. P. Heffernan of St. Anthony's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and is descriptive of a happily named boy's society which he has organized on military lines.

The pamphlet contains very earnest and eloquent appeals for increased attention to Juniors, besides offering a constitution for their government. Father Heffernan's practical, literary contribution emphasizes the charity-duty of priests who are successfully engaged in boy care : let them, for the benefit of others, publish their experiences, expedients, etc. Guide books of this kind would provide inquiring beginners with

large choice of methods, and therefore cannot be too numerous.

By the way, the above booklet should enlighten Mr. B. Paul Neuman, who, in the very interesting *Fortnightly Review* article, "Take care of the Boys," makes no exception for Catholic priests when declaring that clergymen are incompetent to organize and care for the junior male growth of cities.

A writer, so experienced in men and things, should know that heresy's blight of sterility does not afflict the Mother Church. Here, for example, is a Brooklyn priest modestly unfolding methods that bring him *hundreds* of young followers. Many of the same vocation, who are silent, have like success; and others still might enjoy it if they would. Perhaps new workers will be formed by the booklet now considered. It is intended for private circulation only, and can be had on application to the author.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS,
New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

Mariæ Corolla. A Wreath for our Lady. By Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P. (Benjamin D. Hill). Pages, 201. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25.

H. L. KILNER & CO.
Philadelphia.

Prince Ragnal and other holiday verses. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Pages, 40. 12 mo. Cloth.

In a Brazilian Forest and Three Brave Boys. By Maurice Francis Egan. Pages, 219. 12 mo. Cloth.

The Leopard of Lancianus and other stories. By Maurice Francis Egan. Pages, 229. 12 mo. Cloth.

B. HERDER,
St. Louis, Mo.

Westchester. A Tale of the Revolution. By Henry Austin Adams, M. A. Pages, 264. 12 mo. Cloth.

Lasca, and other stories. By Mary F. Nixon. Pages 190. 12 mo. Cloth.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
London.

Christian Argument. By J. Herbert Williams, M. A. Pages, 111. 12 mo. Cloth.

MESSENGER OFFICE,
Wimbledon, England.

The Catholic Sailors' Hymn Book. Edited by F. M. De Zulueta, S.J. Pages, 33. 12 mo. Cloth.

Letters to Catholic Seamen, on Christian Doctrine, I to VIII. By Rev. John George Gretton, S.J. Paper, 4 pages each.

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER,
New York.

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Sacred Scenes and Mysteries. By Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J. Pages, 138. 12 mo. Cloth. $1 00.

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The Voice of the Good Shepherd. Does it Live? and Where? By the Rev. Edmund Hill, C.P. Pages, 24. Paper.

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS,
Boston, Mass.

Impressions and Opinions. By Walter Leckey. Pages, 180. 12 mo. Paper, 50 cts.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, December 1 to 31, 1898.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Cleveland	Defiance, Ohio	St John's . . . Church	Dec. 22.
Denver	Fruita, Colo	St. Malachy's . . . "	Dec. 6.
"	Grand Junction, Colo	St. Joseph's . . . "	Dec. 6.
Dubuque	Dubuque, Ia	St. Ambrose's . . . "	Dec. 9.
"	Fairbank, Ia	Immaculate Conception . . . Convent	Dec. 16.
*Erie	Titusville, Pa	St. Walburga's . . . Church	Nov. 5.
Fargo	Minot, N. Dak	St. Leo's . . . "	Dec. 21.
*Galveston	Mexia, Tex	St. Mary's . . . "	Nov. 12.
Indian Territory	Hennessy, Okla. Terr'y	St. Joseph's . . . "	Dec. 6.
La Crosse	Tomah, Wis	St. Mary's . . . "	Dec. 29.
*Milwaukee	Jefferson, Wis	St. Laurenz' . . . "	Dec. 10.
New York	Mt. Vernon, N. Y	St. Joseph's . . . Academy	Dec. 8.
Pittsburg	Millvale, Pa	St. Ann's . . . Church	Dec. 21.
"	Pitcairn, Pa	St. Michael's . . . "	Dec 21.
"	Wilmerding, Pa	St. Aloysius' . . . "	Dec. 21.
Portland	South Brewer, Me	St. Teresa's . . . "	Dec. 6.
Providence	Warren R. I	St. Mary s. . . . "	Dec. 22.
"	North Attleboro, Mass	St. Mary's . . . "	Dec. 25.
*St. Louis	Florissant, Mo	Sacred Heart . . . "	Dec. 10.
*St Paul	New Allm, Min	Holy Trinity . . . "	Nov. 1.
San Francisco	Oakland, Cal	St. Joseph's . . . School	Dec. 8.
Wichita	Wichita, Kans	St. Aloysius' . . . Pro-Cathedral	Nov. 4.

Aggregations, 22; churches, 19; schools, 2; convent, 1; *German-speaking Centres.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued from December 1 to 30, 1898.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Alton	Newton, Ill.	St. Thomas' Church	2
Baltimore	Washington, D. C.	St. Aloysius. "	22
Boston	Brighton, Mass	St. Columbkille's. "	71
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Nativity "	7
Brownsville	Goliad, Texas.	St. Mary's, "	5
"	San Patricio, Tex	St. Patrick's "	7
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Holy Angel's "	15
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Vincent's "	14
"	" "	Our Lady of Sorrows' "	4
Cleveland	Delphos, Ohio.	St. John the Evangelist's. "	3
Columbus.	Ironton, Ohio	St. Lawrence's "	5
"	Steubenville, Ohio	St. Peter's. "	7
Dallas	Dallas, Texas	Sacred Heart "	5
Dubuque	Dubuque, Iowa.	St. Patrick's. "	6
Fort Wayne.	Collegeville, Ind	St. Joseph's. College	18
"	Tipton, Ind.	St. Joseph's. Convent	1
Galveston	Houston, Tex	St. Joseph's Church	4
Green Bay	Green Bay, Wis	St. Patrick's "	10
"	Oconto, Wis.	St. Joseph's "	2
Harrisburg	Shamokin, Pa.	St. Edward's "	12
Hartford	Hartford, Conn..	St. Joseph's Cathedral	14
"	E. Hartford, Conn	St. Mary s. Church	20
"	Norwalk, Conn..	" "	5
Kansas City.	Monett, Mo	St. Lawrence's "	4
Leavenworth	Pao'a, Kans.	Holy Family "	2
Louisville	Louisville, Ky	Assumption Cathedral	3
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wis	Holy Rosary Church	5
Nesqually	Spokane, Wash.	Our Lady of Lourdes' "	1
Newark	Jersey City, N. J	St Mary's "	41
"	Paterson, N. J.	Franciscan Monastery	5
"	" "	St Joseph's Church	3
New Orleans	New Orleans, La	St. Alphonsus' "	19
"	" "	St. Bonaface's "	3
New York.	New York City, N. Y.	St. Ambrose's. "	22
"	" "	St. Ann's "	15
"	" "	St. Patrick's Cathedral	42
"	" "	St. Paul's. Church	3
"	" "	St. Stephen's "	6
Oregon City	Portland, Ore.	St. Mary's Academy	11
Peoria	Streator, Ill.	Immaculate Conception Church	2
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Columba's "	4
"	" "	St. Joseph's Convent	6
"	" "	St. Joseph's. Church	18
"	" "	St. Kyran's. "	23
Pittsburg	Glenfield, Pa	St. Mary's "	1
"	Rochester, Pa.	St. Cecelia's "	4
Providence	Elmhurst, R. I	Sacred Heart Academy	1
Sacramento	Nevada, Cal.	St. Canice's Church	8
St. Augustine.	Fernandina, Fla	St. Michael's "	2
St. Louis	Florissant, Mo	St Ferdinand's "	7
"	St. Louis, "	St. Francis Xavier's "	1
"	" "	St. Mary's and St. Joseph's. "	28
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal	St. Francis of Assium's "	4
"	" " "	St. Ignatius's. "	36
"	" " "	St. Peter's. "	13
"	" " "	St. Vincent Ferrer's. "	10
Scranton	Vallejo, Cal	Holy Cross "	21
Sioux Falls	Scranton, Pa	St. Joseph's "	3
Springfield	Emmet, So Dak.	Notre Dame. "	8
Vincennes	Worcester, Mass	St. Patrick's "	4
"	Clinton, Ind.	Holy Trinity "	3
"	Evansville, Ind.	Good Shepherd. Convent	3
	Indianapolis, Ind.		

Total Number of Receptions, 62. Total Number of Diplomas issued, 654.

CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, FEBRUARY, 1899.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Priests in Parishes.**

1	*W.*	St. Ignatius, Bp.M. (107).—Pr.	All for Jesus.	1,075,899 thanksgivings.
2	*Th.*	Purification B.V.M.—H.H., A.C., A.I.	Care of Children.	77,286 for those in affliction.
3	*F.*	**First Friday.**—St. Francis de Sales, Bp.C.D. (1622).—St. Blaise, Bp.M. (316).—1st D., A.C., Pr.	Amiability.	83,041 for the sick, infirm.
4	*S.*	St. Andrew Corsini, Bp.C. (O.C., 1373).	Compunction.	67,830 for dead associates.
5	**S.**	**Sexagesima.**—St. Philip of Jesus (O.F.M., 1597).	Constancy.	56,850 for Local Centres.
6	*M.*	St. Titus, Bp.C. (94).—St. Dorothy, V.M. (304).	Union with Christ.	66,823 for Directors.
7	*T.*	St. Romuald, Ab.C. (1207).	Penance.	95,943 for Promoters.
8	*W.*	St. John de Matha, C.F. (Trinitarians, 1213)	Charity.	215,540 for the departed.
9	*Th.*	St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bp.C.D. (444).—St. Apollonia V.M. (249).—H.H.	Reading good books.	166,730 for perseverance.
10	*F.*	St. Scholastica, V. (O.S.B., 543).	Trust in God	162,696 for young persons.
11	*S.*	Seven Servites, FF. CC. (1233).	Love of our Lady.	47,128 for 1st Communions.
12	**S.**	**Quinquagesima.**—St. Eulalia, V.M. (304).	Self-Immolation.	95,968 for parents.
13	*M.*	St. Raymond, C. (O.P., 1275).—St. Catharine de Ricci, V. (O.S.D., 1590).—Pr.	Prayer for the dead.	104,017 for families.
14	*T.*	St. Valentine, M. (306).	Kindness.	52,065 for reconciliations.
15	*W.*	Ash Wednesday.	Mortification.	107,245 for work, means.
16	*Th.*	St. Onesimus, Bp.M. (95).—HH.	Liberty of spirit.	192,167 clergy, religious.
17	*F.*	Holy Passion.—St. Fintan, Ab.C. (560).	Self-denial	41,711 seminarists, novices.
18	*S.*	SS. Paul, John and James, MM. (S.J., 1597)	Zeal for souls.	52,966 for vocations.
19	**S.**	**1st in Lent.**—St. Conrad of Placentia, C. (1351).—C.R.	Resistance to evil.	124,037 for parishes, schools.
20	*M.*	St. John the Almoner, Bp.C.	Compassion.	51,699 for superiors.
21	*T.*	St. Ephrem, C.	Humility.	53,167 for missions, retreats.
22	*W.*	Ember Day.—St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.	Loyalty to the Church.	49,715 for societies, works.
23	*Th.*	St. Peter Damian, Bp.C.D.—H.H.	Faith.	203,080 for conversions.
24	*F.*	Ember Day.—St. Matthias, Ap.—A.I.	Obeying vocation.	394,860 for sinners.
25	*S.*	Ember Day.—Holy Crown of Thorns.	Resignation.	76,147 for the intemperate.
26	**S.**	**2d in Lent.**—St. Porphyry, Bp.C. (420).	Horror of superstition	388,789 for spiritual and temporal favors.
27	*M.*	St. Brigid, V. (Patroness of Ireland, 523).	Imitation of Mary.	114,161 for special, various.
28	*T.*	St. Joseph of Leonissa, C. (1612).	Devotion to crucifix.	For MESSENGER Readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A. I., B. I.—*Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	4,210,161	11.	Masses heard	296,121
2.	Beads	1,173,344	12.	Mortifications	332,099
3.	Way of the Cross	61,375	13.	Works of Mercy	1,471,876
4.	Holy Communions	45,960	14.	Works of Zeal	1,317,553
5.	Spiritual Communions	1,131,789	15.	Prayers	3,163,760
6.	Examens of Conscience	400,484	16.	Kindly Conversation	2,130,482
7.	Hours of Labor	2,633,593	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	84,851
8.	Hours of Silence	1,954,209	18.	Self-conquest	1,733,011
9.	Pious Reading	67,615	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	324,268
10.	Masses read	6,380	20.	Various Good Works	2,354,202
		Total,	23,273,173.		

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

"If we wish to know the value of the power of prayer, we must consider the prayer that goes up from the lips and the Heart of one who is God, sure of being heard, because it begs and desires and wishes only for the Father's desires and will, and its supplication is worthy of Him. It is by this prayer that every other becomes meritorious, availing, efficacious. In fact, but one prayer is really worthy of God, because there is but one mediator between God and man, Jesus Christ. Through Him we must make our every demand: through Him present our every request; properly speaking, Jesus Christ is the only and the universal man of prayer. St. Augustine puts this doctrine in this way: "When we pray to God we do not distinguish between the Son and the Father; and in like manner when the mystical body of the Son sends up its supplications to heaven it must not separate itself from its Head, but so pray with Him, that it may be Jesus Christ who prays for us and by us. He prays for us as our priest, He prays by us as our Head, He is Himself the one we pray to as our God. Let us recognize our accents in His and His accents in our own."

JEANNE D'ARC LISTENING TO THE HEAVENLY VOICES.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXII. APRIL, 1897. No. 4.

PECCAVI.

HAVE mercy, Lord, have mercy Thou on me!
Lone and despised, I turn imploringly,
As in debasing penury I wait
To beg a pittance at the temple gate.
Yea, Lord, the loathsome leprosy of sin
Hath long defaced Thy beauteous work within;
Yet, 'neath these scales, me beggared and defiled
Thou seest, still Thy creature—still Thy child.
Thou who hast made me, Thou wilt not despise
My voice of weeping and my piteous cries.
Unclean, unclean! Low in the dust I fall.
Pity me, pity me, Lord of all!
Peccavi! peccavi!

Almighty Ruler of the wind and wave,
'Tis Thou canst heal; 'tis Thou alone canst save.
Thy hand out-stretch, O Thou of gentle mien,
And speak the word of blessing, "Be thou clean."
Healer of all who hope, good Master, stay,
Nor from Thy presence cast my soul away.
Forbid it now, where none but grace do meet,
That one who hopes should perish at Thy feet.
No price I bring, no privilege I claim,
But hide my face in misery and shame.
Unclean, unclean! Hark to the leper's cry!
Pity me, pity me, Lord, I die!
Peccavi! peccavi!

—*St. Mary's of the Woods, Indiana.*

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MARY'S SHRINE IN THE ALPS.

By R. M. Taylor.

WHEN the great mystery of the Incarnation had been accomplished in the Virgin Mother through the potency of the Holy Ghost, she went across the mountains to sanctify by her presence the Precursor of God. On this pilgrimage, the first in the New Law, Mary, in the plenitude of grace and inspiration, announced that henceforth all generations should call her blessed. Guided by the Spirit of Truth, the Church of God has in every age and clime designated her as such. Cathedrals, churches, sanctuaries, altars, have been erected in her honor, and wherever a Catholic heart beats there is found an almost innate love of the Mother of God. Divine Providence, furthermore, sanctified certain spots consecrated to Mary's name, whither man in his misery might direct his steps and find relief from all ailments in this valley of tears. Thus France has her Lourdes, Italy her Loretto, Germany her Altoetting, Mexico her Guadalupe, and the United States her Auriesville.

Equally renowned, and peacefully nestled among the Alps of Switzerland, is the famous shrine and abbey of Our Lady of the Hermits.

Modern civilization has found its way even to this sequestered portion of the Alps, and thus the pilgrims are now very comfortably conveyed to their destination by a mountain railway. It makes its start at Wädensweil, a quaint little village, and, running along the beautiful lake of Zurich, it speeds to higher ground, affording them a delightful view of the blue Swiss waters. The smiling banks, dotted with villas and farm-houses, front the lake and are surrounded by orchards and vineyards, while the lofty Alpine heights pierce the sky like unsheathed daggers and bound the horizon with their sunlit but inhospitable brow.

Far below on the shining waters rests the little island of Ufnau, with its ancient church; in the distance the island of Lutzelau floats upon their surface, and the high towers of Rapperschwyl, pointing upwards, appear as an atmospheric mirage.

Arriving at Schindellege, the road crosses the Sihl, a picturesque torrent rushing into the Lake of Zurich, and here the tourist delights in new scenery. The placid water, blended with amethystine and azure sky and luxuriant vintage, is exchanged for the austere ruggedness of nature itself. Swiftly the railway passes Alpine villages and romantic châlets planted on the crevices by the mountain-side. Passing by St. Meinrad's Brunnen, Biberbruck will be reached, and crossing the River Alp, the green

THE JUNGFRAU.

ZURICH.

pastures of the valley of Einsiedeln stretch before him, while the towers of the monastery shape themselves against the clear, unclouded heavens.

The town owes its existence to the abbey and its thrift to the constant influx of visitors. The hotels are crowded throughout the year with pilgrims and tourists alike. Piety is breathed in the very atmosphere of this village Even the hotels bear the names—St. Benedict's, St. Meinrad's, St. Catharine's and many other glorious and saintly names. The well-known firm of Benziger Brothers has here its ecclesiastical institute. It affords employment to nearly a thousand of the mountaineers.

But the glory of the country is the abbey, which incloses the shrine of Our Lady of the Hermits. To ascertain the history of its foundation we must retrace our steps to the year 837.

In the ninth century a scion of the noble family of Hohenzollern, called Meinrad, assumed the habit of St. Benedict. His rank deprived him of the tranquillity he sought in the cloister, and, deciding to attain a higher degree of sanctity, he secured the permission of his superior and retired to Mount Ezel near Lake Zurich. The fame of his sanctity spreading abroad, he was visited by such numbers that, alarmed, he fled to a dense forest near a fountain to which he carried a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Such was the origin of the Monastery of Einsiedeln.

Twenty-six years had passed in peace and happiness for Meinrad when, on January 21, 863, two men begged for shelter within his hermitage. The weather was excessively cold and the saintly anchorite welcomed them in his humble abode. The travellers were robbers, who, expecting to secure booty, murdered the recluse during the night. A hair shirt was the reward for their crime, for he had nothing else. Terrified by what they had done, they fled, but two faithful friends and guardians of the martyr interposed. During the years of his sojourn in the secluded forest Meinrad, like many other holy men, had gained the love of two ravens, which were his faithful companions in life, and even in his death proclaimed their fidelity. They followed the murderers wherever they went. They menaced them by their cries, even to the city of Zurich where, consequently, the strange behavior of these birds and the men attracted the attention of an innkeeper. Suspecting evil he had the men given over to justice, and confessing their crime they were put to death. The inn to this day bears the sign of the two faithful ravens, and the crest of the Prince-Abbot of the Abbey of Einsiedeln immortalizes their heroic deed.

The body of the dead saint was conveyed to Reichenau, where God made

THE HOLY CHAPEL OF EINSIEDELN.

manifest the sanctity of his servant by many miracles. Forty-four years subsequent to Meinrad's death, Benno, the son of the king of the Burgundians, visited the cell and the small oratory. Here he experienced heavenly peace, and, filled with the spirit of St. Meinrad, he exclaimed: "This is the place of my repose" Some of his companions joined him and they lived together in the exercise of piety and virtue until the arrival of St. Eberhard who came to share their retreat.

He employed his riches in erecting a monastery and church, and, adopting the rule of St. Benedict, he was made the first abbot. At his invitation St. Conrad, Bishop of Constance, came to consecrate the newly erected church in 948. St. Ulric, Bishop of Augsburg accompanied him. The church was constructed over St. Meinrad's little oratory, and on its altar was placed the sacred Madonna once the pride and joy of the great saint. On the night preceding the consecration the Bishop arose, and in the company of a few of the monks went to pray before this image. Their devotion had occupied them but a short time when suddenly the church was filled with a brilliant light brighter than the sun at midday, and the chant of psalms and hymns by a great multitude fell upon their ears. Hastening towards the altar, which was illuminated as for a solemn festival, St. Conrad beheld Christ offering the Holy Sacrifice assisted by the four Evangelists. Angels on either side of the divine Priest swung the fuming censers. The Apostles, SS. Peter and Paul, and the Pope, St. Gregory, bore the pontifical insignia. SS. Stephen and Lawrence officiated as deacons, and a choir of angels made the temple resound with celestial melody.

Morning dawned, and still the good bishop remained in ecstasy at the vision. Finding him there the monks requested him to vest for the solemn ceremonies, but he refused, maintaining that the church had been divinely consecrated. St. Eberhard, skeptical of the miracle, insisted. The bishop obeyed, but no sooner had the highest step of the altar been reached than a voice from heaven cried: "Cease, brother, the church is divinely consecrated." Such is the tradition handed down from antiquity.

The Church of Our Lady of the Hermits acquired great celebrity. The Emperor Otho I. conferred the title of prince upon the abbot. Pontiffs, emperors, kings, prelates, noblemen vied with one another in enriching or granting privileges to the abbey. The buildings were decorated with the most lavish art.

In 1039 the body of St. Meinrad was translated thither, and many other precious relics were entombed in the various altars. The gifts of Mary's clients constituted a valuable treasury, and, although the revolution which closed the last century materially injured the buildings and the church, it is still one of the most beautiful edifices in Switzerland. Five times the monastery has been destroyed by fire in various centuries, and upon as many occasions the holy chapel and image have been preserved.

The present structure is a large square

building, divided into quadrangles. It is somewhat similar in construction to the Escurial, Spain's famous monument of royalty. In the centre of the façade, fronting the large square, is the church with its twin towers—the arch between them crowned with the Blessed Virgin's statue, and in a medallion above the entrance the crest of the monastery, two ravens upon a ground of gold. The entire building is four hundred and fifty by five hundred and sixteen feet. On either side of the abbey are the workshops, lodgings for farm-hands and poor pilgrims who come to the Shrine, stables well stocked, and gardens.

ABBEY AND CHURCH AT EINSIEDELN.

The church is a gorgeous specimen of architecture, from the tesselated pavement to the glowing roof; everything is radiant, beautiful, bewildering, even to the cynic. The altar upon which the miraculous image stands is of purest marble, framed in gold and silver, and is a masterpiece of ecclesiastical art. The resemblance between this chapel and the house of Loretto is marked. Both are simple, unpretentious chapels enclosed within magnificent temples. The image of the Blessed Virgin before which St. Meinrad once prayed is Einsiedeln's greatest treasure.

Upon the left arm of the Madonna rests the Infant Saviour, in whose hand nestles a tiny bird pecking at the Babe's fingers. The flowing hair of the Virgin falls in graceful tresses on the shoulders. The expression of the countenances is tender and pleasing, although they are black from age and the incense of ten centuries; and happily the words of the Canticle of Canticles may be applied to it: "I am black, yet beautiful." The whole is a wonderful creation of mediæval Christian art. Clustered about the altar are the offerings of those, who, like the woman in the Bible, have found the reward of their great faith. Innumerable tablets announce miraculous cures recently as well as in the past. Among the most precious offerings is a handsome candelabrum presented by Napoleon III. in commemoration of a pilgrimage made by him when a boy in the company of his mother, Queen Hortense.

Over the timeworn pavement watered by so many tears of penitent souls and

upon which millions have knelt, once passed the illustrious Charles Borromeo, Nicholas, and numbers who are now canonized saints. Emperors, kings, princes and the great ones of the earth have come hither offering in common their homage to Mary. Gœthe, who it may, there is a yearning in the human heart for the same warmth and light of faith which consumed the heart of Einsiedeln's saintly founder, St. Meinrad."

It is said that the pilgrims who annually visit Einsiedeln number over two hundred thousand. Upon the feast of

AN ALPINE VILLAGE.

twice visited Einsiedeln, leaves the following testimony of his edification in his writings: "It is a subject of deep thought that morality and religion have here kindled a flame ever brilliantly burning. Thousands of pious souls come to this flame amidst untold hardship. Be it as the divine Consecration, September 14, great numbers are unable to procure accommodation in the town. The American Catholic tourist, when visiting the sacred places in Europe or when sojourning in Switzerland, should never fail to visit Mary's Shrine in the Alps.

THE TRUE "LIGHT OF ASIA."

By D. A. Dever.

EDWIN ARNOLD, with a power founded upon great natural gifts, wide culture, and a partial grasp of real Christianity, has given to the world, in the great work whose title we have borrowed, such an exposition of Buddhist thought and principle as even their most erudite adherent could hardly have hoped to produce, and one in which the beauty of poetic thought and expression have been twined about the ancient Asiatic idol with so sympathetic a hand that its native ugliness almost seems to have given place to an air of mysterious power and majesty. We do not look with satisfaction upon this use of Christian talent; nevertheless we see in it an indication of reawakened interest in the peoples of those vast regions which cradled the infancy of the human race, but which have not shared to a proper extent in its later progress. We have no time to lose in thus regilding the unsubstantial phantasms of diseased human thought, but there is, in those far lands, a real work for Christian hands to do in behalf, not of heathenism, but of its victims; and a fair hope of its accomplishment beams before our eyes, and urges us to be eager and confident in the task. We refer to the longed for return of the Eastern Church to ecclesiastical unity as the first step towards the Christianizing of Asia. The true God must reign in the East, as well as in the West, and the glorious promise that the Cross may soon gleam from the Euxine to the Pacific seems to herald a flashing dawn, which we may justly term the "True Light of Asia."

We can take up this work with all the more ardor and hopefulness, when we consider that God's ever watchful care is evidenced by the character of the leader whom He has given us in these difficult and dangerous times In the chair of Peter sits one of the very greatest of the popes, a pontiff who acquired commanding power in the most important affairs of men; for, besides the elevated spirituality by which he stands supreme, Leo XIII. has proved himself a leader in the higher realms of purely intellectual life, and has devoted all the force of his many-sided genius to the one task of elevating mankind, and leading it to eternal salvation. Even his enemies have been forced to acknowledge the more than human wisdom of his words, while his children look up with confidence and love to the faithful guardian and guide who anticipates their every need, and warns them of every danger. The whole world listens to the great seer who, from his rock-bound height, looks out upon the nations, and in tones that resound to the uttermost ends of the earth points out to men the destruction to which they are drifting, and calls upon them to gather round the cross of Jesus Crucified, the emblem of their only salvation. With a range of vision as wide as the world, and with an ability proportioned to the greatest, as well as to the least, of the issues which concern the spiritual welfare of the human race, he is ceaselessly planning, perfecting, and executing, designs whose splendor befits the Vicar of Christ, and proves the divine origin of his mission.

France, England, Germany, each presents a mighty field where stupendous interests hang upon Leo's word; and the far-reaching influence which he wields in those great countries would be sufficient to cast a halo of fadeless glory over any pontiff's reign. But even the ever-increasing and affectionate care with which he regards German, Frank, and Briton, cannot exhaust his apostolic

solicitude, and all the accumulated splendors which cluster around the close of a long and glorious life are not sufficient to prevent him from detecting the first, faint shimmering of a holy light which promises to flood the East with an outpouring of celestial splendor more magnificient than any which the Christian ages have as yet witnessed. With all the fervor of heavenly zeal, the Holy Father seeks to shield and cherish the reawakened life of light and grace which is beginning to throb anew in the long-palsied members of the once great Eastern Church; and with all the eagerness of one who knows their value, he is trying to restore to the Church of John, of Ignatius, of Polycarp, and of Chrysostom, the dazzling glory which has suffered so long and so disastrous an eclipse.

Already his earnest prayers and his prudent action have borne glorious fruit; a sense of his sincerity and sanctity has pervaded the East, the true source of Christian unity has been indicated by the holding of the Eucharistic Congress of Jerusalem, and the wise regulations concerning the election of bishops, the training of ecclesiastics, and the preservation of liturgical integrity, have convinced the Eastern mind that the Bishop of Rome is seeking only the glory of the Father, and the restoration of the wounded external beauty of the Spouse of Jesus Christ. Let us turn from so much that is sad in the West, to gaze with Leo upon the vast scene just glimmering in the advancing light of what may prove the most glorious dawn which earth has witnessed since the True Light Himself came down two thousand years ago.

During one half of the Christian era, schism has cast its dark shadow over these historic lands. After an infancy of such splendor as the West has never known, after the toils and the blood of the most illustrious confessors and martyrs, after the burning eloquence of the most fervent and gifted preachers, after ten centuries of glorious and fruitful life, the Eastern Church suddenly sank to insignificance; for the magnitude of their ecclesiastical organization, and the consciousness of lofty intellectual achievements sowed the fatal seeds of pride in the hearts of the Oriental patriarchs, and blinded them to the true source of their undoubted greatness and power. Political jealousy fanned the flames of ecclesiastical discord, and temporal rulers, for their own temporal ends, studiously labored to prevent any reuniting of the ruptured bonds of Christian charity. We need not enter upon a detailed history of the separated church. Ere long the scimitar of Mahomet fell upon the obstinate people, the crescent supplanted the Cross on the turrets of Constantine's capital, and dreary centuries, shrouded in the nameless curse of Islam, bring the sad record down to our own day. We do not mention the reconciliations which took place, for they are known alike for their brevity of duration and their barrenness of result; but we shall linger for awhile on the scene before us, to seek the causes which have proved so fatally effective in prolonging, through the life of nations, the existence of a state of affairs which owes its origin to the caprice of proud and misguided individuals.

Rising like a leaden barrier between the active Roman Church and the semi-civilized races of the East and North, the palsied Schismatic Church interposes an almost insuperable obstacle to the beneficent spiritualizing energy which has rescued and refined Europe. The Christian conquest of the East, the proper task of the Greek Church, and a task for which its territorial contiguity and consequent similarity in thought, language, and custom, peculiarly adapt it, lies all unattempted, save for the heroic labors of the ill-equipped missionaries from the West: and countless millions who should have received the Gospel of Truth have passed, and are passing, from the face of the earth without any knowledge of Jesus Christ. The

schismatic peoples themselves, enervated and enfeebled by their long separation from the fount of all true life, whether national or religious, are unable to assert their natural rights, and lie supine outside the pale of vigorous, healthy humanity, in the direction of whose destiny they no longer have a voice. They who, in conjunction with the Roman Church, could long since have driven despotism into the Arctic seas, and idolatry into the Pacific, lie leprous at home, a corrupted and corrupting people, subjected to the whims of semi-barbarous sovereigns, and used by the devil to sustain and perpetuate the reign of organized lechery in the East.

It is upon this awful scene that the light of heaven is breaking, and with all the ardor of true zeal, the Holy Father is striving to bring to reality the glorious promise which now shines from these long unhappy lands. The masses of the people are eager for reunion, but their masters are laboring to prevent it; and this secular opposition is the principal difficulty with which we have to deal. And here, even at a cost of a digression, we shall not resist the temptation to read a lecture to those who are wont to clamor so loudly for the complete separation of Church and State, meaning, of course, the denial of any participation in civil affairs to the Church of Rome. Why are they silent when they see the double sceptre in the hands of the English Queen or the Russian Czar? Where is their indignation when the openly immoral Turk prescribes the kind and amount of religion which may be granted to his Christian subjects, with the least of whom he is unworthy to speak! It is common enough to decry the interference of Rome, when the just condemnation of a saintly pontiff falls upon the iniquitous proceedings of corrupt legislative bodies; but the sufferings and the blood of pure and holy hearts, whose only offence is fidelity to conscience, appeal in vain to the self-constituted champions of religious liberty who swarm everywhere in our favored days.

The nineteenth century has been great in many ways; it has been no whit behind its predecessors in the production of monstrous shams; but it has witnessed no pretension more absurd than the hollow mockery which now passes for enthusiasm in the cause of religious liberty. Mankind knows very well that there is co-ordination and correlation in the social, as well as in the material world. It knows that Church and State have an essential and indestructible interrelation; and temporal rulers have always recognized this fact and acted upon it. The struggle between the ecclesiastical and the civil power has not been for independence or autonomy, but for precedence in one and the same sphere; and, to return to our subject, the unjust invasion by the civil power of the proper domain of the Church has been largely responsible for all these sad centuries of unnatural separation. The real enemy of reconciliation is the crystallized national policy of rulers who have placed the material above the spiritual, and who recognize in ecclesiastical jurisdiction a most powerful means of leading the masses to assist in the accomplishment of designs inspired by worldly ambition. The disposition of the people is the bright feature of the prospect, the opposition of their rulers is its dark side; but we may hope that even this will soon yield to better counsels, for all must admit that neither Constantinople nor St. Petersburg has much to show for ten hundred years of toil. Surely it is time for these rulers to reverse their policy, or, if they fail to do so, for outside pressure to reverse it for them.

The principle of international interference in cases of extraordinary injustice, though so long but feebly acknowledged, is not firmly established. It now is, and still more in the future is to be, a very powerful factor in determining the action of even seemingly isolated and irresponsible despots; for the Church

has taught nations, as well as individuals, that all the world is their neighbor; and, how little soever it may be to their taste, both Czar and Sultan know that the mailed hand of the stranger will put an end to their bloody persecution, if it be carried to any great extent. Ages of submission have solidified their power, and lessened the energy of their people; but the first breath of freedom will awaken a spirit of liberty which there will be no bonds to shackle, and which will not be silenced until it rests sure in the possession of restored religious right. Millions of earnest souls will at once rejoin the great Roman communion, and their rulers, blessed in spite of themselves, will find that they govern nations which have become really and truly great. With a united Church, once more firmly established at the portals of Asia, the future of the world belongs to Jesus Christ.

Such is the possibility, such the probability, that causes Leo's eyes to kindle as his eager gaze flashes from the Orient to the Pole, and such is the promise which thrills many an unknown but generous heart and makes it prompt for any sacrifice required for its realization. The very conditions, which have rendered the situation so deplorable in the past, now justify the most glorious hope for the future. We are far from the scene, we seem to be powerless in the matter, but we are near to God, and He is everywhere, and if we bring our tears and prayers to Him, He will make them effective wherever we wish Him to do so. The sons of God rejoice in their Father's power, and the influence of every Christian is proportioned to his zeal. Our opportunity and our obligations to lend all the aid in our power is present and imperative. May God in heaven bless our splendid hope, and may we not be wanting in our duty.

We can rest assured that the enthusiasm with which we enter upon this glorious work will not be thrown away; for the policy of the Pope is such as to insure the greatest possible results from the efforts we are making. Even the attractive ideal of universal liturgical unity has no power to deflect his zeal from the one paramount "desideratum" in this matter, the immediate reconciliation of the Schismatic Church. We are not sure, moreover, that there would not be loss, instead of gain, in reducing all nations to absolute uniformity in liturgical observance. There are many valid reasons why the Christians of the Greek Church should retain their beautiful and impressive ritual. The East was the cradle of Christianity; its soil first drank a Christian martyr's blood; its language was the link which bound the New Revelation to the Old; its liturgy, warmed into rich, demonstrative life by the best emotions of the human heart, formed, perhaps, the noblest exterior public worship which God has ever received from man. The very schism itself is a proof, though a sad and disastrous one, of the conscious power of Oriental thought. No Grecian heart can ever forget its country's immortal achievements. Next to that formally religious life, of which the Church is the only and ever-vigorous soul, the vast intellectual fabric which the mighty mind of the centuries has fashioned, is the noblest thing in all the world, and we cannot but feel a profound reverence for the lofty spirits who reared the magnificent edifice whose turrets rise until they glitter in the very light of infinity itself. And Greece was the earthly home of the all but inspired architects who, in the ancient world, flung highest and fairest the glories of human thought, and its noble language was the medium through which their sublime concepts flashed to the zenith of the soul's exalted firmament.

God Himself seems to have ordained that the Hellenic tongue should bear His message to the Gentile world; for, twenty-two hundred years ago, three centuries before the coming of our Redeemer, the Septuagint was written under circum-

stances which scarcely permit us to doubt that it was the means of which God made use in acquainting pagan peoples with the prophecies concerning the Messiah, and thus preparing them for the reception of the truths which He was to establish. We know that it was principally through this language that the Gospel was first given to mankind, and we know that it has never ceased to ascend with the noblest and the sweetest, and the holiest aspirations of the heart clothed in its flowing periods. Why break the golden Grecian chain which flashes beside its Latin brother down through all the dim ages to the very rock of Peter, and stretches alone far beyond, to bind the Vatican to Sinai? Heaven has not blessed the attempt to do so in the past, nor have we any reason to believe that it would act differently now; and it is worthy of the commanding genius of Leo XIII. to perceive the error of such a course. The Church has no need of being unreasonable. Strong in her essential, immanent life, she can confidently adapt her exterior acts to the exigencies, and even the proprieties, of her various surroundings. All the real beauty of the world belongs to her by right divine, and it is eminently fitting that the chosen language of scholars should have a place, and that an important one, in the service of the one great civilizing and educating agency of the world.

We know not whether sorrow for the past, or hope for the future should urge us the more powerfully to be zealous in this matter. Either should be sufficient to rouse us to instant and earnest action. Besides those separated, though Christian, peoples, countless millions whom the Greek Church should long since have evangelized, still lie in the darkness of idolatry; for the splendid talents of the Eastern mind, whose true sphere of action was made so evident in the early ages of the Church, no longer flash in the lofty realms of religious truth, but, dimmed and broken, are scarcely able to pierce the clouds of pride and error which hide the heaven-lit cross of St. Peter's, the source of the only inspiration which can ever cause them to blaze forth again with all their ancient lustre. But, once united with Rome, the keen, poetic intellect of the East would cease to be the barren principle that it now is. A new era of elevated spiritual life would shed its radiance over those long-slumbering lands, and could not fail to illumine the benighted countries whose conversion, as we have said, is the proper, but long neglected task of the Eastern Church. Of all the works now open to Christian zeal, no other offers rewards as great for an equal expenditure of toil. A vast amount of missionary labor, and a long period of time, would be needed in order to bring one-half, or one-fourth of the number with which we are now concerned to a knowledge of the faith, to say nothing of supplying the ecclesiastical organization that would be required; but in the East we have only to strike the earthy incrustations from the jewel, and release its imprisoned splendor; we have only to tear away the false pomp with which pride has obscured the celestial beauty of Christ's immaculate spouse. The civil authorities will resist as long as they can; but the titled Prisoner of the Neva, as well as the Sick Man of the Bosphorus, will soon have to face demands which thus far they have been able to ignore, and their response will be the knell of unwarranted and irresponsible interference in the religious affairs of their subjects. A thousand years is long enough for any mistake to endure. Let us have a return to reason and sense.

As we have said, it may seem that our power is necessarily limited, and that we can do but little to determine the final result; but this view would be utterly erroneous, since we need not be less powerful where we are than we would be were we actually upon the scene. There are many ways by which our whole influence for good can be brought to bear upon this, the greatest issue of our age.

Our power can be exerted wherever that of God is known. To begin with what seems little, we all know the extreme value of pecuniary aid in almost every important undertaking, and it is altogether unnecessary to call attention to the fact, that the comprehensive and far-sighted policy by which the Sovereign Pontiff seeks to insure the permanence of the great results at which he aims, will admit of the advantageous disposal of vast sums of money. The beneficent influence of the institutions to be established for the training of Greek clerics will be directly proportioned to the scale upon which they can be projected and maintained. Indeed, an adequate system of these seminaries would solve the question almost at once; for its presence would immediately infuse a new life into the long paralyzed ecclesiastical organization of the East. Besides the solid culture and the intelligent zeal which the students themselves would quickly acquire, the prestige of the able and learned body which they would form would possess great weight with the scholarly minds of the Eastern races, and would do much to bear down the principal obstacles to reconciliation. We can conceive of but few motives which could appeal more powerfully to the liberality of our Catholic people than these considerations, especially when we consider that the great results already pointed out, are but secondary and intermediate to others, the importance of which can be measured by no earthly standard. What would really be bestowed by this Christian benevolence would be, for countless souls, the priceless boon of perfect union with the only fount of true spiritual life; and for countless others, it would be the whole treasure of the faith, with all its wealth of heavenly light and grace, and all its fulness of divine strength and consolation. Here we can truly say, *Qui dat pecuniam dat Christum*, because the priests whom we help to form will bear the sacraments far and wide, and administer them to multitudes of our fellow-creatures; so that to advance this great work is, in reality, to place Jesus Christ in the hearts and souls of those He loves, and for whom He died, but who, without our intervention, might never have known the ineffable sweetness of His presence. We would search in vain for a nobler transmutation of earthly substance than that in which Christian charity changes worldly wealth, always a source of danger, and often of sin, into the Most Precious Body and Blood of Jesus Christ who ceaselessly pleads for us from the depths of the gentle hearts He has forever sanctified. In truth, it is a very great privilege due to God's goodness thus to be enabled to co-operate with Him in the salvation of souls by employing temporal gifts for the furtherance of eternal interests.

But money is the most insignificant of our resources. All the exertions of the Pope, all the efforts suggested by the experience and piety of his ministers, and all measures of reconciliation, no matter by whom, or how skilfully, they may be devised, must find their ultimate principle of efficacy in the blessing which Almighty God places upon them, and in the dispositions which He excites in those for whose benefit they are intended. To secure God's blessing, therefore, upon the splendid zeal of our Great Father, and to ensure the inflowing of the Holy Spirit into the hearts of our long-lost brethren, should be the first desire of those who yearn with holy longing to see the fair unity of Christ's beautiful Church restored. And who possesses more powerful means of effecting this, of moving God's compassionate heart, than His own chosen people? We need not set forth the efficacy of the most Holy Sacrifice. We know that the Victim there offered never pleads in vain, and we know that He will ask His Heavenly Father to grant our requests, if they proceed from hearts really lacerated by the evils which we see, and really on fire with zeal for the magnificent consumma-

tion which now seems to be a near possibility. Nor is the Adorable Sacrifice the only means by which we can secure the favor of God. One of the privileges of a zealous life is to possess an intimacy with souls in which God's delighted friendship is evidenced by the most splendid gifts of sanctification; souls whose power with heaven cannot be doubted, and we can join with these glorious spirits in praying for the intentions of the Pope. Moreover, we can speak to those about us of the importance and the necessity of earnest interest in this great affair of the Church, and the lisping prayer of some little child may shake the foundations of Rome and Constantinople. The task before us is great with respect to our strength, but it is little compared to God's omnipotence, and all His power lies at our disposal. If we labor with humility and faith, the result is God's and ours.

THE BOY IN THE BLUE BLOUSE.

By Rev. David Bearne, S.J.

"CREEP a little closer to the cross, my son!" This is what the good canon, his confessor, had said. Benôit repeated the words to himself again and again. Well, if that was what the good God wanted of him Benôit thought he could obey. Now that the lonely widower had lost his only child he must needs nestle close to something, somewhere. "It is either for the boy's good or your own," the priest had said, his heart throbbing with pity for his poor penitent, and his kindly voice shaking with tears, "either for the good of the little Denis or your own. If for his, you dare not weep; if for your own, you should not sorrow." Yet the priest wept much.

Benôit spent a long time in the cathedral that Saturday evening. He could not kneel among the crowd in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, much as he wished to do so. He feared that his sobs would disturb the prayers of others. He knew that his was not the only bleeding heart that the Saviour would be asked to heal that night, but then his wound was so very fresh. It was the day after the funeral of his son. So Benôit stole away into the recesses of the south aisle of the choir and knelt in the farthest corner close to the big crucifix, which stood half hidden behind a disused confessional. It was very quiet there and, through the curtained screen, his eye could rest upon the tabernacle in the neighboring chapel of the Holy Sacrament—yes, he was near to the tabernacle, and very close to the cross, but he could not pray, he told himself. Yet he was praying devoutly enough. He was saying the beads of Mary's Dolors, but his own were uppermost. He tried to see Mary in the Temple—on the road to Egypt—on the Way of the Cross; but Denis was in every picture, the dead Denis, who was lying deep down in the soil of the cemetery. The tears would not come now. Perhaps their fount was exhausted. He wished to weep that he might have tears to offer to Mary, but they would not flow. A sort of hardness was creeping over him, he thought. He did not know that this was only the physical reaction after so much sadness. He said his beads to the very end; said the last three *Aves* in honor of Mary's tears and then took from his pocket a tattered manual of prayers. He knew that he was acting rightly.

"Never mind what you may *feel*, my son," his confessor had said, "only go on praying mechanically, if you will; something good will come of it. It is

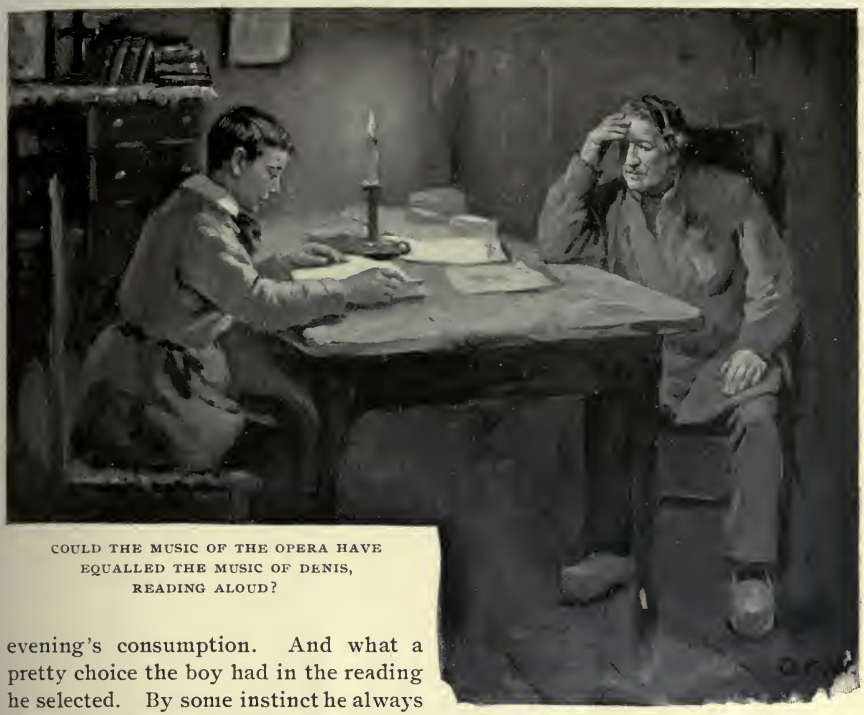
just that steady persistence, that dogged will to pray on, that the Sacred Heart delights in, not feelings, emotions, tears."

So Benôit read his acts of love and resignation with his heart rather than with his lips, and rose strengthened.

Benoit walked slowly home—so slowly through the big streets—and, in a poor quarter of the town, mounted many stairs that led to his desolate rooms. How desolate! He passed into the bedroom beyond. Denis' little bed, that folded into a chair, was put away. Upon the white coverlet of Benoit's own bed the outline of a coffin was still visible. The man had not slept for several nights. He asked himself now if he might not tidy the sitting-room first. Denis had never allowed it to remain in disorder. Should he begin with Denis' corner? Yes; for that portion must always be tidy, and kept fair and clean for the love of Denis.

What a very pretty fiction it had been, that division of the room into apartments! There had been, first of all, the kitchen, which included the stove and a little space in its neighborhood; then "my father's apartment;" the cosy corner farthest from the draught, farthest from the window, yet facing it, and in full view of the blue and scarlet blossoms Denis had coaxed into life and color; then the space about the table, the *salle à manger;* then Denis' own apartment! the space near the window, where stood a little cabinet, which was at once a prie-dieu, a writing table, a bookcase and a chest of drawers. Yes, that cabinet was Denis' own—was full of his "things." It had been the father's present to Denis on the latter's twelfth birthday. What a fête they had had on that day! What a solemn installation of Denis' "things"! It was amazing how many articles Denis possessed—all presents. So natural, the father thought, that people should shower presents upon Denis. Did not everybody love him? Even the cross old lady on the front floor—said to be a miser, and known to dislike all boys—had said that the sound of Denis' wooden shoes on the staircase was as the sound of music. But then Denis could step lightly, even in *sabots*.

Benôit's hands rested for a moment on the dead boy's cabinet. It must be kept intact, of course. There was the crucifix in the centre, a crucifix of wood carved in Switzerland, and given to Denis by his confessor. There was the colored picture of Our Lady of Victories, and another of the boy's patron, St. Denis. There was the *Decade* of the present month, and some prayers on a card written in Denis' big round hand. The little vase given him by the old lady below on the day of his First Communion, a vase filled now with dead wild flowers, the last Denis had plucked. The row of books—what a precious row! "I am the happiest boy in all France," Denis had exclaimed, whenever a volume was added.[3] There they were—lives of the saints, books of history, and poetry, and travels—books of devotion. More, a million times more, they had been to the boy and his father, than are the libraries of the wealthy to their owners. What nights the father and son had spent together—nights too blissful to last, Benôit always knew. What a home-coming it had been for the tired artisan! What a marvel that Denis who had never known a mother—she had died when he was but a few months old—should have been so handy, so tidy, so natty. He could prepare soup with the best—could cook a cutlet—had more than once achieved an omelet. Benôit's evening meal had ever been a banquet, brightened with the merry tongue, and the shining eyes of his son. And afterwards! Could the music of the opera have equalled Denis' reading aloud? Benôit knew it could not. How quickly, once the lingering meal was over, would every vestige of supper disappear into the little scullery beyond, and how deftly would the boy roll his father's cigarettes for the long



COULD THE MUSIC OF THE OPERA HAVE EQUALLED THE MUSIC OF DENIS, READING ALOUD?

evening's consumption. And what a pretty choice the boy had in the reading he selected. By some instinct he always knew what his tired father would enjoy most. There were few Catholic papers and magazines published in France that did not, sooner or later, find their way into Denis' hands.

Some were bought regularly, week after week, month after month; some were borrowed, for who would refuse a loan to Denis? And so the nightly reading, always good if not always directly devotional, contributed much to that pious atmosphere which both father and son delighted to breathe. Stories were kept for Sundays and feasts, but then the feasts were many. It was one of Denis' surprises, this production of some little tale he had saved for a *bonne bouche*. Over these father and son laughed or wept together. Then before bed-time *always* a page of the *Imitation of Christ*, or a chapter of St. Francis de Sales, and night prayers, kneeling side by side—Benôit and his Denis, before the crucifix on the cabinet.

The cabinet! It was very sacred, Benôit thought, as he opened one of the drawers and looked in, too sacred almost to touch. How full of little things was this very drawer, and how tidily kept! A pile of religious magazines, a small reliquary and many little pictures, a bottle of Lourdes water, a box of dominoes, a draught board, and many odds and ends. Benôit closed the drawer, not before the holy water of tears had sprinkled its contents. There were a few articles of clothing lying about: these he would fold and put away in the lower drawers. So he took up the small blue blouse, the leathern belt, the broad white collar, still clean and fresh as on the day when that cruel inflammation of the lungs had seized the child, and, kissing the little bundle, laid it away tenderly. Some day, perhaps, he would give them to one in need, but not immediately. No, he could not at present part with a single thing that had belonged to Denis, not even the little pair of wooden

shoes which he also carefully put away underneath the cabinet. On a future day, perhaps, for the love of Denis, he might bestow them on some poor lad, but not yet.

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Sunday—and how lonely? But O, how more than lonely it would have been but for the Banquet of the Angels at sunrise, and the all-day open portals of his Father's house! He must spend the day there, Benôit told himself. So the desolated rooms saw little of him that day. He had returned after Communion, had made his bowl of coffee and smoked a cigarette; then he had gone back to the cathedral. He sought out his quiet corner of the night before, and remained there—except at the time of the sermon—close to the crucifix, during the whole of the solemn Mass. It was very soothing. The music, heard from this retired chapel, had a far-away sound, and the voices of the boys might well have been from heaven—the abode of Denis, and his own future home. Lying far away across the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, and beyond the aisle that separated it from the choir, he could almost see the high altar, could actually see the movements of the sacred ministers.

It was very peaceful and beautiful, and sometimes he could pray with attention. Was it possible that Denis could be in purgatory! "Denis of the Lily Soul," as the good priest, his confessor, had always called him? Who could say? At least, Benôit knew it was his duty to pray for his child's soul. A sufficiently beautiful and profitable occupation that. Tears for the dead were natural enough, but they had not the supernatural value of prayers. Benôit had received many condolences that day from sympathizing acquaintances. Each he had thanked in few words, but to each he had said: "Pray for Denis." And was he himself to neglect such a plain duty?

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At the warehouse next day—it was one of several great woolen and hosiery establishments — Benôit received the sympathy of his fellow-workmen. They knew how it was with him. "Beautiful as the spire of Chartres is the love of Benôit for Denis," they had been wont to say to each other, justifying the remark by adding that both pointed to the heaven of heavens. Now, however, as they watched the bowed man go about his work with less than half his former alertness, they shook their heads. "He is unhinged," they whispered. "If he is not roused from this stupor he will die or—" they tapped the forehead with a significant finger. They did not know he was praying for Denis. They were always kind to him. From time to time they tried to carry him off to a café—to the gardens, into the country about Chartres—but Benôit always gratefully refused their offers. "I must creep a little closer to the cross," he told himself again and again. "If such a wound as mine will never heal, the more need I have to hide it in the torn side of Christ." So, after his lonely meal every night, he passed under the great doorway of the cathedral, made his way to that retired spot in the farthest corner of the choir aisle, and knelt or sat beside the crucifix. It was seldom he was interrupted. Once his confessor had passed through on his way to the chapel of the Sacrament. Returning an hour later, the good priest, seeing Benôit still kneeling had brought him a chair. "Be seated for a little while, my son: you should not fatigue yourself overmuch. I will take care that this chair remains here. Now you may say: 'I sat down under the shadow of my beloved, and his fruit was sweet to my palate.'" So all the summer through Benôit sought the "shadow of a high rock in a weary land." As the days lengthened, and the light lasted, he could bring his book—one of Denis' books—and read. Not for long, however, for at nightfall, though the light fell through a hundred shining windows,

the old jewelled glass turned it into a mellow gloom—soothing and restful, but less fitted for reading than for prayer.

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One August night, after a day of exceeding heat and heavy labor, Benôit was late in reaching his place of prayer. Long shadows lay upon the deserted chapel, and the lamps already shone through the cathedral like fixed stars. Benôit was very weary. He had remained at the warehouse two hours later than the usual time, for the sending away of a large and important order. After his evening meal he had almost doubted if he were able to pay his usual visit to the cross. But he had come. He was leaving the chapel slowly and wearily, when a sound of sobbing made him pause. Was it possible that some one was kneeling there? For a moment Benôit experienced a feeling of annoyance—a feeling for which he immediately chided himself severely. Standing in the middle of the chapel he tried to scan the neighborhood of the crucifix without proceeding further, but the big old confessional threw the entire corner into a shadow deeper than that of the already deepening twilight. Benôit advanced a step or two, and then stopped as one who has suddenly received a blow. It was well that he could stagger a few steps further, and then lean against the confessional. A figure was kneeling in prayer—the figure of a boy—the figure of Denis himself! If only Benôit could see the face? but that was bowed upon the hands. The boy's elbows rested upon Benôit's chair. It must be Denis! Height—age—figure—dress, everything suggested Denis. The white collar over a blue blouse reaching to the knees, the long black stockings, and wooden shoes—each single item the very counterpart of what the dead boy had worn. Benôit trembled and clutched a pilaster of the confessional. His breath came quick and short. Suddenly he lost his hold, reeled, and fell.

* * *

Benôit awoke in a sunny bedroom under the shadow of the cathedral, woke to the ringing of the cathedral chimes. An old man, the canon's servant, was sitting at the foot of the bed. Benôit's eyes wandered round the bright little room, and at length looked to the watcher appealingly. "Monsieur must not talk," he whispered: "the canon has said it. All was very well now. The doctor would come again shortly. Monsieur must have nourishment." Benôit was entirely obedient. He took whatever the man offered—a sip of brandy, a spoonful of jelly. The servant nodded and smiled, and whispered again that all was very well—very well, indeed. A quarter of an hour passed away, and the chimes were again in the air—a soft silvery ringing of many bells. A moment later and the faint music of a far-away organ reached the sick man's ear. The canons were singing *Tierce*. Benôit had slept long and heavily, had slept and dreamt an aching, weary dream—of Denis. Yes, all the long night through, from the twilight hour of his swooning in the cathedral until the light of day had filled the room in which he was lying, Benôit had seemed to dream of Denis. The dead boy was before his eyes—not dead, but alive, *so* close to him, and yet ever beyond the reach of the father's hand. Sometimes Denis was kneeling at his night prayers before the little cabinet in the Rue.—Benôit would fain have knelt at his side, but could not rise from his chair. Sometimes the child was crying out with pain, crying through a palpable, visible darkness, and the father toiled hither and thither in his longing and his agony to relieve his darling's sorrow. O the pitiful, desperate groping in the strange gloom with the boy's sobs ever in his ears, and the face he knew so well hidden in a veil of perplexing mystery! What a night of painful toil, now walking over heated high roads, and climbing lofty hills in search of a wandering voice, and the echo of a little sigh; now plunging into the growing dimness of a low valley, and now passing into the heart of a wood

whose darkness was deeper than the midnight.

But perhaps the dawn of day penetrated the dream mists, for the morning had brought light and restful sleep. He had caught a glimpse of Denis—not in pain or sorrow, but Denis radiant and beauteous, Denis singing and triumphant! Just for a moment the happy boy bent over him: then the vision vanished. But the burden of Denis' cry was still in his ears. Benôit had heard that with startling distinctness. "All is well—O, very well indeed." Benôit had heard the words again and again—long after the momentary vision had vanished and each repetition of the burden had brought him peace and rest. After that he thought he must have slept, dreaming. For several days Benôit lay there, tended by the canon, and visited by the doctor. The soul of the sufferer was in great peace. The atmosphere of the canon's house, the presence of his good confessor, may have contributed to this: but to the patient himself it seemed as though the happy epilogue of that long and painful dream had bestowed upon him a lasting benediction. He had seen Denis—in vision it may have been, but then he told himself that the vision had been sent by God for his consolation. He had heard —O how distinctly he had heard—the words that declared that all was well, very well with Denis. But what of the apparition in the cathedral? When the canon permitted him to talk a little—which was at the end of the second day—his first remark was connected with this. The priest argued with him very gently. "In such matters, my son, it is so easy to be mistaken. Remember, you were very weary—the twilight was falling—you were in bad health. Yes, Benôit, you were in bad health, I am sure. The doctor thinks you have neglected yourself somewhat—too little food—too little rest—too little change. We must see to all this. As for the apparition—try not to think of it." Benôit would have obeyed if he could have done so. "Father, it was so very real," he urged as on the morning of the third day the canon invited his guest into the garden for a little air.

"And he was kneeling; O yes he was certainly kneeling, I could have touched him, I had got so very close, and was going to put out my hand when my strength failed."

"But think, my son," said the canon smilingly: "How should Denis who is surely in heaven, Denis with whom you yourself say 'all is now very well,' how should he be kneeling, and in sorrow, at the foot of the crucifix?"

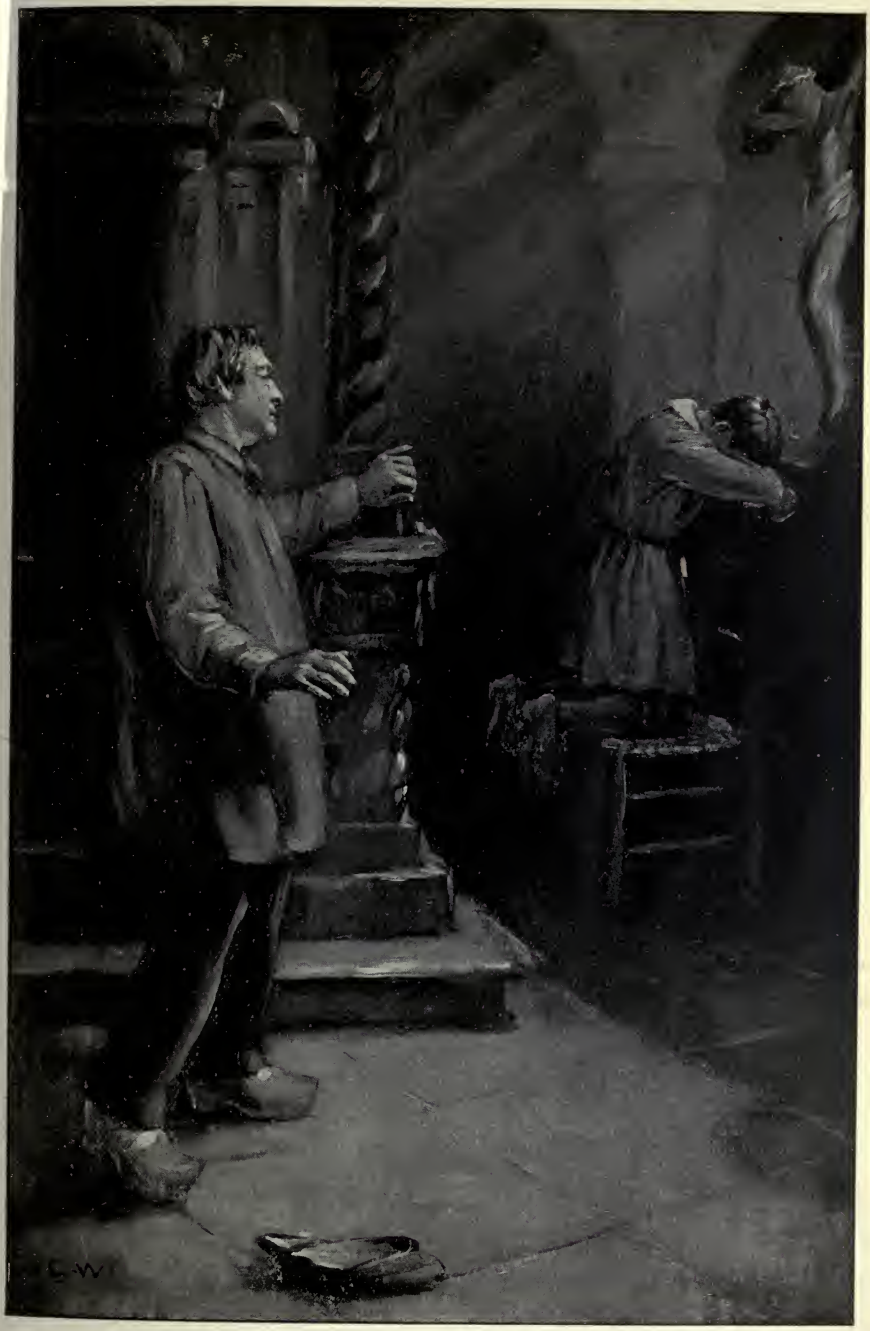
"Ah, Father, what can I say? It may have been that he was not then released from purgatory. He may have come to me for one more rosary, one more *De Profundis*. But Your Reverence is right. All is well now, very well with him: this I know."

Later the same day the canon inquired of one of the Suisses attached to the cathedral, if others besides Benôit were in the habit of praying in that far corner. The man said no. He and his confrères called it the chapel of Benôit. He did not think it was ever visited save by Benôit. Still for the future he would look there from time to time. As for a boy in a blue blouse, well, his Reverence knew there were many such at that time in Chartres; many came to the cathedral every day to Mass and to Vespers, to pray in the chapel of the Sacrament. Why, on the night Benôit swooned, one such boy came running to him in the nave.

"Ah," inquired the canon eagerly, "that is what I want to hear about; don't you see, this very boy may have been praying there at that time?"

Yes, the Suisse had not thought of that. As his Reverence said it was most probable, though the boy might have come from the chapel of the Sacrament. Some of the worshippers there had run out into the aisle hearing the noise.

"And you would know the boy again? The verger could not be sure of that.



A FIGURE WAS KNEELING IN PRAYER—THE FIGURE OF DENIS HIMSELF.

He only remembered hearing a great clatter of *sabots*, and a cry. He was, in fact, going to rebuke the boy for running in the cathedral, but saw that the lad was frightened and that something had occurred."

After this the canon himself would occasionally look into Benôit's corner, it was always empty. Doubtless the whole thing was an illusion on the part of Benôit. Weak and tired and ill as the poor man had been, what more likely than the kneeling figure was a creature of his imagination?

A day or two later Benôit, still staying in the canon's house, came in to the cathedral to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The canon had forbidden him to remain there for more than a few minutes. He returned greatly agitated.

"Father," the poor man cried, meeting the canon on his way back, "I have seen Denis again. Look, Your Reverence, it is bright daylight, how then can I be mistaken? And again he is weeping, my poor Denis! But I dare not remain, I came to find Your Reverence."

"Be calm, Benôit," said the priest: "I myself will see him. Be sure there is some mistake. It cannot be Denis." The canon left him and hurried into the cathedral. There, in the corner of the choir-aisle, knelt a boy, with his face buried in his hands and sobbing.

"What is the matter, my poor child?" whispered the canon bending down. The boy lifted a pale tear-stained face, and rose to his feet. Yes, in height and figure, and dress he was certainly like the dead Denis. There was some excuse for poor Benôit. The canon repeated his kindly inquiry, and led the boy out of the cathedral into the sacristy. For some time the lad could not speak for weeping, after a little while he told his story brokenly.

His name was Henri, and he lived with his grandmother. On Monday evening last his father had died. His mother had died long ago. His grandmother was old and could only work a very little. Already the authorities had said they must go to the poor-house He was trying to get work, but nobody would employ him; they said he had not strength enough.

The canon eyed him pityingly. It seemed to be true that he had little strength. He was tall for his age, overgrown, and his face was pinched and pale.

"You shall take me to see your grandmother," said the good canon. "We must think what can be done." The canon led the way to his own house first, "you must have some breakfast my poor child, then we will set out." The canon also wanted to see Benôit.

* * *

There are three persons now living on the second floor at No. — of the Rue ——. Benôit has a housekeeper who, now that she has a sufficiency of good food, is quite capable of looking after the wants of her benefactor, and of her grandson. They are very happy. In many ways Henri reminds Benôit of the dead Denis, and certainly the boy's love for his foster-father could not be greater. There are few things once belonging to Denis that Henri has not inherited. The nightly readings have been resumed, and sometimes when Benôit is drowsy he fancies that Denis is sitting there at the cabinet as of old. But both by Benôit and Henri that dark little corner of the choir aisle is visited daily. The cross old lady on the first floor likes the newcomer, but sometimes scolds him, for, though Henri is now wearing Denis' *sabots*, she declares that he walks like an elephant. Benôit only smiles and thanks God for sending him a dutiful and loving foster-son in place of the child that he grieved over perhaps too deeply and too long. But of one thing he is certain, with Denis all is now well—very well indeed.

"Yes, I see how it is. Father; God would have me take him in the place of

Denis. I have been selfish in my sorrow; that must now cease. And he will help me to pray for Denis. He is a pious child, this Henri, and even if I cannot love him as I loved my son, I can benefit him, and he is a comfort to me."

"A strange coincidence," Benôit often says to his friends. "My poor Henri had come to the cathedral to pray for his dead father. I had gone there to pray for Denis. The living boy mistook me in the twilight for his father. And I—well, I was certain that the kneeling figure was that of Denis!"

All who know Henri tell Benôit that the boy will be to him another Denis, and the good man knows they are right.

THE SEVEN LAST WORDS.

SEVEN SONNETS.

By Francis W. Grey.

Ad Gloriam Domini nostri Crucifixi, et in honorem Septem Dolorum Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ.

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO."

"Father! forgive, they know not what they do;"
Not knowing, low upon Thy cross of pain
Their cruel hands have laid Thee—not in vain
Thy generous prayer; ah! surely, if they knew
The spear, the nails, had never pierced Thee through,
And Thee, the Lord of Life they had not slain.
"Father, forgive!" and doth Thy love constrain
Thee for Thine enemies? oh, love most true,
All perfect, all unselfish, all Divine,
In that dread hour triumphant!—'Twas for me
Thy prayer "Forgive them!" for the sin was mine
That laid the weight, the Cross, the shame on Thee—
"Father, forgive!" may that sweet prayer of Thine
In my last hour, my hope, my solace be.

"TO-DAY THOU SHALT BE WITH ME IN PARADISE."

To-day! the strife is short, the end is near,
The prize eternal; thou shalt be with Me
In Paradise to-day, and I with thee
My fellow sufferer. Dost thou doubt or fear?
Turn but thy face to Me, and thou shalt hear
My faithful word of promise; "Thou shalt be
To-day in Paradise;" and thou shalt see,
Shalt share My Glory, and for every tear
Find joy eternal; suffer yet awhile
With Me and for Me, patient to the last;
I will not fail thee; hell, with all its guile
Shall never tear thee from Me; hold Me fast
In this last agony, for I will smile
And bid thee "Welcome" when the strife is past.

"WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON; SON, BEHOLD THY MOTHER."

"Behold thy Son!" Thou canst not hold Me now
In those dear arms of thine, or know the bliss
Of perfect mother love; thou canst not kiss
The dews of death from off my aching brow;
I may not stay to share thy life, and thou
Must taste the bitterness of death in this,
Thy soul-transfixion: Mother! thou must miss
My loving care for thee; and grief will bow
Thy gentle head, sweet Mother, day by day,
For those calm years which thou and I have known;
"Behold thy Mother!" Thine to wipe away
The tears from those dear eyes, and thine, alone,
The task to love and tend her; thine to stay,
As I have stayed, beside her—all her own.

"I THIRST."

"I thirst!" Of old, when Thou didst sit and rest
Beside Samaria's well, Thy sacred feet
Worn with the dusty way, the noontide heat,
Thy sacred mouth by burning thirst distrest—
One gave Thee drink, dear Lord, with willing zest,
Drew, at Thy bidding, water cool and sweet,
Glad but to do the service, as was meet,
As waits a slave upon a royal guest.
"I thirst!" Oh, son of man! by God accurst,
That nailed Thee to the Cross! What tongue may tell
All Thou hast suffered? Nay, nor this the worst,
Thy mortal anguish; since on Thee there fell
The Father's wrath. Oh cry of God, "I thirst!"
Oh, thirst of God! that saved my soul from hell.

"MY GOD! MY GOD! WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?"

"My God! My God!"—The darkness, like a pall,
O'ershadows all the world; and, now, Thy Face
Is turned from Me in anger: all disgrace,
All bitterness and shame; the sins of all
That ever sinned against Thee, now must fall
On Me alone. My God! and wilt Thou place
The heavy guilt of all the fallen race
Of sinful men on Me? Lord, wilt Thou call
Me to account, Me only? Lo! the dread
Of Thy just anger shakes Me, and the weight
Of sin is all too heavy on My Head.
"My God! My God! forsake Me not!"—too great
My lonely grief, give back Thy peace instead;
Give back Thy Love, nor leave Me desolate.

"IT IS FINISHED."

Lo! "It is finished!" Perfect and complete
The one great offering Thou alone couldst make;
The task stupendous Thou didst undertake;
The victory won, and, crushed beneath Thy Feet
The deadly foe whom Thou alone couldst meet—
"Finished!" Sweet Lord! 'twas only "for our sake,"
Since, by Thy Death, Thou bidd'st our souls awake
To Life in Thee, to servitude most sweet.
"Finished!" The toil was long, but Thou hast died
To triumph over death; and Thou hadst need
To lay Thy glory for awhile aside,
And share in all our griefs, that so a greater meed
Of glory might be Thine; and, Crucified
Hast made Thy work, O Lord! complete indeed.

"FATHER, INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT."

"Into Thy Hands, O Father!" Lord! at last
Thou prayest for Thyself, for Thou hast done
All that Thy Father bade Thee, didst not shun
The toils, the sorrows—all the pain is past
But the one parting sigh, and Thou dost cast
Thyself upon His Love, O Perfect One—
Into Thy Father's Hands, His Blessed Son,
His well-belovèd. Love made sure and fast
In Love Divine, was in Thy dying Heart
With that last word—Lord! when the hour is near
That bids me pass to meet Thee, where Thou art,
Oh! may I whisper in Thy listening ear
"Into Thy Hands!" and then in peace depart;
If Thou be with me Lord, I shall not fear.

CATHOLIC BOOKS IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

By J. F. O'Donovan, S.J.

THE question which, at the very outset, may suggest itself to the readers the MESSENGER is, Why should an article on a topic of this kind be presented in a magazine whose aim is the spread of devotion to the Sacred Heart?

The answer may be found in the MESSENGER "Reader" for November, 1893. "Each and every Catholic should ask himself, what can *I* do to contribute my share to the conversion of America? Among the agents that may be employed for the conversion of America, the press is certainly not the least important; in fact we are warranted in saying that if America ever becomes a Catholic country, at least one-half of the work of conversion will have been accomplished by the press. Reading has converted thousands in the past and is destined to play a still more important role in the conversions of the future." Surely, then, those who profess to realize in themselves, and to bring to the knowledge of others, the motto of the Apostleship of Prayer, "Thy Kingdom Come," cannot afford to neglect so important a means of doing good as is here presented for their consideration.

The late President Porter of Yale, in his work on *Books and Reading*, strikes the keynote of the warfare which is being waged to-day by the enemies of God's Church, when he remarks: "A youth in an unhappy moment meets a volume, and it makes him a hater of his fellowman and a blasphemer of his God. One book makes one man a believer in goodness and love and truth; another book makes another man a denier or doubter of these sacred verities."

If we carefully observe the trend of opinion at the present day, we must admit that the evil of godless reading is at the root of the thousands of crimes which are committed by those whose minds are poisoned by the more than doubtful moral principles, the mawkish and sickly sentimentalism which are instilled by hundreds of modern books. Readers ask for the bread of truth and they are given the hard stones of lying and error, coated with the glitter and tinsel of a flowing and graceful diction. The evil seems to be spreading under the, let us say, unintentional guidance of purblind leaders, for we are not prepared to say that their acts are malicious.

From Cleveland comes the telling story that a list of books on Catholic (?) doctrine was prepared at the public library for those who desired to study it, and, what a list that was! From another Western state comes the news that a certain volume, the product of a highly-wrought imagination, written, doubtless, with a view of spreading the wholesome food of truth was being quietly, but surely, propagated by means of school libraries. While from a third source, we hear that a special alcove for Jewish books has been placed in the Denver public library. We reach the climax when we are told by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hurth, C.S.C., of Dacca, Bengal, formerly President of St. Edward's College in Texas, that the Protestant ministers in that country, in order to poison the minds of the natives, and make them hate Catholic doctrine, had translated the apostate Chiniquy's villainous attack on the Church into their native tongue and spread it broadcast throughout the entire country. "Verily, the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

Perhaps the most insidious attempt, however, to spread throughout the entire country the seeds of scepticism and infidelity was made, wittingly or unwit-

tingly, when a certain volume, the compilation of an educated monopoly, was brought to light some three years ago. Considering the source whence it came, we think that it is the accepted standard for most, if not for all, of our public libraries.

The magnitude of the design which the authors had in view was, we presume, in keeping with the wants of a nation which embraces within its limits all shades of religious opinion, from the one which possesses the fulness of truth, the Roman Catholic Church, to the never ending "isms" which are the result of the prime tenet of Protestantism. Justice, and a regard for the wants of their readers, which is the first requisite of every well equipped and properly conducted public library, would demand that the literatures of the various beliefs should have been consulted with a view to presenting the best which each contained. To bring about this desired result, the course adopted by a certain standard work, in giving the article on the Jesuits to a Littledale, should not have been adopted. Yet, if we judge by what is offered, the natural conclusion is that something similar did really take place in the general make-up of this one-sided production.

The volume was issued by the United States Government Printing Press, with the sanction and approval of the Commissioner of Education. It is a strange monument to the learning and, we trust, well-meant consideration of "the committee who passed upon the suggestions of about seventy-five librarians and specialists." Indeed, the crowning glory of their labors was the world-wide reputation which the work attained when it was presented to admiring thousands at the Chicago World's Exhibition.

To make it evident to the readers of the MESSENGER why we call their attention to this selection of five thousand volumes for a public library, we shall examine in detail one of the systems of cataloguing, that known as "Classed Catalogue," according to the expansive classification," embracing from page 149 to 161, exclusive. We confine our review of the work to those matters only which are of *special* interest to Catholics. The following items will speak volumes:

General Title	No. of Authors.	Vols.	Catholic Writers.	Some non-Catholic Writers.
Various Headings of Philosophy.	84	116	0	Darwin, Mill, Spencer, Draper, and all the German School.
Christian Ethics (?)	10	10	St. Augustine's Confessions. Kempis. Fenelon s Spiritual Letters 2 Vols.	William Penn, Jeremy Taylor, Richard Baxter.
Religion and Allied Subjects.	99	153	Card. Gibbons' Christian Heritage. Dixon's Life of Christ, 2 Vols. Catholic Bible.	Pfleiderer, Renan, Matthew Arnold, A. D. White Martineau.
Ecclesiastical History.	25	46	Catholic Dictionary. Montalemberts' Monks of the West. 2 Vols.	D'Aubigné. Foxe. Milman, Dorchester.

Total number of volumes, 325; Catholic, 11!

Periodicals recommended, 27; Catholic Reviews, 0.

We shall now, for the amusement of our readers, give a few specimens of the cataloguing practised by these experts:

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Burton, Robert. Anatomy of Melancholy.
Gilman, N. P., Jackson, E. P. Conduct as a Fine Art.
Mathews, William. Getting on in the World.
Ward, Mrs. H. O. Sensible Etiquette of the best Society.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

Draper, J. W. History of the Conflict between Religion and Science.
Laing, Samuel. Modern Science and Modern Thought.
Hinton, James. Mystery of Pain.
White, A. W. Warfare of Science.

CHRISTIANITY.

Luther, Martin. Table Talk; tr. by Hazlett.
Coleridge, S. T. Aids to Reflection; Statesmen's Manual.

DOCTRINAL THEOLOGY.

Clarke, J. F. Common Sense in Religion.
Hughes, Thomas. Manliness of Christ.

"Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us" from such leaders!

It is worthy of remark that two of the Catholic books adopted were given by "The Cathedral Library" of New York City.

No elaborate comments are needed to bring vividly before our minds what dire consequences will follow if our reading public are to slake their thirst for knowledge at these poisoned fountains. When there is question of the Catholic Church, it is true to say that the scripture expression, "The venom of asps was under their tongues," may be justly applied to a number of the writers recommended by the American Library Association.

We would not have the readers of the MESSENGER understand that there are no Catholic books in our public libraries besides those already mentioned. The present writer examined the catalogues of two public libraries, one in the South, the other in the East, and, as a result of his work, found in the former the best Catholic works on history, religion and philosophy. An examination of the various committees which governed the library showed that prominent, influential and aggressive Catholic laymen had a voice in the management of the institution. In the latter, a sturdy and devoted pastor of one of the local churches, who was a member of one of the committees, left the impress of his zealous work on the pages of the catalogue. A lesson to those who desire to imitate noble examples.

What we do wish to emphasize is the animus which, whether intentional or not, was shown in the making of this volume; also, the incalculable mischief which may be wrought by placing within easy reach of an almost omnivorous reading public the works which have been recommended by the learned doctors who govern so many of our public libraries.

The evil, as all can perceive, which we have to contend with is evidently very great, hence, we must, following the example of the man who wished to build a tower, "sit down and reckon" the amount of labor which will be required; also, the most effective ways whereby to execute our designs. To spur us onwards, it would be well to recall frequently to mind the words of one who has done yeoman service for the cause of truth, in the work of converting non-Catholics in America. Father Elliott, writing in the *Catholic World* for April, 1895, said: "The condition of things in America is this: the Catholic Church in America is among a non-Catholic people who are willing to listen to Catholic truth. Stop at that fact and square your conscience with it. As *layman*, priest, or prelate, reckon with God thus: I can get a hearing for its claims from non-Catholics, what should I do about it?"

We can learn from his method of work what it is possible to do to effect this holy object. Everywhere he goes, Catholic books are distributed by the hundreds. This same work, the diffusion of Catholic literature, was earnestly recommended, some three years ago, to the

readers of the MESSENGER: "We are convinced that thousands of non-Catholics would be converted to the faith if they were placed within reach of Catholic books." What more sure and secure means of taking part in that apostolate than by seeing to it that the public libraries be well stocked with the best Catholic books, so that non-Catholics may have them for the asking?

Those who are familiar with the history of St. Ignatius Loyola may, perhaps, pass rather hurriedly over one incident in his life which is the turning point in his career; the fact that his change of life was due, in great measure, to the chance-reading of a Catholic book. Truly, then, might we say, if we trace the stream of blessings which have refreshed and renewed to a better life the millions who have come under the influence of his sons, that the source was like the mustard-seed of the Gospel which became a wide-spreading tree.

We were about to quote the trite expression, *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*, when the thought came to our mind that we need not have recourse to the enemy's camp to learn a fruitful lesson. The learned and zealous priest who is editor of *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, with that foresight which is so conspicuous in his magazine, engaged the co-operation of experts in the various branches of knowledge which befit the priestly rank to give a list of books which would further the study of his confréres in these several departments of knowledge. The result appeared in the *Review*, under the title "The Library of a Priest"

With much greater reason a like work should be done for our Catholic laity, the vast majority of whom know little or nothing about what Catholic literature means. They are frequently told to ask for Catholic books when they visit the public libraries; would it not be well first to give them a list of the best books written by Catholic authors? We say the best, for we would not be understood as approving a deposit of works in the alcoves of a public library which have nothing to recommend them but flashy bindings and irrelevant pious pictures which present all the colors of the rainbow.

The symposium on "Pastors and Reading Matter for Children," in the December number of the magazine, shows how readily our best writers will give their valuable assistance to any movement which has for its aim the direction of the Catholic reading public in the matter of books.

When the proposed volume on Catholic works is prepared, the Reverend clergy, throughout the country, will surely bring it to the notice of their respective congregations. One of their number, a man who has risen to prominence in the world of letters as Walter Lecky, writing in the *Catholic News* of New York, about two years ago, made this very pertinent remark: "What a wonderful advertising agency for Catholic literature lies in the hands of priests? And, in these days, when infidelity is going to the poor, and when her weapon is the printing press, the dissemination of sound, honest Catholic literature is in the front rank of priestly work. The priest's voice reaches all classes; and his praise of a book will often gain it an entrance when ordinary methods would be resented."

The work can also be taken up by Catholic papers. The columns which are sometimes devoted to matters that have little or no interest for Catholics would be more fruitful of good and more in accord with the mission of that department of the public press, if some earnest, suggestive, and lucid articles were written on the books recommended by the catalogue.

Reading circles, and, indeed, all Catholic societies of whatever description, can adopt no better means of fostering among their members the true spirit of zeal, and of bringing about the reign of the kingdom of Christ, which is the special work of the League of the Sacred Heart, than

by uniting their efforts for the insertion of Catholic books where the poorest can find them. The voice of our glorious Pontiff, Leo. XIII., bids them nerve themselves for the battle of truth against the onslaughts of wicked and cunning scribblers. With his paternal blessing, he recommended the "Apostleship of the Press" during the past year as an object most dear to the Heart of Jesus. By tongue and pen he has urged this glorious work on all his children. This, therefore, ought to be a sufficient incentive for earnest work.

If we look for motives from our Spiritual Rulers in the United States, we have them abundantly. The Fathers of the II. and III. Plenary Councils of Baltimore, in their efforts for the welfare of the Church and human society, among the many wise and well-defined provisions which they enacted for this end, took particular pains to call the attention of their flocks to the necessity of using every honest endeavor to distribute Catholic books. "We most earnestly desire that such pious societies shall everywhere exist, whose object shall be the publication and distribution of good Catholic books and tracts." We may be permitted to add, interpreting their wishes, and of placing them whither the American public flock to get books, public libraries. "These societies ought to be protected, assisted, and propagated with all the more alacrity and zeal in proportion to the daily increasing efforts and incredible diligence of wicked men and sectaries who spread everywhere countless publications against God, His Church, and sound morality. We are not deserving of high praise if, for the best of causes, we do only that which the impious do for a wicked cause, and take for the salvation of souls the same pains which they take for their damnation, but not in any way to rival them were most disgraceful sloth."

Words cannot be clearer. We may, therefore, say with truth: this is God's work; this will promote the interests of the Sacred Heart; this will hasten the spread of His kingdom. "The consent of the saints is the sense of the Holy Spirit," wrote a noted Catholic theologian. If ever there was unanimity in any matter, it is, undoubtedly, with regard to the propagation of sound and wholesome reading. We may, and do, complain bitterly about the lack of Catholic books in public libraries; the fault is ours, in a great many cases. We merely denounce the bigotry which ignores that portion of the sum of knowledge, while no concerted action, no vigorous, intelligent measures are adopted to make our Catholic laity know what that is which is designated by the name of Catholic literature. It may be, that there are some who fancy that Catholic literature and goody-goody story books about angels and saints, and bright youths whose youthful piety betokened a vocation to the priesthood, are convertible terms. If such there be, and we can hardly conceive that state of mind at the present day, let them but study the question honestly, and they will find that the world *has* moved since they were young.

We cannot but deplore the ignorance of many well-meaning persons on this subject. Experience has taught some of us that not even our Catholic College students are aware of the wealth of knowledge which is hidden in the unworked mine.

"Faith comes from hearing," says St. Paul; we might say intelligent faith, "the reasonable service," which the same Apostle demands of us, comes from a well-regulated, orderly course of Catholic reading. Hence, the necessity that lies upon us to procure it, if possible, for all.

If we create a demand for such reading, it will be supplied. We may, frequently, with profit, address ourselves in the words of St. John, adapting them for our present purpose: "He that hath the truth of God, the Catholic faith, and shall see his brother wandering in error, and shall not help to enlighten him,

how doth the charity of God abide in his heart. Let us not love in word, nor in tongue, but in deed, and in truth."

It is high time to take up the work, earnestly, of placing the standard Catholic works which have been written on every branch of knowledge, in our public libraries, and of prosecuting our work orderly until the treasure of knowledge which we possess shall be ready at hand for the millions who are without the true fold. Work we must if we wish to accomplish anything worthy our holy faith. Opposition will be placed in our way, the cry of bigotry will, at times, be heard; but, if God, as He certainly is, be for us, who can be against us?

Our last suggestion is that when we have secured a goodly number of Catholic books wherever we are, a printed catalogue be supplied, if feasible, for every Catholic family. For truth, "to be loved," must, as Pope says, "be seen."

JEANNE D'ARC.*

FROM DOMREMY TO CHINON.

By John A. Mooney.

"JESU! JESU! JESU!" Ten thousand hear the piteous cry; and, through pity, some swoon; others, remorseful, shiver; many weep and moan. The soft-hearted have already fled. A gust of wind parts the greedy flames, disclosing the figure of a young girl. Upon a crucifix her eyes are fixed; a crucifix held aloft, outside the circle of the crackling fire, by a priest. Now the girl is hidden from sight, by the fagot's ruddy blaze, rising higher and higher. Even the hardened English soldiers blench, as the scent of burning flesh is diffused. Again, out of the fire, a voice issues; a firm, a confident voice: "My mission was from God. Jesu! Jesu!"

The end is near. Only agony could inspire the beseeching cry: "Water! blessed water!"—a vain cry. Not a man or woman, though human feeling prompted, dare risk the proffer of a single drop of water to soothe the victim's soul or body. One English soldier responded to the appeal by flinging a dry fagot into the glowing fire. Choking, dying, once more the voice invokes the Saviour: "Jesu! Jesu!" and the writhing girl's last breath is expended in uttering that dear name: "Jesu!"

The executioner gathers up the remains. A few bones he finds, and a little dust. These he looked for; but with terror does he perceive a heart; and he trembles as, touching it, he feels it warm; warm, not with the faint heat exhaled from wood-ashes, but with that generous ardor that smoulders in the embers of the Saint. Trusting not to the piled up fagots, he had nourished the flames with oil and sulphur. The heart should have been burned to a crisp. Now he remembers that, before mounting the pyre, the girl-victim had besought the bystanders to give her a cross; and that, none being at hand, a gentle English soldier had formed one, roughly, out of a couple of bits of a stick. Kissing this rude cross devoutly, she had placed it over her heart, close to her flesh! The wooden cross was no more; but the heart it had pressed, remained. Was this a sign?

* Having read carefully several *Lives* of Jeanne d' Arc, by Catholics, Protestants, and infidels, of differing nationalities, and having also read several works dealing with incidents in the Maid's life, and having consulted those documents upon which all reliable *Lives* of Jeanne must be based, the writer determined to follow, as he has followed, closely, the narrative of the learned historian, M. Marius Sepet, as told in the twentieth edition of his admirable work: *Jeanne d' Arc, Alfred Mame et Fils*, Tours, 1895.

Neither the executioner, nor the curious onlookers, who wondered with him, dare say yes. Bones, ashes, and even the heart, were cast into the River Seine. An English cardinal, the cardinal of Winchester, so ordered.

Did this young girl deserve the punishment and the indignities meted out to her on the thirtieth of May, 1431, in the market-place of Rouen? Return with me to the scaffold! To yonder tall, charred stake, she was tied. Surmounting the stake is an inscription, still legible. Thus it reads: "Jeanne, who named herself the Maid, a liar, a pernicious woman, a deceiver of the people, a sorceress, a superstitious woman, a blasphemer of God, a presumptuous woman, an unbeliever, a boaster, an idolatrous, a cruel, a dissolute woman, an invocatrix of devils, apostate, schismatic and heretic." If the inscription be true, Jeanne, who named herself the Maid, was punished justly. But if the inscription were a lie! Lie it was; every word a lie; and the men who devised the inscription were liars, pernicious men, deceivers of the people, presumptuous and cruel. To-day, better than ever, we know the truth about Jeanne the Maid; and for the sake of truth, men of every land love to tell her story; and, most of all, those who, like her, glory in the cross, and believe and trust in Him whom her burning lips greeted, as her pure soul flew heavenward.

How did it happen that English soldiers played leading parts in the painful scene we have just witnessed; and why did an English cardinal lend his presence to the burning of Jeanne, the Maid, in the market-place of Rouen? A complete answer to these questions would be the history of a hundred years of war between English and French kings. When William, the conqueror, Duke of Normandy, seized the English crown, he did not renounce his Norman duchy; and, after his death, his successors on the throne of England claimed the Norman dukedom as a right. Nor was this claim rejected by the French kings, who, however, required that, as dukes of Normandy, the English sovereigns should do homage, presenting themselves before the French kings, bareheaded, and without gloves, sword or spurs, as a mark of vassalage. In the course of time, through prudent marriages, the kings of England increased their possessions on the soil of France, acquiring and controlling a territory larger than that subject to the kings of France. A vassal more powerful than his lord was a vassal to be feared. So Philip Augustus wisely argued; and he proved his conclusion true by dispossessing the English of three of their fiefs, leaving them but one, Guyenne. Of even this province, Philip the Fair deprived them a century later; though, imagining that generosity could temper avarice, he made the mistake of returning it.

Occasional intermarriages between the members of the English and French royal families should have assured the peace of both countries, but had no such effect. Indeed, one of these marriages brought only war and disaster upon France; for, upon the death of Charles the Fair, in 1328, Edward III. of England claimed the French throne as the heir of his mother, Isabella, the sister of Charles and of his predecessor, Philip V., known as the Long. Not confining himself to mere wordy demands, Edward invaded France with a well-equipped and well-trained army, and at Crécy (August 28, 1346) inflicted a grievous defeat upon the French. Philip VI. lost the port of Calais, and no French king recovered it until two centuries had passed. The Black Prince, Edward, proved a scourge more terrible than his father, Edward III. At Poitiers, ten years after Crécy, he vanquished an army in whose ranks the most valiant among the nobility of France fought to the death. There, too, he made a prisoner of the King, John II., who, six years earlier, had succeeded Philip VI. A prisoner on English soil John remained during more than half of the eight following years.

His son, Charles V., showed more wisdom and more courage than his father, and with the aid of that romantic knight, Bertrand du Guesclin, drove the English out of almost all the territories they had seized during the preceding reign. Dying in 1380, he left a son but eleven years old to succeed him. At the age of twenty this son, as Charles VI., assumed the sovereignty that, during his minority, had been exercised by his uncles, the Dukes of Berry and of Burgundy, but his administration of the royal power was short lived. Within four years of his elevation to the throne he lost the kingdom of his mind, not without cause, and the mad semblance of a king he remained for full thirty years.

When Charles VI. was practically dethroned, his eldest son, Louis, being a minor, ruled but nominally until his death in December, 1415. Then his brother John, also a minor, succeeded to the vain authority he inherited, and, on his death in 1417, Charles, the youngest son of the insane Charles, acquired a title which, though it must have gratified a youth of fourteen, made him no more powerful than his brothers had been.

Since his father's misfortune twenty-five years had elapsed; twenty-five years of ill fortune. Ambitious nobles, contending for the control of the persons of the young princes and for the possession of Paris, then as now the heart of France, had divided the people into warring factions. Seeing their chance, the English attempted to recover their lost territories. Indeed they hoped to gain the crown that Edward III. ambitioned. Led by the aspiring and gallant Henry V. a powerful army disembarked near the port of Harfleur on August 14, 1415. After a month's siege Harfleur capitulated. Around the French princes the chivalry of France rallied only to meet at Agincourt a defeat no less calamitous than that of Crécy or of Poitiers (October 25). Still the English king feared to risk an advance and returned home to prepare for a new invasion.

HOME OF JEANNE AT DOMREMY.

One of the most puissant and daring French nobles lent no aid to his country at Agincourt—John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy. His father, Philip the Bold, had striven for supremacy in national affairs during the minority of the oldest son of Charles VI., thus opposing the clever but debauched Duke of Orleans. In the face of a rival, John was less timid than his father. He did not hesitate to connive at the murder of Orleans, and by this crime not only weakened his own position but also disrupted the country. Out of revenge the son of Orleans took the field and with him a powerful Southern noble, to whom he was allied by marriage, Bernard, Count d'Armagnac. In Paris and elsewhere the people were by turn Burgundians or Armagnacs, as interest, sentiment or passion moved them. When the youngest son of mad Charles VI. became Charles the Dauphin, Bernard d'Armagnac, whose party the new dauphin favored, ruled Paris; and through him Charles might have quickly united the country, were it not for the base act of a wanton woman.

This woman was Isabeau of Bavaria, wife of the unfortunate Charles VI., and mother of the youth who was rightfully claiming recognition as heir to the throne of France. Originally, Isabeau had supported the debauched duke of Orleans against Philip the Bold; but in November, 1417, she conspired with John the Fearless against her own son. Having proclaimed herself regent at Troyes,

she appointed John her administrator, and, setting up a revolutionary government, kindled the flames of a civil war.

In the name of this unnatural woman, who had been exiled from Paris on account of her scandalous behavior, the Burgundians ravaged the centre and the South of France; while the English King, taking advantage of the French Queen's treachery, returned into Normandy, where he campaigned victoriously. In May, 1418, Paris fell into the hands of John and Isabeau. Fortunately, young Charles escaped and established his government at Poitiers; but his daft father, Charles VI., remained a prisoner of his wife, Isabeau. As the English advanced, John of Burgundy, opened negotiations with Henry V. John was a self-seeking trickster. Once master of Paris, he tried to make terms with the dauphin, Charles. They met at Montereau. Had they never met it could have been no worse for France. Neither one had confidence in the other. They disagreed. Their retainers fought, and John met a death similar to that of his old enemy, the duke of Orleans. Meantime, at Rouen, the capital of Normandy, Henry V., of England, was coining money bearing his name, and the title: King of France.

Worse fortune was in store for the rightful heir to the throne. Philip of Burgundy, son of the murdered John, declared for the English; and so did his unwomanly ally, Isabeau. Nay more, she and Philip, and their helpless tool, Charles VI., signed a treaty, at Troyes, on May 21, 1420, by which the king of England was acknowledged to be the legitimate heir of the insane king of France, and, during his lifetime, sole regent. Isabeau's daughter, Catharine, was betrothed to Henry V., with the understanding that their first child should wear a double crown: the crown of England and of France. Without delay, the marriage of Catharine and Henry was celebrated; and in the following December, the royal pair made a solemn entry into Paris.

Even after Crécy, or Poitiers, or Agincourt, who would have imagined that the brave, the glorious, the proud, the great nation should be thus humiliated! Still the rightful heir to the throne was not wholly discouraged. South of the Loire, the people were loyal. Aided by their Scotch allies, his forces won a notable victory at Baugé (March 22, 1421), where the Duke of Clarence, brother of the English king, lost his life. When, in June of the same year, Henry V. headed an army of twenty-eight thousand men, Charles might well fear for the future. They closed him up in Bourges; but, at the darkest hour, hope returned. Word came of the death of Henry V., at Vincennes, on August 31, 1422. Seven weeks later the unfortunate Charles VI. died. Displaying courage, if not confidence, his son assumed the title of King of France, six days afterwards, on October 30.

Of hope and courage, Charles VII. had need. The duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V., as a soldier and a politician, was second in ability only to that illustrious monarch. Having assumed the regency, and, in the abbey of St. Denis, amid the tombs of the French kings, having proclaimed king of France the infant son of Henry and Catharine, Bedford warred actively against Charles, defeating him often. Fortunately for Charles, though he was hampered by selfish and intriguing ministers, Bedford was no less impeded by a rash and ambitious brother, the Duke of Gloucester. Had it not been for Gloucester's passions, Charles would not have enjoyed three years of comparative peace. In 1426, the English pushed forward, won, and then halted. Two years later, under the lead of the Earl of Salisbury, they carried everything before them. Between June and October, 1428, twenty-three strong places surrendered to them; and on the twelfth of October, they laid siege

to Orleans, the key to the centre of France.

Under the command of the famous Bastard of Orleans, the inhabitants defended the city bravely; women showing no less courage than men. Fatally wounded eleven days after the opening of the siege, Salisbury died at the end of October; but his death did not lessen the efforts of the English. William de la Poole, earl of Suffolk, now directed the operations. Orleans is situated on the right bank of the Loire. Salisbury had fortified the left bank; Suffolk, crossing the river, entrenched himself on the right bank, and warily circled the walls of the city with strong forts. Failing to capture Orleans by assault, he purposed starving it into submission. All winter the besieged defended, sallied, countermined. Spring came, bringing no hope. The French king offered only slight assistance. To provision the city, was growing more and more difficult, as the English forts girdled the walls more closely. An attempt on the king's part to surprise a strong body carrying food to the besiegers, February 12, 1429, was a sad failure. Despairing, the inhabitants of Orleans offered to surrender, not to the English, but to the duke of Burgundy. Suffolk declined, saying that: "he had not beaten the bushes in order that others should catch the birds."

JEANNE D'ARC HEARING HER DIVINE MISSION.

His many trials, defeats, losses, discouraged Charles VII. He began to view the downfall of his dynasty as providentially ordained. A tormenting suspicion had wormed itself into his mind and heart: Was he a legitimate son of Charles VI.? If he were not, should he not lay down his arms? He besought God to resolve this doubt, so that his course might be in accord with justice; yet the doubt remained. The peril of Orleans increased his anguish. Partisans were forsaking him; the royal treasury was empty. When Orleans should fall into the power of the English, how could he hope to hold even the mean remnant of a kingdom that still acknowledged his authority! Strong hands and courageous hearts there were, upon which he could count to the death; but, vainly sacrificing them, would not he be a coward? Thus disturbed, wavering, anxious, Charles passed his

days in the castle of Chinon. The cause of the French king, the independence of the French people, the life of a grand nation, were in jeopardy. Who, but God, could save?

On February 23, 1429, just eleven days after the rout of the royal army sent to aid the inhabitants of Orleans, six armed men, led by a girl—all a-horseback—ambled through the gate of Chinon. Though her hair was cut short, like a man's, and though she was accoutred exactly like a-man-at-arms—her lean breast and supple back covered with a cuirass; at her belt, on the one side, a dagger, on the other, a sword; in her right hand a lance—no observant, man or woman, could have questioned the leader's sex. The completest armor never disguised a maid; and this girl was a maid.

At Chinon, they had reason for expecting her; for, from a neighboring village, she had written to no less a personage than the king, saying: "I have travelled fifty leagues to be near you, and I have many excellent things to tell you." From Vaucouleurs to Chinon was a good fifty leagues, and only a brave girl would have dared the journey. The cities, the bridges on the route, were in the hands of the English, or of the Burgundians. A partisan of the French King ran great risks. At Vaucouleurs, friends had warned the girl. "I do not fear men-at-arms," was her answer; "my way is prepared. Should there be enemies on the road, I have God, my Lord, who will open for me a path by which to reach the dauphin; *for I was born to save him.*"

They travelled by night; they sought unfrequented or roundabout roads. The men-at-arms found the journey hard; but the girl did not complain. All day and every day, she was joyous, having one sole anxiety: to hear Mass. To be present at this holy office she hazarded her liberty more than once, though her male companions were more prudent. On the morning she wrote to Charles, she had been present at three Masses in a pilgrim church. As she journeyed, the beggars by the way had learned to love her. For their sake, she was ready to borrow.

"I have God, my Lord, who will open for me a path to reach the dauphin; for I was born to save him." A wonderful saying! A girl, born to save the defeated, despairing King of France—born to save not merely a crown, but also a people, a nation. All that her words expressed and implied the girl-soldier meant. Nor had she waited until she reached Chinon, to affirm that she was chosen of God to do marvellous deeds in and for France. In the preceding year, accompanied by a male relative, Durant Laxart by name, she had sought and obtained an interview with Captain Robert de Beaudricourt, who held Vaucouleurs in the interest of Charles VII. "Send word to the dauphin," said she to Captain de Beaudricourt, "that he must have courage, and that he must not, as yet, enter the field against his enemies; for God will send him succor toward the middle of the coming Lent. The kingdom does not belong to him, but to my Lord, who desires to confide its guardship to him. The dauphin shall be a king, in spite of his enemies. I will lead him to Rheims, and there he shall be crowned." Then de Beaudricourt asked: "Who is your Lord?" And she made answer; "The King of Heaven." "Take this girl home to her parents!" exclaimed the captain; "she is raving."

The captain's farewell to the girl who offered to lead Charles, in the face of the victorious English, up to and into Rheims, a city controlled by his enemies, and there to crown him King of France, was not a polite farewell. Still, it was as polite as the greeting with which the Captain welcomed her when she entered Vaucouleurs.

Durant Laxart, having called on de Beaudricourt, and having told who he was, and who his companion was, and what she claimed to be, the captain summoned a priest, and together they

went to the girl's lodging and forthwith exorcised her, surmising that she was possessed by an evil spirit. Though she submitted, she could not help laughing as she said to the priest: "It would have been more sensible to hear my confession first." Probably she was better pleased at being called mad than she had been when they treated her as a child of the devil.

From Durant Laxart, and from the girl herself, the Captain learned the story of her life. Born on the sixth of January, 1412, she was but a little more than sixteen years of age. Her birthplace was the village of Domremy, nigh to Vaucouleurs, on the border of Champagne and Lorraine. There her father, Jacques d'Arc, and her mother, Isabelle, simple peasants, esteemed for their industry and virtue, lived laboriously, comforted only by their three sons and two daughters. From their earliest years these children were trained to labor and to fear God. Of the five, the daughter, Jeanne, had been noted for piety from her infancy. Loving work she was as expert with a spade as with a needle, could spin with the best, and was as trusty among the hills with the sheep as if under the eye of her mother. A joyous child, companionable and fond of play, Jeanne was even fonder of prayer. In the midst of a merry game she would slip away, kneel behind a hedge, breathe a prayer and return to be as merry as the merriest. To the Blessed Virgin she was especially devout. Near to Domremy were several chapels dedicated to our Lady. With a candle, a garland of field flowers, an orison, Jeanne embellished each altar. At all the offices of the village church she was faithful, and most exemplary in confessing and in receiving the Holy Communion. Obedient to her parents, she was also a loving sister, a kindly neighbor, generous to the poor, tender to the ailing. All these adornments of womanhood Jeanne d'Arc had acquired without ever learning the esteemed art of reading or of writing.

These details may have interested de Beaudricourt, though it is more than probable that he knew many peasant girls no less virtuous or pious. How

THE MAID'S PARENTS AND PRETENDED LOVER CLAIM HER AT TOUL.

ever, this was not the whole of the story. In her thirteenth year—thus she told the captain—and often during the three years that had since passed, heavenly beings had appeared to her and had spoken to her. Jeanne's home adjoined the parish church; and it was in the garden, close to the church wall, on a summer's day in 1425, at midday, that a glorious light shone on her, and out of the light issued a voice, saying: "Jeanne, be good and pious, go often to church!" The resplendent light, the mysterious sun, was but the shadow of the splendor of the Archangel Michael; the voice was the Archangel's voice; the multitude with him was a squadron of his immortal, invincible, army of angels.

The mysterious voice, on that first summer-day, counselled her to be a Christian, and no more; but, as time passed, portentous words were spoken to her. She had heard of the wars. Her parents were loyal to the crown. Before her day, Domremy had suffered from the enemies of France. The history of her

THE MAID'S PROGRESS.

voice, affrighted the girl, as, certainly, they would have affrighted you or me. Who spoke, she knew not Whence came that indescribable radiance and the voice whose speech she could never forget? A second, a third time, she heard the voice, though perceiving no form. Then a form appeared, a commanding form accompanied by a multitude of unearthly, though real, beings. Finally she grew into the knowledge that the wondrous light she had first seen, more lustrous than the noonday country, she knew well; the traditions were familiar to her; but one can easily understand that the peasant girl of thirteen was not prepared to assume that she had been selected to save France, to rout victorious armies, to make a king and unite a nation. Still, Michael, promising prudently, suggested much, and finally ordered. She had a mission from heaven, he said, to succor the King of France. During three years, the simple girl listened, trembled, wondered, feared. Two sainted women came

to aid her: Catharine and Margaret. They encouraged her, calmed her. To neither mother, nor father, nor confessor, did she disclose her secret. Alone she bore her burden, day after day, year after year. A rare sacrifice was demanded of her by God, if her guides were trustworthy. The parental home, mere human love of every sort, she must renounce, if Michael, Catharine and Margaret spake true. Should she doubt? To prove her confidence in them and in their word, she made a vow of virginity. Come what may, henceforward she is the Lord's.

THE HOLY MARCH TO ORLEANS.

When, after three years of companionship with the Archangel and with Saints Catharine and Margaret, Jeanne first presented herself to Robert de Beaudricourt, at Vaucouleurs, it was not to please herself, or to satisfy an idle fancy. She would not have dared to take a step so unbecoming to a modest girl, were it not that the directing Archangel, and her guiding Saints as well, had insisted, saying: "You must seek out Robert de Beaudricourt, and have him give you an armed escort to bring you to the dauphin; him you shall crown King at Rheims, and drive the foreigner from the kingdom." To St. Michael, to SS. Catharine and Margaret, Jeanne put a most natural question. "How," she asked, "shall I, who am only a peasant girl, give orders to men-at arms?" Whereupon Archangel and Saints responded: "Child of God, great-hearted child, you needs must go; God will aid you."

Dismissed by de Beaudricourt as one bereft of reason, Jeanne was not discouraged. She returned home. Her parents were unaware of her venturesome journey. She had left them to visit a cousin. As of old, she worked in the house and in the field; but the Saints were not silent. Indeed they commanded her anew to go forth and free the city of

Orleans from the enemy. No longer could she resist. In the early part of January, 1429, once more she set forth, without saying a word to father or mother. Durant Laxart, who still had faith in her, accompanied her to Vaucouleurs. There de Beaudricourt was as obstinate as ever. The girl's claims were not lessened by time. "No one in the world," said she, "neither the king, nor the duke, nor the daughter of the King of Scotland, nor any one else, can recover the kingdom of France; from me alone shall it have aid, although I had rather spin alongside of my poor mother; for such is not my condition in life. But I must go and do that; for so my Lord wishes." Then once again they asked: "Who is your Lord?" and she gave the same answer: "He is God."

The people of Vaucouleurs saw Jeanne and heard her words; and they believed in her. They noted her modesty, her piety, her sincerity. The soldiers trusted her; they had faith in her mission. People and soldiers united to provide for her journey to the king, buying a horse, armor and arms. As she was called to do a warrior's work, Jeanne determined to dress like a man.

When de Beaudricourt learned the temper of the people, he consulted the royal council; and at length, on February 23, permitted her to set out for Chinon, where Charles was playing king; nay, more, he presented her with a sword. Long before she reached Chinon the name of Jeanne the Maid was known in camps, villages, cities. At Orleans they had heard of her, and of her promise to raise the siege, and a deputation of officers had been sent to meet her at Chinon and to report whether there was indeed reason for hoping.

* * *

Yes! It was this girl, Jeanne d'Arc, pious, charitable, gallant maid, that we saw amid smoke and flames in the market place at Rouen. Her heart it was that, red, firm, unburned, was flung, with the ashes of her bones, into the river Seine. Did she receive no mission from her Lord? Were Michael and Catherine and Margaret creatures of her imagination? Did some one else, some king or duke, save Orleans? Was her story, that she was chosen to crown the *dauphin* at Rheims, the fiction of a maddened brain? We shall see. Thus far we know her only as "a child of God, a great-hearted child." Surely "God will aid her" — at Chinon and elsewhere.

(*To be continued.*)

JUBILEE OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL VOW.

By Rev. E. Cornut, S.J.

GREAT WORKS are not the product of chance circumstances; they need a deep soil to take root in, and an atmosphere suitable for their development. Such was the case with the national vow of Montmartre, whose twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated on January 17, of this year. Few monuments have a more eloquent history. Every one of its stones is literally a cry of anguish, of faith and hope, evoked by penitence and love.

In one of His apparitions to Blessed Margaret Mary, our Lord expressed His will that France should be officially consecrated to His Sacred Heart. Louis XIV. in his glory neglected this demand, or, perhaps, he never knew it; Louis XV. was unworthy to hear it; Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, in their prison of the Temple, accomplished it as far as it was permitted them. Then many years rolled by handing down this precious heritage.

The association of the *Apostleship of Prayer* and the MESSENGER OF THE

SACRED HEART revived this tradition, rendered it popular and enkindled in pious souls an intense desire to see it at length realized. The evils that befell France in 1870-71 providentially provided the occasion.

In August, 1870, after the first reverses of the French, the MESSENGER published an article written in 1823 by Father Louis de Bussy, S.J., in which he pointed out the Sacred Heart as the only salvation for France.

Unforeseen and terrible disasters occurred. In the beginning of September, 1870, Father Ramière, S.J., wrote two articles in which he urgently appealed to the repentance and the devotion of France, and proposed to her a national act of expiation for the past, and of consecration to the Sacred Heart for the future. At the same time he scattered broadcast a leaflet with the title: *The Heart of Jesus the only salvation for France.*

This appeal found a responsive echo. On October 17, Father de Boylesve, S.J., in an important sermon, preached in the convent in Paris, known as *Les Oiseaux*, gave definiteness to the idea of Father Ramière by calling for an expiatory church in honor of the Sacred Heart. The very next day he composed and distributed 330,000 copies of a leaflet recalling the desires and the promises of our Lord. In his intention, France, repentant and confident, was to erect this monument at Paray-le-Monial.

About the same time, or shortly after, M. Legentil and M. Beluze, men of faith and action—then exiled to Poitiers by the turn in public affairs—with M. Rohault de Fleury and some other friends, conceived the idea of proposing to the Parisians to make a vow to the Blessed Virgin, or to the Sacred Heart, to save Paris, in imitation of the Lyonnese who had promised to rebuild the Church of Notre Dame de Fourvière, if their city were spared. The leaflet of Father de Boylesve decided them in favor of the Sacred Heart, and M. Baudon agreed with them on January 6, 1871.

Father de Boylesve had put M. Legentil in communication with Father Ramière, who had for some time been engrossed in spreading the formula of a vow to the Sacred Heart, which was both patriotic and Catholic, since it had for objects the deliverance of the Sovereign Pontiff and the salvation of France. These two causes were, in his eyes, inseparable; nevertheless, he promised M. Legentil his assistance, and the publicity of the MESSENGER, of which he was the founder and editor. He made, however, a condition that the project so far only local and particular, inasmuch as it was question of an appeal to the Parisians for the deliverance of Paris, should be enlarged by taking in Rome and France. After the siege of the capital, the name of Paris disappeared.

M. Legentil at first resisted; he feared that this general proposition would fail to influence those whose hearts were so preoccupied by their own sufferings. He yielded, however, and gradually adopted almost literally the ideas and the formula which Father Ramière had already been propagating for a month and a half. The vow to erect a church to the Sacred Heart in the spirit of expiation and consecration became truly national and Catholic. These are precisely the characteristics which Cardinal Richard praises and brings out in the beautiful letter written by him on the occasion of this first jubilee.

Having come to an agreement, Father Ramière and M. Legentil set to work, each in his own line and sphere. The *Apostleship of Prayer*, with its universal organization, its far-reaching circulation of the MESSENGER, and wisely directed activity of its Promoters, was, from the beginning, and always, according to the expression of M. Legentil, "an all-powerful lever." It was, in fact, in this atmosphere of piety and devotedness that the successive appeals were best understood.

A lay committee was formed to organize the undertaking, start the subscriptions, and superintend the works. An admirable, religious man, M. Léon Cornudet, was elected president.

Mgr. Darboy was not favorable to the project; his successor, Mgr. Guibert, at first tempered his sympathy with a prudent reserve; but soon gave his full approbation and all his devotion to the cause. The National Vow became his work of predilection. At the request of Very Rev. Father Jandel, General of the Dominicans, Pius IX. blessed the work, and subscribed 20,000 francs. The Bishops of France followed his example. Finally, on July 24, 1873, the National Assembly, after a serious discussion, declared that the project was for the public benefit, and conferred on the Archhbishop of Paris ample powers to carry out the undertaking.

Where should they build? They first thought of the site of the Court of the Exchequer, and of that of Finance, burned by the Commune; they were situated on the bank of the Seine and easily approached. The heights of the Troca, déro offered also great advantages. However, Montmartre was chosen because of its elevation above Paris, and the abundance of its historical and religious memories.

In the brilliant contest which was opened to artists, the plan of M. Abadie, the able restorer of the Cathedral of Périgueux, the Byzantine Church of St. Front, was preferred. The summit of a hill did nct afford sufficient space for the long nave of a Gothic edifice. Apart from other technical difficulties this style would have lost its most advantageous points.

Once the work was begun, difficulties were not wanting. It was soon perceived that the mountain was too friable to offer solid base for so heavy a construction. After reflection and prayer, however, Mgr. Guibert persisted in his choice; but it was necessary to dig 83 wells, 33 metres deep, fill them with masonry and bind them together with arches. This entailed an unforeseen expense of four million francs. Then came successively the deaths of M. Cornudet, president of the committee; of M. Abadie, the architect and director of the works; of M. Legentil, one of the chief promoters, and finally of Cardinal Guibert, the great protector of the nascent basilica. Happily he bequeathed to his pious and beloved coadjutor and successor his prudent and devoted zeal.

In another line, other attacks and annoyances befell the undertaking. In 1880, the partisans of free thought attempted to repeal the legislative act of 1873; but the proposition of Delattre gave way before the firm reasoning and authority of Mgr. Guibert. In fact, in spite of everything, there never was a single stoppage or even a sensible slacking of the work. Funds kept coming in when needed with a regularity that smacked of the marvellous.

How were the 30,000,000 francs already spent, collected? Providence, in great part, holds the secret; many givers concealed their names. One day, the Duchess de Galliera proposed to the Cardinal to build at her sole expense the edifice, then scarcely begun; this was an offering of 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 francs; Mgr. Guibert refused to accept the condition which would have taken away from the votive basilica its national character and all its meaning of penitence and devotion.

There is nothing more touching than the long lists of subscribers published every fortnight in the *Bulletin* of the work. Paul Féval used to read them with rapt admiration, reading beneath the naïve names the heroic piety of the givers. Truly we can truly see in them faith, generosity, humility, love. Large offerings are not wanting; but moderate ones predominate and make up the bulk. How many hidden sacrifices and heroic privations are represented by most of these innumerable blocks of stone! If they brave the ravages of time and

weather, the love of which they are the expression, should, we would think, draw down rich graces from heaven.

Many touching and ingenious methods have been successively invented to stimulate, foster, and reward the generosity of subscribers. Thus families, communities, colleges, religious orders, parishes, dioceses, corporations have combined to offer a stone, a pillar, a column, a chapel, according to their means. Nearly 4,000,000, French people have brought their offerings. It is really with hearts, we may say, that the immense walls have been built; from all these stones gleams the soul of the true France.

The chapels of the upper church and of the crypt are dedicated to the heavenly protectors of France: Our Lady, St. Michael, St. Joseph, St. Martin, St. Remy, St. Louis, St. Genevieve, St. Radegunde, B. Margaret Mary Alacoque. The principal religious orders are represented by their founders: St. Benedict, St. Bernard, St. Bruno, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic, St. Ignatius, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Teresa, all have their special chapel.

Many of the professions and departments of state have their chapel, for instance: the magistracy, the army, navy, medicine, the priesthood, writers, the arts, agriculture, commerce, trades. There are the pillars of music, poetry, of the sick, orphans, widows, the betrothed.

The four pillars which support the dome, and which cost 100,000 francs each, are due to the liberality of the College Stanislas, the students of the Jesuits, the newspaper *Pèlerin*, and the Children of Mary.

As regards the symbolism and artistic value of the monument, we must wait until the work is finished before we can fully appreciate it. Some visitors are premature in their strictures. When the basilica shall spread out on the transformed mountain, and shall crown it with its massive white structure, its marvellous crypt, its great cupola like a gigantic tiara, its lofty tower whence the *Savoyarde* will sound its urgent appeals over Paris, its gaping porch which seems to await pilgrims, its immense nave, from whose end the ostensorium will gleam, while the Sacred Heart will stretch out its arms to embrace the human race, its innumerable glittering chapels, its mosaics and its statues; the effect will be truly original and majestic. We shall feel that we are entering a sanctuary of penitence and devotion; and this unique monument, in contrast with all that exists in the enormous capital spread out at its feet, will appear worthy of France and of Christ, recalling in an imposing unity the patriotic and religious anguish in the midst of which its solid foundations were laid and the bright hopes for France and the Church, which the Sacred Heart has promised to realize in favor of the nation which has thus consecrated herself publicly to His honor and His service. Between the guilty earth and the infinite mercy of divine love, there will be henceforth one bond the more, the basilica of the National Vow, raising up above the crowd, its noise and its crimes, the motto of expiation and of consecration: *Christo Ejusque Sacratissimo Cordi Gallia Pœnitens et Devota.*

* * *

Father Cornut in the preceding article, which appeared in French in the *Études* for January, has pointed out briefly the part which the Apostleship of Prayer and the French *Messenger* played in the National Vow of France. We have a right, then, to look upon the Basilica of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre as due in great measure to the League. A few points may throw stronger light on the subject. We, therefore, give in full the protestation of Father Ramière proposed to the Catholics of France in December, 1870.

"At the moment when, in Christian Europe, brute force is, with impunity, crushing the most sacred rights;

"At the moment when the patrimony

given to the Church by the early Kings of France is sacrilegiously invaded, when the Capital of Christendom is taken by force; when the Head of the Church is deprived of the freedom indispensable to fulfil his office, and when the liberty of all the Catholics of the universe is affected by the loss of the independence of their Supreme Pastor;

"At the moment, finally, when contrary to the will of France, very clearly expressed many times by its representatives, the *Chargé d' affaires* of the Republic has thought himself authorized to congratulate the government which has triumphed over the august weakness of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and the resistance of his faithful subjects;

"French Catholics can wait no longer to join their voices to that of all the other Catholic nations in the universe, and to manifest openly, in the face of heaven and earth, the profound indignation which fills them at the sight of these outrages.

"WE PROTEST, then, *in the name of justice* outraged in its holy personification; *in the name of right* the most legitimate in its *origin*, the most venerable in its *antiquity*, the best justified by its *benefits*, the most authentically sanctioned by the *pledges of governments* and the *suffrages of peoples*.

"WE PROTEST *in the name of France*, our unhappy country, which, a victim of violence, would no longer have the right to appeal to the judgment of the world and of posterity, if she connived at a violence more gratuitous and more sacrilegious than that which she herself is suffering.

"WE PROTEST *in the name of the peace of Europe*, which has no longer any guarantee, from the moment when, without provocation, without motive, without any pretext, a state is authorized to take advantage of its superior power to invade another state.

"WE PROTEST *in the name of Christian civilization*, which makes way for barbarism, so soon as the right of might substitutes itself without resistance for the might of right.

"WE PROTEST finally, *in the name of liberty of conscience*, which is a thousand times dearer to us than life. We declare that we are resolved to use every lawful means in our power to obtain the full independence of the supreme guide of our souls. We do not wish that the word of God should be fettered; that the mouth charged to make known to us the thoughts of Jesus Christ should be exposed to be gagged by any human power. Rome, adorned with its monuments erected by the papacy with the offerings of all Christendom, is the property of all Catholics, and we demand its restitution. We openly demand it of its unjust invaders; we earnestly implore it of the infinitely just God; and in virtue of the part of sovereignty which the existing form of the Government of France confers upon us, we demand it as well of those who recognize themselves as our proxies.

"And, in order to repair the outrages done to St. Peter in the person of his successor, in order to obtain, through the merciful intervention of the Heart of Jesus, the pardon of our crimes and the extraordinary helps which alone can deliver Rome from its captivity, and cause the misfortunes of France to cease, WE PROMISE when these two graces shall have been granted, to contribute, according to our means, to the erection of a church consecrated to the Heart of Jesus, under the invocation of the Prince of the Apostles."

With this protestation Father Ramière sent an explanation of the intention of the Vow he proposed, and an appeal to the Associates of the Apostleship to assure by their energetic co-operation the success of his peaceful but salutary crusade.

The *Messenger* was *the first* to tell its message in all the dioceses of France and even in foreign countries. The vow as conceived by Father Ramière, was national in so far as it affected the deliver-

ance of France, but it was Catholic, that is, universal, in that it had for end the freeing of the Papacy from its unjust aggressors. For nearly three years the organ of the Apostleship might be said to have adopted the cause of the National Vow, until the latter founded its own *Bulletin;* even then the *Messenger* still continued to stimulate the zeal of its innumerable readers in carrying on the great work at Montmartre. As soon as the provisional chapel was erected, it was at once affiliated by diploma to the Apostleship of Prayer. To hasten the accomplishment of the Vow, the *Messenger* proposed to all the Associates the *denier du Vœu National*, and the League Councils organized collectors in sets of tens, who collected abundant alms. A year later the *Bulletin of the National Vow* thus testified to the work of the League. "At this time, the Apostleship of Prayer is our *all-powerful lever*. Some day we shall treat of the origin and extension of this admirable work which occupies the first rank in the army of the Sacred Heart, and has contributed in the broadest and most effectual way to extend this devotion. It has adopted with an absolute devotedness the idea of the National Vow."

In 1877 the Holy League of the National Vow to the Sacred Heart was founded by M. Rohault de Fleury and approved by the Pope. Its founder at once asked Father Ramière to aggregate it to the Apostleship, which he readily granted. He did more, for the General Intention for the following July, was "The Success of the National Vow." No wonder the *Bulletin* could say: "We rejoice to be sustained and seconded by the Association of the Apostleship of Prayer, the magnificent work, whose success is one of the greatest marvels of our times. We thank the *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart for the news it gives every month of the work of the National Vow. Our solemn prayers for each day of the month include always both the General Intention and the Particular Intentions proposed to the Associates of the Apostleship."

We think that our readers will now appreciate the share which Father Ramière, the Apostleship of Prayer and the *Messenger* have had in erecting this magnificent monument of expiation and consecration to the Sacred Heart at Montmartre. But the views of Father Ramière were not limited by the horizon of France, and he wrote: "Our desires would be still more completely fulfilled if we could bring to pass that *every nation* should have, like France, its monument of repentance and hope, and if, by the united efforts and offerings of the servants of the Sacred Heart throughout the world, there should rise in Rome, that capital of Christendom, a splendid sanctuary, whose construction should express to the divine Heart our confidence, and whose completion should mark for the centuries to come the hour of His complete triumph!"

THE RELICS OF THE HOLY CROSS.

By Rev. H. Van Rensselaer, S.J.

"WE ought to glory in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom is our salvation, life and resurrection, by whom we have been saved and delivered." So sings the Church in the introit of the Mass for Maundy Thursday, quoting the Apostle of the Gentiles in his epistle to the Galatians. Again she uses these words on the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, May 3, as well as on September 14, when she celebrates the Exaltation of the Holy Cross But still more strikingly than by the celebration of these two feasts, does she bid us honor the symbol of our salvation on Good Friday, in the most affecting ceremony of the veneration of the cross.

On the eve of Passion Sunday all crucifixes are veiled in violet. On Maundy Thursday the purple is exchanged for white in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, but it in turn gives way to black on Good Friday. On that day of days the crucifix stands draped in mourning over the empty tabernacle on the high-altar until the Passion has been solemnly chanted, and the priest has sung those most touching prayers for all sorts and conditions of men. Then the celebrant lays aside the chasuble, and, going to the epistle side of the altar, receives from the deacon the cross in its mournful drapery. He turns the crucifix towards the people, uncovering at the same time a little of the upper part, and sings: "Behold the wood of the cross, on which hung the Salvation of the world," the sacred ministers assisting in the singing. The choir answers: "Come, let us adore," and all humbly kneel. Then the celebrant advances up the steps of the altar, uncovers the right arm of the cross, elevates it, and, taking a higher tone, again intones the *Ecce lignum Crucis*, and again the people answer and genuflect. The priest next goes to the centre of the altar, lays bare the cross, lifts it aloft, and in a still higher key sings the same words, and the faithful respond and kneel as before. The celebrant then on bended knee lays the cross on a violet cushion at the foot of the altar. After this he retires to the bench, takes off his shoes, and then advances to adore the cross kneeling three times on both knees before he kisses the crucifix. Then follows the adoration of the cross by all present, first by the clergy and then by the laity, all approaching with the triple genuflection.

While this very impressive ceremony is taking place, the chanters sing those most touching complaints drawn from Holy Scripture called *The Reproaches*, in which our Lord upbraids the Jews with ingratitude for the manifold blessings He had conferred on them. "O my people, what have I done to thee? Or in what have I grieved thee? Answer me." Then comes a recalling to their minds of the various deliverances and favors He had bestowed on them. After each one the choir answers first in Greek and then in Latin: "O Holy God, O Holy Mighty One, O Holy Immortal One, have mercy on us."

The retention of the *Agios o Theos*, *Agios Ischyros*, *Agios Athanatos*, *eleison imas*, like that of the *Kyrie* and *Christe eleison* in the Mass and litanies, reminds us of the fact that the language of the Church, now Latin, was once Greek, and shows her identity through the centuries from the time when the sacred writings of the New Testament were all in Greek.

Next is sung the anthem: "We adore Thy Cross, O Lord, and we praise and glorify Thy holy resurrection, for behold

through the wood of the cross joy hath come upon the whole world." The first verse of Psalm LXVI follows: "May God have mercy on us and bless us; may he cause the light of his countenance to shine upon us, and may he have mercy on us;" and the anthem is repeated.

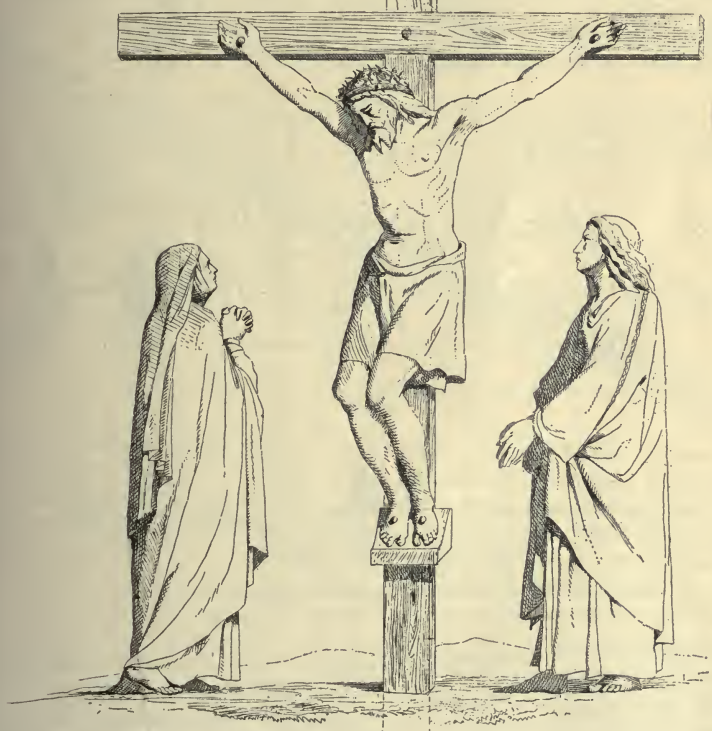
Then comes the versicle:

"O faithful Cross! O noblest Tree!
In all our woods there's none like thee!
No earthly groves, no shady bowers
Produce such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.
Sweet are the nails and sweet the wood
That bears a weight so sweet, so good."

The first four lines of this are repeated as a chorus after each verse of the hymn *Pange lingua gloriosa lauream certaminis:* "Sing, O my tongue, devoutly sing, the glorious laurels of our King.

With this ends the veneration of the cross in that masterpiece of liturgical service which the Church directs her children to perform in honor of the Passion of Christ.

It is hardly necessary for us to tell our readers that when we prostrate ourselves to venerate the Cross on Good Friday, and, indeed, whenever, or wherever, we show this extraordinary honor to the crucifix, the adoration, exteriorly given to the representation, interiorly goes to the only one to whom it is due, Jesus Christ our Lord. Only those who are ignorant of our religion could imagine that we terminate our act of worship in a bit of wood, metal, or stone. Every Catholic knows the difference between praying *before* a crucifix, and praying *to* a crucifix, between worshipping Christ with divine wor-

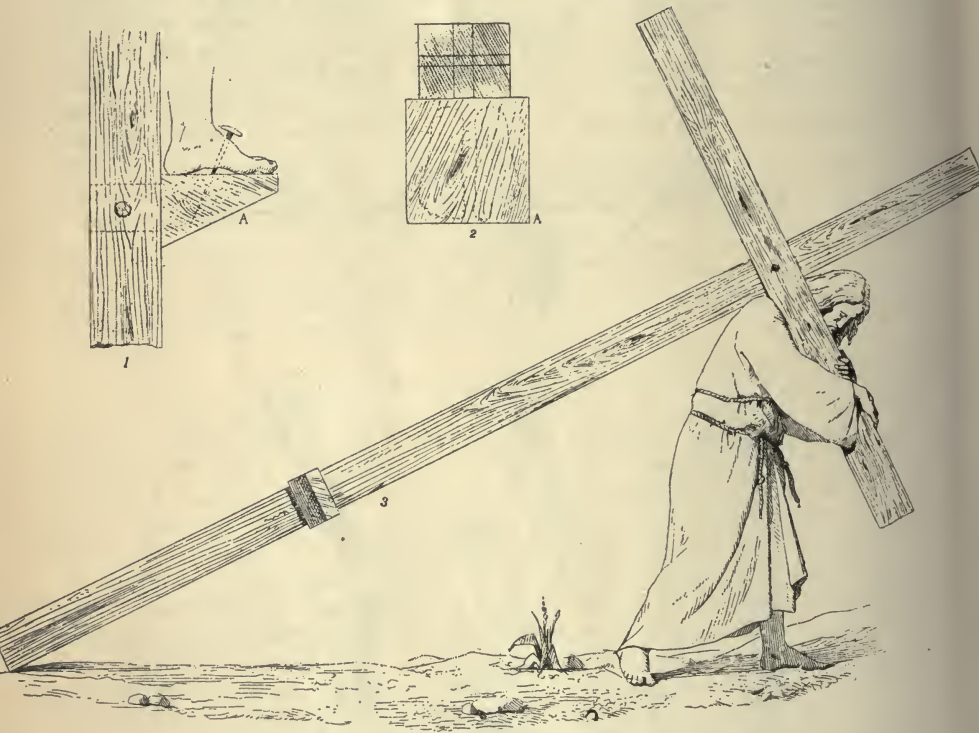


Crucifixion as conceived by M. Rohault de Fleury, showing the portions of the Cross above and under ground, footrest, title, and height at which the crucified hung.

ship and honoring with an inferior worship any representation of Him, so that if the word worship or adore could be taken only in the strict sense of divine worship or adoration, as non-Catholics insist, contrary to common usage, upon understanding it, it could never be used except of an act directly relating to our Lord, or the other persons of the Blessed Trinity.

We have dwelt purposely long upon the part which the cross plays in the liturgy of the Church, though we have not touched upon the constant use of the holy sign in the sacrifice of the Mass, in the administering of all the sacraments, in every blessing, and, in fact, we might say, at the beginning and end of all her actions. All this will help us to understand the value that the Church sets upon the relics of the true Cross.

On the other hand, we should not be surprised that the heretical leaders of the sixteenth and later centuries should reject the relics of the Cross, as well as its very sign, since they also rejected the sacrifice of the Mass and the sacraments as understood by the Catholic Church, and, by denying the real presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, they relegated Him from earth to heaven and wished to have no sensible reminders of His death. Hence the horror which Protestants of the old school feel at the sight of the painting of the crucifixion or the crucifix. It was too awful, they thought, for representation, and too unpleasant to look upon. The Lutherans are an exception, as they retained the crucifix in their churches. All the other sects repudiated even the use of the bare cross. They were right from their standpoint, especially in England. The altar gave way to a four-legged table; the symbol of Christ



CHRIST CARRYING THE CROSS. Design of M. Rohault de Fleury.
A 1. Side view of footrest. A 2. Cross-section of footrest.

the king on His throne of the Cross was replaced by the royal coat-of-arms of the temporal sovereign, who had usurped the place of the Vicar of Christ in the spiritual government of England.

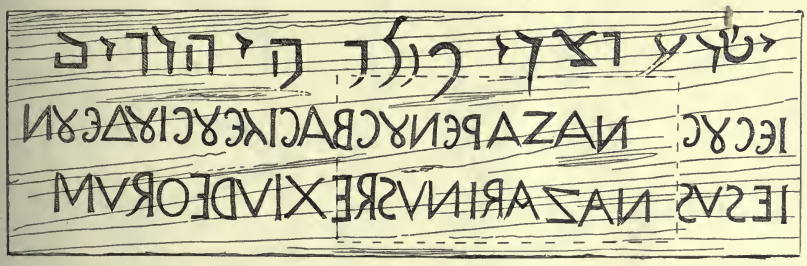
The late revival of the use of the cross by Protestants comes either from a return movement towards the old faith, or from a spirit of indifference that adopts it because it lends itself well to decorative art.

What was the form of the Cross? We are accustomed to consider it as being what is known as the Latin cross, *crux immissa* or *capitata*, which has its horizontal beam at two-thirds of its height, †. In this it differs from the Greek, whose cross-beam divides the height, †. The *crux decussata* is what is commonly called St. Andrew's cross, and is an X. The *crux furca* is like a Y. The *crux commissa* is in the form of a T. The question seems to lie between the first and the last mentioned, and there are grave authorities for both, but the strongest arguments seem to favor the one so familiar to us all. Tertullian, St. Jerome, St. Paulinus, Sozomen and Rufinus would appear to consider the tau or T as the correct shape. The eminent archæologist Father Raphael Garucci, S.J., and the translator into French of his works, Mgr. Van den Berg, gave their verdict for this, and Dom Calmet seems to agree with them.

Those who maintain the form of the Latin Cross are St. Justin Martyr, St. Irenæus, and St. Augustine among the Fathers; Socrates, Theodoret, Eusebius, Innocent III., Justus Lipsius and Gretser support this opinion.

From a practical point of view this latter would be preferable, because the cross would be simpler and stronger. A single pin or peg would hold it together, and the part rising above the cross-beam would serve to hold the title. When St. Peter was crucified head downward an ordinary cross was used, and it must have had a projecting head piece, which, in this case, was sunk into the ground. As the case stands, there does not seem to be any cogent reason to abandon the form so sanctioned by the use of the Church

Besides the perpendicular and horizontal beams there was, in all probability, a



TITLE OF THE CROSS AS RESTORED TO ONE-FOURTH SIZE.
By M. Rohault de Fleury.

piece of wood attached to the Cross as a support for the feet, as the weight of the body is too great for the hands to bear.

The traditional measures of the Cross are fifteen feet for the vertical post and seven to eight feet for the beam forming the arms; in scriptural cubits they would be ten by five. If we apply these to the details of the Cross, we shall have two cubits under ground, one cubit from the ground to the footrest, five cubits from this latter to the cross-beam, and from that to the summit two cubits. It will be seen from this that the body of the crucified was not raised up high above the earth. There are many reasons for this supposition. The pagan Latin authors speak of dogs, lions, and bears tearing out the entrails of the vic-

PORTION OF THE TITLE OF THE CROSS PRESERVED IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE-IN-GERUSALEMME, ROME.

tims; and of slaves being able to mount the gibbet with a running jump. Another argument comes from the difficulty of raising a cross with the body attached, and the higher the position of the body the greater would be the difficulty, as the centre of gravity would be proportionally raised. That, of course, is on the theory that the body was fastened to the Cross before its elevation. Moreover, had the crosses been high, a foot-soldier could not easily have broken the legs of the thieves, nor have pierced the side of the Lord.

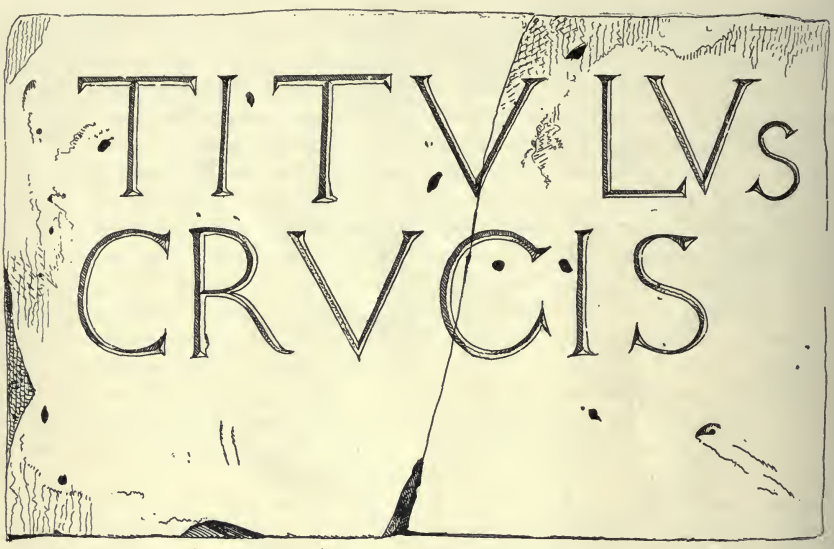
It has been estimated that the weight of the Cross was about one hundred kilogrammes, or more than two hundred pounds avoirdupois, of which three-quarters would bear upon our Lord's shoulders and the remaining quarter rest upon the ground, as He dragged it after Him. On the supposition of this weight, and taking the density of the Scotch pine as being an example of medium density, the total volume of the wood of the Cross might be one hundred and seventy-eight millions of cube millimetres. This is important to note, for Calvin attacks the authenticity of the relics of the true Cross on the ground of their absurd quantity, whereas, in fact, the total volume of all the known relics only amounts to 3,941,975 cubic millimetres, leaving 175,000,000 unaccounted for.

One should think that it would be an easy matter to decide what was the wood of which the Cross was made. Yet it is still much disputed. The Venerable Bede held that the Cross was composed of four different woods; the inscription on box, the top on which it was fastened of pine, the cross-beam of cedar and the post of cypress. Durandus substitutes the palm and olive for the box and cypress. Other authors suggest different woods, but the idea of a composite cross seems to be only the pious fancy of contemplatives, who wished the different trees to have a share in the honor of having borne the "sweet weight" of the Redeemer of the world; or attached mystical meanings to the various woods; or applied vague Scripture texts as proofs. In all probability, then, the Cross was of one wood only, as the executioners would naturally employ the simplest means. Some incline to think it was oak because it is common in Judea, and is strong and adapted to the purpose. Others claim it to be cedar, but this was a precious wood not likely to be so used. The best opinion is that it was a conifer belonging to the pine family. These trees were commonly employed, and a microscopic examination of portions of the Cross coming from the relics kept at Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, Rome, and in the Cathedrals of Pisa, Florence and Paris, show that they were pine.

Let us now turn to the finding of the Cross. For three centuries it lay hid with the other relics of the Sacred Passion. This was providential, for had they been discovered sooner, they would have been objects of derision, and would certainly have been destroyed. It was left to the Emperor Constantine, victorious through the cross, to seek and to find them. He erected in various parts of his empire magnificent churches, and thought to add to their splendor by enriching them with fragments of the instruments of the Passion. Rightly enough, he judged that they might be found in the holy places, and charged his mother, St. Helena, with the pious commission of finding and procuring them, cost what it might.

St. Cyril of Jerusalem (350 to 386) wrote to Constantius, son of Constantine: "Divine grace made known the spot in the holy places, to him who sought it in the piety of his heart."

St. Ambrose, in his panegyric of Theodosius, says: "Helena, then, came and began to examine the holy places; the Holy Ghost inspired her to search for the wood of the true Cross; she reached Calvary, and said: "Here is the spot of the combat, where is the victory? I seek the standard of salvation and I find it not. Am I on the throne,



TERRA COTTA BRICK (ONE-HALF SIZE) COVERING THE NICHE IN WHICH THE RELIC OF THE TITLE WAS KEPT AT SANTA CROCE-IN-GERUSALEMME, ROME.

and is the Cross of the Lord in the dust? Am I in gilded palaces, and is the triumph of Christ among ruins? Is it still hidden? Is the palm of eternal life concealed? How shall I believe myself redeemed, if I see not redemption itself?"

Unconsciously, the pagan Emperor Hadrian had preserved the identity of the spot where the Cross had stood, by erecting over it a temple of Venus, intending thus to stamp out the remembrance and devotion of Christians for so sacred a place.

This impious fane Helena demolished and ordered excavations all around its site, for it was the custom to bury near by the place of their death the bodies of the criminals and the implements used in their execution.

The work of the Empress was successful and the three crosses were unearthed. But how was that of Christ to be discerned from those of the thieves? St. Ambrose says the title served to identify it. But the common tradition, supported by the institution of the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, attributes the identification to a miracle wrought on the spot in the immediate restoration to full health of a woman, either half, or, according to some, wholly dead. This is held by Rufinus, born in 340; St. Macarius, then Bishop of Jerusalem; St. Paulinus of Nola; Sozomen, and St. Theophanus, and with them the Bollandists agree.

Those who would deny the identity of the Cross, because of the seeming impossibility of wood having been preserved under ground for three centuries, can be refuted by pointing out to them the fact of wood found in Herculaneum and Pompeii after some two thousand years. This is confirmed by discoveries of timbers used in constructions in the mines of Campiglia, and in the ancient aqueduct and port of Carthage, antedating the Christian era, and which learned men declare to be the same kind of wood as that of the Cross.

A strong proof of the authenticity of the Cross found by St. Helena, is held in the immediate use of fragments of it Constantine placed a piece of it in his statue at Constantinople to protect the city. St. Chrysostom records that those who were fortunate enough to have por-

tions enclosed them in rich reliquaries, which they wore on a chain around the neck.

St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, sent a very small particle as a present, and Juvenal, Patriarch of Jerusalem, had another taken with authentications to Pope St. Leo I.

Long after this period the relics were eagerly sought after, and carried from Jerusalem to various cities; and, especially, by the Crusaders. Queen Radegunde presented to a convent at Poitiers a fragment which she had received from the Emperor, Justin II. In 569 Queen Theodelinde had a similar gift.

St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, writing only twenty years after the finding of the Cross, said: "If I deny the Passion of Christ, Golgotha, which is close to me, will give me the lie, as also will the wood of the Cross, which, divided into small portions, has gone forth from this city to be distributed throughout the world"

We can readily understand the wild diffusion of these relics, when we consider the smallness of the pieces given to the greatest princes, and the mere particles, St. Paulinus calls them atoms, presented to various churches.

As we have already seen, the total volume of the wood of the Cross might be estimated at 178 millions of cube millimetres. Now each of these millimetres could easily be divided into five or six appreciable parts, and we could thus have some 1,000 *millions* of particles. A skilful preparer of microscopic objects declared that he could cut off 400 slices from every millimetre of wood, and so the true Cross might furnish 70,000 *millions* of perceptible fragments.

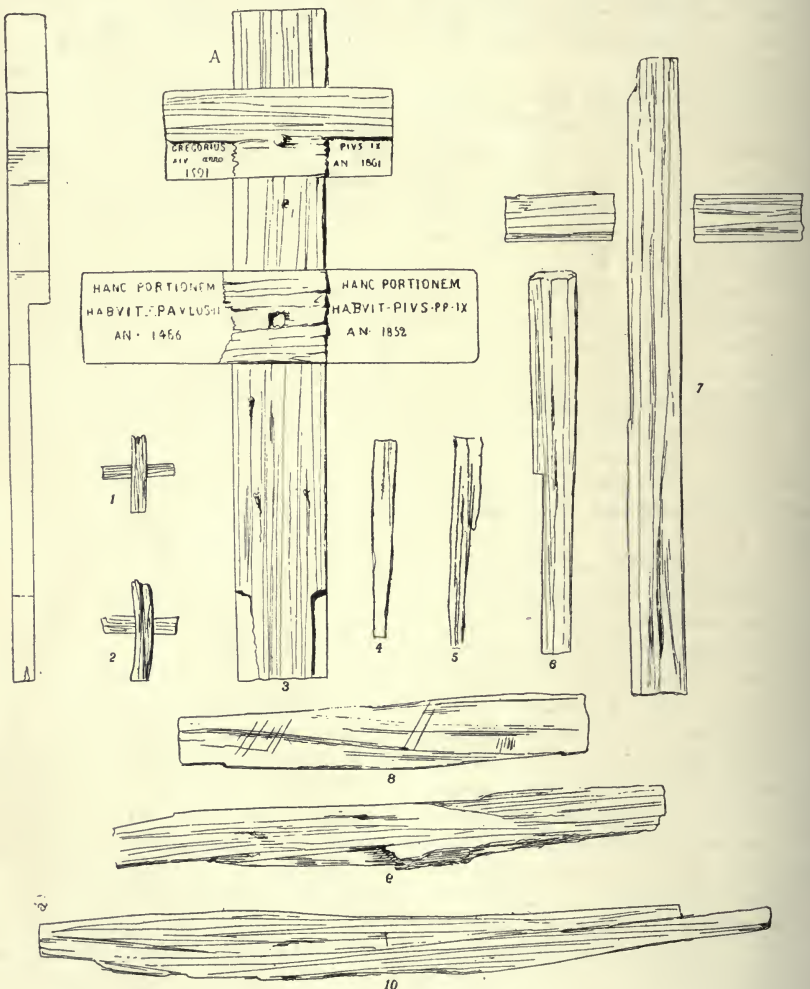
The learned M. Rohault de Fleury, from whose work we have taken our illustrations, and a great deal of material, has endeavored to trace and descr be all the relics of the Cross known to be in existence. He has even calculated the volume of each one, and states that the total would not equal the *tenth* part of the volume of the Cross itself. The other nine-tenths not to be found would amply suffice to form the myriads of relics unknown or destroyed.

In the 4th and 5th Breviary lessons for the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, we have an account of the capture of Jerusalem in 614 by Chosroës King of Persia, who carried off the true Cross as the most valuable trophy, and treated it with the greatest honor, not even daring to remove it from its case. In 628, Heraclius defeated Siroës, son of Chosroës, and, as a price of peace, demanded the restoration of the Cross, which was restored intact and in the very reliquary in which St. Helena had placed it. In commemoration of this triumph, Heraclius had a medal struck, on one side of which was a representation of the Cross, and on the other his own likeness. He himself bore the precious relic to Jerusalem on his shoulders, barefooted and in the simple dress of a peasant, having in vain endeavored to pass through the gate leading to Calvary clad in imperial garb.

After his death in 636, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was partly burned by the infidels, and, to save the Cross, the Christians decided to divide it into nineteen parts of which crosses were made. They were distributed as follows: To Constantinople 3; to the Isle of Cyprus 2; to Crete 1; to Antioch 3; to Edessa 1; to Alexandria 1; to Ascalon 1; to Damascus 1; to Jerusalem 4; to Georgia, 2. This is related in 1109 by Anseau, a priest and chanter of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, in his correspondence with Galon, Bishop of Paris. He only mentions the dimensions of one of the four deposited in Jerusalem, and which was kept in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was a palm and a half long, by an inch broad and thick. He does not mention the cross-beam, which we can suppose. The volume of this cross would be about 500,000 millimetres, and, taking it as an average we would have for the nineteen

crosses, which represented the original piece kept at Jerusalem, 9,500,000 millimetres.

With this period began the great dispersion of relics, and there is a document showing at the beginning of the ninth century the most important cities in which the greatest number of relics would be found. It is the last will of Charlemagne, who left at his death one-third of his rich treasures to the poor of Christendom, and two-thirds to the archbishops and bishops of his empire and kingdom, that they might divide them among all the churches



1. Cross of Justin II.—St. Peter's, Rome.
2. Cross of Constantine—St. Peter's, Rome.
3. Relics kept in St. Nicholas Chapel, Vatican
4, 5, 6. Relics at Jerusalem—respectively 57,55 and 115 millimetres.
7. Relic at St. Paul's, outside-the-walls, Rome.
8, 9, 10. Relics at Santa Croce - in - Gerusalemme, Rome.

All except 4, 5, 6, are natural size.

convents, and hospitals. These executors were twenty-one in number representing Italy, Germany, and France.

To enumerate all the extant known relics of the Holy Cross would take too

much space and be tedious. We shall, therefore, only mention a few of the most remarkable. At present Rome has the most notable fragments. The principal ones are kept in St. Peter's in the Vatican and in Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, the latter's relic was presented to it by St. Helena herself, or better this basilica was built as a reliquary for it. Of the four at St. Peter's, one is said to be that worn by Constantine himself, another was sent to Pope John VII., between 560 and 574, by the Emperor Justin the Younger. Fourteen other Roman churches possess portions of the Cross, Some fifteen other cities of Italy have pieces of this precious wood, Venice, Florence and Pisa, being the richest and in this order. About forty-five cities in France claim to have relics; the treasure of Notre-Dame of Paris contains one of the largest pieces known. It comes down directly from St. Louis, who received it from the Latin Emperor Baldwin in the year 1241. Brussels, Ghent, Limburg, Ragusa in Dalmatia, and the convents on Mt. Athos have large and important relics.

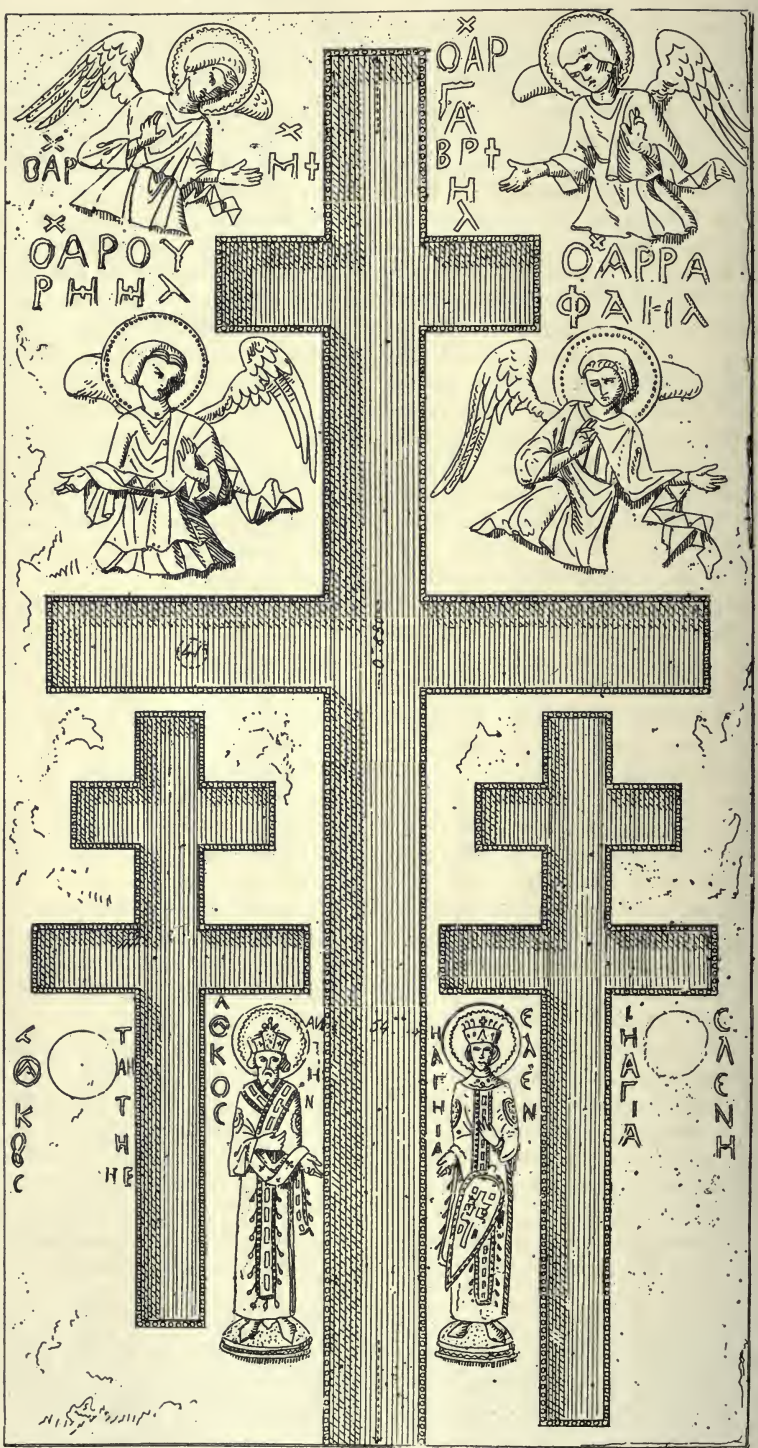
As we have already mentioned, M. Rohault de Fleury made a table of the volumes of the known relics of the Holy Cross, the total being 3,941,975 cube millimetres. He was enabled to make this calculation by information obtained through an appeal to all possessors of such relics. In most cases he personally visited, examined, measured and drew representations of every piece of the sacred wood. Allowing for great losses owing to the iconoclastic spirit of the revolutionists of all ages, it is evident that no argument against the authenticity of these relics can be adduced from their quantity, since it falls vastly short of what the actual volume of the Cross might reasonably be supposed.

We cannot pass by in silence the title of the Cross composed by Pilate himself and proclaiming, to the intense chagrin of the Jews, the Kingship of Christ. According to SS. John and Luke, it was written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. As is well known, the Evangelists do not give precisely the same words, though they do agree in *Rex Judæorum*, which, indeed, is all that St. Mark records. SS. Matthew and Luke put before this *Hic est Jesus*, while St. John, omitting the *Hic est*, qualifies *Jesus* by *Nazarenus*. There is no real difficulty in this diversity, for the cause of the crucifixion, that Christ was "King of the Jews," is stated by all. *Hic est*, "This is," are useless words and not common in inscriptions. That St. John should give *Nazarenus* is not strange, for he was the only Evangelist that was an eye-witness, and in confirmation of his gospel, almost the only word preserved in the relic of the title in Rome is this : *Nazarenus*.

The title was probably cut into a thin board with a sharp instrument and the letters were then colored red. It was carried in the procession conducting criminals to the place of execution and here fastened with nails to the gibbet over the head of the victim.

The dimensions of the relic as restored are about 65 x 20 centimetres, or, in ancient measures, a cubit and a half long by a half cubit broad.

It was found, according to tradition, by St. Helena, when she discovered the true Cross. In all likelihood she divided it into three parts; giving one to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, another to Constantinople, and the third to the Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, in Rome. Our illustration represents the last-named. It is apparently a thin board 235 millimetres long by 130 broad. It has some Latin and Greek letters and fragments of what must have been the Hebrew or Syro-Chaldaic. It was not uncommon to place relics in columns, and to this day some of the most precious in St. Peter's in the Vatican are thus kept. This relic was placed in the keystone of the great arch of the basilica of Santa Croce. A cen-



RELIQUARY OF THE TRUE CROSS (ONE-FOURTH SIZE) CEDED BY THE EMPEROR BALDWIN TO ST. LOUIS OF FRANCE, AND FORMERLY IN THE SAINTE CHAPELLE, PARIS, BUT LOST IN THE REVOLUTION.

tury after the death of St. Helena, Placidus Valentinian III. ornamented this arch with mosaics. Troublous days for the Church followed, and the precious relic lay securely hidden for ten centuries. It was not until February 1, 1492, that it came to light in the following manner:

Cardinal Gonsalvi de Mendoza, whose titular church was this very basilica, ordered it to be repaired and whitened. When the workmen sounded the top of the arch they found it to be hollow, and discovered a niche in which was a leaden box well shut, and concealed by a terra cotta brick on which were cut the words TITVLVS CRVCIS.

The fragment of the title enclosed in the box has, as we have said, the word NAZARINUS RE . . . in Latin, HAZAPENOC I in Greek, and the lower strokes of the Hebrew characters. The letters are written from right to left after the Hebrew fashion. Most likely the Roman soldier, who prepared the title, knowing only Latin, wrote the three inscriptions in Latin with Hebrew, Greek and Roman characters.

The very difficulties, arising from the use of certain letters and the Hebrew style of writing from right to left, so far from militating against the genuineness of the relic, are rather proofs in its favor. For a counterfeiter in later centuries would never have so written the Latin and Greek, nor used an I for an E, nor an H for a Greek N, although these letters in ancient times, according to good authority, are found interchanged in inscriptions. The title, then, most likely was Latin, written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin letters. As is clear from the word NAZARINUS, only the central portion of the title board is preserved as the relic at *Santa Croce*. The parts containing the beginning and the end were probably presented by St. Helena to Jerusalem and Constantinople.

It is well to remark that the genuineness of any particular relic is not a matter of divine faith for Catholics, but a question of human testimony, yet, without being credulous, we should rather be inclined to accept than reject what has come down through the centuries with the honor and the veneration of our forefathers in the household of faith.

Let us not forget the almost priceless value which emperors, kings, and the great ones of the earth attached to the relics of the Sacred Passion. Had it been only popes, bishops, and priests, who so esteemed them, then there might have been some ground for slanderously accusing these ecclesiastics of wishing to make capital for their churches by the supposed possession of such treasures. But history shows plainly that, beginning with Constantine and Helena, it was the princes of Christendom who held holy relics in such wonderful estimation.

Let us not forget that the Church, in her use of them, has ever in mind the strengthening and cherishing of the devotion of the faithful to Him who sanctified the wood of the Cross by being crucified upon it. When we recall the tender spirit of piety of St. Helena, as witnessed by the words attributed to her by St. Ambrose, we should blush at our own coldness and indifference, and resolve, like the Apostle, to glory in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom is our salvation, life, and resurrection, and say, as the Church bids us, in making the Stations of the Cross: "We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee, because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world."

THE STORY OF KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

By J. Reader.

"Man and his littleness perish, erased like an error and cancelled;
Man and his greatness survive, lost in the greatness of God."

AT this time, when the conversion of England to the true faith, is a subject of interest for all, and of prayer for many; when the Holy Father, the Pastor of the lambs and sheep, is yearning yet more and more for the return of the straying ones to the fold; it may not be amiss to turn to a page of her history, of a time long past when the Cistercian Order flourished in the land that was "Mary's Dowry," and the holy monks lived and worked, and raised these wonderful abbeys and monasteries throughout the country, to the glory of God, and, unwittingly, to their own enduring remembrance.

Three hundred years ago the monks were driven from their homes, and it did not take very long to rid the whole country of all who wore the cowl and habit; but come and look at their ruined homes, come and examine their gray and desolate walls, these marvels of building, strong and beautiful in decay, and it will be seen, that not three times three hundred years, will remove the traces of these holy lives from this land. Indeed, at this time, everything is being done to preserve these ruins to posterity; the Cistercians Abbeys are "the gems of Gothic architecture" of which the country is justly proud: do they survive as a memorial of a noble past, or a pledge of future revival of Christian zeal in this once Catholic England? Who can tell?

The coming of the Cistercians to England, sent thither by St. Bernard of Clairvaux himself, is recorded by an ancient writer who tells us in simple words, how, "in the reign of Henry I., St. Bernard, Abbot of Clareval, a man full of devotion, and chief of many monks, some of whom he sent to England, who were honorably received by both king and people."

This pioneer band of Cistercians came to Northumbria. St. Bernard having commended them to the care of his friend Thurston, Archbishop of York; and here in this Northland they settled themselves, at a place afterwards called Rievaux—a wild and unfrequented spot, there, like the brethren at Clairvaux "to keep more perfectly the rule of the blessed Benedict," in prayer, in labor, and in silence. For the next fifty years, in the wild and rugged Northumbria, the people thereof might well have exclaimed—"the land that was desolate and impassable shall be made glad, and the wilderness shall rejoice and flourish like a lily;" for the Cistercians, forbidden by their rule to establish themselves near a town, always sought out wild and desert places for their homes, and made themselves a beginning of things, in those parts, both of religion and agriculture. Soon, therefore, the land all around, cultivated by their patient toil, bloomed into fertility: rocks and stone, and wood, and undergrowth, obstacles to man's habitation, became the indispensable materials of their work—first for the wattled oratory and thatched hut, to which succeeded in time, a noble pile of Gothic architecture—a Cistercian Abbey, dedicated, as their rule enjoined to "St. Mary, the Queen of Heaven and Earth."

Kirkstall Abbey, on the banks of the river Aire, is described as a singularly pure specimen of genuine Cistercian architecture. Indeed, more than either of its glorious "Sisters" in the North of England, it adheres to the severe lines and unadorned style, laid down as

the rule for the order, in their building. At the present day, however, it is hard to realize how the site of this abbey could ever have fulfilled the necessary condition for a Cistercian house, in the respect that it should be a remote spot in the wilderness, and far from the "busy haunts of men." To-day, the great City of Leeds, extends almost to the ruined walls of the abbey, and any unromantic sightseer, on architectural "thoughts intent," may jump into a steam tramway in the heart of Leeds, which will snort up to within a few yards of its hallowed precincts, and land him in a good position to make his first observations.

Here it is hard to bring back the past to mind very vividly, because of the too obtrusive present—the trains roar past through the once silent meadows, by the river; while the river itself, polluted by a hundred different "foreign substances," from mills, foundries, and factories; the smoke-laden atmosphere, and the blackened vegetation, proclaim loudly the fact of the busy life, and commercial activity around. What a change from the time, when the holy monks came thither, to make their home, on the banks of the Aire, in the middle of the twelfth century! Then the country round about was the home only of the deer, the wild boar, and the white bull, which roamed at will over boundless heaths, and high rocks—and lurked in deep and unfrequented woods. In the distance, remote enough, and unobtrusive, the little Villa of Leeds was struggling into a township, still in the hard grip of the feudal system, the Conqueror's merciless legacy. This was the "Loidis" mentioned by Bede; it had almost suffered extinction by the Danes in their devastating invasions; it had shuddered through the miseries and bloodshed of the Norman Conquest, but surviving, it recovered itself little by little, in its peaceful intervals, and made the most of its resources, and life generally under its hard conditions. At the beginning of the century, one Ilbert de Lacy, who came over with the Conqueror the lord of this, and many other manors, granted his Vill of Leeds to a certain Ralph Paganel, and, after a time, one of this Ralph Paganel's descendants, built himself a castle here, which became a tower of strength to the little Vill; and under the protection it afforded from troublesome and turbulent neighbors, the inhabitants made their first commercial ventures, and throve and prospered. Kirkstall has now become identified with Leeds, but the city itself preserves no signs of its own antiquity—even the site of the castle is long since forgotten—while the beautiful ruin of the old abbey stands just without its boundaries—gray and ghost-like, as a spirit of the past; a protest against the frivolous, purposeless life of its noisy neighbor, which invades its sacred precincts and disturbs its silent vigil among its sleeping dead.

The founding of Kirkstall was in this wise: Henry de Lacy, one of the family already mentioned, lay grievously sick—dying it was feared—and in his suffering and distress he implored God to spare him, and promised, that if he recovered he would found a monastery, or perform some such work equally pleasing to Him. He recovered his health, and, mindful of his vow, he at once set about considering the best means of fulfilling it. He bethought him of the holy monks at Fountains Abbey—founded some ten years earlier—and determined to go and seek the advice of the prior there. The prior, Abbot Alexander, advised him to found a Cistercian Monastery, and this de Lacy decided to do, and he begged the abbot to find the monks, while he provided the money and lands needful for the mission.

Alexander, himself, undertook the founding of the new colony, and, with twelve monks, and ten lay brothers, he set out on the nineteenth of May, 1147, for a spot called Bernoldswic, in Craven, where de Lacy desired to establish them. Here they found a building ready to

their hand, also a dilapidated parish church, which they immediately annexed. This proceeding, of course, was a manifest departure from the Cistercian rule of reclaiming waste and solitary tracts of land, and settling in the wilderness, and their commencing thus in comparative "comfort" was not a very fortunate innovation. The good people of the district, accustomed to the ministrations of their own parish priest, naturally resented the intrusion of the monks and their rather high-handed proceedings in taking possession of their parish church; and from all accounts, they took all possible means of visiting their displeasure on the holy men, and we read that they were very "troublesome" to the monks. Besides this, the brotherhood suffered very much from cold and hunger, and an unfavorable climate—also, they were much exposed to the attacks of robber bands, and had their goods plundered again and again, for "the times were evil." After some disturbed years they decided to remove, and Abbot Alexander set out to go and see de Lacy and consult him about the matter.

One day, as he was journeying towards the house of his patron, he came to the Valley of the Aire, and here, it was the will of God, he should find a solution for his difficulties. As he passed along this lonely vale, shady and green and watered by the fair flowing river, to his great surprise, he came upon a small band of men, dressed after the manner of religious, living, evidently, a holy life, apart from men, like the hermits of old, but without rule or organization. Alexander, seeing them there, was at once struck by the suitability of the place for a home for religious, its beauty and solitude and sheltered position, were all most desirable features—here, indeed, might be established an ideal home for his monks He approached the men and addressed them, and in answer to his questions he received this strange account of their presence there.

Their spokesman, Seleth by name, said that he had journeyed thither from the south of England, in obedience to a voice from heaven. "Arise, Seleth," this voice had said to him, "and go into the Province of York, and seek diligently in the valley that is called Airedale for a place known as Kirkstall, for there shalt thou prepare for a brotherhood, a home where they may serve my Son." And he said: "Who is thy Son whom we must serve?" "I am Mary," was the answer, "and my Son is called Jesus of Nazareth, Saviour of the world."

For a long time Seleth pondered in his mind what this command might mean, but assuring himself of a divine mission, he left his home and all things, and set forth to obey. He found the place without difficulty, and there he stayed for some time alone, living on roots and herbs; and a little later, he was joined by others, desiring the solitary life.

"Under the guidance of her who called me," said Seleth, "I reached with some difficulty this valley which you are beholding; and here I learned from some herdsmen that the spot on which we now dwell was named Kirkstall. Many days was I a lonely man, feeding on roots and herbs, and the alms which some Christians gave me for the sake of charity. These brethren whom you now see, afterwards joined themselves to me, regarding me as their rule and master."[1]

While the abbot listened, he decided that this was the spot for his monastery, and heaven had selected it for him, also here were men worthy to become sons of St. Benedict. He therefore spoke to them of his order, of a higher form of religious life under rule and guidance, and at length, sure of his converts, he went on his way, and finding de Lacy, he told him of his plans and begged for a settlement at Kirkstall. The abbot had his way, and soon he brought his brethren to their new home,

1. From a MS in the Bodleian Library.

where at once they set about building themselves a house, and a church dedicated to St. Mary, Queen of Heaven and earth, and they called their monastery Kirkstall.

"In the year of our Lord 1153, King Stephen reigning in England, and Archbishop Roger presiding over the See of York, the monks came on the nineteenth of May from their first abode, now reduced to a grange, to the spot now called Kirkstall—a spot, woody, unfruitful, and destitute of almost every kind of produce, except timber and stone, and a pleasant valley, with a river flowing through the midst of it." [1]

Thus runs the charter of Henry de Lacy concerning the foundation of the Abbey of Kirkstall!

"Be it known unto all present and future, that I, Henry de Lacy, have given and granted, and by this my present charter confirm, to God and the Holy Mary, and to the Abbot Alexander of Kirkstall, and to the monks there serving God, in frank almoigne, for the purpose of building an abbey of the Cistercian order, the site itself of Kirkstall and Bernoldswic, together with all their appendages in forest and plain, in meadows and pastures, and waters, and everything that appertains to these lands," etc., and later from an autograph in the tower of St. Mary's at York.

"Henry de Lacy to all his retainers, both French and English, and to all sons of Holy Church, greeting.

"Know ye that I have given and granted and by this present charter have confirmed to God and to the Abbey of St. Mary of Kirkstall, and to the monks there serving God, a half mark of silver in each year for lighting a certain lamp day and night before the altar in the presence of the Most Holy Body of our Lord, in frank almoigne, for the health of the souls of myself and heirs."

Considering the grandeur and magnificence of these old Cistercian Abbeys, one might think, that, if these wonderful monkbuilders of the twelfth century had been men who had given up all the pleasures of the world, and all the dear attractions of hearth and home, for no other purpose than to raise noble temples to the glory of God, where He might be worthily honored, they had spent their lives in a good cause, and had left to future generations a full and complete expression of the idea which had so allured them. But, as a matter of fact, all this noble work of building and fashioning was work done by the way.

The real business of these men's lives consisted of prayer, and hard manual labor—ploughing, sowing, reaping, gardening—all the needs of the community had to be met by their own hard and continual exertions. Yet, as the late William Morris says, "every day the hammer clinked on the anvil, and the chisel played about the oak beam, every day, stone by stone, some fair edifice rose to its stately proportions."

Further he says: "It was no great architect carefully kept for the purpose, and guarded from the common troubles of common men, who designed these great marvels of mediæval architecture, it was the monk, the ploughman's brother; oftenest his other brother, the carpenter, smith-mason, what not—a common fellow, whose common everyday labor, fashioned works which are to day the wonder and despair of many a hard working 'cultivated architect.'" The monk's church was the expression of all that was good and noble in themselves, the expression of their "zeal for God's house"—hardly could they stay their hands from such rich adorning and ornamenting as their rule prohibited.

Whether the Abbot Alexander was his own architect at Kirkstall, or whether it was the "ploughman's brother" or some other humble worker, we do not know, but we are told, by one who evidently does know, that "Kirkstall Abbey is a monument of the skill, the taste, and the perseverance of a single

1. From a MS. in the Bodleian library.

man"—for the same Alexander who chose its site and directed its foundations lived to see both the church and the monastery completed, having lived there thirty-five years and seen the community prosper exceedingly under his rule. With regard to the architectural details of Kirkstall, the writer cannot speak as "one having authority"—but in these days of societies, antiquarian, archæological, and what not, all busy with research, and eager for a hearing, there are a good many items of fairly reliable information to be picked up at second-hand by any one interested in such matters. The simple form of the Latin cross was the main feature in all Cistercian churches, and this, strictly adhered to, with a short and aisleless presbytery, and if a tower were desirable, a very modest one, rising no more than one square above the crossing of the nave and transept, and all unadorned and severe in detail, was the ideal Church of St. Bernard.

At Kirkstall the builders kept very closely to the lines laid down for them: in style it is "a good specimen of the later Norman, grave and chaste, with channelled columns and grooved and moulded arches." Here and there are evidences of later work. The modest tower of Abbot Alexander's plan, was raised to a lofty height in the perpendicular style at the time when the seventh Henry ruled in England; it is long since fallen in ruins (a warning to the too ambitious), for the foundations thereof were not intended "for so proud a burden."

In the beautiful east window, and in the east windows of the presbytery and chapels, we find the pointed arch, but the additions to the twelfth century work are but few, and the round arch prevails throughout. The remaining features of special interest in the church, are the beautiful western façade and the north-west doorway; the chapter house, which, two centuries after the Abbot Alexander's time, was enlarged, also deserves special notice. In the later work here, the walls are built to a great extent of stone coffins, some hollow, some filled up, with here and there a coffin-lid effectively worked in. To some this may seem a desecration of material, sacred to another use and purpose, but it is not hard to imagine that the good men whose bones crumbled to dust within these narrow cells, would not have been ill pleased to find such a resting place for their stony shells, if they could have had a voice in the matter. The chapter-house was a place hallowed by its close proximity to the church, a part of the church itself almost. Here the monks were "chalenged and chiden"—here each confessed publicly his *culpa* and received his punishment: herein also, lay buried abbots and holy men, patrons and benefactors of the Monastery. Surely a place for serious reflection, where the contrite heart might feel still greater compunction, and where the woes of living longer might be solaced by a remembrance of the peace of the dead, in the "Hic jacet" of the sculptured coffin lids.

When the Abbot Alexander passed away the community were not quite so fortunate in his successors, and for some years their fortunes were at rather low ebb.

History makes mention of one, the 4th Abbot, named Turgesius, who possessed to a remarkable degree the rare gift of tears. He wept always. The tears hardly ever ceased to rain from his eyes—even in conversation. At the altar he wept so much, that no one could wear the vestments after his Mass, until they were dried. Moreover, he clothed himself in haircloth, and went without shoes even in the coldest depths of winter. One is inclined to think that the abbot of a large monastery had needs be more practical and "made of sterner stuff," but whether he ruled wisely and well, or the reverse, we know not; his tears alone have kept his memory green.

But in the story of Kirkstall the most

pathetic incident is the closing one. In November, 1540, came the dread summons to surrender to the crown. The monks dispersed, each going his way, and everything of beauty or value in the abbey, which had been accumulating during the four centuries of its existence, was ruthlessly plundered to help to fill the king's empty coffers, or else destroyed as a relic of Popery. John Ripeley, twenty-seventh Abbot of Kirkstall, watched with breaking heart the destruction of his home, the departure of his companions, the desecration of the sanctuary that he loved: and when the vandals had finished their work, and departed with their booty; when the brethren had taken their last farewell of their stately abbey, and when silence had fallen, that should never more be broken by prayer, or praise, or the call of matin or vesper bell, then the Abbot Ripeley sat down and wept, that his house was left unto him desolate. But having loved it in the day of its prosperity, he did not abandon it in its adversity; and where he had praised God amongst his brethren, he worshipped Him in his solitude. He took up his abode in the gate-house, and there he spent the remaining years of his life; the gray cold walls of Kirkstall were more to him than the gleam and warmth of a strange fireside. Who can walk amongst the ruins, and not think of that lonely soul, that sorrowful heart, bankrupt of everything that had once made its life? Who can refuse the tribute of a loving thought for this faithful servant, faithful unto death, watching by this sepulchre of the dead hopes of an ardent brotherhood, offering up the sacrifice of his broken life and desolate heart, when bereft of all things else. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well, amongst a goodly company of his fellows—heaven takes their souls, and "England keeps their bones," and the ruined abbey is their monument.

* * *

There is one recent episode in the history of Kirkstall which, having a certain element of romance in it, deserves mention. Years ago, a good man, a certain poor workman, left the city of Leeds, together with some companions, to carry out some engineering work in South America, which their employers had undertaken. When the work was completed, this man remained in that country, when his fellows returned home, having some little schemes of his own in hand. When at length he returned to England, about ten years ago, his native city of Leeds welcomed him home as Colonel North, "The Nitrate King," and one of the noble army of millionaires. At this time the *fiat* had gone forth that Kirkstall Abbey should be *sold*, and there was a great outcry amongst the more æsthetic portion of the townspeople, at the idea of the demolition of this beautiful ruin, the glory of their unlovely city; and indeed all classes, to some degree, deplored the threatened loss of their familiar abbey. The city fathers themselves were loath to let it go to the hammer, but it was a financial question, and pressing, and while they anxiously deliberated the matter, along came the generous and wealthy Colonel North. "What, sell Kirkstall," pull down the old abbey, the place he had known from babyhood, sacred to the memory of those far off courting days, where, as "whispering lovers" are wont to do, he walked with his humble sweetheart in his own humble days? Never! If any money of his could prevent it.

He went to the mayor of the city and offered to buy it, and present it straightway to the corporation of Leeds. His offer was gladly accepted, and Kirkstall belongs now to the people of Leeds. The work of "repairing" the ruin was devised in an evil hour, and goes on apace. In many parts the walls, stripped of their sheltering mantle of green ivy, stand gaunt and woebegone, defaced with props and stays, and other "preserving" devices,

grievous to behold. The drooping ash trees and graceful witch-elms that nestled lovingly against the sheltering walls and broken arches, have been ruthlessly dealt with and ordered out of court to make way for buttresses, and good honest nineteenth century bricks and mortar. "'Tis true, 'tis pity," but after all, nature always begins again where man leaves off. Let the city fathers preserve the gray walls, and nature will follow up their work, with those touches of beauty, she alone can give. To those who go thither with Catholic hearts, Kirkstall will always be beautiful, as long as one stone stands upon another, there is a greater attraction for such than the study of Gothic architecture. This is a spot, hallowed by prayer and praise, by watching and by fasting and by tears, where good men fought the hardest fight of all and conquered self.

HEAVEN.

"O MON SAUVEUR JESUS, LE CIEL C'EST VOUS MEME (PERE FELIX.)

By E. Lummis.

O perfect Chord of Love Divine,
Wherein all harmonies combine!
O Crystal Fountain, springing up
With Life Eternal in Thy cup!
O flawless Mirror, in whose sphere
All lesser beauty doth appear!
O Universe! divinely fair,
Where thrones and seraphs cloud the air;
Where hosts of crowned saints are seen
Like shining stars, in light serene;
In silvery mists the sanctified
In splendor gleam on every side.
And unknown worlds of wondrous grace
Roll on, in endless depths of space.
Ah, truly were it vain to paint
The bliss of each enraptured saint.
Too dull am I to understand
The beauty of the Heavenly Land.
Too full, alas! of self and sin
To let the light of glory in.
Yet, looking up, a face I see,
In pity, Jesu, bent to me,
From Throne and Seraph at Thy side,
To me, who Thee have crucified!
And in Thy tender, loving eyes,
I see, O Lord, my Paradise.
Thy face, my God, is all I see,
For Thou alone art heaven to me!
The weary bonds of earth to break,
And cast aside, for Thy dear sake;
O Love Divine! in death to rest
With childlike trust, upon Thy breast;
To seek and find my all in Thee,
What more, what less, could heaven be?

GENERAL INTENTION, APRIL, 1897.

Approved and blessed by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

MORE INTEREST IN THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

WHY should we be asked to pray that Catholics generally may take more interest in the lives of the saints?

We worship the saints, we pray to them, we venerate their images, we know, or at least we should know, how to explain this worship, intercession, and veneration, and how to answer the objections raised against us by non-Catholics for honoring as we do these heroic servants of God. Many of us go so far as to cultivate a few of them as special patrons, and all of us like to hear the beautiful legends which are commonly associated with them; but how few Catholics read and study the lives of the saints with real interest; how few make any effort to overcome the obstacles to such a study, or take the time to recognize its advantages?

Now, it is a general principle that prayer must be employed whenever we wish to obtain something which is acknowledged to be most excellent, but yet so difficult of attainment that human means seem altogether inadequate. When the very excellence of the object in question is ignored, and, when moreover there is an indisposition to respond to the ordinary efforts made to induce us to embrace it, prayer is the only means at our disposal. A knowledge of the lives of the saints is something so useful and excellent, that, although no one is strictly obliged to acquire it, still no one can well be excused for neglecting it. It is considered by all holy writers a necessary means for leading a good Christian life. Instead of realizing its necessity and seeking its benefits, the majority of Catholics ignore it entirely, and they are so absorbed in other things that without prayer it is hopeless to ask them to cultivate it. Let us see then whether the advantages of this universal interest in the lives of the saints be so excellent as to be a worthy object of the prayers of the Apostleship; and, finally, whether the effort needed to dispose men to read and profit by these lives be so superhuman as to call for our fervent prayer; whether a knowledge of the lives of the saints is so necessary as to make this an urgent General Intention.

The fruits of this interest in the lives of the saints, recorded in the history of the Church, are so marvellous as to justify the hope that we should again be restored to something like the terrestria Paradise, could all Christians be guided by St. Alphonsus Liguori's example and counsel to spend, if possible, a half hour daily in reading the life of some saint. When one recalls a St. John Columbini, changed from the covetous

and passionate nobleman into the meek and generous saint, by reading the life of St. Mary of Egypt; an Ignatius Loyola converting his worldly ambition into a heavenly zeal, by poring over the lives of the saints to relieve his ennui; a Teresa, breathing in the first sentiments of her seraphic love, while gratifying her childish curiosity with the Acts of the Martyrs; an Augustine, aroused to a sense of the divine truth that inspired the heroic conduct of the early martyrs and hermits; when one remembers all that is told of the preference which all saintly souls have shown for reading the lives of their saintly models, it becomes easy to understand how sanctity begets sanctity, how heroism compels admiration, how the good the saints do lives after them in the influence of their holy example.

Clearly as the instances just given prove the advantages to be derived from a study of the lives of the saints, it is these very instances, strange to say, that deter some people from reading them. Some natures are afraid to do anything that would commit them to more than an ordinary Christian life. They justify their consciences by quoting a part of St. Francis de Sales' saying, that saints are to be admired, not imitated, ignoring that the holy Doctor also said that some saints can be imitated in most things, and that all the saints should be imitated in some things. It is a common trick of the enemy of human nature to make us dread what is most useful and necessary for us. Souls that fear to aim at perfection in their proper state of life are the very souls that most need to read and study the lives of the saints; for, if these lives prove one thing more clearly than another, it is this, that the work of perfection is the natural employment of every Christian, and that painful to human nature as this task may be, it is infinitely more satisfactory than the dissipation of a lax or worldly life.

It may be idle to remind people who fear to read the lives of the saints, that sanctity should be the great aim of every Christian. "This is the will of God, your sanctification" wrote St. Paul to the Thessalonians. "He has chosen us to be saints;" "we are called to be saints," and similar expressions recur constantly in his epistles. Not only are we, in the words of Tobias: "the children of the saints;" but we are bidden to be holy, and, so far as God is concerned, everything possible is done to sanctify us, for the very simple reason repeated over and over again in the Old Testament, that God is holy, and He has chosen us to be like Himself. Now, if this be our calling, we must learn what it is like in the lives of those who have been true to their calling; if it be our profession, we must study it in the science of the saints, which is found both by precept and example in the records of their lives. Holiness consists in uniting ourselves closely to God by the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity; in clinging to Him in spite of every interference, by the moral virtues, justice, temperance, prudence, and fortitude. To realize this fact and to learn these virtues in their highest degree we must necessarily study the lives of those who have cultivated them to perfection.

"God is admirable in His saints," the scripture tells us. Wonderful though His name be in every grade of creation, it is most wonderful in the soul of a saint. Ribadeneira expresses this beautifully in his quaint manner by comparing the manifestations of divine power in the lower orders of inanimate and animate nature, with its most excellent workings in the souls of those who subn it to the divine will in all things. "Now without doubt the greatness of God's grace and goodness is not so much manifested in any of the visible things, or in all of them put together, as in one only soul of a saint. Not only for that, there is no work of nature to be compared with the supernatural works of

grace, but also because all the other works are only the traces and footsteps of God; whereas the saint is His image and resemblance, His temple, His friend and His child, in whom He taketh delight. Besides this, the holiness that man hath comes not by himself, nor from himself, but by the blood of Jesus Christ, which was shed upon the Cross to render him holy. From whence it cometh that neither the earth with all its fertility and abundance of diversity of flowers, fruits and beasts; nor the extent of the ocean with all its monsters and fishes; nor the air with its several kinds of birds; nor the fire with its thunder and lightning; neither the heavens with the course and light of the sun, moon and stars, which cause such wonderful effects on the inferior bodies, preach unto us as much the glory of God as doth the soul of a saint; in which He abideth as in His temple, reposeth as in a bed, and embraceth as His spouse."

Aubrey De Vere expresses some of this thought by saying: "The saints of God are divine works of art; they are the living monuments of supernatural grace, wrought out, touch by touch, and line by line, by that sanctifying spirit who is *Digitus Paternæ Dexteræ*. The 'Lives' of the Saints constitute the gallery in which these monuments are stored." The theologian, Lessius, of saintly memory, tells us that we cannot form any true view of the external glory of God unless we consider the excellence of saints. His comparison is that, just as a king's great glory is in the splendor of his court, so the glory of God is best shown in the glorious company of souls that make His heavenly household. Hence, to know God as perfectly as we can in this life, we must study His masterpieces in the souls of the saints. In them shine out His power, His wisdom, His goodness. In the triumphs of His grace in their lives, we can read His power and His determination to achieve the same triumphs in our own, if we but co-operate with His will.

If the lives of the saints are the greatest external glory of God, they are also our own greatest glory. To quote Alban Butler: "They make the history of the most exemplary and perfect virtue and prowess. . . . Their names stand recorded in the titles of our churches, in our towns, estates, writings, and almost every other monument of our Christian ancestors." And, elsewhere: "Neither is it a small advantage that, by reading the history of the saints, we are introduced into the acquaintance of the greatest personages who have ever adorned the world, the brightest ornaments of the church militant, and the shining stars and suns of the triumphant, our future companions in eternal glory." "Men of renown, our fathers in their generation," the Scripture calls them, . . . rich men in virtue, lovers of beautifulness, living at peace in their houses, . . . men of mercy, whose godly deeds have not failed." The lives of our worldly heroes are not without their use and their charms; the lives of the saints surpass them in both, because their deeds are always heroic, their motives always excellent, and their sentiments always sincere.

Nor is it fair to plead that the lives of the saints are less interesting than others. An objection of this kind shows an unpardonable ignorance. It shows, likewise, that the one who makes it is ill-disposed toward the contents of these lives. It is precisely because such ignorance and prejudice against the lives of the saints prevails, even among many Catholics, that we deem it of little use to add reason to reason for studying the lives, and, therefore, have recourse to prayer. The objection may mean that saints' lives are not written in the same attractive style as others; but this is not true in all cases, since we have many that are considered masterpieces. Surely the objection cannot mean that the saints did little of external interest, or took but slight part in the great events of their time; because, it is exceptional

to find a saint who did not take great interest in his fellow-men, and ordinarily, men or women, they devoted themselves so actively to the needs of others and took such a prominent part in the affairs of this world, that it seems incredible how they should have found any time for God. The history of Christendom is, in its best chapters, the history of such men as Ambrose, Augustine, Gregory, Anselm, à Becket, Helena, Clothilde, Catharine of Sienna, and of the great pioneers of our holy faith, who planted Christianity in heathen lands.

There is no lack of interest, human or divine, in the lives of the saints; but there is, unfortunately, little relish for the supernatural element so predominant in them all. We have grown too critical of late years, or, better, we fancy that it is critical to doubt all that we cannot see, to question all that we cannot prove. We have, perhaps, let our faith be shaken by listening to unbelievers brand all that is extraordinary in the saints as a lie or blasphemy; or, we may have lost our reverence for the Spirit of God, and failing to appreciate His workings in the souls of the just, we set down as pious fables all that, for want of piety, we are too slothful to examine. We believe, or, at least, we respect the credulity that makes some people believe in spiritualism, and in the absurd pretensions of hypnotism, and such other occult and unexplored phenomena; but we are less considerate with the saints, and treat the marvellous in their lives as popular legends, pious surmises, if not fictions, or worse.

One would expect the intelligent reader to distinguish between what is related as fact and what is added as legend, to weigh the reasons given for extraordinary statements or miraculous manifestations. Every Catholic should know something of the Bollandists, who, for three hundred years, have been writing the Lives of the Saints and applying every accepted canon of criticism to what is ordinary as well as to what is extraordinary in them. No Catholic can be ignorant that even those who ridicule our veneration for the saints declare that it is a miracle to have the Holy See admit the accounts of their lives that are presented for examination when there is question of pronouncing them Blessed or Saints. With all this in mind, it is unreasonable to complain that their lives lack interest, or require too pious a credulity; and it is always a loss to look for such interest or a matter-of-fact treatment in Lives written by non-Catholics, which, to one who knows the Catholic Lives, give an impression like walking in a beautiful garden despoiled by winter, in which the breath of a cold and killing frost has left neither flower or perfume.

Fervent prayer is necessary to remove the ignorance and prejudices which keep so many from reading Lives of the Saints. It is necessary also to overcome the difficulty of putting good Lives within the reach of all, and to save so many from the trashy and corrupt reading of the day. How much needed this study of the saints is in our age, Aubrey De Vere tells us in his essay on "A Saint." In the first part of his own excellent study, he points out how much we need a knowledge of the saints in order to arrive at something more than a stunted knowledge of Christ, the King of Saints; since, in their manifold and derivative perfections, that perfection, one and infinite, which belongs to Christ is brought down to our poor intelligence, and revealed to us in parts. Again, as the saints are fragmentary images of that illimitable perfection expressed in the divine Humanity, so "the Word made Flesh" is Himself to us a picture of Him whom no eye can see. These two thoughts recur often in the essay referred to, and their importance stands out fully toward the end of it, where he writes: "In proportion as the idea of God, the 'creator of heaven and earth' stands distinctly before us, we must needs see with a growing clearness that all creaturely perfec-

tion consists in dependence, not in a God-like and self-asserting might. In recent times, wherever Pantheism has been superseding a belief in a creative God, the Pagan ideal of human character has been reasserting itself; and what has the consequence been?—an avowed and boastful hero-worship! Men who refused to yield 'honor where honor is due,' and to reverence God's saints, have expiated their irreverence by becoming a 'servant of servants'—by rendering a servile adulation to those false gods of the world who perhaps in their day had themselves been the most servile to human opinion."

To save ourselves from adopting low standards, to rise above an earthly level, to live in this world for the better world to come, to be guided by heavenly maxims, and to act on true Christian motives, we must pray for a greater interest in our saints for ourselves and for others. As members of the Apostleship of Prayer, we have been taught to cherish as one of the leading principles of our peculiar spirit, the communion of saints. It means a great deal to appreciate what these two words mean; we cannot appreciate it without studying the lives of those with whom we should have so much in common. Gratitude requires us to know those who have left us such a glorious legacy; piety requires that we should cherish the memory of our elder brethren in the household of the Father; if we have any sentiment of Christian honor, it must impel us to pay these true heroes the sincere tribute of our imitation.

A MODERN "CRANFORD."

By D. Gresham.

IT was unlike anything we had ever seen before, we had read of such. Mrs. Gaskell touched off some of its points. Miss Mitford had immortalized part of its beauties in "Our Village," but here we found ourselves in a real, living spot like no place in this busy work-a-day world.

We wanted the South, and we wanted the mountains, and we wanted air that was worth breathing, and that could be breathed out-doors, when the wintry sharpness set in, and the Northern world was wrapt in its icy pall. Florida was trumpeted, and Asheville was lauded, and here, there, and the other place, rang out in chats and letters, but they were either this, that, or the something—not the desired object. Casually one day we heard of a little place among the North Carolina mountains, with its back against a high range that effectually sheltered it from the North winds, its face smiling towards the South. Fifteen hundred feet high, air with great curative properties, and last and best, this treasure was all encased in the Thermal Belt. "That sounded well, but sounds is deceivin' things!" and we thought we had better take a look behind the scenes first, and see how things really were. One of our party descended on the hidden treasure late in October, dreading disappointment, but determined to find out all the deceptions and drawbacks if they could be found. She returned late one evening, with hardly suppressed excitement, mildly stating that she thought the place would do, and furthermore, had secured a cottage, pending our approbation. It was not ideal, she said—that cottage—it is only in books one tumbles on ideals, but she was very grateful to get it No enthusiasn, mark, so far —but we decided to try.

The last day in October saw our arrival; we brought our invalid up the mountains, and, as she slowly stepped off the train,

her face lighted up, but we uttered not a word. The engine puffed busily down the mountain, and we were left standing on the little platform. Kind words of welcome came from a stranger beside us; it was our landlady, her hand was outstretched in kindly greeting, her face said more even than her few cheery words. There was a waggon for our boxes, a carriage for ourselves, and with one hasty glance at the mountains that loomed majestically from the pretty little station, we drove silently down the steep road to the cottage. The roses were doing their duty, a delicate bud close to the door, and deeper shades showed all the way up the short walk from the country road. Some purple morning glories lingered on the railing of the piazza to greet us, and they must have been satisfied with our appreciation, for we gave it unstintingly.

We entered the pretty hall opening by folding doors into the parlor. "Oh, how beautiful," said our invalid, "what a splendid place for the Mass," for God is always first with our invalid. And we examined everything and we declared that our new abode is ideal, just as one finds it in books, and we are satisfied. The November days go languidly by; such warmth and sunshine, such roses and chrysanthemums as that dreary month never gave us before. Our invalid is out and has slept seven hours at a stretch, the first time in more than twenty years. There is an utter absence of mountain tempest, and more, a fog is almost unknown in this Eden, and so we smile the sunny happy hours away. Then the inhabitants come to see us, and bid us welcome; they are almost all Northerners, who came South with a delicate relative, found out this little place, and nothing could tempt them away. They are all charming, speak enthusiastically of the cultured society, and count up some of the stars, who shine beneath this favored sky.

A well-known poet lived his last years here and is buried in the little cemetery among the mountains he loved so well. A free library was opened here by his admirers and bears his name. A Prussian and German poet—writers innumerable, retired actors, and a famous playwright, who has a quaint cottage beyond the village, buried in the woods, where he shuts himself up to compose, soothed and refreshed by this wonderful air, and the wild mountain scenes, stretching away from his romantic retreat. There are literary, dramatical and musical clubs, where kindred spirits meet and discuss their tastes and ambitions. Clubmen from the great Northern cities are willing to forego all metropolitan delights, and, coming here, grow strong and interested in the cultivation of extensive vineyards. With such a sky, and such a land, who with a touch of nature could want aught else? Hearing all this we are encouraged, and our invalid asks, with great interest, if there are any Catholics among them all. A slow but disappointed negative is reluctantly given, but our warm-hearted Congregationalist hastens to add: "There will be some soon, when the Northerners come for the winter." "Yes, but can't you find some here now among the mountaineers; do try and get some," appealingly. One of the ladies is a Congregationalist, the other a Presbyterian, and both seem anxious to produce the required article, when an Episcopalian sister, in a habit like a mother abbess of Chaucer's time, who has left her tenements, her Bible class, and her dear New York, to see our invalid safely settled for the winter, looks lovingly and mischievously over at her dejected face, saying, "That is not what we are usually looking for."

They all laugh at the humor of the scene, our invalid the merriest of all. "Yes," she declares, "I know, but it only shows the beautiful spirit I have found among you all, so willing to make others happy, so utterly devoid of bigotry." They are surprised that she is surprised at what they only consider

common kindness and charity. And they go, promising every help if she will but always remain among them. And others come with the same sweet spirit, bright, clever, pleasant women, from all over the States, and even Canada is represented. They belong to every sect almost, and know little or nothing of Catholicism, yet they are all interested in our invalid's efforts to find some stray sheep; tell her their cares, hopes and griefs, and one and all leave her with kind words of encouragement and earnest hopes that she will remain among them. And last of all comes a bonnie little Scotch widow, with the glad news that she has found *one* Catholic! Is there any need to say that he hailed from the green shores of Erin? I do believe that if Nansen had gone the whole way to the North Pole (as he should have done), he would have found an enterprising Irishman sitting on it, coolly demanding, in his best Cork brogue, why he had not come up before now, that it was going on thirty years since he had seen a priest!

Sunday our corner-stone appeared, venerable and respectable, we hailed him with joy, since he was "the congregation"! He had a nice, honest old face, with a name and a brogue as racy of Kerry as O'Connell's own. He expresses his delight at our invalid's arrival, and says that fifteen years ago, when the railroad was being built, an Italian missionary sent word to the Catholic men on the road that he was coming through the mountains and would hear their confessions. There were only five, three Italians, a Scotchman, and our old Edward; they all met him, took him to a Protestant farmhouse, where they boarded in the country. The Father said Mass the next morning and gave them all Holy Communion. I fear Edward has not heard Mass since! He has been a rolling-stone, and, of course, no golden moss has ever clung to him. He landed in Montreal in the early forties, drifted South, fought on the Confederate side in the war; had been here, there, and everywhere since, but this is the spot he liked to consider home. Would our invalid remain now, and let him end his days in piety and peace? He shows his new clothes that his Protestant connections gave him this morning to come to us; his brother-in-law wanted him to wear his own fine coat, but he refused, declaring he would be welcomed just the same in his own old one, but he would wear it for Mass, please God. When he hears the priest will be down next week he looks pleased, but solemn, too; he wants to go to confession, but he seeme to think that the preparation is no small matter.

Wednesday morning he arrives, as he promised, "bright and early," looking like a fine old Irish farmer in his gala attire—we are proud of him. The parlor is the chapel, and the altar is beautiful in white roses and chrysanthemums, gathered last evening in the warm June-like air. An Episcopalian lady, who wants to know much of our religion, the little Scotch widow, who, though a Protestant, had gone to the nuns' school, in Glasgow, were there and prayed, and knelt as we. It was a pathetic little congregation, but Edward could not look happier or more proud, if he had been at some gorgeous ceremony at Notre Dame in Montreal. The Father gave a practical instruction; and, after Mass, Edward, the corner-stone, and the Protestants came forward to bid him welcome, and earnestly hope that this, his first Mass, would be the prelude of great things in this favored and growing little Eden.

And as we begin to look out hopefully on the future, and sometimes in great moments actually to see a little church among the woods yonder, the kindly face of the Episcopal Rector, looks in on us one lovely afternoon in December. His ultra-Roman collar and reserved, ascetic air are very suggestive, indeed, —deprived of his Dundreary whiskers, he might have been an old Jesuit Father,

come to see how we were getting along. No need to say "Anglican Orders" are not the order of the conversation. We talk as if we all belonged to the one God and the one Shepherd.

The two great evils of the day the Rector considers are avarice and intemperance, the great barriers and enemies to the interests of Jesus. He talks long and interestingly, and he leaves us with a kindly feeling for those who are not so blest as we, and a prayer for Christian unity, in one sense, at least, if we cannot have all. If the "Cranford" spirit of charity and toleration existed throughout the world, heaven would soon be down on us.

And as with the Rector so with all: every one comes with news of hitherto unknown Catholic relatives, but now brought strongly to the front. They are here, there, and everywhere throughout the world, and of course, "such charming people." One young widow, airy and graceful, bearing an old Dutch name, famous in early New York, tells of three aunts who became Catholics, one a nun in Virginia, the best beloved of all. She spends her winters here, and, like every one else has taken "Cranford" and its doings and sayings, its climate and pleasant ways, straight to her heart. While waiting to build her winter home, she has turned the barn into a bower. This she describes with inimitable humor. A window flung out here and there, portières, pictures, books and old china, with all the entourage of a fine lady, she has made her "barn" one of the curiosities of the place.

It is only on Sunday mornings as the solitary bell echoes across the hills that we realize how far apart we are, in thought and feeling. The people come down the mountain roads, across the brooks, out from the pines, on their way to the three chapels on the hill—and the One True Church, where is it? Before a little altar with its crucifix and candles, three people are kneeling in union with the Mass now being said in Asheville forty miles away. The only Mass this Sunday morning in all the beautiful mountain world of Western North Carolina.

The sunlight falls on the bowed white-haired old man, his voice rising in the *Hail Mary* as he counts the beads to which he has clung in all his wild wanderings through the New World. At the reading of the Gospel he sits close beside our invalid, "being," as he said "hard of hearing," to catch every word of the old beautiful story. The devotions always ends with the Litany of Reparation to the Sacred Heart and the "We all promise for the future that we will console Thee O Lord" sounds strangely and touchingly from the solitude of this mountain wilderness. From the first Sunday with three, the Rosary seems to bring a blessing, there are four next Sunday, five the next, and very soon a dozen gather round the little altar and, better than all, the children appear. The visitors arrive from the North, and for the first time in "Cranford" they can practise their religion openly. From Maine to Michigan they all "meet in the one same spirit of faith, reparation and love." At the next Mass when the Father comes from Asheville, he is greeted with rapture, and the Protestants are to the fore, one Baptist walking four miles to be in time.

The power of a good priest! what cannot he do with his people. To get here this morning, the Father had to be up at daybreak, arriving a little before eleven o'clock, hear the confessions, say Mass, preach, and hurry back to his sick and dying, his Christmas cares and duties. The Christmas communion must be anticipated by three days. The Father feared the invalids could not stand the long fast, but one and all scorned to lose their communion for a breakfast.

And thus history repeats itself; the spirit of the old missionaries is alive to-day in the youthful priest, whose vineyard stretches from end to end of the State.

ST. CATHARINE AS PROMOTER OF UNITY.

IN a large hall of the palace of the popes at Avignon sat the Holy Father, Gregory XI , surrounded by cardinals and officials of the Papal Court, listening with rapt attention to one who spoke as if inspired. Who was the eloquent orator who could thus hold so exalted an audience? It was a woman about thirty years of age, ascetic in appearance, clad in a coarse white woolen habit partly hidden by a black mantle, with her head coifed and veiled. It was a woman known not by her family name of Benincasa, however honorable it might be, but by the name of the city and republic of Sienna, which claimed this honor. It was Catharine of Sienna.

How came she by such a distinction? What title had she to be heard by the Sovereign Pontiff in full conclave? Was ever such a privilege accorded to a woman before? Has such an honor ever been granted since? No wonder some of the cardinals were astonished, and resented such a novelty. Three of them, eminent for learning, undertook to prove her by their questions. They were put to confusion by the humility and wisdom of her answers, and acknowledged to the Pope that their suspicions were unjust, and that Catharine was a true servant of God with a mission from on high.

What was that mission? It was no less an undertaking than to restore the Papacy to Rome. For seventy years the venerable See of Peter had been desolate, while the successors of the Fisherman had resided at Avignon. Those threescore and ten years were commonly known as the Captivity of Babylon. Hitherto all efforts had been futile to effect a return to the Eternal City. What princes and men had failed to obtain, the daughter of an artisan was destined to accomplish. It was high time; for the Patrimony of Peter was being wrested from the Church. The Popes during their sojourn at Avignon governed their provinces by legates. Their rule was not paternal, and constant turmoil ensued, which threatened the loss of the States of the Church. Florence, Perugia, Bologna, and more than sixty Papal cities were in revolt. Who was to bear the olive branch of conciliation? Catharine, who loved her country devotedly, but loved more fondly still the Church, inspired by heaven, undertook the apparently hopeless task. It was the role of a diplomatist; where had she studied diplomacy? It was the part for a political economist; what knowledge of political economy had she? Yet she was a mistress of both.

She wrote to the Pope: "Alas, my gentle Father, in the name of Jesus crucified, I beseech you to act with kindness, and to overcome the malice and pride of your children by patience. humility and gentleness. You know, Holy Father, you cannot drive out the devil by the devil, but by virtue alone. Alas, Holy Father, give us peace for the love of God, that your children may not lose the heritage of eternal life. Peace, and no longer war! Let us march against our enemies bearing the sacred standard of the Cross, and armed with the sword of the sweet and holy Word of God. I can do no more; take pity on the sweet and loving desires that I offer you with my tears for Holy Church. As for me, I will give willingly my life for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Jesus, love!" Such was the policy of Catharine: Prayers, tears, pardon, peace. It is the policy of the Cross. She was not, however, an advocate of unjustly wrung concessions, but of justice tempered with mercy. Was not Gregory XI. the Father of the Faithful? Could he not, then, be mercifully indulgent to his children, if

they were repentant for their misdeeds! But those who were to be the objects of mercy must show themselves worthy of it. So Catharine addressed herself to rulers and people to do their part. Her representations were true to the life. She pointed out the real source of all the troubles. She sought to enkindle in the hearts of the princes the fire of patriotism and respect for the rights of the people.

When she failed with her pen, she determined to accomplish with her voice. So we find her in the presence of the Holy Father, to demand in person, the inestimable boon of peace. She stands in the great hall, in the august presence of the Vicar of Christ and his councillors, fearless in the knowledge of the justice of her cause. She represents not men, but God. She hesitates not to lay bare the wrongs of the people and their rights. She exposes the vices prevalent in high places. She demands a reformation. She bears down all opposition. She forces conviction even on the unwilling. The Pope quitted Avignon, and took up his abode near the tomb of St. Peter, on January 17, 1377. It was the day of Catharine's triumph.

Florence must now be pacified. The revolutionary party were in power when the Siennese Virgin came on the scene. Was she to be the victim whose blood should purchase peace? The populace sought her with evil intent. She heard it and offered herself saying: "You seek Catharine, here I am. Do to me whatever God shall permit, but do not harm those with me." Echo was it not of the divine words spoken centuries before in Gethsemani? The leader, at whose feet she knelt, overwhelmed by such courage and contempt of life, quickly bade her make her escape, before the mob could harm her. "No," she replied, "I want to die here. I want to give my blood for the God, whose representatives you are outraging, and for you and for your salvation. This is my sole desire." The stormy waves sank into the bosom of the deep. Catharine had poured the oil of peace on the troubled waters.

The peace of Sarzana concluded her mission. She then retired to her humble cell, this woman who had been received in Sienna with a public triumph. There, in the retirement she loved so well, she dictated her famous *Dialogue*, one of the most remarkable works on mystical theology ever written.

But once again was she to play an important part for the Church's weal. Gregory XI. had been gathered to his fathers, and Urban VI. reigned in Rome. Upright, just, but somewhat severe, he sought to establish ecclesiastical reform in all its rigor. The cardinals, who should have supported him, rebelled. The Pope had known Catharine at Avignon. To her he had recourse in his troubles and summoned her to Rome. Though sorely shattered in health she obeyed. Once again we see the wondrous spectacle of a woman addressing the cardinals in full consistory; she discoursed on the particular providence of God over His Church.

She appealed by letter to the princes of Europe in behalf of unity. She sought to win over three cardinals guilty of schism in setting up at Avignon an anti-pope, Clement VII. Political motives were the mainspring of the schismatical movement. Catharine fought valiantly, but her work on earth was drawing to a close, and she died in her thirty-third year.

What was the secret of Catharine's power. It was her life of most intimate union with Christ, who espoused her in mystical wedlock. An angel in the flesh, she lived in the practice of the most austere penance. Raised to heights of ecstasy, knowing the secrets of the future, possessing the gift of miracles, in her own estimation she was the lowliest of God's creatures, His handmaid, His instrument to accomplish great things for the divine glory and the good of souls.

EDITORIAL.

A PEOPLE'S SYNAGOGUE.

THIS is one of Chicago's latest products. It was organized by Rabbi Isaac S. Moses, because but 1,000 of the 4,000 Jewish families residing on the South Side were identified with any synagogue. The chief reason of this is that the prices asked for pews in the existing synagogues are prohibitive to the mass of the Jews, who either cannot or will not pay them. He thus describes the organization of the new Temple Israel: "The congregation is a stock company, with a dividend-drawing agent, called Rabbi, whose chief task it is to swell the ranks of contributing shareholders; or a club maintained for the benefit of members who demand the latest and the best in the line of amusement and opportunity for display." This would seem to be up-to-date enough, even for progressive Chicago. The movement is said to promise much for the re-Judaizing of the Jews. We have too much respect for the ancient religion of Moses, the lawgiver, to confound it with that of the People's Synagogue of Moses, the dividend-drawing agent.

A CHECK ON PERJURY.

It is not infrequent to read in the public papers of charges of perjury made against those who have appeared as witnesses in courts of justice. Probably, many a perjurer goes unscathed, while his victim is meted out undue punishment. The question is a serious one, for it concerns the carrying out of justice. Unfortunately, among the most unreliable witnesses are to be found those who belong to various departments of city or state government. The kissing of a book, which they are told is the Bible, and the raising of the right hand, seem to make very slight impression upon those intended to be impressed. The same difficulty appears to exist elsewhere. In Catholic countries the presence of the crucifix in law courts is said to be a powerful check on perjury. On this plea, it was lately proposed in the Chamber of Representatives of Luxemburg, and carried by a large majority, to hang up a crucifix in all courts of justice in the Grand Duchy. Would that the Supreme Victim of false witnesses might mutely preach from the walls of our courts.

THE CHECK NEEDED.

Apropos to kissing the Bible, an effort has just been made in the House of Representatives of Delaware, but unsuccessfully, to do away with this time-honored custom. The motive of those who favored the repealing of the law requiring this act of a witness before testifying, was the omnipresence of the microbe, which does not even respect the sacred volume, and the consequent danger of contagion. One of the opposers "wanted to know if it was right that men who believed it is necessary to go through certain formalties in order to be saved should have their faith in the Bible shaken by the passage of the bill." Another representative suggested that each witness should be sworn on a new

Bible which had been examined by a bacteriologist, for, said he: "there is a growing sentiment in favor of individual communion cups." Another member was "shocked at the deception practised by witnesses who touched the Bible with the tips of their noses instead of with their lips." Delaware is conservative. The spirit of the times can be gauged by the fact that to-day there are comparatively few States of the Union where a simple affirmation, without any formality, is not accepted as sufficient to bind a witness to be veracious. Perjury is becoming out of date; we must coin a new word to meet the emergency; or, better still, let us endeavor to revive the true faith and bid the witness look upon Him whom they pierce and crucify again by the sin of false witness.

LA CROIX A DREADED WEAPON.

The enemy's note of alarm is a joyful sound to those beleaguered. The Masonic newspapers in France show their fear of the influence of that wonderfully vigorous and well-organized paper, *La Croix*, which appears in Paris, but has its local issues in all the departments of France. One of the anti-clerical papers says: "All these sheets obey the same direction, and receive the same word of command. It [*La Croix*] is the most powerful weapon of war that audacity and clerical fanaticism have ever invented." Moreover, a certain sub-prefect addressed a confidential note to the mayors and teachers of his district, in which he begged them to watch the movements of the clergy, and to point out to them those among them who were engaged in propagating *La Croix*. Nothing could better express what the paper is doing for the cause of religion. The loyal support it is receiving from Catholics is an example for our countrymen of the true faith to imitate.

HONOR FOR LA PUCELLE D'ORLEANS.

The women of France are clamoring for the Government to make a national holiday in honor of Jeanne d'Arc. No wonder they are proud of her, and their petition is so just that it will probably be granted. France, in the providence of God, owes her national existence to this simple, pious, peasant Maid of Domremy. She is a phenomenal instance of how a woman can leave her natural sphere without surrendering a whit of her maidenliness. Wherever *La Pucelle* went, she carried with her an atmosphere of purity, modesty and piety. She affected her surroundings, not they her. All honor to the women of France who appreciate the character and the achievements of Jeanne d'Arc.

PROTESTANTISM IN GERMANY.

Professor Harnack who enjoys the highest authority in Germany as a Protestant divine, in a recent address delivered before a coterie of his co-religionists gives expression to the fact that Protestantism in the Fatherland is tending toward what he calls Catholicism. "The old, narrow, doctrinal form of Protestantism," he says, "is disappearing; the old relation between theology and Church no longer exists; the ancient system of religious instruction has proved insufficient, there is a tendency towards extending, remodelling, organizing, while the clear conception of the fundamental condition of Protestantism is vanishing."

The learned Professor very seriously warns his countrymen and co-religionists against this movement. Such a development and organization of German Protestantism, would, he thinks, lead to a weak and ineffectual species of Catholicism, having none of the safeguards and advantages of Roman Catholicism. "*Roman Catholicism*," says Harnack, "*has the Pope, it has the saints and the monks* (The italics are Harnack's). These we cannot obtain. The monastic tendency towards the formation of saints, the self-sacrifice, contempt of the world and devotion in the Catholic Church form a mighty barrier and corrective against worldliness and formalism which we do not possess. In the

papacy, on the other hand, lies the power of adaptation to circumstances, personal authority as against the authority of the letter, the firm conviction that the Church of God in the highest instance is not to be governed by a tradition, but by living men guided by the spirit of God. But Protestantism, if it should continue to develop on the lines of Catholicism, could not reach these ideals; for they are excluded from its first principles."

The only logical advice for Professor Harnack to give his Protestant fellow-countrymen would be to submit to the pope, and the "monks and the saints" would soon be forthcoming from the now sterile soil of German Protestantism. Strange, that an historian and divine of such broad and liberal views should shrink from this conclusion. But stranger still that a rationalist, to whom Christ is a merely human being and the Christian religion is merely human work, should be so eager to preserve in the Fatherland the rigid forms of Lutheranism and be so shy of the slightest symptom of Catholicism.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S JUBILEE.

Readers of the MESSENGER and Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer owe a debt of gratitude to His Grace, Archbishop of Philadelphia. For ten years his archdiocesan city was the home of the Central Direction of our work, and during all that time he extended to it not only the ordinary courtesies of a kind ecclesiastical superior, but also a most gracious and encouraging personal interest. Now that he has reached the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopate, we should gratefully unite our tribute of prayer to the splendid festivity with which the Catholics of Philadelphia are preparing to celebrate this happy event. His Grace presides over a most important See, and his influence in ecclesiastical matters in this country has always been as welcome as it has been beneficial. In praying that his jubilee year, and the many years yet, as we trust, in store for him, may be fraught with blessings for himself, his clergy and his genuine Catholic congregations, we are praying for something that largely affects the welfare of the Church in this country.

OUR DEBT TO EINSIEDELN.

Apropos of our sketch of "Our Lady's Shrine in the Alps," it may be interesting to note that St. Meinrad's was the convent from which our own Benedictines came to this country. In the United States these zealous religious now number 804; two bishops, one archabbot, ten abbots and abbeys, 405 priests, 149 professed clerics, 237 lay-brothers. There are two provinces or congregations, the American Cassinesse and the American Swiss.

NOT SO CATHOLIC.

Not every newspaper that gives a professedly Catholic editorial now and then, can be said to have "a Catholic tone," or to be fair to Catholic interests, and therefore worthy of Catholic patronage. If the very same editorial page offer principles that are questionable or false, and if the news columns tell their stories in a manner that offends the modesty of the reader whether Catholic or not, a stray Catholic item or principle cannot leaven the entire mass. Catholic taste is eminently consistent and likes to find the truth in politics as well as in theology, dislikes an unprincipled partisanship in the former as well as sectarianism in matters of faith. A trained Catholic mind will detect error in the correspondence columns, no matter how speciously the truth may be presented in the editorial paragraphs. The true Catholic spirit detests immodesty, and resents calumny, no matter how plausibly the writer may sometimes treat Catholic topics.

Subscriptions to the Converts' Aid Society in England are coming in quite satisfactorily. In the first month of its establishment nearly £300 were received. Two individual benefactors have guaranteed sums of £500 and £200 respectively during the first year.

Great interest is being manifested in Paris in the work of Christian Teachers, founded by the Countess d'Adhémar and much favored by the late Mgr. d'Hulst. Its object is to form model governesses who will be capable of giving solid reasons for their faith and of defending it ably wherever they may be placed.

The Abbé Roussel, the well-known founder of the work for Orphan Apprentices, died lately. He was born in 1825, and was an assistant priest in Paris and a military chaplain, when in 1865 he took pity on a little street urchin and lodged him in his room. Within a week he had given shelter to six. The work was founded, but where was the house to accommodate them? He heard of an old villa for sale at Auteuil. He collected alms and bought it, though it was very much out of repair. On St. Joseph's day, 1866, he installed the little family. Naturally, the work became popular and grew rapidly. Four times a year he had a band of these forsaken lads prepared for their First Communion. But should he then send them out to battle with the world, would they persevere? He resolved to keep them and make Christian apprentices of them. He began to have all the trades taught; his printing press was especially remarkable. From it issued weekly, *La France Illustrée*, noted alike for its matter and illustrations, and the other illustrated weekly *L'Ami des Enfants*.

In 1878 the French Academy awarded the Abbé a Monthyon prize of 2,500 francs. This was most timely, for it came when he was 200,000 francs in debt. This he made known and within eight days a subscription brought him in 331,177 francs, and the work was saved.

In 1887, a violent attack was made on the good Abbé and his little flock, but he went on in spite of it, receiving orphans until he had over 16,000. Finally, May 12, 1895, grown feeble from a long and laborious life, he confided his work to the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul.

In 1882 he established at Billancourt an institution for uncared for little girls and placed it under the direction of the Sisters of the Child Jesus. Truly we can say of good Abbé Roussel that he rests from his labors, and that his works follow him.

The Curé of Saint-Claude (Jura) erected a cross in the cemetery. The municipal council met soon after, and a councillor who had not spoken at any meeting during the twelve years in which he had held office, spoke to have the cross removed. This was ordered to be done within twenty-four hours. The devil and his followers always have hated the cross.

A good sister of charity, Sister Eliosippe, in charge of a school for many years at Cudot, France, was in the habit of providing free medicines for the poor of the district. Government officials seized her supplies and condemned her to pay a heavy fine of 500 francs for infringing on the law of monopoly of pharmaceutical products. An appeal to the court at Paris has resulted in reversing the decision, since acts of charity cannot fall under the penalty of the law. The medicines were returned.

At the annual meeting of the Academy of Moral and Political Science the Audiffred prize of fifteen thousand francs was awarded to the Catholic Missions of Central Africa, which have so powerfully worked against slavery. The heads of the two principal Centres have received it for division: Mgr. Augouard, C.S. Sp.,

Vicar Apostolic of Congo, and Mgr. Livinhac, Superior General of the White Fathers.

This same academy has awarded a prize to the fine book of M. Louvet: *Les Missions Catholiques au XIX^e. Siècle.* The author states that 30 committees or congregations have at present 13,314 priests in 300 missions scattered over the world; 21 institutes of Brothers provide these missions with 4,500 catechists; 42,300 Sisters of various congregations are in charge of schools and hospitals. A century ago there were only about 300 apostolic workmen in the field. Two-thirds of the missionaries are French, four-fifths of the Brothers and Sisters come from France; that country supplies the chief funds; she can claim five-sixths of the martyrs, for of the 119 priests put to death within a hundred years in hatred of the faith 95 were French.

It is interesting to note what a profitable thing it is sometimes to be a champion of the "poor, down-trodden people, the victims of rich capitalists," etc. M. Rochefort, editor of a socialistic, radical paper, receives for his pay the comfortable sum of 242,000 francs a year. No wonder he pities the "prolétariat." He can afford to.

It is lawful to learn a lesson even from a teacher whose morals we cannot endorse. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt gave the following view of the woman bicyclist: "I believe," she said, "that the bicyclist is on the high way to transform our manner of life more profoundly, it seems to me, than is imagined. All these young women, all these young girls who fly along, devouring space, renounce family life for a considerable portion of their time."

France has a population of about 39,000,000. Of these only some 100,000 are Jews. Yet this absurdly small minority rules the country. Jews fill 49 prefectships or subprefectships; there are 19 in the State Council; 10 in the Court of Appeals; 10 counsellors in the Court of Paris; a considerable number in other Courts and Tribunals, and in education; 11 officials in the department of agriculture; 21 in the direction of the Post Office; 30 in the Department of Public Works; 27 in that of Finance; 35 in that of Public Instruction. When Jews fail, Protestants are taken, and the 3 directors of *Neutral* Education are all rampant Protestants. Verily the minority rules.

Another instance of the same spirit is seen in the little town of Delle, which has a population of 2,500. Of these only 150 are Protestants or Jews, yet the municipal Council withdrew the usual allowance for Catholic worship, while continuing that for Protestants and Jews. Happily the Council of the Prefecture of Besançon has reversed this decision.

Liége has celebrated the twelfth centenary of the martyrdom of its reputed founder, the Bishop St. Lambert. Fifteen bishops and the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin, Mgr. Dechamps, took part. The wonderful procession, religious and historical, attracted one hundred thousand strangers to the ancient city. A remarkable feature of the pageant were the portable shrines, or reliquaries, of all the great Saints of the diocese, which were, for the most part, marvels of the goldsmith's skill, and dating back many centuries. Foremost was the great golden bust containing the skull of St. Lambert, which happily escaped the French Revolutionists, who contented themselves with stealing the precious stones.

M. Tourlet, a druggist of Chinon (France), possesses an old bottle containing some bones, over the stopper of which is a bit of parchment, sealed with red wax, on which are the words in seventeenth century French writing; "*Remains found beneath the scaffold of Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans.*" The supposition is that some one collected them on the night of May 31, 1431, as relics. A commission, under the presidency of the Bishop of Orleans, has examined the matter. It states that the bottle has been closed since the seventeenth century. It then opened and took out a packet wrapped in an old cloth of pure hemp going back at least to the fifteenth century. This wrapper contained three bones and two bits of wood. One of the bones is a portion of a human rib. It is covered with a sort of pitchy substance. One of the pieces of wood has a similar covering. The other bones are not of a human skeleton. Probably, whoever gathered them, picked up whatever he could find beneath the scaffold. Under analysis, the fragment of the side offers the composition of human bones, but

the calcination by the fire has caused it to lose, before it was picked up, all trace of *bony envelope*. It is known that, to annihilate the body of Jeanne, whose heart and entrails, according to witnesses, resisted the action of fire, the executioners used oil, sulphur and coal. Does not this explain the coating on the bone and bit of wood? Canon Cochard, at the end of his report, announces: "That there is at least great probability that we possess a rib of Jeanne d'Arc."

Five bells are to be placed in the tower of the national monument to Jeanne d'Arc in her native place, Domremy. Two of these have already been presented, the other three are to be paid for by subscriptions of ten cents (fifty centimes) a person.

The receipts at the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul in France for 1895 were 2,227,203 francs; other offerings make up a grand total of 7,726,007 francs bestowed upon the poor by the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul conferences.

What a glorious day for France was the last seventeenth of January, when the twenty-fifth anniversary of the National Vow was solemnized in the Votive Basilica of the Sacred Heart, on Montmartre. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris celebrated the Mass, at which very many received Holy Communion; the men being well represented. After a short address Cardinal Richard read the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart. In the afternoon deputations from the city and the provinces arrived, 7,000 men in all! Under the lead of General de Charette, 150 Pontifical Zouaves were present, but not in uniform. More than 1,800 men were ranked under the banners of the capitals of each department. Vespers were sung by this great concourse of men, and after a sermon by Père Feuillette, they all joined in repeating aloud the Act of Consecration.

When the late Rev. Brother Joseph, Thirteenth General of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, became superior, in 1884, there were 12,000 Brothers, with 300,000 pupils under their charge. At his death he left 15,000 Brothers with 350,000 boys. His government was characterized by intelligence, prudence and firmness, and he had much at heart the founding of associations to guard the graduates of his schools from the evil influences of the day.

The work of the Catholic Universities of France is beginning to tell through their numerous graduates. The public is awakening to the fact that they aee deserving of support. The Catholic Institute of Paris in 1885 had only 284 students; in 1891, 410; in 1897, it has 719.

Leo XIII. has announced his intention of sending the Golden Rose this year to the Duchess Maria Theresa, wife of Duke Philip of Würtemberg, who, in all likelihood, will one day wear the royal crown of Würtemburg and be the first Catholic King of this important South German State since the Reformation. The Duchess is a pious and charming woman, and worthy of this distinction.

Mrs. Mary M. White, née Windsor, before her death, on January 25, at Annapolis, Md., made a statement before a notary public in which she retracted all she had said about the Catholic Church and the life of nuns. Some years ago she posed on the lecture platform as an escaped nun. She also made serious charges against certain priests.

Mr. Rudd, a colored man, and editor of the *American Catholic Tribune* of Detroit, Michigan, is responsible for the following statistics concerning his race in the United States. They are paying taxes on $370,000,000 worth of property, have 57 college presidents, 30,000 school teachers, 25,000 Protestant ministers who have studied theology, 100 authors on different subjects, 1,000 lawyers, 800 doctors, 250 newepapers, 2 dailies, 4 magazines, 4 banks and several building loan associations. According to him there are 10,000,000 negroes with the right of suffrage. Out of that population only 2,900,000 are professing Christians, and, out of this number, only 250,000 adults are Catholic, with 2 priests and 30 seminarists, 3 convents with about 200 sisters. Mr. Rudd is interested in founding the National Catholic Industrial School for colored youths, where all trade branches will be taught. He says: "The colored man in his love of music and ceremony, in his gratitude and submission in suffering, and in his needs, is naturally a Catholic, and I hope to see him very largely represented in the Catholic Church in a few years."

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

This Month's Intention.

Those who have read Father Ramière's *Apostleship of Prayer* will remember his chapter on the communion of saints. This great dogma of our faith was, to his mind, one of the principles upon which our Apostleship was based. The community of interests which unites as in one body the saints of the Church Triumphant and the elect of the Church Militant brought home to him the importance and necessity of prayer. The communion of saints implies that the members of Christ depend upon one another and mutually share the influence they receive from Him as their Head. Prayer is the great means by which we can help those who depend upon us, as it is also the chief means by which we can derive help from those upon whom we depend.

Some Good Sources.

We have quoted from several sources in explaining the General Intention this month. Indeed, the sources on this topic are so plentiful that there would be little need of explaining it at all, only some might not have our references at hand. Those who wish to obtain excellent reading on the subject should read De Vere's essay on "A Saint," in his *Essays Chiefly on Poetry*, a study we cannot commend too highly. Alban Butler has some good points in the Preface and Introductory Discourse to his *Lives of the Saints*, Father Ribadeneira is charming and his remarks on this point are well translated in the English version of his *Lives*. Father Du Pont has a few good chapters on it in his *Spiritual Guide*. Father Giry treats it more thoroughly than any of the others in his epilogue to the *Petites Bollandistes*.

Special Intentions.

We are often asked to recommend in our General Intention things of great importance to Catholics in this country. It does not depend upon us to determine the General Intentions which are chosen for the entire world; but we can recommend in a special manner the interests which affect us more than Catholics in other nations. There is no reason why, besides praying for the particular intentions recommended in our *Calendar*, we should not keep in view other things also; for instance, we might pray at the present holy season that the missions given in so many churches at this time may be successful; we should also recommend about the time of Holy Week the welfare of the holy places in Jerusalem, which are made an object of our charity on Good Friday; the missions for colored and Indian people are proper subjects of prayer just now, and so is the promised prosperity for which we have been waiting so long and patiently.

The Statutes.

"I am pleased beyond measure," writes a Local Director, "that the Revised Statutes are so simple and yet so complete." What pleases him pleases all who have read them with any attention. As soon as we shall have received from the Moderator General the various explanations and decisions he may see fit to give in answer to the questions raised by the revision, we shall publish them for our Directors, in order that no time may be lost in applying them, and in obtaining by them the many advantages they are meant to bring to our League.

A Timely Editorial.

The *Catholic Columbian*, a Catholic weekly, which has always promoted the interest of the Apostleship, printed lately the following advice in its editorial columns: "All Catholics should belong to the Apostleship of Prayer. Its one essential obligation is to offer up the prayers, works, and sufferings of the day for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, for the General Intention of the League for the month and for the intentions of all the members of the organization. One half minute in the morning will fulfil this obligation."

The *Columbian* prints many an editorial of this pious character, and its

paragraphs on current topics are just as well phrased.

League Hymnal.

We have never recommended the *League Devotions and Choral Service* so strongly as a Local Director does in the following letter: "I think this League choral service in music is grand, indeed. I have the Sacred Heart devotion on every first Sunday of the month, with choral service, and I must say, amongst the different afternoon services the Sacred Heart devotions take the lead. The choral service I use for the congregational singing, and it is very effective. The congregation likes this beautiful devotion. The choir and congregation render the singing with expression and effect. I wish that this choral service could be introduced in all the League Centres of our United States. A little patience and practice required of the priest and choir singers will lead to its success."

To Promoters.

Promoters in April.

In April Promoters should try to gain, and have their Associates gain, the plenary Indulgence granted to all the members of the Apostleship who receive Holy Communion with the intention of making reparation for those who neglect to make their Easter duty. About the time of Holy Week and Easter they can be of great help to pastors who are striving to have the ceremonies of the Church performed worthily; if they would only urge their Associates to make a congregation, it would be doing a great deal. As May comes they will find many opportunities in preparing for the May devotions, First Communions, and the different festivals that are commonly kept during this month. Zeal, as well as prayer, is a duty of every Promoter. "Catholic Books in Public Libraries," is an article in this number of the Messenger, which we commend to their notice; it may suggest a proper field of zeal for many of them.

Intention Blanks.

The folded intention blank is evidently as convenient for Local Directors and Secretaries as for ourselves. If they could appreciate how much it facilitates our work, they would use it even at their own inconvenience. It is not meant to exclude the use of the smaller intention blanks; on the contrary, the new form adopted for these, and the reduction in price, makes them much more useful than before. It is needless to remind Promoters that these blanks help wonderfully the practice of mutual prayer for which the Apostleship exists.

About Subscriptions.

It takes time to institute a change such as we have lately made in our various periodicals. Usually, it is necessary to repeat the notifications about such changes over and over again. We are fortunate, however, in having for the most part subscribers who heed first notices, and this is why all our readers now understand that a subscription to the Messenger of the Sacred Heart now includes subscription to the *Messenger Supplement*, both reaching subscribers the fifteenth of each month. From the increase of subscribers to the *Messenger Supplement* only, it is clear that all understand that this can be taken separately. *The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs* is now published as a separate periodical, entirely distinct from the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, and from the *Messenger Supplement*. It was gratifying to note the number of subscribers who were disappointed at not receiving the *Pilgrim*, because they had overlooked the fact that we send our periodicals only to those who expressly order them or renew their subscription.

Against Collection Agencies.

We never employ a collection agency to collect amounts due for subscriptions to our periodicals or for other supplies. Our own agents, who are usually known to subscribers and to our Local Directors, or at least properly furnished with credentials, are the only ones authorized to solicit new subscriptions, or collect amounts due on old bills. Fortunately our present system makes the latter task seldom necessary, and we are constantly being thanked by Directors and others for saving them from the embarrassment of contracting debts. We shall always be glad to receive application from Promoters who may wish to act as agents for the Messenger and *Supplement*.

The Emblem. To meet the demand for our emblem, we have lately authorized several jewellers to supply it to their customers. We remind our readers that this is the only emblem we have ever officially issued for Associates of the League; apart from this fact, its beauty and cheap price recommend it as the most popular for its purpose.

The Apostleship Abroad.

SOUTH AMERICA.—A zealous Promoter sends from California an interesting account of the flourishing condition of the Apostleship of Prayer in Santos, South America.

In 1886, a civil engineer, an Associate of the League, passing through Santos met a friend who had been a Promoter in Petropolis and was surprised to find that the Promoter had given up the work. He urged her to begin again and to the objection that there were many obstacles, he replied; "Oh, never mind the obstacles. Go on with the work, and I'll send you a statue of the Sacred Heart for the church."

Two years later the engineer while travelling in France, bought a beautiful life-size statue of the Sacred Heart and sent it, in fulfilment of his promise, to the old church at Santos.

The fervor of the people was awakened by the practices of the Apostleship, and a new church dedicated to the Sacred Heart is building to replace the old one. The land on which the new church stands was the gift of the Promoter, although a woman of over fifty years of age she gave all her savings in order to secure the land for the Church of the Sacred Heart.

The Lord is rewarding her in the tangible results of her apostolate. There are now, through her efforts, 1126 Associates and where formerly twenty communions on Easter Sunday was considered good for a year, there are at least 100 every First Friday.

The good work is spreading and in the district of San Paolo, about thirty miles away, the results are more gratifying. There are about 100 daily communicants. A zealous Associate like the engineer and an active Promoter can, with God's help, effect much for the glory of God.

ALBANIA. — A correspondent from Austria draws our attention to the omission on our recent list of *Messengers*, of the Albanian *Messenger*, the *Eleija*, which is published in Scutari, under the editorship of Rev. Father Genovizzi, S J. The *Eleija* is widely circulated among the Albanians, and has been a very effective means of propagating the devotion to the Sacred Heart among them. "Wonderful conversions have been obtained by our missionaries," says our correspondent, "in the mountains of Albania by the preaching of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. These conversions are often published in the *Eleija* and render its perusal very interesting. The Sacred Heart often rewards the devotion of the Albanians with numerous favors and graces, which are also recorded in the *Messenger*."

CROATIA.—We give the following interesting extracts from the *Glasnik* or Crotian *Messenger*.

A new college consecrated to the Sacred Heart.—A new boarding-school was opened at Segna, one of the episcopal towns of Crotia, last December. Besides a large gathering of townsmen, a good many people had come from outside to witness the opening ceremony. At nine o'clock, the Right Rev. A. Maurovic, Bishop of Segna, solemnly pontificated at the Cathedral. Mass being over, a devout procession moved from the Cathedral to the new building; the large crowd, the clergy (sixty priests and fifteen canons) singing the *Veni Creator* on the way. After the recital of the prayers prescribed by the Ritual, His Lordship ended the devout ceremony with the dedication of the new institution to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, whose beautiful statue he had just before unveiled and blessed. Then the procession made its way back to the Cathedral singing the *Te Deum*.

Very Rev. Aloysius Pareparambil, was consecrated bishop of Tyana and vicar-apostolic of Ernakolam, on the twenty-fifth of October, 1896, at Kandy, Ceylon.

On the twenty-fifth of November, the first diocesan conference, presided over by him, was held on a grand scale at St. Mary's Church, Ernakolam. In accordance with the programme, His Lordship delivered a short, but eloquent, address on the devotion of the League of the Sacred Heart, and expressed his desire of dedicating the Ernakolam

Vicariate to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. About one hundred priests and two hundred representatives of the laity were present for the conference. With one voice they accepted the bishop's proposal. The League was formally established. The prayer of dedication was read aloud by one of the clergy and repeated in turn by the assembled multitude. All those who assisted at the services were moved as if the Sacred Heart had sent its fire to kindle their hearts with divine love. As soon as the dedication ceremonies were over, His Lordship spoke about the devotion of the Nine Fridays, the Communion of Reparation, and the public adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and requested the clergy to be very earnest and diligent in propagating this devotion.

While Drs. Lavigne, S.J., and Medlycott were our Vicars-Apostolic, this admirable devotion was implanted in our hearts. Now, we hope, in the immense goodness of the Sacred Heart, that the League will reach far and wide throughout this vicariate, and produce a plenteous spiritual harvest.

The Apostleship at Home.

St. Joseph's Centre, Troy, N. Y.—The *League Guide* and first annual of St. Joseph's Church contains some items of exceptional interest.

St. Joseph's Centre was organized in September, 1888, and almost immediately became, what it has since been, one of the most important religious forces of the community. At the present moment it is impossible to give the number of its Associates with accuracy. However, a conservative estimate founded on the number of monthly leaflets distributed, and on incomplete returns by reports, give for January, 1897:

Associates in the First Degree only	2,000
" " Second and Third Degrees	7,000
Probable total of Associates of the League Centre . .	9,000

At the date of its organization this Centre had forty Promoters. They rapidly increased to the number of three hundred or more, which figure has been retained up to the date of this writing. At present the Promoters stand as follows:

	Men	Women	Total
Promoters of St. Joseph's congregation .	62	115	177
Promoters of other congregations .	.	130	130
Total	62	245	307

During the eight and more years of its existence St. Joseph's Centre has been active from a devotional standpoint, but within the past four months it has made important developments on the side of parochial and charitable work dear to the Sacred Heart. The inmates of the County House are visited and cheered, the use of pious articles is increased amongst the faithful, converts and First Communicants are instructed, and the cause of temperance is advanced. The Promoters have reorganized and improved the parish library. Their night school for young men and boys continues with undiminished ardor on the part of its seventy grateful students, quite rivalling that of twenty-six instructors (teaching in bands of five), all of whom hold positions in the Troy public schools. Meanwhile God's poor are not forgotten. The Aid Committee, with the co-operation of the body of the Promoters, is making strenuous and successful efforts to enable the needy to bear the rigors of the prevailing hard times.

St. Joseph's Centre, Pittsfield, Mass.—A very interesting sketch of the history and working of the Apostleship of Prayer in Pittsfield was recently published in the *Father Matthew Herald*. It was organized in 1892, by Rev. Francis McCarthy, S.J., and has now on its registers, 7,000. From it, six other Centres have been formed in as many neighboring congregations.

St. Mary's Centre, Newburgh, N.Y.—The Apostleship was started here last summer by one of the Fathers of the Head Centre of New York City. Since then it increased very steadily by the judicious guidance of the zealous Local Director. On Sunday, February 7, fifty Promoters of St. Mary's received their well-earned Diplomas and Crosses—well-earned, according to the testimony of their reverend pastor, Dr. McGlynn, who presided. Father Malone, of Brooklyn preached the sermon. They have in that short time brought at least one-half of the congregation into the League. Few Centres, have, in such a short time, and in proportion to

their number, done so much towards the circulation of the MESSENGER as St. Mary's. This is a sure indication of present, and an earnest of future success.

ST. BRIDGET'S CENTRE, ETTRICK, WIS. —I am happy to inform you that the League of the divine Heart was successfully established here during our recent mission by Rev. Father Murtagh, C.M. We have at present 150 members belonging to the 1st Degree, most of whom also practise the 2d Degree, and some have joined the 3d Degree. We expect to recruit about fifty more members, the coming month.

ST. BONIFACE CENTRE, PHILADELPHIA, PA., reports 755 members of the First Degree, 764 of the Second; 588 of the Third; Number of leaflets distributed, 2,120.

ST. IGNATIUS' CENTRE, NEW YORK CITY.—Since October 17, 1895 (till January 25, 1897) we have enrolled 2,358 new members at our Centre.

ST. MARY'S CENTRE, CLINTON, N. Y. —The League was successfully established here on January 17. 506 took the 1st Degree; 326 the 2d Degree; and 190 the 3d Degree, promising to make the Communion of Reparation each month.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S CENTRE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—We are exceedingly gratified at the success of the League of the Sacred Heart since its establishment five years ago in our parish. It is in a most prosperous condition. Our Associates number over 1,500, and our Promoters 80.

In honor of the Sacred Heart, a daily Communion of Reparation is made by one of the Promoters or Associates of the League, and the same devout clients of the Heart of Hearts spend half an hour each day praising, thanking and adoring Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

On the First Friday we have: In the morning, at eight o'clock, solemn Mass, followed by exposition of the Blessed Sacrament during the remaining part of the day. In the evening, at 8 o'clock, are announced the petitions of the faithful to the Sacred Heart, and the good works performed in honor of the same adorable Heart. A short sermon is then preached, after which acts of reparation and consecration are read, and benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament is given.

The Promoters of the League meet the third Sunday of each month in one of the rooms of St. John's College.

SOME REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

SINCE the erection of the Dahlgren Chapel, at Georgetown University, which is dedicted to the Sacred Heart, some remarkable conversions have taken place here, a brief recital of which will doubtless prove interesting to the readers of the MESSENGER. In submitting them for publication I gratefully fulfil a promise made to the Sacred Heart.

I.

Some five years ago I made the acquaintance of an influential business man, a German, who, after leaving the elementary school, had entirely abandoned his religion. Having completed his education in Germany and spent some time in France and England, he came to this country. He had imbibed a thorough hatred and contempt of religion from the reading of such works as those of Rousseau and Voltaire. His superior ability and education soon secured him an independent position as business manager in a large concern. In a short time he himself was the proprietor of a business establishment of world-wide fame. He married outside the Church, became a Freemason and soon occupied a high degree in the lodge.

Soon after our first acquaintance I drew his attention to his responsibility for his children. But he rejoined that, in his opinion, the children should be allowed to choose their own religion after they came to the years of discretion. I gave him Father von Hammerstein's *Edgar* and *What Is Christ?* by Father Roh, to read. But he tried to evade their arguments. If God wished him to believe, he said, why did He not work a miracle before his eyes? It would be an easy matter for Him, he thought

I insisted on his praying, but he objected that he could not pray, as he felt no inclination that way.

Meanwhile I daily made a memento for him in the holy sacrifice of the Mass and promised publication in the MESSENGER in case of his conversion. Now divine Providence, which so far had given him all the temporal success, prosperity and happiness his heart could crave for, sent him a series of very severe trials. First, his beautiful villa, where he had treasured up a valuable collection of precious objects and curiosities, in which he prided himself not a little, was, on one bleak December day, reduced to ashes. The next calamity befell his youngest son, his special favorite, whose left eye was accidentally pierced by a lead pencil. Despite the best medical treatment and enormous expenses the boy has remained hopelessly blind of that eye. The third was the severest blow of all. His only daughter, just out of school, died on the very anniversary of the first mentioned misfortune.

The loving parents were inconsolable. I called at Christmas to offer him the good wishes of the season "No merry Christmas for me!" he said, and began to weep bitterly. He then called his wife, who explained to me the cause of their grief, and added that a few months before the girl had, of her own free choice, been baptized in the Protestant Church. Yet her remains were cremated in right pagan fashion

Having listened to the mother's doleful tale I spoke to them of the loving disposition of divine Providence, which prepared the child's soul by baptism while chastising the father for his obstinacy. My intimate acquaintance entitled me to speak freely to them.

The mother was greatly affected, and was soon, with two of her little boys, baptized in the same Protestant Church; and, led more by sentiment than by faith, rented the same pew which the deceased girl used to occupy, where she easily persuaded her husband to accompany her. But he found no relief in his sorrow. In his despair and unbelief he went even so far as to visit a spiritist, in order to obtain a glimpse of his daughter. For the paltry sum of a dollar she was shown him, but only in outline. He thought he heard her say: "Follow mamma!"

Next morning he came to see me, the very picture of despair. "I am an unhappy man," he began, "I have no rest; I come to ask you what to do." He then told me his spiritistic experience. It took me some time to convince him that God was not likely to put his child at the disposal of a spiritist for the sum of one dollar; and, on the other hand, that the evil spirits were very much interested to have him "follow mamma." I asked him if he had not finally come to believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. After some hesitation he said, "Yes," and began to repeat the argument of Father Roh, that if Christ is not God He must have been a liar or a fool; and neither could be said of Him.

I then conducted him to the chapel of the Sacred Heart. Following my example, he took holy water, and made the sign of the cross. He then knelt on the floor, apparently much moved. I then led him up to the communion rail, and explained to him the beautiful stained-glass picture of the Sacred Heart, and added that the Sacred Heart is the fountain of true happiness. "That is what was wanting to me," he said, "thus far I have sought only what was material, and in that I found no happiness."

Before we parted he assured me that he felt much relieved, and spontaneously declared himself ready henceforth to comply with all the commandments of the Church: to hear Mass on Sundays and holidays, to abandon the lodge, to go to confession and Communion, and to keep the abstinence.

Meanwhile Masses, prayers and novenas were offered for him. Within a week he had made his confession, and on the feast of the Ascension, in that same chapel of the Sacred Heart, he received holy Communion the first time in thirty-five years

II.

On Easter Sunday of last year the Dahlgren chapel was the scene of another very remarkable conversion, which shows the merciful love of the Sacred Heart. It was that of a chaplain of the Navy, an Anglican of ritualistic tendencies. He believed all the articles of the faith except the supremacy of the Pope. He also thought that his orders were valid, administered all the sacraments, and dressed, and behaved in all things, like a Catholic priest.

Of late years he had been detailed as chaplain to a school ship, where there were many Catholic as well as Protestant cadets. Having little influence over his Protestant hearers, he took much interest in the Catholic boys, and as no Catholic service was allowed on board, and

they were not permitted to go ashore alone, he accompanied them himself to the Catholic church, and introduced them to the pastor. He even taught them their own catechism, and thus prepared them for confession, Communion and confirmation, and presented them in the best disposition to the Catholic priest.

The Sacred Heart generously rewarded his charity and zeal, and soon showed him his error. He recognized the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter, and fearlessly followed his conviction. What a terrible sacrifice! He had a wife and children. All his studies had been of a clerical nature. Without any fixed means of support he faces a world with which he is but little familiar. But he is resolved to do the will of God, come what may. Magnanimously he followed the direction of the Catholic priest, to whom his charity has greatly endeared him. He spent Holy Week here in retreat, devoutly preparing himself for the important step he was about to take. On Holy Saturday he made his profession of faith and received conditional baptism, and, after a contrite confession of his whole life, on Easter Day made his First Communion in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart.

He immediately resigned his commission and is now studying law in order to fit himself for a profession in which he may honorably support his wife and family.

III.

Whitsuntide of this same year brought another stray sheep into the true fold. She is the daughter of a German Lutheran mother and non-practical Catholic father. She was educated with great strictness, but without religious principles. When the time came to declare herself to the Lutheran persuasion, she absolutely refused; religion she would have none. The death of her parents soon threw her on her own resources, but this condition only confirmed her in her unbelief.

Yet the loving Heart of the Good Shepherd watched over her. She obtained for a short time a position as teacher of art in a Catholic noble family. The piety of this family, both in their own private chapel and in the public church kneeling side by side with the simple peasantry, made a deep impression on her. Yet she remained in her unbelief, until one day one of the young ladies of the house happened to remark, as if by chance: "What a pity you are not a Catholic!" This simple remark set her a thinking. She saw the misery of her own condition and the happiness of religion in the case of the young noblewoman.

She was just about to set out for America. She thought she would make a beginning before entering upon her journey. Her first step was to procure a copy of the *Following of Christ* to read on the journey. Its pious maxims deepened the impressions already received. Arrived at her destination her first search was for a Catholic priest, with whom she discussed the existence of God and other philosophical questions She was studying *Stöckl's Handbook of Philosophy*, when she found a situation as governess in our vicinity and was directed to me for instruction. I made her acquainted with the books of Father von Hammerstein, which she eagerly devoured. Soon, however, she gladly exchanged philosophy for piety, and spent more time in visiting the churches and praying than in study.

On the feast of Pentecost, after due preparation, having made her profession of faith, and being conditionally baptized, she received our Lord for the first time in the Dahlgren Chapel. The noble lady who gave her the first religious impulse acted as godmother by proxy.

Some two years and a half ago, the son of a prominent astronomer, himself an astronomer and mathematician, was received into the Church by his abjuration, and made his First Communion in the chapel of the Sacred Heart. Of Puritan descent, he had become an Episcopalian, and had received baptism from a High Church clergyman. Conversations with one of the Paulist Fathers at the Catholic University brought him to the knowledge of the Church. The absence later of this Father from the city, did not allow him to undertake his instruction, so he recommended him to apply for this to one of the Jesuit Fathers, with whom he was already somewhat acquainted. The increasing approach to Catholic truth in the Episcopalian body, over which we cannot but rejoice, is shown by the fact that two of the Jesuit Fathers could not find even the shadow of a reason for questioning the validity of his baptism.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 197,985

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v, 18).

Special Thanksgivings.—A person desires to return thanks for her restoration to health from severe and long-standing rheumatism. She had tried many remedies and various prescriptions of the doctors, but obtained no relief; on the contrary, she became incapacitated for duty and her sufferings increased. At length she determined to go to the Sacred Heart, in the Blessed Sacrament, and to depend entirely on Him. Scarcely had she placed her case in His paternal care when the affliction left her, and she is now entirely cured.

"Some months ago I got into somewhat serious trouble with my Bishop, about a certain administrative change in my parish. It was considered for the best interests of the parish, and the people desired it. While yielding entirely to the Bishop, I committed the matter to the Sacred Heart, whose name the parish bears. I promised if our divine Lord would have the matter settled favorably that I would say three Masses in honor of the Sacred Heart, and have the matter published in the MESSENGER. My prayer has just now been granted."

"Being in a serious business trouble, I made a novena to the Infant Jesus, and on the ninth day a way was opened to me by which I was led to make a settlement. I am a Protestant, but wear a Sacred Heart Badge, and use a *St. Vincent Manual* in my daily devotions. I was raised a Protestant, and have never yet come to where I can fully accept the Catholic faith, but I pray that, if it be for my eternal welfare, God will lead me into the light. Pray for me. I ask you to publish this notice in the MESSENGER."

Thanks are returned for the perfect restoration to health of an old lady, sixty-eight years of age. She was stricken with paralysis, and her left side was completely dead for several days. Three doctors agreed that there was no hope of her recovery but that if she should recover, she would be a helpless cripple for life. Her only child and her whole support had a novena of Masses offered for her welfare, temporal and eternal. On the fourth day she was able to move her hand and foot, which had been paralyzed, and she is now perfectly well. Priests, nuns and doctors, interested in the case, acknowledged that it was miraculous.

A young man was afflicted with the most painful trouble in his feet. He was treated by doctors for nearly four years, but without benefit, as they declared they were baffled. One said it was rheumatism, another that the nerves of the feet were affected, and ordered a special kind of shoe to be made A novena was made to the Sacred Heart through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, publication was promised, and the young man joined the League. He now records his thanks.

A man had not practised his religion in over forty years, and was a constant source of anxiety to his family. Novenas were being made for him continually, but seemingly to no effect, as he would become exasperated whenever religion was mentioned, so that they had to desist. A few weeks ago he fell fatally ill, and lay unconscious for some days. One of his daughters is a religious, and got her community to join her in a novena, and had nine Masses offered for him. His consciousness and speech were restored, he asked for the priest, and received the last sacraments on the First Friday.

A man was married to a Protestant by a minister, and had his first child baptized by a Protestant. He even attempted to induce his younger brother and one of his sisters to give up their religion; and they both became indifferent Catholics. Their mother's pious death made an impression on them; the daughter at once attended to her duties, and the elder brother promised to reform, but delayed doing so. Some time after, the elder sister, always a devout Catholic, begged him to let her be godmother to his new-born son. To this he consented, and she induced him to take the child himself to the church. Later on he met some missioners from his old college and they persuaded him to make the mission. He

did so and approached the sacraments, the first time in seventeen years! He is now interested in converting his wife.

A Promoter acknowledges two great favors granted. One was the conversion of her grandmother at the age of eighty-nine years. The old lady always had great respect for the priest and many things about our holy religion, but it seemed as though she could not make up her mind to become a Catholic. Last June, when she took to her bed, she was glad to have the Father come. At first he had little hopes; but when he had been coming for nearly a week, he said that we should be prepared, as he would bring her First Communion on the next Saturday. He brings her communion every two weeks since then, and it is surprising with what devotion she receives our Lord. The second favor was the answer to a petition that has been prayed for over two years, besides having Masses said for that intention. It was at last obtained by making the nine First Fridays, and invoking Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Spiritual Favors.—Several religious vocations; marked improvement in persons recommended to the prayers of the Apostleship; relief from scrupulosity; a father's consent to his daughter entering a convent, although he had persisted in refusing for two years; a young man approached the sacraments after neglect of fifteen months; another after two years; return of a man after thirteen years of neglect; of a woman after fifteen years; of another woman after more than thirty years; return of two brothers who have stayed away from the sacraments for many years; conversion of an obstinate sinner; perseverance of one in a virtuous life; conversion of a husband when very ill, he received the last sacraments with great fervor; many other returns to duties; many became temperate; reconciliation of parties who had given great scandal; restoration of peace between some members of a family and thereby averting serious scandal; and many other graces not specified.

Temporal Favors:—A cure of deafness, which had resisted all the efforts of doctors for fifteen years at great expense; a novena to the Sacred Heart was made and a Mass of thanksgiving was offered. Speedy relief from pain in the arm; almost immediate cure of sore eyes of a seminarist; restoration of reason to an insane woman who had to be put in an asylum; cure of a child from epilepsy; recovery of a mother and brother dangerously ill; cure of a sudden attack of sickness; instant relief from a severe cough, upon promising publication if the favor were granted; disappearance of severe pains that seemed to indicate pneumonia, upon invoking Ven. de la Colombière; immediate and permanent cure, through a novena, of a man who suffered agonies for nine years from neuralgia of the stomach, which doctors could not relieve; cure of a child suffer-from a terrible kidney disease; recovery from a complicated case of grippe; relief from pain in the eyes; cessation of what had been a chronic discharge from the ear for ten years; safety of a mother and infant deprived of human assistance; recovery of a man in danger of losing his reason through nervousness; cure of a person threatened with consumption; a cure of severe headaches; disappearance of symptoms of the growth of a tumor, after one had been removed; success of several serious surgical operations; deliverance from an annoying and perhaps serious throat trouble; removal of a skin disease of three years' standing, and restoration to perfect health of mind and body, through the thirty days' prayer and the nine First Fridays.

The obtaining of pupils by one who was the support of her family; prevention of the threatened loss of a father's position; several lost articles found; renting of rooms as soon as the intention was put in the intention box; position as a school teacher; the obtaining of a situation that seemed almost impossible; a money matter settled without scandal; relief of a person in great need; prosperity in business, upon recommending to the prayers of the Apostleship, though, at the same time, it was thought that the firm would fail within three months; a house was destroyed by fire, the only piece of furniture spared was a bureau in which was a painted picture of the Sacred Heart; the owner begged the firemen to look for her picture, and it was found in the only drawer untouched, everything else was charred; preservation of a foot, burned by boiling metal being thrown over it, and which the doctor thought would have to be amputated; cure of a man's arm, through which a burning wire passed, while he was working in a mill, and which caused the rottening of the bone, the doctor feared that amputation would be neces-

sary; release of a young man unjustly accused; restoration of peace in a family; news from a brother who had not written for a long time; a position obtained after a year's idleness; means to meet the payment of a mortgage through a novena, the money was got where it was least expected; money and clothing for a family in great need; success of many in their work; successful examinations; amicable settlement of a threatened lawsuit; means to pay pressing debts in several cases; many positions obtained; various other favors not specified.

Favors through the Badge and Promoter's Cross:—A young girl was ill with scarlet fever, a Badge was put on her, a novena begun, and in a few days she was convalescent; a similar favor was obtained for a fellow pupil at death's door with pneumonia; cure of a little girl ill with diphtheria, and given up by the doctor; cure of another child, the Badge and Lourdes' water being used in these cases; great relief from rheumatic pains; a man, suddenly rendered helpless through intense pain, was speedily helped by applying the Badge; immediate cessation of neuralgic pain in the chest; several restorations to health; relief from fluttering of the heart; cure of two children of bronchial trouble; immediate relief from pleurisy when remedies failed; cure of liver disease, when the doctors gave no hope and the patient had been prepared for death; cessation of headache by applying the Promoter's Cross; a cure without an operation, which had been deemed necessary; instant relief of terrible pain in the side; favorable turn in a case of appendicitis, by applying the Badge and invoking Ven. de la Colombière; recovery of a child from scarlet fever, and the preservation of its little brother from catching the disease.

While lifting a piece of furniture, an Associate sprained her back so that after a few hours she could scarcely move. When put to bed, some one suggested to place the Badge over the sprain, and asked: "What do you request?" The patient replied: "That I may assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion in the morning." The next morning she was well, and obtained her request.

An alarming symptom of throat affection suddenly disappeared upon the application of the Badge. The patient at the time was a non-Catholic, but has since embraced the faith.

We record the return to her religious duties of a mother after twenty years of neglect. The occasion was the illness of her four children. The oldest, who had been baptized when an infant, died without the priest being called to assist her. The mother and the other children went to a Sisters' Hospital. Another child was given up by the consulting doctors. A Badge was put on him; he made his First Confession and Communion, and was cured, to the surprise of an infidel doctor and the boy's Protestant father, who both admitted that the cure was miraculous, as it was beyond human skill or power. Another of the children is being instructed, and the mother has become a practical Catholic.

Obituary.

Sisters Mary Seraphim and Mary Loretta, of the Sisters of Charity, Leavenworth, Kansas; Mrs. Kate Fahy, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Mary McGarvey, St. Patrick's Centre, Newburgh, N. Y.; Miss Mary Manning and Miss Lizzie Donovan, Centre of Our Lady of Mercy, Philadelphia, Pa.; Brother Philip Cassidy, O.S.B., Archabbey, Beatty, Pa.; Miss Elizabeth J. Daly, St. Francis' Centre, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Quinn, St. Joseph's Hospital, Lexington, Ky.; Margaret Mary Jordan, Woodbury, N. J.; Mrs. Michael Morissey, Philipsburgh, N. J.; Catharine Maguire and Henry Miller, Phaladelphia, Pa.; Rev. W. J. Corcoran, St. Vincent's Church, South Boston, Mass.

THE·READER·

MISS MARY J. ONAHAN writes on *Nuns in Novels* for the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee. She deals especially with two writers: James Lane Allen and Marion Crawford, and justly calls them to account for their misrepresentations. All such stories have one characteristic in common—they fail to portray the truth. The grave error of such novelists is the entire failure to grasp the true spirit of convent life. Nuns there may be who have lost their vocation, but this was the falling away from an ideal which they once had. The heroines of such novelists seem never to have had an ideal at all. Moreover, the situations depicted are impossible. Discipline exists in convents, and Carmelite nuns do not stray abroad at midnight; or, for that matter, at any hour of the day or night, being perpetually enclosed. In some of these novels punishment overtakes the guilty nun heroine, but that does not atone for the false impression left on the mind of the public that this is a true picture of every day convent life. Truth demands a representation of real religious life; and, if the heroine is a scapegrace she must be depicted as such, an exception and a disgrace which would throw out into clearer light the grandeur and beauty of lives hidden in God.

* * *

The trustees of the Newark (N. J) Public Library have taken a step which must commend itself to all right thinkers. They have decided unanimously to drop their subscription, and refuse admission to two New York papers, which are samples of the new realistic journalism. As they represent two political parties the move cannot be ascribed to politics. The sole motive of this unanimous action is, as one of the trustees declares, the impropriety of young people who frequent the Library, not only reading the most minute descriptions of foul crimes, but also seeing them depicted in the most shameless manner. As he well remarks: "What notions must a child get from seeing illustrations of the most successful methods of suicide, or the quickest and most satisfactory way to kill a human being? What notions must our young men and women get of the sacredness of the marriage contract when actions for divorce are told in detail?" Unfortunately, the evil is not to be ascribed wholly to the unscrupulousness of the journalist, but in great measure to the pruriency of the public who support such sheets, and, fundamentally, to self-constituted reformers of God's Church and His unchangeable code of morality. However, the action of the trustees of the Newark Public Library is most commendable and imitable, yet they should not stop at newspapers but ostracize and eliminate all magazines and books which treat in a sympathetic, if not admiring, tone those who defy the laws of propriety and decency.

* * *

Readers of modern literature, whether in the form of book, magazine, or paper, must be impressed with the tendency to depict in no uncertain terms the crimes to which our times are so given. This seems to be all-pervading and is not restricted, as in times past, to certain flagrantly sensational and off-color publications. A masterly refutation of the common extenuating argument is attributed to Archbishop Elder. When His Grace was asked by a reporter, what would be the first thing he would do if elected Mayor of Cincinnati. He said:

"I would try to close the saloons on Sunday and abolish the immoral theatrical posters, both of which are a disgrace to the community.

"Another thing I would endeavor to accomplish would be to stop, if possible, the sensational publication of criminal and other disgraceful and disgusting trials. It is the greatest evil with which we have to contend. Familiarity with crime in its details may be divided into

three stages. First it is endured, then pitied, then embraced.

"The argument that exposure is greatly dreaded and acts as a restraint on crime is weak. Those who dread such exposures are the very ones who may be redeemed, and, if exposed, grow hardened, and when hardened, desire notoriety."

Facts prove the truth of the Archbishop's statement. Moreover, many a criminal is made by reading the account of the crimes of others. Such evil examples suggest imitation. Many instances might be mentioned. We shall give one instance only, that of the derailing of a train a year ago by a gang of boys. It suggested the idea to others all over the country, who accounted the young ruffians to be heroes and who were tempted, and attempted to imitate them and get their names in the paper. No, exposure of a crime, in too many cases, acts not as a deterrent but rather as an incentive, and is a menace to society.

* * *

The robustness of the faith of the late Coventry Patmore is proven by a holocaust which he made of prose work, entitled *Sponsa Dei*. He had intended that it should appear only after his death, and so had instructed his friend Edmund Gosse to issue it at a certain time after the author's decease. The manuscript was probably completed in 1883. Five years later, Mr. Gosse was a guest of Mr. Patmore at Hastings. One morning, the author remarked "abruptly, almost hysterically: You won't have much to do as my literary executor!" and then proceeded to announce that he had "burned the entire manuscript of *Sponsa Dei* on the previous Christmas day." "I asked him," relates Mr. Gosse, "if he seriously meant what he had stated. He replied yes, that it was all destroyed, every scrap of it, every note, except one page, which he had published in 1887 in the *St. James' Gazette*. He had come to the conclusion that, although wholly orthodox and proceeding no further than the Bible and the Breviary permitted, the world was not ready for so mystical an interpretation of the significance of physical love in religion, and that some parts of the book were too daring to be safely placed in all hands." Mr. Gosse, who was familiar with the work, speaks of it as a "vanished masterpiece, not very long, but polished and modulated to the highest degree of perfection. No existing specimen of Patmore's prose seems to me so delicate or penetrated by quite so high a charm of style as this lost book was." . . . "The subject of it was certainly surprising. It was not more nor less than an interpretation of the love between the soul and God by an analogy of the love between a woman and a man."

As the public at large has not "the purity and crystalline passion which carried the writer safely over the most astounding difficulties," according to Mr. Gosse, we honor the heroic sacrifice of Mr. Patmore, who, for conscience sake, lest any of the little ones of Christ might therefrom take harm, offered to God a most fragrant and precious holocaust in the burning of the *Sponsa Dei*, "which involved a distinct loss to literature," if that can be called loss, which is a distinct gain to the glory of God and the good of souls.

BOOK NOTICES.

Thoughts for all Times. By the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan. With a Preface by the Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, D.D., O.S.B., Bishop of Newport. Westminster: Roxburghe Press. New York: Benziger Brothers. 8vo. Pages x and 385. Price $1.50.

This handsome volume is made up of about a score of well written essays on important theological and philosophical themes, mostly reprints of different publications by the author. Such subjects as the "Nature," "Love" and "Wisdom" of God, the "Blessed Trinity," the "Riddle of Human Life," "Man, a Microcosm," "Heroes, True and False." "Vivisection," and so forth, are treated in a popular and interesting style, and, at the same time, with sufficient scientific accuracy. The author follows a middle course between the strictly doctrinal and ascetic treatment. All direct appeal to sentiment is avoided. The truths are allowed to commend themselves to mind and heart by their own light and loveliness. While these essays afford interesting reading to all intelligent Catholics and Protestants, they will prove very

serviceable to the pulpit orator, inasmuch as they offer him a rich mine of thought and illustration, leaving him perfect freedom for oratorical development.

Logic and Metaphysics. By Rev. Louis, Jouin, S.J. Fordham, N. Y. City: St. John's College. 12mo. Pages 263 and ix. Price $1.00.

The veteran professor of philosophy at Fordham College has conferred a real benefit on the students and professors of American Colleges by publishing this excellent little handbook. Father Jouin has been long and favorably known to the public as the author of the popular text-book of *Evidences of Religion* and a Latin handbook of Moral Philosophy, both of which have been widely adopted in our colleges. Few men are better qualified to write a college text-book. A convert to the faith in his early youth, and an exile from the land of his birth, bringing with him a thorough knowledge of the languages and literatures of Europe (including the Slav languages) he has devoted himself for nearly half a century to college work, mostly as professor of Philosophy, in the colleges of his Order.

This text-book, like his other works, is remarkable for accuracy of doctrine, clearness, brevity and systematic arrangement. It is only a master who could condense so much matter in such small compass, without becoming obscure. The book furnishes a complete outline of the extensive subject without overtaxing the student's mind, and leaving the teacher sufficient room for original exposition and development. We doubt not but Father Jouin's work is destined to become a favorite text-book in our colleges. A copious alphabetical index adds to its practical usefulness. We miss a table of contents which would serve much to bring out the connection between the various parts.

Popular Instructions to Parents in the Bringing up of Children. By Very Rev. Ferriol Girardey, C.SS.R., New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. 32mo. Pages 202. Price 35 cents.

This little book is a fitting supplement to the author's recent work entitled *Popular Instructions on Marriage* which has been deservedly received with much favor. The present volume is truly popular, instructive, and devout and is sure to bring a blessing to every household, which it enters. It should be the inseparable companion of every parent. It is an excellent book to distribute at missions.

Cochem's Life of Christ. Adapted by Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.S.F. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. 8vo. Pages 314. Price $1.25.

This volume is an abridgment and rearrangement of the best and most popular work of the distinguished seventeenth century Capuchin, Father Martin, called from his birthplace in Germany, von Cochem. Father Bonaventure has done his part remarkably well, and puts within reach of an English reading public an excellent devotional life of Christ. Some beautiful illustrations adorn the book.

Flora, the Roman Martyr. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. 8vo. Pages 496. Price $1.60.

As the preface states, this is the third edition of a book written during a visit to the Eternal City many years ago, with a view of recording the impressions of devotion gathered at many a Roman shrine. This latest edition is presented as a grateful acknowledgment for the great favor the book has received at the hands of the public, not only in England, but abroad. The proceeds of this little work are destined to relieve the nuns of Italy, ruthlessly torn from their convent homes, and oftentimes left without any shelter, or at best, having the most meagre means of support. The excellence of the book is proved by its successive editions and its translation into French, German and Italian.

Pius the Seventh. By Mary H. Allies. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. 8vo. Pages 310.

Miss Allies has written an extremely interesting life of a most eventful sovereign pontificate. The exorbitant and unscrupulous ambition of the Corsican Pretender to universal empire are well shown in his correspondence with, and treatment of, the saintly pontiff, whom Napoleon sought to make the first vassal of his throne. The magnanimity of the pope as contrasted with the egotism of the adventurer are well depicted. The sudden reversal of positions in the restoration of Pius to his sovereign dignity and the deposition of Napoleon, offers a striking climax in two fateful lives.

Pray for Us! By A. Sewell. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. Pages 88

The sub-title, **Little Chaplets for the Saints**, explains the design of the book, which is to provide short and suitable devotions for novenas and triduums now so much in vogue. As the compiler states, "most of the prayers are original translations, and with very few exceptions, are not found in English manuals of prayer." We admit this last and regret that the beautiful collects of the Church were not adopted. Another desideratum is a table of contents. However the little book will find many to welcome it, as it helps to supply a long felt need.

Manual of the Forty Hours' Adoration New York: The American Ecclesiastical Review Co., 1896. Pages 32.

This is a most useful handbook for the clergy, as it gives all the instructions necessary for carrying out correctly this popular devotion, and contains the Litany and prayers to be used, printed in large readable type.

Catholic Ceremonies. From the French of the Abbé Durand. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. Pages 283. Price 50 cents.

This is an excellent Manual, giving a short and clear explanation of the Church liturgy and offices, its ceremonies, symbolism, vestments and ornaments. The illustrations, ninety-six in number, convey important object lessons of, we may say, everything connected with exterior worship. A study of this book would help Catholics to assist at devoutly, and explain intelligently, the services of the Church.

The Philosophy of Literature. By Condé H. Pallen, Ph D., LL.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1897. Pages 184. Price 75 cents.

Dr. Pallen presents in this well printed and attractive volume five essays in lecture form. The thesis is a noble one, which must commend itself to all who realize that Christ is not only the Light of the World, but also the focus in which all rays of true created light meet. Hence the author well states: "It is in the Philosophy of the Incarnation that we must look for the philosophy of literature. By the Light of the Eternal Word made manifest to men in the flesh is human life solved and harmonized. As literature is but a reflex of life, it is only in the same Eternal Word that its meaning may be read aright and its final significance interpreted." Dr. Pallen handles his theme in a masterly way, from his first enunciation that: "Literature is the written expression of man's various relations to the universe and its creator," to the closing one: "Truth in the word by virtue of truth in things; truth in the visible universe by the power of the Eternal Word, who is the Eternal Truth of the Eternal Life."

Sacred Heart Bannerettes. We have received some beautiful Bannerettes of the Sacred Heart, made of watersatin, bearing the motto, *Thy Kingdom Come*, in gilt letters, surmounted by the Heart and Thorns, neatly done in red and brown, with an aureola in golden yellow. The larger size, hanging from brass bar and chain, is 11x9 inches for $1.50, the smaller with ivory bar and silk cord, 7½x5 inches, for seventy-five cents. Address, Miss Edwards, 393 Clermont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mirli's Ring and the Mysterious Shrieks. By Margaret E. Merriman. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1896. 12mo. Pages 165. Price 1s.

This little volume contains two interesting and well-told stories. The heroine of the first is a plain, good-natured and generous Swiss village girl, whose character is delineated in a very life-like manner. Incidents, scenery and surroundings generally are true to nature, and present a very fair picture of Swiss peasant life. The second story, taken from English life, is equally interesting.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

My Crucifix and Other Verses. By Caroline Harris Gallagher. Baltimore: Gallery & McCann. 1896.

Report. America's Relief Expedition to Asia Minor under the Red Cross. Washington, D.C. 1896.

Annual of the League of the Sacred Heart. St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York City. 1896-1897.

Imitation of the Most Blessed Virgin. From the French by Mrs. A. R. Bennett-Gladstone. New York: Benziger Bros. 1897.

Devotion to St. Anthony of Padua. By Rev. J. B. Manley. Baltimore: Gallery & McCann. 1896.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS AND PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, February 1 to 28, 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Mary's School	Feb. 17
"	" "	St. Raphael's Ch., St. Mary's Academy	Feb. 27
"	" "	Sac. Heart Ch., Mt. St. Mary's "	Feb. 27
Cleveland	Cleveland O	St. John's Hospital	Feb. 10
Covington	Verona, Ky.	St. Patrick's Church	Feb. 27
Dubuque	Cascade, Ia.	St. Martin's "	Feb. 3
"	Cherry Mound. Ia.	St. Pius' "	Feb. 6
Erie	Johnsonburg, Pa.	Most Holy Rosary "	Feb. 20
Grand Rapids	Big Rapids, Mich.	Mercy Convent	Feb. 3
Kansas City, Kans.	Clay Centre, Kan.	SS. Peter and Paul's Church	Feb. 27
La Crosse	Reedsburg, Wis.	Sacred Heart "	Feb. 15
Monterey and Los Angeles	Fresno, Cal	St. John's "	Feb. 19
Natchitoches	Na chitoches, La.	Immaculate Conception Cathedral	Feb. 14
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	St. Joseph's Ch., Newsboys' Home	Feb. 20
New York	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Immaculate Conception Church	Feb. 5
Philadelphia	Cheltenham, Pa.	Presentation B. V. M. "	Feb. 9
Pittsburg	Leisenring, Pa.	St. Vincent de Paul's "	Feb. 8
Wheeling	Ronceverte, W. Va.	St. Catharine's "	Feb. 20

Aggregations, 18; churches, 12; chapels, 3; convent, 1; school, 1; institution, 1.

Promoters' Diplomas and Crosses have been sent to the following Local Centres, February 1 to 28, 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Number.
Albany	Troy, N. Y.	St. Joseph's Church	60
Alton	Quincy, Ill.	St. Francis Solanus College	4
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. John's Church	20
"	Washington, D. C.	St. Augustine's "	1
"	Westminster, Md.	St. John's "	1
"	Woodstock Md.	Woodstock College	15
Belleville	Waterloo, Ills.	SS. Peter and Paul's Church	6
Boston	Salem, Mass.	Immaculate Conception "	12
Buffalo	Corning, N. Y.	St. Mary's "	2
"	East Aurora, N. Y.	Immaculate Conception "	1
"	Hornellsville, "	St. Ann's "	6
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Holy Name Cathedral	10
Cleveland	Cleveland, O.	Immaculate Conception Church	1
"	Salineville, O.	St. Patrick's "	8
"	Toledo, O.	La Salle Study	33
Davenport	Ottumwa, Iowa	St. Joseph's Convent	1
Denver	Denver, Colo.	Sacred Heart Church	5
Detroit	Monroe, Mich.	St. John's "	10
Duluth	Duluth, Minn.	St. Clement's Priory	3
Grand Rapids	Parnell, Mich.	St. Patrick's Church	14
Green Bay	Keshena, Wis.	St. Joseph's Industrial School	1
Helena	Missoula, Mont.	St. Francis Xavier's Church	1
Kansas City, Kans.	Burlington Kans.	" " "	1
" " "	Clay Center, Kans.	SS. Peter and Paul's "	5
" " "	Kansas City, Kans.	Sacred Heart "	1
" " "	Leavenworth, "	Mt. St. Mary's "	1
" " "	Paola, Kans.	Holy Trinity "	1
Little Rock	Pocahontas, Ark	St. Paul's "	1
Louisville	Louisville, Ky.	St. Benedict's Academy	2
Marquette	Marquette, Mich.	St. Peter's Cathedral	2
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wis.	Gesù Church	2
"	" "	St. Rose's "	2
Monterey and Los Angeles	Hanford, Cal.	St. Bridget's "	6
	Los Angeles, Cal	Our Lady of Angels "	1
Nesqually	Spokane, Wash.	St. Aloysius "	1
"	Walla Walla, Wash.	St. Patrick's "	3
New York	Mt. Vernon, N Y.	Sacred Heart "	4
"	New York, N. Y.	St. Anthony's "	1
"	" "	St. Augustine's "	2
"	" "	St. Ignatius Loyola "	1
"	" "	St. Jerome's "	4
"	" "	St. Monica's "	13
"	" "	Our Lady of Good Counsel "	3
Philadelphia	Lost Creek, Pa.	St. Mary Magdalen's "	7
"	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Joseph's "	1
"	" "	St. Joseph's Convent	5
"	" "	Our Lady of Visitation Church	100
Pittsburg	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Mary's "	5
Providence	Mansfield Mass.	St. Mary's "	114
Sacramento	Eureka, Cal.	St. Bernard's "	18
"	Marysville, Cal.	Notre Dame College	1
St. Joseph	St. Joseph, Mo.	St. Mary's Church	4
"	" "	St. Joseph's Cathedral	13
St. Louis	Normandy, "	Our Lady of Good Counsel Monastery	1
"	St. Charles. "	St. Charles Church	3
"	St. Louis, Mo.	Holy Name "	9
"	" "	Visitation Convent	1
"	" "	St. Francis Xavier's Church	1
"	" "	St. Joseph's "	30
"	Florissant, Mo.	St. Ferdinand's "	3

Total number of Receptions, 60. Number of Diplomas, 588.

CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, APRIL, 1897.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for **more interest in the Lives of the Saints,** for the intentions of the Apostleship throughout the world, and for these particular intentions recommended by the American Associates.

1	*Th.*	St. Hugh, Bp., (1142).—H.H.	Respect innocence.	197,985 thanksgivings.
2	*F.*	**First Friday.**—Most Precious Blood.—1st D., A.C.	Pray for sinners.	52,278 in affliction.
3	*S.*	St. Benedict the Moor (589).	Pray for colored race.	55,048 sick, infirm.
4	**S.**	**Passion Sunday.**	Sorrow for sin.	67,870 dead Associates.
5	*M.*	St. Vincent Ferrer (O.P., 1419).—Pr.	Pray for preachers.	43,317 Local Centres.
6	*T.*	St. Isidore, Bp. D. (639.)—(Apr. 4).—B. Juliana, V., (Corpus Christi, 1258).	Honor the Eucharist.	6,082 Directors.
7	*W.*	B. Herman Joseph, (Prémontré, 1236).	Love of solitude.	23,007 Promoters.
8	*Th.*	St. Walter, Ab. (1099).—H.H.	Contempt of self.	164,127 departed.
9	*F.*	Seven Dolors B.V.M.—St. Mary of Egypt, Penitent, (421.)	Devotion of 7 dolors.	173,404 perseverance.
10	*S.*	St. Mechtilde, V. Ab. (O S.B.. 1300)	Honor Sacred Heart.	245,914 young people.
11	**S.**	**Palm Sunday.**—St. Antipas, M. (The faithful witness, 92).	Despise honors.	45,212 First Communions.
12	*M.*	St. Zeno, Bp. M. (380)	Spirit of faith.	167,636 parents, families.
13	*T.*	St. Hermenegild, K. M. (586).	God's glory first.	39,021 reconciliations.
14	*W.*	St. Justin Martyr (167).	Defend the Faith.	104,142 work, means.
15	*Th.*	Maundy Thursday.—A.C., B.M., H.H.	Devotion to Mass.	87,705 clergy.
16	*F.*	**Good Friday.**	Die to the world.	170,650 religious.
17	*S.*	Holy Saturday.	Silence.	56,541 seminarists, novices.
18	**S.**	**Easter Sunday.**—A.I., A.C., B.M., C.R.	Joy with Christ risen.	59,207 vocations.
19	*M.*	Easter Monday.—St. Expeditus, M. (IX. Cent.)	Begin a new life.	40,799 parishes.
20	*T.*	Easter Tuesday —St. Agnes of Monte Pulciano, V. (O.S.D., 1371).	Be steadfast in hope.	61,022 schools.
21	*W.*	B. Hugolino (O.S.A., 1470). [H.H.	Pious reading.	37,293 superiors.
22	*Th.*	SS. Soter and Caius, PP., MM. (170—295.)—	Detachment.	28,145 missions, retreats.
23	*F.*	St. George, M. (Patron of England, 303.)	Pray for England.	37,456 societies, works.
24	*S.*	St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, M. (1622).—St. Wilfrid Bp., (709).	Fidelity to promises.	131,214 conversions.
25	**S.**	**1st after Easter.**—Low Sunday.	Spirit of prayer.	190,284 sinners.
26	*M.*	Our Lady of Good Counsel.—SS. Cletus and Marcellin, PP., MM. (83–204.)	Confidence in Mary.	110,381 intemperate.
27	*T.*	B. Peter Canisius (S.J., 1597.)—St. Turibius, Bp., (Peru, 1506).	Spirit of meekness.	170,645 spiritual favors.
28	*W.*	St. Paul of the Cross, F. (Passionists, 1775.)	Honor the Passion.	95,420 temporal favors.
29	*Th.*	St. Peter Martyr (O.P., 1252).—H.H.	Defend the Faith.	145,360 special, various.
30	*F.*	St. Catharine of Sienna, V. (O.S.D , 1380). —Pr.	Loyalty to the Pope.	MESSENGER readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship.* (D.=*Degrees*, Pr.=*Promoters*, C. R.=*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.=*Holy Hour*); A. C.=*Archconfraternity*; S.=*Sodality*; B. M.=*Bona Mors*; A. I.=*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.=*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.=*St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society*; B. I.=*Bridgettine Indulgence.*

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	160,072	11.	Masses heard	127,438
2.	Beads	427,561	12.	Mortifications	113,971
3.	Way of the Cross	36,183	13.	Works of Mercy	57,825
4.	Holy Communions	59,002	14.	Works of Zeal	48,701
5.	Spiritual Communions	166,656	15.	Prayers	3,570,982
6.	Examens of Conscience	160,908	16.	Kindly Conversation	34,452
7.	Hours of Labor	708,317	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	59,039
8.	Hours of Silence	198,454	18.	Self-conquest	76,611
9.	Pious Reading	85,285	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	179,465
10.	Masses read	5,780	20.	Various Good Works	118,218

Special Thanksgivings, 1,229; Total, 6,396,149.

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

EASTER SONG.

By F. J. McNiff, S.J.

RAINCLOUD and storm, and night on all the land,
Moan of the waters, and flash of lightning brand;
Seaweed and wrecks along the beaten strand.

Sunshine and calm, and faded is the night,
And all the sea is golden, and all the land is light;
And in the sky a rainbow, and all the world is bright.

All hail! Blessed Sun, whose glory withereth
The old fruits of Sin. The old wound of Death
Is healed once again, and Jesus conquereth.

Joyfully carol a hymn of triumphing.
Passed are the old days, and Christ will be our King!
"O grave, where is thy victory; O death, where is thy sting?"

THE RESURRECTION.

(Fra Bartolommeo.)

THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS

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JEANNE D'ARC.

FROM CHINON TO RHEIMS.

By John A. Mooney, LL.D.

(*Continued.*)

JEANNE the Maid, could she have had her way, would have met Charles VII. within an hour after her arrival at Chinon. Imagine then how impatiently she waited, during a whole fortnight, while the royal Council debated whether she should be admitted to the king's presence. Doubts were expressed as to the girl's sanity, and as to the saintliness of her inspiration. De Beaudricourt, was not alone in thinking that her prompter might be the devil. A committee of ecclesiastics was appointed to test her. Having done so, with much formality and caution, and being favorably affected by her manner and speech, they advised the king to grant the girl an audience.

Into the grand hall of the castle, where a crowd of courtiers had assembled, the peasant of Domremy was led, on the night of March 10, 1429. Purposely, the king bore no mark of royalty; still the Maid, who now saw him for the first time, picked him out at once, saluting him with the words: "God give you good life, gentle prince." "What is your name?" Charles asked. "Gentle dauphin," she replied, "my name is Jeanne the Maid, and by me the King of Heaven sends word that you shall be anointed and crowned at Rheims, and that you shall be lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is King of France." Then she gave a proof that when she wrote to Charles of "the many excellent things she had to tell him," her words were not boastful. "I say to you, on the part of my Lord," said she, "that you are the true heir of France, and *the son of the King*. I am sent to you to conduct you to Rheims, in order that there you may be anointed, and crowned, if you so will."

Why should this peasant girl publicly assure Charles that he was the legitimate son of the late king? How could she know of the tormenting doubt locked up within the heart of Charles, and disclosed by him to God alone? All the secrets of which she had knowledge, Jeanne did not reveal at this first interview. A few days later, in the presence of Charles and of four of his confidants, having first sworn the latter to secrecy, she related that, on the first day of November, 1423, in the royal chapel at

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Loches, Charles had begged God to free his soul of the doubt of his legitimacy. Unless a messenger from God had disclosed this fact—for it was a fact—to Jeanne, she could have known nothing of it. If Charles desired a sign proving the Maid's heavenly mission, he had at least one.

Whatever the king's conviction, the royal Council still doubted. A second commission of ecclesiastics was appointed to question the girl, and a deputation of Friars Minor was despatched to Domremy, to inquire about her family, habits and reputation. Though the reports of both the friars and the doctors were favorable, the royal Council decided to carry her to Poitiers, where the king's parliament was in session There another commission of theologians, professors, canonists and lawyers, catechized her and argued with her, displaying much art, learning and subtlety, as became men of prudence and of erudition, not unmixed with vanity. Members of parliament, courtiers, great ladies, visited her; all observing, probing, and some spying. These official and private inquisitions ended in a general acknowledgment of Jeanne's piety, virtue, sincerity and intelligence. Without pronouncing her mission supernatural, the theologians, professors, canonists and lawyers declared that it was not impossible that God had sent her; and that, considering the alarming condition of France, the king not only might, but should employ her against his enemies.

During the month, and more, that Jeanne had been questioned, cross-questioned, sounded and curiously inspected, her heart was strained almost to breaking; nor could she help resenting a method that seemed to her witless, if not absurd. There was she, sent by God, vowed to Him—she who had left a dear mother, a good father, brothers, a sister, loved companions, the garden, the sheep, the fireside, home and her cherished shrines; she, a Maid, who—having doffed maiden attire—donned armor, and risked a long and dangerous journey among men, among enemies—was eager to rescue the city of Orleans, to crown a king, to save France, and yet, instead of accepting her promptly, instead of following her lead and fighting the English, not a man had sense enough to do more than ply her with interrogatories, just as if she were trying for a university degree! She wept often, but it was when alone, kneeling before God. Facing men she was calm, firm, fearless. Through prayer, she knew that God was with her; and that, therefore, she could not be overmatched.

Assuming that Jeanne had no special aid from heaven, one could not help attributing to her rare gifts of mind. She was quick of understanding, far-sighted, ready of speech, direct, witty. The bachelors of law, the licentiates in theology, who were tempted to be smart at her expense, regretted, with reason, their callow impertinence. For hours at a sitting, solemn, dull clerics, bored her with questions as futile as that of Master Peter, who, though her faith in God was constantly expressed, asked her: "Do you believe in God?" Naturally, the more he reflected upon her answer: "Better than you," the more he doubted her mission. "You say,"—thus another learned ecclesiastic tried her—"You say that you have had a revelation that God desires to deliver the people of France from the evils that oppress them. If God so desires, being all-powerful, He has no need of the aid of men-at-arms." One can see the Maid's pitying look, as she answered: "In God's name the men-at-arms will fight, and God will give the victory." Once, aweary of their prosy inquiries, she exclaimed: "I don't know A from B; but I am sent by God to raise the siege of Orleans and to conduct the king to Rheims, in order that there he may be anointed and crowned."

In this answer, according to the books, she spoke of Charles as "the king"; but such was not her custom. Generally,

THE MAID ENTERS ORLEANS.

she named him, "the dauphin," a title applied, at the time, to the heir to the French throne. As we have already seen, in 1422, six days after his father's death, Charles had assumed the title of king. Neither he, nor any of those who met Jeanne could help noting that she spoke of Charles as if he were, in 1429, no more than an heir expectant. They may have thought her ignorant of the meaning of the term she commonly used, but she disabused them. "Why do you call the king dauphin and not king?" she was asked at Poitiers. "I will not

call him king" she replied, "until after he has been anointed and crowned at Rheims, whither I have a mission to conduct him." There is a whole treatise on kingly government in Jeanne's speeches. Would that kings and peoples had learned from them! The King of Heaven is indeed the sovereign of every land. The Christian who would be a lieutenant of the King of Heaven, should bear the King's sign on his forehead, before wearing a bauble crown. The gift of the King of kings, freely given, He may, at will, withdraw. What kings may lose, peop'es may lose. The proud He puts down; the humble He uplifts.

At Poitiers, as at Chinon and at Vaucouleurs, the people had not waited for the decision of Council or commission. They saw and noted the girl; devout, prudent, frank, great-hearted, showing more spirit than king or courtier. That she was heaven-sent they doubted not. When the royal Council recommended that Jeanne the Maid should be put in charge of an army corps, and sent to Orleans to victual the city and supply the besieged with arms, there was great rejoicing. A word had passed around and Durant Laxart was the authority. More than a year back, rumor said, Jeanne had spoken to Durant of an old prophecy, that he, and all his countryfolk had heard again and again. Its purport was, that the Kingdom of France should be ruined through a woman, and then saved by a young girl from Lorraine. Through a woman, Isabeau, the unnatural mother of Charles, had not the kingdom been ruined? And Jeanne the Maid, was not she from Lorraine? Seventeen is young, and Jeanne was but seventeen.

From Poitiers they led her to Chinon, thence to Blois, and finally to Tours, where she arrived towards the end of April, 1429. During her stay at Blois, the king gave her a complete set of armor, and empowered her to organize a military staff becoming to a leader. On this staff she appointed her two younger brothers, Jean and Pierre d'Arc, who had affectionately followed her. As her chaplain she chose Jean Pasquerel, an Augustinian. Robert de Beaudricourt had presented her with a sword, when she set out from Vaucouleurs. At the suggestion of one of her saints, she put aside the captain's weapon and used another in its stead. The village from which, on the way to Chinon, Jeanne wrote to the king, was known as Ste. Cathérine de Fierbois, and so it is called this very day. To the church, founded by Charles Martel and dedicated to Ste. Cathérine, pious pilgrims were wont to resort.

Of a morning, while at Tours, Jeanne summoned a skilful armorer. "Take this letter," said she, "to the priests of Ste. Cathérine de Fierbois. Following my directions, they will find a sword buried behind the altar. Bring it to me." The priests had never heard of the mysterious sword. However, they upturned the earth back of the altar, and, wonderful to relate, not far below the surface discovered a sword. The weapon was covered with rust. They cleaned the blade and polished the five crosses that ornamented the guard. Then the armorer carried the sword to Jeanne. Some folk said that Charles Martel himself had wielded the weapon; but Jeanne called it Catharine's sword. In the Maid's hands we shall see it do braver work than Charles Martel ever did, and better work, for, often as she fought, Jeanne never shed one drop of human blood.

The battles she was to fight, in the name of the Lord, the Maid determined to wage only with the aid of Christian soldiers. And that no one should doubt upon whom she depended for victory, she gave orders for a standard having a white ground strewn with lilies, and on this ground a painted image of the God of Majesty throned on clouds, and bearing in His hand the globe; beneath, adoring, were two angels holding lilies. Inscribed on the standard were the

words: "Jesus, Mary." Another and a smaller standard she also designed. This one bore a figure of the Blessed Virgin, to whom an angel offered a lily. To these Jeanne added a banner upon which was portrayed an image of Christ on the Cross.

Though no worse than that of the fighting men of any prince of the time, the discipline of the French king's army was not creditable to a Christian country Blasphemy, murder, robbery, incendiarism, even rape, were common crimes. At Blois, by Jeanne's orders, every morning and evening the banner bearing the image of the crucified Christ was set up in a public place; and beneath the banner Jeanne and her chaplain, with the priests of the city, sang hymns to the Mother of God. And as the soldiers gathered around the banner to join in the devotions, the Maid questioned each one: "Have you confessed?" If the answer were negative, the Maid ordered the man to withdraw, or forthwith to confess to one of the priests at hand. And with the sword of St. Catharine she performed a glorious deed, for she drove out of the camp a woman who was neither the mother, nor wife, nor child, nor sister, nor relative of any man there. As the Maid pursued hotly the blade broke in her hands, but no sword in so short a time did braver work than the sword of St. Catharine. Within a few days Jeanne had a new army, an army of decent men, all devoted to her, just because, by her example and teaching, she had helped them to be Christian.

ORLEANS—MUSEUM JEANNE D'ARC.

At length, all things being ready, on April 27, in the morning, the army set out from Blois to rescue Orleans. Preceding Jeanne, who, seated on a white steed, held aloft proudly the banner of the God of Majesty, walked the priests chanting the hymn: "*Come, Holy Ghost.*" A day's march, a night under the sky, an early reveille, and marching again till past mid-day, they

saw Orleans in the distance. The Bastard of Orleans, with a detachment of troops, met Jeanne's force. "I bring you," said she to him, "the best succor ever sent to knight or to city, for it is the succor of the King of Heaven." The night was passed inactively, because the leaders deemed daylight more favorable to their enterprise. Coming by the left bank of the Loire, the provisions could only reach Orleans by means of boats. The citizens of Orleans made a feint of attacking one of the English forts. The effort was wasted. Jeanne's men worked undisturbed, and before night-fall of the same day, the twenty-ninth, Orleans was revictualled and reinforced. By the light of torches, the banner of the God of Majesty in front, Jeanne entered Orleans amid the glad welcomes of the inhabitants. Her armor, the trappings of her horse, they touched reverently, as if she were a messenger of the Lord. And she, gentle and grateful, led the way to the Cathedral, there to thank God for His favor.

Jeanne marched to Orleans, I said, along the left bank of the Loire, but the road was not of her choosing. The king's officers who accompanied her feared to risk the road leading along the right bank, because there the English were in force. "In the name of God," exclaimed Jeanne, "the counsel of my Lord is surer and wiser than yours." Where the English were, the Maid would be. Was not she commissioned by her Lord to drive them out? Why then should she fear? The sooner done, the better. To save words, she yielded to the timid, but having entered Orleans, she was unwilling to let one day pass without assailing the enemy.

Again the timid opposed. All but two hundred of her army insisted on returning to Blois. Soon they would come back, so they promised. Not a day beyond the first of May would she wait. The people were ready to follow her anywhere at any hour. Along the whole of the right bank of the river she tested the strength of the English on two successive days. Early on the morning, on the fourth of the month, her Christian soldiers returned from Blois. Before mid-day they engaged the enemy and captured one of the strongest of the English forts. On the sixth, at the head of four thousand men, she sallied forth again. Before sun-down two other forts had fallen. At night, the English burned a third which they dare not defend. After Mass, on the morning of the seventh, at the head of a company of soldiers and citizens, Jeanne rode up to one of the city gates, meaning to lead an attack on another English fort. The gate was closed and a high official informed her that the Council of War forbade her exit without their permission. "You are a bad man," cried the Maid, "whether that please you or not, the soldiers shall go out of the city, and they will conquer as they have conquered." The great man was flung aside, the gates were forced, and Jeanne and her troops assailed the English once more.

Then the Council of War gained courage. Soldiers hurried from the city, the guns opened fire. All day besiegers and besieged fought desperately. Night fell, and still they fought. At last the strongest of the enemy's forts surrendered. Early on the morning of Sunday, the eighth of May, forsaking their wounded, their provisions, their artillery, the English deserted all their posts, retreating. Orleans was saved. The city that had been besieged for seven months, and that had offered to surrender, so hopeless was its case, had been victualled, reinforced, and freed from all danger within nine days. The succor brought by Jeanne the Maid, the succor of the King of Heaven, was indeed the best succor ever sent to knight or to city.

"Are the English facing us as they flee, or do you see only their backs?" asked Jeanne. "They show their backs," was the answer. Then said Jeanne:

JEANNE D'ARC REPULSES THE ENGLISH AT ORLEANS.

"Let them go; my Lord does not wish us to fight them today. We shall have them at another time." Thereupon, in a field they set up an altar, by her order, and the whole army worshipped at two Masses of thanksgiving.

As they hurried to Jargeau, the English leaders must have recalled the words of Jeanne's summons, issued from Blois before she opened the campaign. Against the foreigner, or the Burgundian, she bore no hate. The latter she hoped to unite to Charles; the former she would fight, only if they refused to acknowledge the rights of the lawful sovereign. "Give up," thus she wrote to the English, "the keys of all the good cities taken in France to the Maid sent by God, the King of Heaven . . . I am sent here by God, the King of Heaven, to cast you out of the whole of France . . . . And if you will not believe the news that God sends you by the Maid, wherever we shall find you we shall hit you hard, and if you do not make satisfaction, we will create a tumult the like of which has not been in France for a thousand years. And believe firmly that the God of heaven will send the Maid a greater force than you can assemble against her and her gallant men, and when it comes to blows we shall see who has the best right, God or you. . . . Answer whether you desire to make peace in the city of Orleans, and, should you not do so, remember that soon you shall suffer great losses." They laughed at her, reviled her; but the seventeen-year-old girl had hit hard; great losses they had suffered, unexpectedly. Would she drive them out of the whole of France?

"Child of God, go on, go on, go on! I will aid you, go on." Thus a voice spoke to Jeanne. On the second day after the flight of the English from Orleans, standard in hand, she set out for Tours. The king must be crowned forthwith at Rheims, as her Lord desired. Charles went forth to meet her, and meeting, embraced her before all the people. Ten days were passed at Tours, then the king accompanied her to Loches. The royal Council hesitated to advise Charles to venture on a journey to Rheims. "Let me go against the English," said the Maid, when she found she could move neither king nor Council. They had discharged her good soldiers, and six weeks passed before another force was gathered.

On June 6, she rode forth from the

town of Selles, this time mounted on a black horse, armored, all but her head, and holding in her hand a small axe. She reached Orleans on the ninth. Two days later she hurried to Jargeau, where the English, strongly fortified, blocked the way. At once, the Maid attacked. The fight was bloody, the English lost heavily. Those who could, escaped. Jargeau was in the king's hands. On the thirteenth Jeanne re-entered Orleans; on the fifteenth she was once again in the saddle. At the bridge of Meung, on the Loire, she came up with the English, fate of Beaugency. The leaders took fright and ordered a retreat. On the plains close to Patay, the Maid came up with them. "Have you spurs on?" asked she of the Duke of Alençon. "Why," said he, "must we flee?" "No," answered she, "in the name of God, the English will show their backs and you will need your spurs to follow them." And so it proved; two thousand of them were killed, two hundred made prisoners the others ran like frightened hares. Dismayed, the English evacuated fortress after fortress. The Maid had kept her

THE ROYAL PROGRESS TO RHEIMS.

attacked and defeated them. The following morning she was in front of Beaugency. Not awaiting an attack, the English abandoned the city and fell back on the castle.

Early on the seventeenth she learned that a force of five thousand men, sent by Bedford to crush her, was near at hand. That night the garrison of the castle of Beaugency capitulated. At daylight Jeanne went in search of the army of five thousand. The English had determined to fight near the town of Meung. News came to them of the word, and, wherever she met them, had hit them hard. The God of heaven had sent a greater force than they could assemble against her or her gallant men. Verily, God has the best right.

Nine days—and Orleans was saved; eight days more — and the English power was weakened, the English spirit broken; better still, the courage, the patriotism of the French were renewed. Could it be that for these extraordinary achievements Jeanne deserved little credit! Had she been merely a pretty figure in armor, a romantic "daughter of the

regiment," who was permitted to play soldier in order to kindle a false enthusiasm among ignorant and superstitious men? Positively, No! At Orleans, and in the valley of the Loire, there were capable men and bold, the best blood of France; men of education, training, ambition. The Maid had learned to spin, sew, dig, and pray, but no more. When the king presented her with a suit of armor, she put it on gladly, little knowing how her tender flesh would suffer from the weight and pressure of the metal. And yet, to the astonishment of the graybeards—as they frankly testified—this green girl disposed an army with a science beyond theirs, though some of them had fought and led a good thirty years. Her tactics no contemporary had equalled. When she entered the field, artillery was a novelty; still, this did not hinder the spinner of Domremy from handling a battery more skilfully than the best trained gunner. In what military school was she so quickly and thoroughly educated? In the school of her saints, the Maid said.

At Orleans, when veterans fled she stood firm, holding aloft her standard. More than once, when panic meant ruin, she rallied panicky troops. Fearless, she carried the banner of the God of Majesty up to the enemy's wall. On the memorable day that, against the will of the royal Council, she forced her way through the city gate, just as she had planted a scaling-ladder against the rampart of an English fort, an arrow pierced her above the breast. She had foretold the event on the preceding day, and a long time back, at Chinon. Still, she had not spared herself. Stronghearted as she was, the girl could not hold back her tears when she saw her blood flowing. They drew out the arrow head and dressed the wound, whereupon she returned to lead her men, as though she felt no pain.

During the eight days' campaign on the Loire, again and again did she display her chivalrous spirit. The dukes, marshals, captains, were all pusillanimous, ever seeking delay, ever timorous of the enemy's strength and doubtful of their own. While they palavered, Jeanne, standard in hand, would face the men-at-arms and give the order: "To the assault! Fear not, be bold; God is our leader!" Thus the Maid forced the fighting. At Jargeau, as, with her standard, she was mounting a ladder, a heavy stone, striking her helmet, stunned her. The moment she recovered, up she rose in the ditch, urging the men: "Friends, at them! At them! Courage! Our Lord has condemned the English; even now they are ours!" "In the name of God," said she, on the road to Patay, "we must fight; we should have them even if they were hanging half way between earth and sky."

At Domremy, she had been brought up to dig, to spin, to sew, to tend sheep. A from B she did not know, and yet, in all France, there was no braver soldier, no more intelligent, skilful, dashing leader of men than Jeanne the Maid. If her saints did not instruct her, if God did not aid her, pray who did?

"I am sent by God to raise the siege of Orleans and to conduct the king to Rheims, in order that there he may be anointed and crowned." Her mission was still unfulfilled. The will of God, Jeanne was anxious, promptly and completely to execute. She had hoped, and so had the people, that, after the victory at Patay, Charles would come to Orleans, uniting with soldiers and subjects in their solemn thanksgiving and in their festal rejoicings; but the king remained at Sully, a short thirty miles away, seemingly careless of God's will and unmindful of God's mercy. The Maid hastened to him, urging him to set out for Rheims without delay. Charles consulted the royal Council and they debated as usual.

Finally on June 22, Jeanne induced him to advance a dozen miles to Châteauneuf. There the royal Council, having

argued, duly consented to the Maid's wishes. She galloped to Orleans, gathered her army corps, and, on the twenty-fourth, marched to Gien, where she met the *dauphin*. As the king and the Council insisted on another leisurely discussion, Jeanne left them to talk and advanced by herself. Two days later Charles followed her with twelve thousand men. By July fifth they had reached Troyes. A number of lesser places had acknowledged Charles from day to day. But Troyes was garrisoned by English and Burgundian soldiers and refused to admit a French force into the city.

After a five days' siege the royal Council advised Charles to waste no more time on such obstinate people. Was it not better to proceed to Rheims, having as little trouble as possible. Jeanne protested. "Gentle King of France," said she, "this city is yours. Remain here two or three days and without any doubt it will be in your power, through love or by force." They gave way to the girl. Then she mounted her horse, called out the men-at-arms, and set them to making entrenchments and disposing artillery. All night they labored. In the morning, Jeanne, bearing the standard of the God of Majesty, was about to lead the army in an assault against the walls, when, from the gates of the city, a deputation advanced offering to capitulate. Amid the plaudits of citizens and soldiers, Charles and Jeanne entered Troyes triumphantly Next Chalons surrendered.

The army halted within a day's journey of Rheims. At Rheims the authorities were undecided. Since they heard of Jeanne's coming, they had sought aid from the duke of Burgundy, their intention being to stand a siege rather than to admit Charles. No help came from Burgundy. The news from Chalons and Troyes had a chastening effect. On the sixteenth of July, a motley crowd of citizens left the city, tramped to Septsaulx, where Charles was encamped, and invited

JEANNE AND CHARLES VII. ENTER RHEIMS.

CORONATION OF CHARLES VII. AT RHEIMS.

him to make Rheims his own. Towards evening he entered the city. Forthwith it was arranged with the Archbishop that Charles should be crowned on the morrow. All night there was bustling, and hurrying and scurrying. When sleepy citizens opened their eyes on Sunday morning, they asked: "Can this be Rheims!" so changed was the appearance of the houses, the streets, the churches.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth, the king, the archbishop of Rheims, the bishop of Laon, the bishop of Seez, the bishop of Chalons, accompanied by an escort of nobles, rode through the central

door of the cathedral of our Lady, dismounting from their horses, only at the entrance to the choir. At the Church of St. Remi, the abbot of the abbey attached thereto had committed to the archbishop *la sainte ampoule;* a vial containing holy oil reserved for the anointing of the kings of France—so the tradition ran—ever since the coronation of Clovis. As Charles took the customary oaths; as his forehead was signed with the holy oil; as the kingly crown was placed upon his head, Jeanne the Maid stood beside him, upholding the victorious banner of the God of Majesty. From the walls of the cathedral of our Lady the blare of the trumpets echoed exultingly, high above the shouts of the gladdened people; yet none, not even the new king, felt a joy more intense than that which filled the heart of Jeanne d'Arc.

In the glad chorus, her voice was not heard. Emotion overpowered her. But, after Charles had been crowned, weeping she fell on her knees and kissed his feet, thus addressing him as she knelt: "Gentle king, now has been accomplished the will of God, who desired that you should come to Rheims and be worthily anointed, thus showing that you are the true king, him to whom the kingdom should pertain."

Omit the supernatural wholly from the story of Jeanne d'Arc, and still it reads like a romance. She freed despairing Orleans in nine days; out of the valley of the Loire, she drove the English within eight days; from the day she forced the dilatory Charles and his garrulous Council out of Gien, until the coronation at Rheims, barely three weeks had passed, and in that short time not only had she given France an anointed king, but she had also recovered an extensive territory, shaken the whole fabric of the English power—the labor of fourteen eventful years—and aroused the national spirit in every part of France.

But one cannot omit the supernatural from the story of Jeanne the Maid. The men-at-arms fought; it was God gave the victory. Not as a mere patriot did Jeanne lay down the distaff and take up the sword of St. Cathérine; not because of military ambition did she put off woman's attire and put on armor. Of herself, independent of God, her Lord, she pretended to do nothing. "To save the dauphin I was born," said she to de Beaudricourt. "God will aid him through me. I will lead him to Rheims, and there he shall be crowned. No one in the world, except me, can recover the kingdom of France; from me alone shall it have aid, and I must do that, for so my Lord wishes." . . . "I bring you," said she to the Bastard of Orleans, "the succor of the King of Heaven." . . . "I am sent by God, the King of Heaven," was her message to the English at Orleans . . . "Now is the will of God accomplished, He who desired that you should come to Rheims to be anointed," are the words we last heard from the Maid's lips as she knelt, weeping, at the feet of the king she had crowned. A child of God, and an instrument of God assuredly, was Jeanne d'Arc.

The very same! I grieve to say it. Great-hearted Jeanne, chaste Jeanne, believing Jeanne, gallant Jeanne it was that we saw burning at the stake in the Rouen market-place. Her valiant heart it was that we saw cast into the river Seine. It was her expiring cry we heard: "Jesu! Jesu!" That beseeching cry I hear this very day and hour. Shed no tears for the Maid! The children of her Lord, neither men nor women, need weep for her. Believe firmly that the God of heaven will aid her still. He is the God of Majesty, and bears in the palm of His hand the globe of the world from generation to generation.

REVOLUTIONARY SPIRITS.

From the Spanish of Luis Coloma, S.J.

ANXIETY and apprehension filled the hearts of all the townspeople. The men left off their work at an earlier hour than usual; and, having laid aside their implements of labor, hastened in small batches to the tavern of old Mal-Alma. The women, likewise, were in a state of great anxiety, and gathering occasionally into groups here and there would immediately disperse, while some of them would run every now and then, as if in quest of news, from the tavern to the door of the dilapidated old house of Don Pablo Sin-Cara.

Tied to an iron ring in the wall of this house was a superb, jet-black horse, with massive bit and double rein, saddlebags thrown across behind, a pair of pistols at the pommel and a double-barrelled rifle slung on the right.

A knot of interested youngsters surrounded the spirited animal, who employed himself in shaking his mane vigorously and in pawing the ground impatiently, as if in indignant protest against the outrage which deprived him of his liberty.

By his side was another coarse, sinewy animal of the class generally ridden by cowboys and farm servants. He was comparisoned in a style similar to his more mettlesome companion, that is, in a style half rustic, half warlike, and by his quiet demeanor might be said to be giving a lesson in submission to his unsubdued and high-spirited neighbor.

Anxious inquiries, half-finished answers and exclamations of surprise, fear, hatred, hope, were heard on every tongue, and were invariably connected with the curious name, Lopijillo.

"Lopijillo has come," the men repeated with mingled hope, fear and mystery, but the women, on hearing the sound of this name, were filled with feelings of hate and horror, and cried out angrily in such uncomplimentary terms as these: "May Old Nick fly away with him," "Is there no bolt in heaven to come down and crush the villain?"...

At the last house in the town (a house separated from the others by a small melon garden), a very stout, puffy-faced man was resting his capacious shoulders against an aged fig tree which grew at the door and around the stem of which a tender green-leafed vine was climbing and coiling with all the playful trust of a child who twines his arms around an old man's neck. He pretended to be dusting his pantaloons with a cane which he held in his hand, but in reality was only thereby trying to conceal the agitation which was but too clearly depicted on his simple good-natured countenance. A woman of dark complexion and with piercing bright eyes was standing on the threshold holding a man's hat beneath her arm and knitting with a nervousness and hurry which betrayed the irritation and excitement with which she was at the moment agitated.

"I tell you you shall not go, Juan Antonio," she was saying, "that Don Pablo (whom the title Don suits just about as nicely as a bishop's mitre would suit yourself) will most certainly ruin you. What matters it to you who rules, whether it be a king or only a pawn chessman? Then for the love of heaven let these people cook their dish as they like, when you have not got to eat it."

"What matters it to me?" replied the husband. "See here, one of these days when we have got our rights, no one will be more delighted than yourself. Why, Don Pablo has promised me all

those wide fields that adjoin our little farm. Look at those broad acres of waving wheat, every stalk as thick as an oak and every ear as big as my hand. Never mind, we'll have great times yet, something infinitely better any how, than all this present toil and slavery which, bitter as it is, can scarce bring us in enough to eat."

"Bless me;" exclaimed the woman, if that Don Pablo or Don "Falso" has made you promises, you ought to go and write a mark on the water of the well to remind you how sure he will be to fulfil them. Do you know what he will do if he gets to the top of the tree himself? He will kick away the ladder to prevent you or anybody else from ascending like himself. Take care you are not cutting a hide into thongs to scourge your own skin."

"But what about all those rich folks, who are so sleek and comfortable, and do not a thing the livelong day except what their lordly fancy pleases?"

"Not so, Juan; the poor indeed must work and suffer, but does not everybody know that the wealthy also have their troubles, which oftentimes are much worse than those of the poor? And are not their very riches a source of anxiety to them? Besides, why are there rich and poor at all, only that they may help each other to get to heaven; the rich pay the entrance-fee by the alms they give, while the poor pay it by their patience and resignation; and if there be some rich people who have hearts of flint and hands that never give; well, there is a God, and a judgment and a hell and a heaven; so I crave you not to go to the house of that wretch Don Pablo, where they only cram your head with folly and your heart will gall."

"I told you before that I promised to go, Catalina; and you know the old saying: take the ox by the horns, but a man by his word."

"But if that word be such that by keeping it you put the rope around your own neck! If that word——"

Her own was frozen on the lips of Catalina, as there appeared around the corner of the house a broad flat face, of a very decided canine appearance, covered over with gray grizzly hair. The new arrival fixed his vicious eyes on the husband and wife, and said in a shrill grating voice, which sounded not unlike the wheezing pipes of a dilapidated organ: "Friend, let us be going; time is up."

Catalina stepped resolutely forward between the two men, and said: "He doesn't stir from here to-day, old man; so, just right about, and away with you."

Mal-Alma, for he it was, folded his arms and quietly replied: "What a wise one you are, Gossip;" and then turning to Juan Antonio, added, like one who knew well the cord he was touching: "What! are you going to let your hair be clipped by a woman? Really, my friend, you seem very soft in the mouth!"

"I!" exclaimed Juan Antonio, fiercely; for like all weak characters he could not bear to have his weakness exposed, so snatching his hat from the hands of Catalina, he set out for the town without another word.

The cunning Mal-Alma, as he followed him, turned round, and said with great solemnity to the wife: "If you are afraid you may lose your husband, I will give you a receipt for him if you like."

"I tell you what I would like; it is that I might never see that phiz of yours again; it is just as sour-looking as a Jew's on Good Friday;" answered Catalina in a fury.

Mal-Alma smiled sardonically, and trotted off jauntily singing:

Six hundred parrots in a wood,
Four hundred women chattering,
Make a racket shrill and loud.
As ten hundred imps a'clattering.

The sum total of the ladies and parrots was more than Catalina could stand; so in she rushed to her house,

and gave the door such a violent bang that the cat sprang in terror to the roof, and the panic-stricken hens came out in force with a chorus of cackling; whereupon chanticleer himself took it into his head to address them in Latin by a very prolonged *propterea quo-o-od;* after which brief remonstrance he marched two paces forward, elevated one foot, stretched his neck to its full capacity, balanced his head on one side, and with flashing eyes sang out in solemn warning: *Caveant consules.*

* * *

Night fell and several weird phantoms might be seen gliding about the peaceful town; one by one old Mal-Alma's customers left his tavern as bats leave their dingy holes; and, after darting from this place to that, stealthily, as if in dread of being observed, disappeared into a dark grove adjoining Don Pablo Sin-Cara's house. Here about fifty men were soon assembled in a musty room, which had attained its present capacity by the removal of a partition previously separating it from a stable. Here, luxuriating in the odors they brought with them, the foulness of the place itself, the vapors of abominable wine, and most atrocious cigars, and the mephitical essences peculiar to every stable; here nervous with apprehension, yet hoping for great events, these men made due preparation for the reception of Lopijillo, the illustrious demagogue from the city, whom Don Pablo Sin-Cara, the deputy demagogue for the town, was about to introduce to them.

It was whispered around with blanched lips that the hour for action had come; that Lopijillo had brought in his saddlebags from headquarters a peremptory mandate for an equitable distribution of property; and that this should be the last night on which their wealthy oppressors were to be permitted to enjoy their hitherto tranquil and comfortable slumbers.

Old Mal-Alma, the Ganymede of these conscript fathers, in the meantime pushed around a demijohn of wine, which had the effect of enkindling enthusiasm, banishing fear, fortifying hope, and setting free the flow of eloquence. *Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum?*

After some time issuing from a sort of gap in the manger, which communicated with the house, there appeared a man who, indeed, scarce seemed to be a man. A mushroom hat, with a prodigiously wide leaf, descending to his eyes, completely hid the upper part of his face; beneath the hat glared a pair of immense green goggles; and beneath the goggles was to be seen a great grizzly black beard—a very wilderness of beard—from the middle part of which projected a huge Roman nose, which seemed to be doing the work of an epitaph on a tomb, and saying: "Here lies a face"

This individual was no other than the notorious revolutionist, known throughout the district as Don Pablo Sin-Cara; so called because he seemed to be without any face.

Don Pablo was always and in all seasons dressed in a hooded great coat, into the capacious pockets of which he would invariably plunge his hands, whenever, in the full flow of an extempore oration, he happened to be at a loss for a word or a phrase, as if the pockets were the secure depository in which he was wont to treasure up his ideas and sentiments. It mostly happened that when he thrust in his hands he would withdraw them very hastily again without having captured the fugitive idea; though on such occasions he never failed to find instead some coarse and brutal oath, which he would discharge pure and unmitigated to round a period or give cogency to a phrase.

Immediately after Sin-Cara came Lopijillo, the city demagogue, an illustrious personage whom in another place we shall introduce to the public in all the splendor of his revolutionary glory.

In the rear of both came a third individual in a smart coat and knicker-

bockers; this was Lopijillo's rural secretary, who, on this present occasion, bore aloft a banner of flaming red calico.

The trio ascended a rickety old platform, which had been erected at the extremity of the stable council-chamber; and when profound silence was secured Lopijillo commenced his address, which consisted of a piece of bombastic eloquence, that had already appeared in the *Guillotine*, a journal for the wealthy. It ran as follows: The moment had arrived; the hour of justice to the humble and justice to the proud had struck; the tables were now going to be turned. . . . With the flaming torch of civilization in his hand he, Lopijillo, had traversed cities, towns, villages, country places, sacrificing himself for the benefit of the people; hunger, cold, nakedness, persecutions, all the torments that tyranny could devise, or the Inquisition could suggest, to crush the gallant champion of the people—all these he had undergone. But he was prepared to suffer yet more; his thirst for sacrifice was not yet satiated. . . . The time had come when Spain, with one unanimous cry, should proclaim a Federal Republic; and here also he was willing to immolate himself, by coming forward as candidate for deputy if they desired to elect him. Let them cast their eyes on that blood-red banner, which, at the risk of his life, he had come to deliver into their keeping; once that glorious ensign was flaunted to the breeze in time-honored Iberia he would proceed to make a just and equitable distribution of property amongst the poor; the usurpers of the country's wealth had enjoyed it far too long. . . . As far as he himself was concerned, he coveted nothing; give him the blue canopy of heaven, the limpid stream, the waving heather, the emerald meadows, and the glorious vision of all men fraternally embracing one another beneath the shade of a Phrygian cap; these things only let him have, and his soul would be quite content.

When the orator came to this part of his harangue the council-stable was shaken with a storm of hurrahs, bravoes, bellowings and feet-stampings, which immeasurably out-rivalled all the bravings and kickings that so often echoed from its ancient walls at such times as its original tenants (the mules) agreed to practice with lungs or heels in concert.

These warlike ebullitions, which had a ring of Thermopylæ about them, completely drowned the speaker's voice. After a brief pause he made an effort to resume; but no, he was silent still; a soaring giddiness, a sensation of enthusiasm, of rapture enveloped him as in a whirlwind, and flights of Roman and Grecian eloquence began to hover before his mind; still he spake not; but was not Mark Anthony silent when he tore open the toga of his friend that the people might behold the wounds he had received in defence of his country; and was not Pericles also silent when he embraced Aspasia in the Areopagus of Athens?

Lopijillo's action in the present crisis was more eloquent than words; he affectionately embraced the crimson flag; and, like the heroes in Klopstock, he stood mute and motionless; stood buried in the contemplation of his own assured immortality and smothered in the ruddy folds of calico, presenting somewhat the appearance of a plucked chicken swimming in tomato sauce.

During this pathetic scene Don Pablo Sin-Cara came forward; he, too, should address the meeting. Wherefore, to enforce attention he brought down his fist with stern violence on the rickety old table.

The sacred inspiration shone in his eyes to such a degree that his green spectacles blazed like a pair of Venetian lamps; and when he spoke it was difficult to determine whether the voice proceeded from the lamps, the nose, or the mass of shaggy beard, which concealed his mouth as cobwebs veil the entrance to the spider's hiding place.

The mysterious voice spoke as fol-

lows: "Fellow-men; the hour has at last arrived! The time has come! Now is the time! I say nothing! Nothing say I! Say nothing I! Oh! Ah! Aw! Because this flaming civilizer has spoken, and I am at his side; at his side I am! Ah! Oh! Eh!" And here Don Pablo plunged his hands into his pockets in search of the idea which had escaped him; he extracted them again; he plunged them in once more; and, having this time discovered one of those vigorous interjections, with which he usually interlarded his periods, he, with admirable revolutionary simplicity, shot it forth direct and plump.

The audience was convinced; its enthusiasm passed all bounds; and Lopijillo having by this time returned from his flight of genius, found it necessary to impose silence by ringing a small bell which he took from the harness of Don Pablo's mule.

Order having been restored, Lopijillo sketched the plan of campaign. The following morning there was to be a general uprising of all true patriots; and it was the duty of the men who composed the present meeting to seize upon the town hall, to depose the mayor, aldermen and the members of the council; and nominate in their stead, others who were to be chosen from the people. An hour was fixed at which all should assemble in the public square, bring with them whatever arms they might be able to procure.

Lopijillo then dissolved the meeting that he might return, as he said, to the capital, "before the dawning of a day so fraught with future freedom, future glory." Well did the demagogue know, that if the wind be once loosed upon the sea, the tempest will not fail to do the rest.

The crowd, upon taking leave of Lopijillo, were enthusiastic to such a degree that they accompanied him out of town. When opposite the house of Juan Antonio he cautiously mounted his horse, which, by the way, he had stolen three days previously from a well-known farm.

The figure he cut when on horseback was a very sorry one, for while the steed was full of spirit the rider had none. Evidently unfamiliar with the saddle he kept pulling and mismanaging the horse generally; as he contrived to utter a feeble "Hurrah for freedom." Immediately a woman's voice, sharp as steel and charged with scorn and irony, rang out on the night air, and answered: "Cowardly spouter, if you must hurrah for freedom, then give free rein and let your horse have a little of it!"

* * *

The auspicious day at length dawned, and the revolutionary malcontents were mustering around the municipal hall, manifesting by their troubled looks, their hurried questions and whispered answers, the anxiety and suspense, which rend man's heart, when he plays a game in which *all* is to be won or lost.

Old Mal-Alma, the Mephistophiles of these misguided men, was moving about from group to group; exciting their passions; boasting here, promising there, and farther on indulging in impious buffoonery.

At last the clock in the church-tower struck; and all who were not in the secret were amazed to hear, not the measured tones of the Angelus, but an abrupt and noisy peal, which carried confusion and dismay to every nook and corner of the town.

At the same time a figure appeared on the summit of the tower, (sort of Jack-in-the-box on a large scale;) it was the fantastic form of Don Pablo Sin-Cara, bearing a red flag, which he made fast at the highest point, and then bawled out with all the strength of his lungs: "Hurrah for the Federal Republic."

The shout was caught up and re-echoed by the mob in the square; but it was no longer the silly and grotesque huzzaing of the previous night: what was but comedy then was tragedy now; the thou-

sand passions by which men are swayed in the fearful game of war, were reflected in those rude and distorted features, so that the laughable had disappeared and the terrible had taken its place. Rage, fury, fear, suspense; above all the pale and tremulous suspense, which precedes all great struggles or great crimes, were depicted on the faces of these men who awaited only the first flash, the first puff of powder-smoke, to plunge headlong into that carnage, where man's tiger-passions are let loose; where vengeance and cruelty are glutted to the full.

But the strong arm of authority had also taken precautionary measures; for no sooner had the rebel shout pealed forth from the church tower, than the doors of the town hall were banged home as if by magic; and the formidable three-cornered hats of the civic guard, together with the menacing muzzles of their double-barrelled carabines were seen at the windows.

"Clear the way, all hands," shouted the commander. Immediately there was a volley from the mob, succeeded by cries of rage and defiance. The guard then opened fire; and thus commenced that ever-recurring tragedy, which has been acted on the world's stage since Cain imbrued his hands in Abel's blood.

Brothers were struggling with brothers, panting to shed each other's blood that would be barren of results, but fruitful in remorse; like the bedouins of the desert, fighting for a little stream of turbid water which springs in the sand, but forgetting those fountains which flow from paradise: the only waters that can quench the thirst of the heart of man.

There was one solitary spectator of this sanguinary drama: the individual who had put the weapons into the hands of these infatuated men, and who then disappeared in the moment of danger, to re-appear in the hour of triumph, like the vile marauder who is never seen on the battlefield until there remain only the dead to be plundered and despoiled. That spectator was Don Pablo Sin-Cara, who had taken shelter in the belfry, there to await the result of the struggle; and who, notwithstanding he was fully protected by the massive walls, was now enduring all those agonies which the coward never fails to feel in the hour of danger. Crouching on the steps of the winding stairs, at every volley from the musketry he instinctively rubbed himself over as if to be assured that his person was yet untouched. Even some faint fragments of prayer that still lingered within him came to his lips; for let the vase be ever so much neglected or defiled, the odors of the perfume with which it was once replenished will continue to cling around it still.

The struggle was still raging in the square; human blood was freely flowing; impious tongues were hurling forth impious blasphemies; when suddenly, from one of the adjacent streets, the singing of hymns, mingled with confused outcries, was borne upon the breeze; and amid the clangor of the battle, enveloped by volumes of smoke, there appeared a group of women, who, with lighted candles in their hands, surrounded an inner group of six, bearing on their shoulders a statue of Jesus, the Nazarene. There was the Saviour, His majestic brow wreathed with a crown of thorns; His marble features and pitying eyes turned towards those fratricides, as if from His livid lips would again issue the terrible question: "Cain, Cain; what hast thou done with thy brother?"

At such an unexpected sight the combatants on both sides became rigid and motionless, as if suddenly turned to ice; with one hand grasping their muskets, they respectfully uncovered their heads with the other, while their rage instantaneously disappeared, and was succeeded only by the tenderest feelings, as amongst the women who surrounded our Lord, each man saw a mother, a wife, a daughter

A single spark only was now wanting to cause the flame of repentance to be enkindled in the hearts of these now

wavering men; for it had come home to them, one and all, that they were criminals in the presence of their Saviour.

That spark was supplied by the sacrilegious hand of Mal-Alma, for he was seen to raise his musket to his shoulder, and, with the grin of a fiend, to direct his aim at the sacred figure, pull the trigger and fire, and forthwith disappear down the street like a flash.

The impious bullet lodged in the heart of the statue; lodged in that heart whose tenderness even in the throes of death had prompted those most sweet and beautiful words: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Then there took place a scene without a parallel; expressions of horror, love, repentance, awe, arose on all sides; men threw down their muskets, women their tapers, and all rushed towards the sacred image, stretching out their arms to it as if they would embrace it, showing for the figure the same affectionate concern as if it were a living one, and as if they verily expected to see the Saviour of mankind die again before their eyes from the effects of that sacrilegious wound.

The doors of the town hall were then thrown open, and its defenders having, like the rest, thrown down their arms, mingled fraternally with those who were their foes a moment ago, and all together accompanied the statue to its shrine in the suburbs of the town, a procession truly representative of the Good Shepherd leading back His lost sheep to the fold.

Just as the shrine was reached, two shepherd boys came running up, breathless and excited, to announce that they had come upon the dead body of a man lying on the highway. At once the multitude, as impelled by a common presentiment, hurried to the spot, and there found the corpse of Mal-Alma.

A rifle-bullet had struck him in the breast, and had passed through his heart, just precisely as the bullet from his own carabine had passed through the heart of the statue.

No one inquired: Who? How? When? In that solemn silence that enchains the tongue when a human creature sees plainly the hand of God, and by a sort of innate perception becomes conscious of His august presence, one solemn exclamation broke from the lips of all: "The judgment of God is here."

While these things were taking place, a shadow was stealing down from the church-tower. It was no sprite of the battlefield, attracted by powder-smoke, nor hideous vampire thirsting for the feast of blood—it was only Don Pablo Sin-Cara, now skulking nervously and dreadfully crest-fallen. On reaching the ground he flew in panic to the pig-sty, where Lopijillo and his secretary had hidden themselves to await the result of the foolish revolutionary outburst, and where he soon arrived, breathless and exhausted. Like the Grecian courier from Marathon, he seemed to have run himself to death, only, unlike to him, there was no victory to announce.

"All is lost, then?" inquired his friends.

"All but our skins," replied Don Pablo, having made which philosophical remark, he plunged his hands deep into his capacious pockets.

AFOOT WITH AMERICA'S FIRST MARTYR.

By the late Rev. George O'Connell, S.J.

THE first martyr blood was shed in America exactly fifty years from the fateful day on which Columbus let the shadow of the Cross fall upon the groves of Guanahani. On November 30, 1542, the Franciscan missionary, Father John de Padilla, was slain by the roaming Guyas on the plains of western Kansas.

With their giant strides over all the islands of the West Indies and over the vast plateaus, the burning deserts and the snow-clad mountains of North, Central and South America, it took the peerless Spaniards but half a century to become virtual masters of the New World. Never has history recorded so rapid and stupendous a conquest, and never, it should be added, has any modern nation held possession of its co'onies so long as Spain possessed its American conquest. The settlements of the French and English, along the Atlantic seaboard, were as the slow progress of the tortoise compared with the rabbit-like leaps of the Spaniards, and the former nations were as much earlier in losing their foothold here, as they had been later than the Spaniards in acquiring it.

One reason, doubtless, of this astonishing progress and long tenure was that the minister of God was with the Spanish explorer everywhere, often indeed far in advance of him. Everywhere the banner of the King of Heaven floated higher than the banner of their earthly sovereign. Hence it happens that we find our first martyr laying down his life, not where the Atlantic breaks on its sandy shores, or where the Caribbean laps the coral isles, but inland, thousands of miles from the sea. Hence, too, we understand how it was not till fifty-six years had rolled by, from the precious death of Padilla, that Oñate, the colonizer, led his first band of homesteaders into New Mexico. Religion was in advance. The zeal for souls gives an impetus to man's endeavors to which no human considerations can ever be equal. As in Alaska, the Sahara and Zambesi to-day, so it has ever been. The champions of Holy Church have invariably been in the vanguard of civilization.

I.—PADILLA'S EARLY LIFE.—THE JOURNEY TO CIBOLA.

Though it was the soil of Kansas which so eagerly drank up the life blood of the martyr Padilla, still New Mexico can justly claim him for her own. To New Mexico he first set out on his fearful foot journey with Coronado, and around its pueblos all his first flaming interest was centred. To Kansas he went only to die. In Kansas, no shrine or other record tells of his deeds. His remains lie buried in the New Mexican pueblo of Isleta. The great adobe church of San Augustin, whose towers lord it over so broad a stretch of country, has been their sanctuary—now in glory, now in ruins, and now in glory again—for more than three hundred years. Some day we shall pay his sacred shrine a visit. Meantime let us briefly sketch the martyr's life and death, only regretting that so few details have been left us.

Father John de Padilla was born in the province of Andalusia in Spain,[1] toward the opening of the sixteenth century. Brave and romantic by nature, he enrolled himself at an early age in the soldiery of His Catholic Majesty, and about the year 1520, found himself detailed for service in the newly discovered country of Mexico. Here his ambitions

1. A short sketch of the martyr will be found in the *Pilgrim* for April, 1889.

nderwent a radical change. Hearing ncreasingly of a hundred pagan tribes, o whom as yet the mysteries of divine ove were unknown, his generous soul vas speedily convinced that there was a nobler vocation than that of arms. The peaceful conquest of souls, and not the slaughtering of bodies, should henceforth engage the faculties of his mind and heart alike.

Humbly begging for admission amongst the sons of St. Francis, he was, after due probation, admitted into their order in the Province of the Holy Gospel. Once ordained a priest, he besought his superiors to send him to preach God's law to the sadly benighted people in the far North. As such labor is only reserved for the most fervent and best tried of the religious, his vocation was put to the test in various, ways, before his petition was finally granted. He was appointed the first father-guardian of the convent of Tulancingo, in the present State of Hidalgo, northeast of Mexico, and was afterward transferred in a similar capacity to the State of Jalisco, further north, where he lived for some years at the convent of Tzopatlan, in Michoacan. After his term of service in the latter place, he was allowed to enjoy the first taste of his long coveted missionary life, by acting as companion to the renowned Father Mark of Nice, in some of his earlier travels among the Indians of Mexico. Giving in these travels the best proofs of the zeal and wisdom which such a life demands, he was at last, to his intense joy, ordered to join the same Father in Coronado's great conquest of New Mexico. He was the youngest of the four priests of the party, and the record of the rest of his life is inseparably connected with that of the conquest.

To equip this brilliant expedition cost Coronado no less than sixty thousand ducats, or a quarter of a million of dollars. He was a handsome and accomplished young nobleman of Salamanca, in Spain, and had already risen to distinction in the New World. He had occupied a number of important positions under the crown, and was at present Governor of Nueva Galicia, a province which vaguely embraced the great northwest of Mexico. His expedition consisted of three hundred Spaniards, mostly college men and gentlemen of noble birth, and eight hundred friendly Indians. They were provided with large herds of sheep and swine and over a thousand spare horses. Their supply of ammunition was almost inexhaustible, while everything possible was done to surround the expedition with an air of splendor.

The army started from Compostella on the twelfth of February, 1540. This town was the capital of Nueva Galicia, a province which no longer exists under that name, and was situated in the western part of the present province of Jalisco, not far from the mouth of the Rio Tololotlan. The route of the army is hard to follow exactly. In general, however, we trace it first to Culican, on the Gulf of California, and thence to Chichiticale, where they entered upon a desert of fifteen days' march, barren, sandy and devoid of water. Their route was chiefly up the Sonora valley, in a line parallel with the western bank of the San Pedro river. A little to the west of the junction of this stream with the Rio Gila, they struck out at almost right angles with their previous line of march till, on July twelfth, they reached the delusive Cibola or Zuñi. The journey was already one of some three thousand miles, and all this distance the devoted Padilla and his religious companions accomplished on foot. Most of the Spaniards were handsomely mounted on horseback, but nothing could induce the devoted missionaries, on this or any of the expeditions, to allow themselves the same luxury.

The rate at which the army travelled was much too rapid to leave the Fathers free to preach to the many Indian tribes, whom they encountered. Some of the tribes, moreover, were hostile, and it

would have taken much labor and patience, even to win them to the first stage of docility. Others, however, remembered Father Mark whom they had met on his previous journey through this country, when he first discovered Cibola, and received him with every show of joy and affection.

The Cibolans capitulated after only a brief resistance to the Spaniards, and assigned them quarters in the pueblo of Oa quima. Here, as we saw in a previous sketch,[2] the conquerors were overcome with disgust, to find their seven glittering cities of gold reduced to a few poor pueblos of a farming people, and heaped the most uncalled-for reproaches upon Father Mark, to whose glowing reports they owed the inspiration of their brilliant enterprise. A little sober reflection would have proved that the whole-souled friar had not deceived them in a single instance; but a severe stroke of paralysis, from which he then began to suffer, the result of his many journeys afoot and his ceaseless bodily mortifications, induced Coronado to send the veteran missionary back to Mexico, in the company of Captain Gallego, who was commissioned to carry to the Viceroy the first report of the expedition. We can imagine how keenly Father Padilla must have felt this separation from one, who had been for him so brave and successful a teacher in the ways of Christ. Little he then fancied, much as he craved the crown, that God was but reserving him to give testimony of his love, by a bloody death, after one short year.

II.—THE MOQUI TOWNS AND THE FIRST JOURNEY TO QUIVIRA.

The disappointment, which Coronado experienced at Cibola, by no means discouraged him. He listened still to fables of limitless wealth in a country away toward the rising sun, and awaited only the coming of the following Spring to enter on new discoveries. He had heard, meantime, of a great province called Tusayan, five days' journey to the northwest, which contained a group of five pueblos. This was the land of the isolated Moquis, hard by the mighty canyon of the Colorado, and thither, on the third of August, the conqueror dispatched Captain Pedro de Tobar.

Father Padilla was the chaplain on this brief excursion. He was, therefore, the first priest to visit these strange rock-towns, which to-day, in spite of the revolutions which have transformed the countries which lie beyond the deserts around them, are practically the same as when Padilla first saw them. Each pueblo is built upon a *butte* or table-like rock of enormous proportions, that rises abruptly from the plain, to a height of several hundred feet. The sides of the rock are nearly perpendicular, and are scaled by means of a rude stairway cut out by the Indians and so narrow and overhung with precipices as to be almost unassailable. A handful of warriors could hold the path against an army, by simply rolling down its slope the enormous boulders, which they always keep in readiness. Stealth and the most skilful strategy alone could take the towns. Their farms, where they have cultivated fruit, vegetables and cotton, from long before the coming of the Spaniards, lie in the open country about the base of the mesas. Their five villages were called in Padilla's time, Oraibe, Gualpi, Jongopavi, Mossaquavi and Aguatuvi, and contained some four hundred and fifty houses. The people were rather a handsome race, and dressed in gaudy-colored cotton, which they wove themselves. They were neat and cleanly in their habits, and hospitable to visitors, though taught, from sad experience with the Apaches, to be wary of strangers.

This last peculiarity forced De Tobar to be cautious. After travelling five days over an uninhabited country, he came quietly upon the first town by night. This was probably Aguatuvi, a town

2. "In the Land of Pretty Soon—I," in the MESSENGER for February, 1895

which has long since been deserted. In the morning, the natives were astonished at the sight of their unheard-of visitors, and listened attentively to all they told them. They were not satisfied, however, and at the close of the interview they drew a line between the Spaniards and the pueblo and forbade them to cross it. As De Tobar hesitated, and seemed to be on the point of yielding, the martial blood of the young friar, which the religious life had not cooled, asserted itself, and he exclaimed impatiently, loth to lose the coveted chance of opening a mission here:

"If we are to turn back now, then indeed I cannot see why we came here at all!" The expostulation had its effect. The Spaniards refused to observe the line, and, few as they were, marched defiantly into the pueblo. The natives made a show of resistance for a short time, and then, surrendering, became as amiable as they were hostile before. They made their visitors presents of food and rich ornaments, and professed their willingness to be enrolled as vassals of the King of Spain. Among the marvellous stories, which they told the Spaniards, was that of the great canyon of the Colorado. Having accomplished his first commission, and being eager to receive new ones, De Tobar led his little band back in hasty march to Cibola, and there made his report to Coronado. This induced the conqueror to send Garcia de Cardenas with a force of twelve men to explore the canyon.

RUINS OF NORTH PLAZA OF PECOS.

What must have been the feelings of the romantic cavaliers as they gazed for the first time into those profound abysses, whose wonders have often since moved the student to very tears of awe and wonderment! They beheld an immense river, broader than the Hudson, sunk one mile and a quarter deep in the earth, till it looked like a tiny ribbon. For seven hundred miles it stretches between enormous walls of terraced and richly-hued sandstone, limestone and marble, and the width of this mighty canyon is from eight to twenty miles. Niagara or the Yosemite Falls would be utterly lost within its stupendous area. The greatest known canyons of the world would be undistinguishable, amidst its countless array of tributary wonders. The followers of Cardenas vainly essayed to reach its abysmal river, but the report they made of what they did accomplish and observe is found faultlessly accurate to the present day—a matter of praise,

which we find in all the Spanish chronicles of the period. The poetic hidalgo, in search of gold and adventure, never let imagination run wild with him, but described the climate, scenery and resources of the country explored, with scientific exactness.

Father Padilla was not destined to return to the land of the Moquis that had so fired his missionary zeal. God was calling him away to another field there to shed his heart's blood. The people were afterwards evangelized by his brethren of St. Francis, but the mission was always a difficult and unsatisfactory one. Poor Father Porras was poisoned by the natives in 1633, and, in Popé's rebellion of 1680, the two resident friars were stoned to death. Their remote location, even in our own time, makes these towns difficult of access, and missionary work amongst them has never thrived. The Jesuit Fathers, then working along the Gila valley in southern Arizona, made several ineffectual appeals that the mission be given to them, since they were in a better position to reach the people than the Franciscans of New Mexico. To-day, there is no resident priest amongst them, and it is asserted that much of their old paganism survives.

INDIAN PUEBLO OF SANTO DOMINGO.
INDIAN BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE.

While revolving his plans for the Spring, Coronado was suddenly surprised to receive a delegation of visitors from Cicuré, or Pecos, a pueblo far to the northeast, on the edge of the buffalo-plains, the same which lies in such mournful ruin and solitude to-day. Their leader boasted a pair of long moustaches, quite a rarity among the Pueblo Indians, which won for him from the Spaniards the title of Bigotes, the Spanish word for that facial adornment. Bigotes and his party made the general many presents of leather ornaments, as a sign of friendship, and begged him to come to visit their people. Their story was so attractive, especially when they described the wild-cow or buffalo, which they hunted in countless herds, that Coronado gladly sent with them, on their return, his trusty lieutenant Hernando de Alvarado. Father Padilla was again chosen as chaplain of the pioneer explorers.

This new tramp over more than a thousand miles only stimulated the zeal of the ardent friar, and he eagerly pictured to himself that, at length, he might establish a permanent mission in the homes of the redmen. The first town of importance, which the party visited,

PUEBLO OF ZUÑI, LOOKING NORTH.

was the marvellous rock-town of Ácoma, more beautiful, more heroic and more difficult of access than the Moqui strongholds. The general summit of the *mesa* on which it stands is not unlike the shape of an enormous spider, and the many ravines that gash its noble face give it an air of picturesqueness, that can hardly be imagined. The rock rises out of the plain in a startling manner, and, when flooded with the glories of sun-up or sun-down, is simply of matchless beauty. Its cultivated fields are on the plain at the incredible distance of fourteen miles, and every drop of water or soil that is found on the summit has to be carried there, up more than three hundred dizzy steps, cut into the living rock. Like all the Pueblos, the people at first received the Spaniards threateningly, but they were easily pacified, and sent their visitors on their way with liberal presents of bread and corn.

On arriving in the province of Tiguex (pronounced Tiguesh), with its twelve small pueblos admirably built along the Rio Grande, Captain Alvarado sent back word to his commander that this would be a far better place for his winter quarters than Zuñi. Five days afterwards he reached Pecos-Cicuvé and found that Bigotes had not deceived him. Five hundred warriors came out in procession to meet him, and made him costly presents of hides, cotton, clothing, and turquoise gems, while their four-storied pueblo of eighteen hundred souls gave every sign of prosperity. Here, too, he met the treacherous Mississippi Indian, El Turco, or "the Turk," as the witty Spaniards called him, because of the way in which he dressed his hair, shaved close to the head, except for a long braided queue. Finding him bent on new travels, "the Turk" told him glowing stories of another land further east, where the people lived in great stone houses and abounded in gold and silver, where the river ran six miles wide and was navigatèd by canoes of forty oarsmen, where fish could be found of the size of a horse, where the lord of the country took his daily siesta in the shade of a tree, whose branches were hung with a myriad of golden bells, and where the very weapons of the soldiers were heavily plated with gold.

After a brief visit to the buffalo plains, Alvarado hastened back to Tiguex, and bade "the Turk" repeat his stories to Coronado. They had the effect of curing the disheartenment which the conqueror had now begun to feel. Cardeñas, whom he had sent ahead to Tiguex from Zuñi, had provoked the natives by his cruelty to the bitterest hostilities, and it had taken him fifty days to carry the place by assault. The whole country, too,

seen in an unusually severe Winter, was uninviting. He had either failed to recognize the fertility of the sandy soil under irrigation and the rich pasturage afforded in many parts of the country, or, more probably, being in quest of gold, he could not brook the long delay which agriculture or cattle-raising must require, before it return any profit. He, therefore, hailed with joy the stories of "the Turk," and was soon in readiness to be piloted over the buffalo plains to this new land of disappointment.

The army travelled up the Rio Grande to the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Range, south of the present Santa Fé, and thence across the country to Pecos. While resting here, they secured the services of a native of Quivira, named Xabe. This honest Indian promptly gave the lie to nearly all of "the Turk's" stories, but he spoke to deaf ears; and the Spaniards, after travelling northeast till they came to the deep, broad Canadian River, which they bridged, soon found themselves out on the limitless prairie. They had borne well with the dangers and other hardships of mountain and desert travel, but it now required all the consolations of Father Padilla to keep them from mutiny, in this horrible, unchanging country. The Father was always stern and uncompromising, but he could also be tender and compassionate, and won the love, as well as the respect, of the soldiers by his own uncomplaining courage and by his many sympathetic and inspiring counsels.

For as much as five hundred miles the soldiers met no mountain or hill or any elevation of more than a few feet. Shade was to be found in only an occasional ravine, and water was obtainable only at great distances apart, and from a few small ponds, not more than a rod or two in diameter. Their meeting with the buffalo herds served as a distraction for a time, and, after their horses had grown accustomed to the strange monsters, they enjoyed some rare sport in hunting them, and some grand feasts to reward them for their long fasting. When out a journey of seventeen days from Pecos, they came upon the Apaches. These savages were friendly then, and greatly interested the Spaniards by their trains of pack dogs. These were the same as are in use to-day among the Esquimaux, from whom the Apaches are doubtless descended. They continued to use dogs, thus, as draught animals, till they had mastered the art of horsemanship, in which, in time, they far outstripped their teachers. These people warned Coronado that "the Turk" was a liar, and so did the Teyas or Utes, whom he next encountered, but he had now gone too far to retreat.

PUEBLO INDIAN GIRL.

Quivira was reached on the twenty-eighth of August, 1541. It was not far from the present town of Newton, in Kansas. Then the full extent of "the Turk's" treachery was revealed. Gold and silver were absolutely unknown there. Nothing resembling them could be found, except a few bits of copper and iron pyrites. There were no huge fishes, canoes or river. Instead of houses of stone, only miserable huts of straw were

found. The only cultivated produce was maize, while the natives devoured their meat raw. The soil, on the other hand, was good, being black and strong and well watered, while wild fruit, such as plums, grapes and mulberries, was plentiful. The wretched guide was charged with his falsehoods, and then sought to excite the Quiviras to rise up and murder the Spaniards. His plot was discovered, and he was hanged.

Coronado, however, had not set out to find an agricultural country, and nothing was left him now but to return to Tiguex. Even yet, however, his buoyant disposition would not suffer him to abandon all hope. He still cherished the notion that a land of gold did exist to the east, and seriously thought of making still another expedition in that direction. If he had done so, he would not have been long in reaching the Mississippi, and there would, in all likelihood, have met that other famous Spanish cavalier, De Soto, who was suffering similiar disappointments at the same time.

At Tiguex, however, a bad spirit broke out in the ranks of the soldiers. Never indeed, as the historians of the day assure us, was general more beloved or better obeyed by his army, but his thoughtfulness and forbearance and his ambitious character were not equalled by his subordinate officers Many urged him to return to Mexico and abandon this *ignis fatuus* which had already cost him so dear. These dissensions might have had no effect, if he had not met with a serious accident in the Autumn. He was thrown from his horse and confined to his bed, for a long time, with his injuries. This decided the fate of the expedition, and in April, 1542, the terribly deceived and well-nigh bankrupt conqueror set his face toward Mexico. The extent of his discoveries and the obstacles he surmounted have never been equalled in the history of the continent, yet how sad it is to see that the country, which he so bravely opened to civilization, neglects him utterly! Not a monument in all New Mexico or Arizona has been erected in his honor. Not a mountain peak, nor a county town or river bears his name!

III.—SECOND JOURNEY TO QUIVIRA AND MARTYRDOM.

Father Padilla and his religious companions refused to accompany Coronado on his return. It would have been like an act of treason to the Lord, in whose interests alone they had entered on the expedition. As the glitter of gold had not attracted them, they did not share in the conqueror's bitter disappointment. They had come to preach the faith to pagan peoples, and of these they had found a vast country. The field, they thought, was white to the harvest, and they felt it their duty to stay for the reaping.

The Franciscans, who remained with Father Padilla, numbered five. There

RUINS OF OLD CHURCH AT ZUÑI PUEBLO, BUILT 157[illegible].

WATER CARRIERS.

were Father John de la Cruz and Brother Luis de Ubeda, or Escalone, as he was often called, and three *donados*, or members of the third Order of St. Francis. The latter had given their services gratis to the mission, much as our dear *donné*, René Goupil, did in later years in the service of Father Jogues, and all three were allowed to wear the religious habit of St. Francis. They were Lucas and Sebastian, two Zapoteca Indians of Michoacan, and a young colored man, whose name has not survived. A Portuguese named Andrés del Campo, a mestizo, and two Indians from Oaxaca, were also of the little company, and with them were afterwards united the Quivira Indians who had come to Tiguex with Coronado.

In vain the conqueror warned the devoted band of the risk they were thus assuming. On finding them resolute, he made Del Campo a present of a fleet horse, and to the whole party he gave a number of mules and a flock of sheep, besides all the requisites for celebrating Mass and fitting up a chapel. Before the parting, Father Padilla preached a farewell Lenten sermon to the army, and there outlined his missionary intentions with such fervor, that even the fault-finding historian, Castañeda, who was present, says "we must believe that his zeal was true and sincere."

Once left to themselves in the new land, the missionaries were not long in mapping out their respective fields of labor. Father de la Cruz decided to remain among the Tiguas, where they were then stationed, and to make Tiguex, the modern Bernalillo, his headquarters. He was a Frenchman, whose family name we cannot discover, the name by which he goes being the one he chose in religion. He was regarded with such veneration by the soldiers of Coronada, that they were wont to uncover their heads on hearing his name. The details of his death are obscure, but we can hardly doubt that he, too, suffered martyrdom. It was a crown he ardently desired and even ventured to foretell. When his white friends had left him at Tiguex, he continued to teach the Gospel with such success that he was encouraged to extend his field of work, and set out for a neighboring pueblo where, the story is, he was murdered by the natives while preaching to them.

Brother Ubeda, as he was called from

APACHE INDIANS.

the place of his birth, seemed also to have a premonition of a violent death. He was beyond middle age, but full of the ardor of youth. He chose the neighborhood of Pecos for his missionary labors, and thither drove a flock of sheep with which he intended to teach the Indians herding. He was not allowed to reside in the pueblo, but built himself a little hut immediately outside the walls. Here he set up an altar and spent in fervent prayer the time which he did not employ in instructing the natives. It seems that he was eventually shot to death with arrows, at the instigation of the medicine men of the tribe.

Bidding an affectionate farewell to his religious brethren, Father Padilla chose for his portion the great land of disappointment, Quivira. Accompanied by Del Campos, the three *donados*, the mestizo and the Oaxaca and Quivira Indians, he made afoot once more the exhausting journey over the dreary buffalo plains for more than a thousand miles.

Arrived at Quivira in the Summer of 1542, the savages received him with joy, and besought him to remain amongst them. To prove their sincerity, they pointed proudly to the wooden cross, still standing as Coronado had planted it and cut with his modest inscription: "*Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, leader of a campaign, came to this place.*"

In delight at his cordial reception, the good priest now beheld a broad field of missionary work opening on all sides, and determined to make his headquarters with these gentle savages. His work was fruitful and replenished with consolation, but in this very fact lay Father Padilla's destruction. His soul was eager for new conquests, and it was not long before he prepared to set out for a neighboring tribe. The Quiviras assured him that this tribe would only murder him. They had been at war with the Quiviras for years, and were notoriously men without mercy. Thus, they argued, his present friends would be abandoned and no new conquests achieved. The Father, however, was impervious to fear, and, confiding in the mercy of God, he set forth with his little band. It is quite possible that he felt that his end was approaching, that his hands were soon to bear the palm of martyrdom. To speak of danger to such a soul, is but to inflame its ardor. The Way of the Cross is something intensely real and earnest to the true soldiers of Christ.

It was towards the end of November, 1542, that Father Padilla began his last

and fatal journey. He was accompanied, as usual, by his devoted friends, Lucas, Sebastian and the negro, the mestizo and the Portuguese, Del Campo. They had hardly travelled one day's distance from Quivira, when they suddenly beheld a band of hostile Govas bearing down upon them. At the sight of the missionaries, the savages set up a frantic yelling and increased their speed. Their murderous designs were only too evident. With a prayer of thanksgiving that his time indeed had come, the brave priest turned with compassion toward his comrades.

APACHE WARRIOR.

"Fly, my friends!" he cried. "It is only my life these people seek. You cannot help me. Do not stay. You, Campo, put spurs to your horse, and away with you! Let the others fly to where the tall grass may hide them. Fly! fly! do not argue!"

The poor fellows hesitated, but only for a moment. The Father's command was peremptory, and they saw how futile would be any attempt to save him. The Portuguese were soon lost to sight, but the three *donados* and the mestizo ran far enough, only to feel secure in the waving prairie-grass. There they awaited in fearful suspense the tragedy they knew would happen.

As the savages drew near the Father, he knelt down calmly and clasped his hands in prayer. A shower of arrows descended upon him. A dozen pierced him through and through, and, with his hands still clasped, he fell to the earth in a brief death-agony. He had given to his Maker the highest possible pledge of his love. The Guyas then dug a hasty grave, into which they cast his body, after which they covered it with a heap of stones and ran off with fiendish shouts of satisfaction. The *donados* marked the spot carefully, and stole away to overtake Del Campo.

So perished America's first martyr. The rest of the story is soon told. His former companions managed to return to the Quiviras, with the mournful yet glorious tidings of his martyrdom. The Indians were not surprised, as they knew the risk the Father had taken, but they mourned for him, with all the sincerity of children deprived of a well beloved parent.

The Spaniards now recognized that

they alone, without the assistance of a priest, could not continue the work which Father Padilla had begun. With deepest sorrow, therefore, they set out on their return to Mexico. Like the typical explorers of their race, however, they needs must try some new route and so, perhaps, discover new tribes, new lands and natural wonders. This resolve cost them nine years of wanderings, privations and slavery. Their travels and sufferings have only been paralleled in our history by those of Cabeza de Vaca, who had crossed the continent from Louisiana to the Gulf of California. The young men were at first captured by hostile savages, and kept in the cruellest bondage for ten months. Escaping finally, they tramped despairingly eastward, probably crossing the Missouri, until they came near the great Father of Waters, but, all unconscious of its imposing presence, they then struck southwest, through the present Indian Territory. Across the bare plains and thirsty sands of Texas, they pursued their terrible way till at last their famished eyes were feasted on the sight of the Spanish town of Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico. The Portuguese now left the party, and pushed on to the City of Mexico. Thereafter we lose all trace of him. The others returned to their long-lost convent of Michoacan, but Sebastian's health could stand the strain no longer. Just as all his trials and dangers were happily ended, he fell sick of a burning fever and soon surrendered his soul to God. Lucas lived on, and was rewarded for his fidelity and sufferings, by being raised to the sacred priesthood, and by laboring for many years, in the conversion of the Indians of Zacatecas. The faithful negro was also admitted, it seems, into the Franciscan Order, probably as a lay brother; but the fate of the mestizo is shrouded in obscurity, like that of Del Campo.

Record, meantime, had been carefully treasured of the marks by which the *donados* had intended that the tomb of Padilla should be recognized. Long years afterward, Oñate colonized New Mexico, and the knowledge and love of the true God swept like a consuming fire through the territory. The blood of the martyr had become the seed of a flourishing church. Then it was that some of his religious brethren set out with Oñate, when that famous general followed in the way of Coronado, to Quivira, and eagerly sought for his sacred remains. The grave was readily discovered, and, to their joy and amazement, the friars found the habit in which Padilla had died, as well as his venerable body still unharmed by the grave and untainted by the lapse of time. The very arrows were still in the open wounds. With feelings of profoundest awe, and chanting many a hymn of exultation, the remains were reverently borne home with every mark of honor, till the party reached the church of San Augustin in the pueblo of Isleta. They saw how just it was that his body should be laid at rest in the territory where religion owed so much to his holy death; and the church of Isleta was the nearest to the scene of his first labors at Tiguex. Here then the body of Father John de Padilla was solemnly interred, and here it has ever reposed, for three hundred years and more. Some day soon, please God, our pilgrim steps shall bear us hither, and we shall learn, from Isleteño lips, how devotedly his name is still cherished, and what wonders God has wrought in his honor.

CORPUS CHRISTI IN VENICE

IN many countries the religious festivals are celebrated with great pomp, but in no country are they celebrated with so much fervor and love as in Italy. There the festa brings joy to the poorest, comfort to the most afflicted; the blind, the halt, the crippled forget for a season their woes in the universal jubilation.

We were fortunate enough to be in Venice last year for a series of festas. When we arrived on Easter Monday the city was still en fête for the Resurrection; next came the feast of San Marco, the Patron Saint of Venice; next the feast of St. Anthony of Padua, a city so near that the day is equally honored in the city of the Doges; next came Whitsuntide, and lastly Corpus Christi. On all these days government offices and banks are closed, business of all kinds is suspended, the churches are crowded at all the services, and the entire population enjoys a day's freedom from care, thronging the public gardens and the steamers which ply to and from the outlying islands in the lagunes, between the church services.

There are some distinctive features to mark each festa; thus for San Marco we have a grand display of fireworks on the piazza of St. Mark, to finish the day's celebration. For the feast of St. Anthony a bridge of boats is constructed across the grand canal to the Church of Santa Maria Della Salute; and although there are in Venice 378 bridges, all the populace traverse this special bridge with as much wonder and delight as if there was no other. Of course we must bear in mind that it is the only day in the year on which they can visit this favorite shrine without going in a boat. But of all the festas, the one which impressed us most was the Corpus Christi, or Corpus Domini, as they call it in Italy. We attended a quiet early Mass in the Church of San Zaccaria, to avoid the distraction of the crowds of irreverent sightseers; this is a beautiful church, the walls entirely covered with magnificent paintings by Mellini and other renowned artists. It stands in an open sunny square, under the shade of grand old trees, and to reach it one has to thread one's way through a labyrinth of little crooked streets, perfectly picturesque, but puzzling in the extreme. Later we visited San Marco to see the decorations, and the devout people, and the procession, and the great *palle d'oro*. The latter is the altar piece; it is an immense oblong plaque of pure gold, studded with precious gems, and is only uncovered on high festivals. From thence we went to the Gesù (Church of the Jesuits) on the *Fundamento Nuovo;* everywhere the same devotion, the same crowds, the poor, of course, numerically strong. I often think of the day when these poor, with their faded garments, their worn shoes, will enter joyfully into "the marriage feast in the world of light;" how the rich robes will pale and be outshone, as the wearers will shrink into the background in fear and trembling, feeling themselves, like Adam after his fall, destitute of good works. The church of the Jesuits in Venice is a most wonderful work of art, all the interior of the walls is cased in marble, inlaid with verd antique: the altar is splendidly decorated with columns of verd antique and lapis lazuli: there are also some fine paintings of Tintoretto and Titian.

On the Sunday within the octave, as we stepped into our gondola after hearing Mass, the gondolier informed us that there was to be a *bella processione* (beautiful procession) in the evening

from the Church of San Geremia ; it was to be at 6 P. M. We told him to come for us at five. Long before the time we saw the gondola waiting at our steps, and as we moved down the grand canal, we judged, from the numbers of boats going in the same direction, that we were none too early. San Geremia (St. Jeremiah) is a very handsome church, on a prominent corner jutting into the grand canal, where the Canareggio turns off. The Canareggio is a very broad canal, different from the others, insomuch that it has quays (*fundamenti*) on either side, and therefore the houses do not rise out of the water, but stand on the quays. It was here the procession was to pass, from the church along the quays to a certain distance, across a bridge, and back by the opposite quay. As we came near, the scene was truly impressive: all down the canal, as far as the eye could reach, handsome banners were hung across the intervals : from every window and balcony of the houses on either side, were suspended draperies ; some of velvet fringed with gold from palace windows, some less pretentious, but all made the best display they could to honor the expected guest.

The crowd on land and water was inconceivable ; not only the windows and balconies filled, but even the housetops, and the boats were so wedged together that the water was quite invisible. We really thought that it would be an impossibility to get our boat through, but an Italian crowd is very accommodating, and with great skill and patience our gondoliers worked their way down to the third bridge, from which the benediction of the most Holy Sacrament was to be given, and we took up our position there, intensely interested in the surging masses surrounding us on every side, and the infinite variety of boats and their occupants. At length the tinkle of a little bell gives notice that the procession is leaving the church. Soon we descry it moving slowly along the quay, the crowd falling back on either side. First come the religious sodalities of men in blue and white robes, all bearing candles, immense candles, each springing from the centre of a large bouquet of roses, and wreathed with roses. A massive silver crucifix is borne in front, and many rich banners are seen along the ranks.

At intervals were little boys of not more than two years, to personate St. John the Baptist, wearing no clothing but a lamb's fleece, and a crown of flowers, each little fellow bearing a banner and leading a real little lamb, also decorated with garlands and ribbons. I never saw anything so pretty as these angelic little creatures, trotting along with chubby bare feet, and when the little feet were tired there was no lack of kind, manly arms to lift the *San Giovannino* and carry him till he was rested and able to resume his march. After the sodalities came a numerous band of choristers, after these a troop of little girls, robed in white and crowned with flowers, and carrying baskets of flowers, which they strewed along the path of the Lord. Next came the canons and clergy, and lastly the Cardinal Patriarch, bearing the most Holy Sacrament under a gorgeous canopy. Silence fell on the immense crowd ; all knelt ; no sound was heard save the music of thousands of voices in grand harmony. As the Cardinal reached the centre of the third bridge, the remonstrance was placed on the balustrade of the bridge, where a temporary altar had been erected, the *Tantum ergo* was intoned, the hymn, familiar to us from childhood, but never heard with such surroundings. The sky all reddened by the setting sun, the kneeling crowd on land and water, the picturesque gondoliers, each kneeling on the floor of his barque, with oar in hand and head uncovered, the intense devotion portrayed in so many faces, made, altogether, a sight never to be forgotten.

The benediction given, the procession returned by the opposite quay, the peo-

ple all following. We too followed in our boat, until the Cardinal entered the church

As we returned homeward, the swallows were singing their evening hymn, high up in the rosy sky, and the *Ave Maria* bells were ringing over the quiet lagunes.

CHURCHES OF ORIENTAL RITE.

By Rev James Conway, S.J.

DURING the octave of the feast of the Epiphany of our Lord the Church of San Andrea della Valle in Rome offers an interesting spectacle illustrative of the universality and unity of the Catholic Church, which thousands of Romans and visitors of the Eternal City flock to behold. There the holy mysteries are celebrated each day according to a different rite, and a sermon is preached each day in a different language. A similar spectacle, though on a smaller scale, may be seen daily at the College of the Propaganda, in Rome. There are the Maronites, the Armenians, Copts, United Greeks, Ruthenians, Bulgarians, officiating in their own language and according to different rites, some of which, not only in substance, but also in many of their minor observances, date back to apostolic times. All these different rites have been sanctioned by usage and are approved and protected by the Church, not only in those places where they have originated, but also wherever the clergy and people, who follow such divergent rites, may happen to reside. Thus the Orientals, who emigrate to this country, for example, are free to worship according to their respective rites, and their rights are respected by the bishops and clergy of the country.

Within the last few years several very significant facts have drawn the attention of Western Christendom to the Churches of the Orient. The atrocious massacre of the Christian Armenians has aroused the indignation of the civilized world, and awakened the sympathy of all Christians with their persecuted brethren in the East. The Abyssinian war, while it revealed the power of that half-civilized empire, proved also the influence which Christian, or rather let us say Catholic, humanity can exercise over that people and its absolute ruler. At this present writing an outbreak in Crete threatens to involve not only the two nations concerned, but the whole of Europe in an international struggle.

But what has of late years most of all turned the mind of Christendom toward the East are the zealous, and, by no means unsuccessful, efforts of our great Pontiff, Leo XIII., to bring about the reunion of the Eastern Churches with Rome, the one true centre of Catholic and Apostolic unity. Hardly had Leo XIII., been raised to the papal throne, when he gave expression to his great love for the Orientals, and his ardent desire to bring them back to the communion of the Church. In an Allocution delivered April 16, 1879, he exclaimed: "Ah! how dear to us are the Churches of the East! How we admire their ancient glory! How we should rejoice to see them resplendent in their pristine glory!" It were long even to mention the various important steps taken by the truly apostolic Pontiff towards the realization of this great plan. A measure of the greatest significance was the convening of the Eucharistic Congress in Jerusalem in 1893, at which bishops and priests from various parts of the world assembled. On June 20, 1894, Leo XIII., published the Ency-

clical *Præclara gratulationis*, exhorting Christian princes to co-operate toward unity, and particularly the reunion of the Oriental Churches. On December 1, of the same year, the Pope issued the Constitution *Orientalium dignitas*, confirming and extending the rights and privileges of the Catholics of the various Oriental rites, after protracted conferences with patriarchs of the East, whom he had invited to Rome for that purpose. The great interest of the Father of Christendom in his children of the East has naturally, in a greater or less degree, seized all fervent Christians. Are not, in fact, the interests of the Holy Father the interests of Christ, whose vicar he is, and consequently the interests of the entire Church ?

But in this country we are confronted with a fact which calls forth a special interest in the history and peculiar rites and customs of those churches. Of late years many of these Orientals—both Catholics and Schismatics — following the example of other nations, have sought a refuge on our shores, bringing with them all the peculiarities of their various nationalities, languages, churches, rites, and the like. Not long since the public press devoted much attention and space to the solemn dedication of a Maronite church in New York City.

We have been credibly assured that between seven thousand and eight thousand Catholic Maronites are to be found hawking pious objects, fruits, and other merchandise in our large cities. Between two thousand and three thousand United Greeks will be found similarly employed; while the Schismatic Greeks number from three thousand to four thousand. Some fifteen thousand Armenians, who mostly profess themselves to be of the Episcopalian denomination, being the harvest of our P. E. American Missionary Society, may be found employed in the carpet trade chiefly in Chicago and in the New England States. Other Oriental churches are represented by smaller numbers. Three Maronite and three Greek priests minister to those of their respective rites in the United States, besides one United Greek priest in Canada. The Schismatic Greeks have also three priests of their own in the United States. The number of Orthodox Russians must be considerable. They are nominally under the jurisdiction of the Orthodox Bishop of Alaska. In this country, then, we may be said to have the Orientals with us, almost in every type, Catholic and Schismatic, representing almost every rite. They are our brethren in the faith—having the same creed, the same sacraments, the same unbloody sacrifice, though some are separated from the centre of unity. We cannot, therefore, be indifferent as to their history and their manner of worship.

Nor is this fact without utility for us Catholics of the West. It puts before us, as by an object lesson, the unity, universality, charity and toleration of the Catholic Church, that is, of the Apostolic See, which, while holding supreme and immediate power over all its children, uses this power to defend, not to stamp out those individual preferences and usages that have been sanctioned by long established custom. Such toleration cannot but work towards the edification as well as the instruction of the Catholics of the West, while it will have a beneficial effect on the Orientals themselves, who are the objects of such consideration on the part of the Church, and will tend to remove the common prejudice from the minds of the Orientals that Rome is bent on centralization, and particularly on the suppression of the Oriental liturgies. When they once begin to realize that the Apostolic See not only approves and defends the Oriental rites in the East, but also over the entire world, wherever Eastern Catholics are to be found, this prejudice will soon vanish, and greater confidence will be restored. In any case, we of the Latin rite cannot be indifferent

towards those immense communities, who, while having the same faith as ourselves, are in great part severed from the life-giving fountainhead of the Church. They are the disciples of the Apostles, are baptized into the Church as we are. They make use of the same sacraments and the same holy sacrifice of the Mass as we. It is our duty to help them by our prayers, and, to some extent also, by material assistance; and the more we know of themselves and their history and time-honored customs and institutions, the more willingly and effectually shall we render them these offices of charity.

If we except the Slavs, the Christians of Oriental rite were among the first disciples of the Apostles. They received their respective liturgies from the Apostles themselves, as did the Western Church from SS. Peter and Paul. These liturgies were substantially the same, but differed widely in accidentals. While all that strictly refers to the matter and form of the sacraments and of the holy sacrifice of the Mass, which were instituted by Christ Himself, was essentially identical in all liturgies, the Apostles and their disciples were free to engraft upon them, other prayers and ceremonies for the edification and instruction of the faithful and for the greater solemnity of the sacred functions. These varied in different places according to the character, religious customs and languages of the various communities. Therefore, while there was perfect unity in the Oriental Churches, as to the faith, the primacy of St. Peter, the sacraments established by Christ in His Church, and the essentials of divine worship, there arose a considerable variety in the external forms of their liturgy.

If we go back to the origin of Christianity we find that in Palestine and Syria, besides the vernacular, which was Syro-Chaldean, or, as it is also called, Aramaic, the Greek language was widely spoken. The Apostles in their writings, and to a great extent in their preaching, made use of the Greek language and the Greek version of the Scriptures known as the Septuagint. Our Lord Himself also quotes the Greek version of the Old Testament. From this fact it may be concluded, although we have no direct evidence of it, that the divine mysteries and the office of the Church were, in the earliest apostolic times, ordinarily celebrated in the Greek language. But side by side with, if not anterior to, this Greek liturgy was the Syriac, which was used as occasion required, and doubtless became more common after the translation of the Scriptures into Syriac, about the beginning of the second century. Thus we find from the earliest times in Syria and Palestine two liturgies—or two versions of one liturgy—the *Greek* and *Syriac*, both called after the Apostle St. James, first Bishop of Jerusalem.

Towards the end of the second century, or in the beginning of the third, the Scriptures were translated into the Coptic language of Egypt, and this gave rise to a third liturgy—the *Coptic*. The Greek liturgy of St. James, however, or, as it is sometimes called, that of St. Mark, continued to be in use at Alexandria, where Greek was the language of the schools and of the people.

From the Coptic or Alexandrian, or from both combined, was subsequently formed the *Abyssinian* liturgy, still in use in that empire, which was converted to the faith by St. Frumentius in the early part of the fourth century.

The original Oriental Greek liturgy known as that of St. James, was revised successively by St. Basil the Great and St. John Chrysostom, in the fourth century, and gave its origin to the *Liturgy of Constantinople*, which has ever since been known as simply *the* Greek liturgy, in contradistinction to the Oriental liturgies.

A fifth liturgy was originated in Great Armenia at the beginning of the fourth century by St. Gregory Illuminator, its

postle, and was subsequently adopted nd followed by all the Armenians, after he Scriptures had been translated into heir language, about the end of the ifth century.

Thus we find in the East, in the early ges of the Church, five great branches f the one true Church, each having its own liturgy—the Syrians, the Armenians, the Copts, the Abyssinians, and the Greeks. From these five rites have been formed various other liturgies. The Syrian, particularly, gave rise to many different, but only slightly diverging, forms. Others, again, as the Slav liturgies, originated simply by translating the Greek into the various languages of the Slav nations.

Despite this variety of ritual, the Oriental churches, up to the fifth century, were united among themselves, and with the centre of Christendom. The Church of the East was governed by four patriarchs, having their seats respectively in Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria and Constantinople, and each patriarch having a number of suffragan bishops under his jurisdiction.

Controversies on matters of doctrine and points of dispute between patriarchs and bishops were referred to Rome for settlement. The legates of the Holy See presided at the ecumenical councils, the first eight of which were celebrated in the Orient; and it was not until the pope gave his approval that their decrees became laws of the Church.

The first schism was formed in the fifth century by Nestorius, who was also a heretic, asserting two persons—the one divine, the other human—in Christ. He, consequently, denied the divine motherhood of the Blessed Virgin, who, according to him, was the Mother of Christ, but not of God. His doctrine was condemned by the Council of Ephesus, in the year 431. But it was not thereby exterminated. It spread particularly in the Patriarchate of Antioch. Its followers called themselves Nestorians. They maintained the Syriac liturgy of St. James. Thus was formed the first separate sect of the East.

After the condemnation of Nestorius, Eutyches and his followers fell into the opposite extreme, admitting in Christ but one nature. They were, therefore, called Monophysites (the advocates of a single nature). The heresy of Eutyches was condemned by the Council of Chalcedon, in the year 451. It infected, however, many Christian communities in the western part of Syria, while the eastern part was tainted with Nestorianism. The Monophysites are known as Jacobites, deriving their name probably from Jacobus Baradæus, Bishop of Edessa. These formed the second separate sect. They followed the liturgy of St. James, which, in the course of time, diverged into some forty slightly differing forms. They constituted what is generally known as the Syrian rite.

At the same time the Copts and Abyssinians refused to accept the Council of Chalcedon and fell away from the centre of unity They formed an independent community known also under the name of Jacobites.

In the fifth and sixth centuries the Armenians likewise fell into the Monophysite heresy and established an independent church.

Those who submitted to the teaching of the Council of Chalcedon and remained united with the Catholic Church were called Melchites (that is, loyal to the king), because in submitting to the Council they proved also their allegiance to the Emperor Marcian, who used all his influence to enforce submission to the decrees of Chalcedon.

Thus were founded the Schismatic sects of the Nestorians and Armenians, each under a self-constituted head called a *Katholicos;* the Jacobites, under the Schismatic Patriarch of Antioch; the Copts and Abyssinians under the Schismatic Patriarch of Alexandria.

The Catholic Melchites, who followed the liturgy of St. James, in Greek or in Syriac, according to circumstances, were

governed by a *Melchite* Patriarch having his seat at Antioch. Many of them remained faithful even after the Greek Schism, so that they can point to no fewer than twenty-five orthodox Patriarchs from 849 to 1714, when the Catholic Greco-Melchite Patriarchate was established by Rome.

A Catholic Syrian rite which deserves very special mention is that of the Maronites, who inhabit the district of Mount Lebanon, and who have never been tainted by schism or heresy. They derive their name, in all probability, from St. Maroun, abbot of a monastery at the source of the Orontes, who flourished towards the end of the fourth century, and is regarded as their Apostle and the founder of their nation. They have a special liturgy of ancient Syrian origin, which approaches nearer to the Latin rite than any of the other Oriental liturgies. Several popes, from Leo X. to Leo XIII., have borne testimony to the unfailing loyalty of this good people to the Holy See.

Briefly to sum up the data thus far reviewed, we find in the Orient proper, before the great Oriental schisms of Photius and Michael Cerularius, in the ninth and eleventh centuries, seven principal Oriental rites: the Greek, three Syriac (the Syrian properly so-called, or Jacobite; the Chaldean, or Nestorian; the Maronite); the Armenian, the Coptic and the Abyssinian.

With the growth of political power in the Byzantine Empire, the Greek rite obtained the ascendancy over the other Oriental rites. It now comprises the Greek rite proper, in Greece and the adjacent islands, and in Constantinople and its ecclesiastical dependencies; the Russian, Servian, Bulgarian, Ruthenian, Roumanian, and Arabian, these latter being only translations from the Greek into the respective languages of those nations.

Such is the variety of the Greek and Oriental rites which sprang up in the East during the course of ages, and are not only tolerated but sanctioned and defended by the Apostolic See. We cannot, however, have an adequate idea of those different rites and their followers without briefly reviewing their relation to the Holy See.

We have seen that a large number of the Christians of the Orient were, at an early age, carried away into heresy and schism by Nestorius and Eutyches; the Maronites only, and those who are known by the name of Melchites, remaining faithful and subject to the centre of unity. Also in the Church of Constantinople, and in those churches which were under the influence of the Eastern empire, schismatic tendencies were in evidence long before the final rupture with Rome was definitely effected. Abbé Duchesne sums up five different periods before the Photian Schism, aggregating 203 years, at which the Church of the Empire was in an attitude of open defiance to the Holy See. A deep wound, from which she never since recovered, was inflicted on the Greek Church by the schism of Photius towards the decline of the ninth century. But the death blow was dealt to the unity of the entire Oriental Church by Michael Cerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople, in 1054. In this schism were involved all the Oriental rites in Europe as well as in Asia and Africa, also the Melchite Catholics, who had thus far remained faithful. The Maronites of the Lebanon alone, as we have already remarked, formed an honorable exception.

It were long to recount the efforts made by the Holy See at various times to bring back those nations to their allegiance to the Vicar of Christ. Such, however, were the prejudices against Rome with which their minds had been filled, that all attempts at reunion have thus far proved abortive. The results of the efforts of Leo XIII. cannot yet be estimated to their full extent; but it cannot be denied that His Holiness, during his active and successful pontificate, has done much to remove preju-

dices, and to win the confidence of Eastern Christendom.

Ever since the Schism, missionaries from the West have been toiling among the Schismatics. Permanent missions were established in various parts of the East after the Crusades. St. Francis of Assisi himself led a colony of his sons to the Orient. The Carmelites and Dominicans were not slow to follow in the footsteps of the sons of St. Francis. The first idea of St. Ignatius in the foundation of the Society of Jesus was the conversion of the Orient. But God disposed otherwise and chose the Jesuits at that time for another field. In our own day, side by side with those first occupants, Lazarists, Jesuits, members of various recent congregations and secular priests are laboring among the Schismatics of the East. These missions, however, have thus far been attended with great difficulties, and consequently their success has not always responded to the amount of life and labor expended upon them.

However, in spite of the great difficulties arising from hostile governments, from the fanaticism of the Turk, the prejudice of the Greek, and the destructive work of Protestant missionaries, who are now established in almost every part of the East, with millions of dollars to back them, the efforts of Rome and the zeal of the Catholic missionaries have succeeded in reclaiming, or preserving in the faith, nearly 7,000,000 Christians of Oriental rite. Yet this number is comparatively small when compared with the 97,000,000 of the various Oriental bodies who are still outside the pale of the Church.

Before concluding this review we may be allowed to give a brief statement of the present condition of the various Oriental rites, according to the most recent data to hand.[1]

The Oriental Church, properly so called, as we have seen, is divided into seven principal groups or rites. Each rite has its own separate hierarchy—both united and schismatic. To begin with the Nestorians, who have returned to the Church, they are under the Patriarchate of Babylon, established 1681 by Pope Innocent XI., and comprising eleven bishoprics, five of which are archiepiscopal sees. The number of Catholics in the district of Babylon does not exceed 20,000. More numerous are the united Nestorians of Malabar in East India, who number 208,500, now under three native Vicars Apostolic. The converted Nestorians are generally known by the name of Chaldeans, while the Schismatics of that sect are called simply Nestorians. The latter still number some 200,000 souls, governed by their Schismatic *Katholicos*.

The United *Syrian* Church was organized under the Syrian Patriarch of Antioch in 1787, and now comprises ten dioceses, four of which have the dignity of archbishoprics. There are about 30,000 Catholic Syrians. More than 500,000 are still Jacobites under the schismatic Patriarch of Antioch.

The Catholic *Maronites* constitute the most important Catholic body in the Orient. They number over 300,000 souls (some have estimated them at 400,000). They are governed by a patriarch of their own, also of the title of Antioch, with four archbishops and as many bishops, and about 1,200 priests, secular and regular. The Patriarchate was established in the year 1254 by Pope Alexander IV. The patriarch resides in the Monastery of Kanobin on Mount Lebanon. There are no Schismatics belonging to this rite.

The *Greco-Melchite* Catholics number about 120,000, under the jurisdiction of a Greco-Melchite Patriarch of Antioch, established 1724, resident at Damascus, who presides over six archdioceses and

1. We follow the figures quoted by Michel in his work entitled *L'Orient et Rome* (2d edition), Paris, 1895, who supplements and brings down to date Werner's statistics in his *Orbis Catholicus*, Herder, St. Louis, 1890. See also Father Yasbek's address before the Eucharistic Congress at Washington, D. C., 1896, in *Eucharistic Conferences*, Catholic Book Exchange, New York.

eight dioceses, with some 400 priests. The Catholics of this rite are scattered through all parts of Syria and Egypt. They have substituted the Greek liturgy of Constantinople for that of St. James, which they had originally adopted, but they very commonly use the Arabic language in the sacred functions. About 400,000 Schismatics follow this rite. They are under the jurisdiction of the three Patriarchs of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria, who profess themselves independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

The united *Armenians* number about 130,000 souls. They are scattered all over the Turkish dominions, Persia, and parts of Russia and Austria. They are governed by a united Patriarch, resident at Constantinople, to whose jurisdiction all Catholic Armenians have been assigned by Pius IX. in 1866. The Armenian Patriarch governs five archdioceses and fourteen dioceses. The Schismatics of the Armenian rite are more numerous than those of any other of the strictly Oriental rites, being something in excess of 3,000,000, governed by a *Katholicos* with several patriarchs subject to him.

Passing from Syria and Armenia into Egypt, we first meet the united *Copts*, under the Catholic Patriarch of Alexandria, numbering probably 25,000, served by twenty-five priests of their own rite. Gross ignorance, more than ill-will, holds some 500,000 of this rite still in the state of separation from the one true Church. Of late years the outlook for the conversion of the Copts has become brighter.

The *Abyssinians* have been the most stubborn of all Oriental Schismatics. On occasion of the Council of Florence they were reconciled with the Church, but soon fell away again. According to Rev. Oscar Werner, the number of Catholics in Abyssinia in 1890, was about 10,000, under a Vicar Apostolic and thirty missionaries, while the Schismatics number 3,000,000. The Schismatics are governed by a Metropolitan bearing the title of Abouna (Father) and several bishops. The monastic element in Abyssinia is very strong. The recent transactions between the Pope and the Negus of Abyssinia in regard to the release of the Italian prisoners seem to point to a growing sentiment in favor of Rome, which, we may trust, will result in the reunion of this brave people with the Rock of Peter.

We now come to the Oriental rites improperly so-called, or the Oriental rites in Europe. And first we encounter the *Greek* rite, strictly so-called, or Hellenic, which uses the liturgy of Constantinople in the Greek language. The united Greeks of this rite, if we except the Italo-Greeks, who number about 42,000, amount to no more than a few hundred. The Schismatic Greeks of this rite, on the other hand, in the Dominion of Turkey, in the Kingdom of Greece, and the Island of Cyprus, are about 4,000,000 in number, under three Patriarchs, independent of each other, respectively of Constantinople, Athens, and Cyprus.

Next come the *Greco-Roumanians*. The United Catholics of the Roumanian rite have been estimated, in the year 1892, at 1,029,416 souls. Most of these are outside of Roumania, in Austria and Hungary. The number of separated Roumanians has been reckoned at 6,111,149. Of these 4,580,000 are of the Kingdom of Roumania.

The United *Greco-Ruthenians* in Austria, Hungary, Russian Poland, Croatia Carinthia, Dalmatia, muster about 4,000,000, while the Schismatics of the same rite amount to something over 3,500,000.

The *Bulgarians*, in Bulgaria, Macedonia and Thrace, to the number of five to six millions are Schismatics, there being only about 60,000 United Bulgarians, mostly in Macedonia and Thrace. The efforts for the reunion of the Bulgarians have thus far met with little success.

In 1885 a new rite was originated in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which may be

called the *Latin-Slav*, by an indult of Leo XIII., granting them permission to celebrate the Mass and holy office in the Slav language, but according to the Latin rite. This rite was at that time followed by 265,788 Catholic Slavs, in those two States.

The most important and numerous of all the Oriental rites is the *Greco-Russian*, which counts 70,000,000 of Schismatics. So far, all attempts at reunion of the Russian Church with Rome have proved fruitless, such is the iron grasp of the Tsar on the Church. There are, therefore, no Catholics of the Greco-Russian rite. The nine or ten millions of Catholics under Russian dominion belong mostly to the Latin, some to different Oriental rites.

Such, in brief, is the present condition of the Oriental Churches, both Catholic and Schismatic, in Europe, and in the Orient proper. Much has been done for the last eight or nine centuries towards their reunion with the one true Church, both by the action of the Holy See and by the individual efforts of Catholic missionaries; but much more remains to be done in the future. The field is now ripe for the harvest.

In the Orient proper the modern facilities of communication have opened up a large field for missionary work. Protestant missionary societies were not slow to take advantage of the situation. They have penetrated everywhere, and, subsidized by millions of dollars, they have opened schools and churches in every part of the Levant. Their schools are frequented by thousands, who are not only taught, but also fed and clothed, gratuitously. Thus, in Egypt, the American Missionary Society has 2,500 Copts in its schools. In Palestine the Church Missionary Society had, in 1882, no fewer than 3,607 pupils. In the same year there were, in the town of Beyrouth alone, 128 teachers and 3,004 pupils in English Protestant schools. In 1892 the Protestant societies had in Northern Syria 120 missionaries, 410 native agents, 236 schools and 12,903 pupils. In similar proportion the Protestants are found at work in all parts of the East. Most of those thousands of children, who are the hope of the coming generation, will be lost to the Church. They will be deprived of their Catholic faith without receiving any satisfactory substitute, and the result will be rank infidelity in the coming generations, unless provision is made for Catholic schools to counteract the Protestant Propaganda.

The Oriental Catholics, in their simplicity and illiteracy, are not prepared to meet the dangers that now threaten them from the invasion of Protestantism. It is only by the apostolic activity of Western Christendom that they will be able to combat this evil influence. Protestantism must be fought with its own weapons. Catholic schools must be set up against sectarian schools. Though the churches of the East were all united to-morrow, it is only the missionary activity of the Latin Church that could save them from the destruction that threatens them. While therefore we pray for the re-union of the Churches of the East and the spiritual success of those who labor among those peoples, we must not forget that our charitable aid is a necessary means in the dispensation of Providence, to give effect to our prayers. It will avail but little to have those nations united with the Church, if then they are left a prey to the "ravenous wolves," who go about in sheep's clothing seeking to devour the unwary flock.[2]

2. We would not be understood as underrating the educational work that is done in the East by our Catholic Missionaries and the religious communities of both sexes, who are laboring very successfully with the slender means at their disposal. In this work the Brothers of the Christian Schools deserve special mention. They have flourishing schools at Constantinople, Chalcedon, Erzerum, Smyrna, Salonica, Sophia, Trebizond, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jaffa, Nazareth, Beyrouth, Rhodes, Cairo, Alexandria, and other places. Besides several colleges in various cities, the Jesuits have at Beyrouth a fully equipped university with more than five hundred students, and a clerical seminary for the formation of Oriental secular priests.

THE SACRED HEART IN THE TYROL.

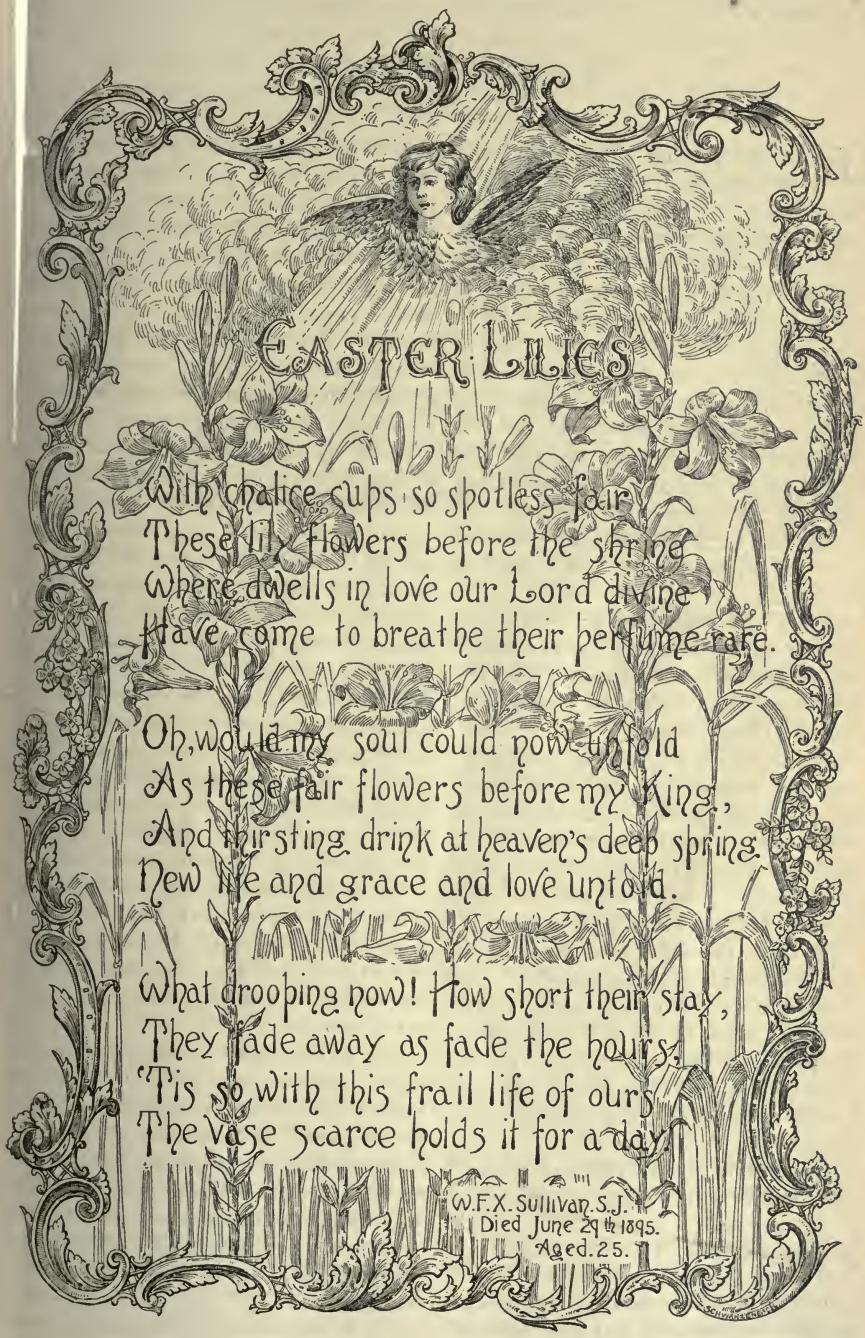
THE following description of the centenary celebration of the consecration of Tyrol to the Sacred Heart at Innsbruck is an interesting supplement to our recent illustrated article on that subject. It is taken from the Croatian *Messenger*. The last feast, with which the Tyrolese celebrated the centenary of their League with the Sacred Heart, greatly exceeded in grandeur the previous celebrations.

September 27, 1896, at about 8:30 A.M., from fourteen to fifteen thousand Tyrolese, besides two battalions of regular troops, gathered in the immense courtyard of the large casern of Innsbruck. A camp altar had been erected there with a large statue of the Sacred Heart on it. On the arrival of their Highnesses, the Archduke Ludwig Victor, and the Archduchess Alice of Tuscany, to preside at the festival in behalf of their Imperial Majesties, they were saluted with the imperial anthem, played by seventy-four regiment bands.

The ceremony opened with the blessing of seventy old regimental flags, most of them all in shreds, around which so much blood had been shed by the faithful Tyrolese in the campaigns of these last hundred years. They were borne by sturdy veterans. A ribbon, sent by Her Imperial Majesty, was hung on the most glorious of those banners. At this moment, Lieutenant Count Brandis delivered an enthusiastic speech to the assembled troops. He said that the Tyrolese, following in the footsteps of their forefathers, would be ever faithful to the House of Hapsburg, for whose defense they would be ready to shed their blood in battle under the banner of the Sacred Heart. Mass was then begun. The elevation was a solemn moment, indeed. A small bell announced that the august moment was approaching; at once the music stopped; all the banners were lowered to the ground; all eyes were riveted on the altar. The clear voice of the officers rang out in the profound silence, commanding all to adoration and prayer. "I write as an eyewitness," says the correspondent of the *Glasnik*. "The sight of some sixteen thousand brave soldiers silently adoring the divine Heart under the sacramental veil; the presence and devotion of their Imperial Highnesses sent an indescribable thrill to the heart. I gave vent to my emotions in tears of joy."

After Mass the troops paraded through the town. All the houses were gaily adorned with flags and garlands; all the windows were thronged with spectators. Each music-band played in front of its division, which was headed by the respective ensign with the regimental colors flying. The *Landesshützen* followed in good order, musket on their shoulders, and wearing the well-known costumes of their valleys and villages. Among those brave mountaineers one would have seen rosy-cheeked young men mixed with old veterans, some of whom were made cripple and lame in some previous campaign. One old man above all attracted the eyes of the spectators—a modest Capuchin, venerable for his long and white beard, on whose breast shone many a military medal won in the battlefield. Those loyal men marched after their music-bands, singing at the highest pitch of their voice their national hymns and songs.

On the evening of the same day, September 27, more than thirty thousand spectators were assembled in the courtyard of the casern to see the splendid illumination representing the famous battle of Spinges, South Tyrol, where, for the first time in the year 1797, the Tyrolese peasants, under the protection of the Sacred Heart, utterly defeated the regular troops.


EASTER LILIES
With chalice cups so spotless fair
These lily flowers before the shrine
Where dwells in love our Lord divine
Have come to breathe their perfume rare.
Oh, would my soul could now unfold
As these fair flowers before my King,
And thirsting drink at heaven's deep spring
New life and grace and love untold.
What drooping now! How short their stay,
They fade away as fade the hours,
'Tis so with this frail life of ours
The vase scarce holds it for a day.
W.F.X. Sullivan. S.J.
Died June 29th 1895.
Aged. 25.

A DOUBLE RELEASE.

By T. M. Joyce.

UPON the summit of a hill, high over a beautiful valley and against a background of vivid green pines, a Gothic cathedral reared its brown ivied turrets in solitary state. So strongly were the rays of the setting sun ascending from below the western edge of a shining lake, directed upon the base of the glistening cross that, like an evening benediction, it seemed to hover in mid-air over the restless world.

Obliquely g l e a m i n g through the stained-glass windows, the soft tints illumined the angels carved over the arch at the entrance until they seemed ready for upward flight on wings of purest gold.

Within the sacred edifice, although many of the faithful kept vigil in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament during the Forty Hours' Devotion, a sweet and solemn stillness reigned.

On the lowest step of the sanctuary, with his earnest eyes raised in pleading eloquence to where the exquisitely carved tabernacle with its treasure of divine Love nestled among the flowers and ferns, Willie Carroll knelt and prayed as he never had prayed in his life.

The softly lighted air was flooded with the delicate perfume of flowers. The flames rising out of the hearts of the gold rose petals in the tall candelabras, quivering and flickering in silent service before the throne of the Most High, shed a sweet radiance over the kneeling form of the boy.

A wonderful love entered and suffused itself within him, taking possession of his inmost soul.

Sweet Jesus, low before Thee,
We bend in fear and love

in children's voices floating up through the dim vaulted roof, fell upon his ear, and a new confidence, born of tenderness, vibrated through his frame so thoroughly that, when half an hour later he arose from the step, his young face glowing with hope and victory, this boy of twelve had offered himself, his whole life, to his dear Master, the Saviour, whose grace had stirred the depths of his soul, that his father might be exonerated from the almost inevitable fate which awaited him on the morrow, prison and the stamp of guilt.

Below in the valley, from the lace-draped window of a cottage, set somewhat back from the street among avenues of leafless shrubbery, Mrs. Carroll looked out of tearful eyes upon the dimmed beauty of the evening. Glimmering through the depths of the green and brown branches of pine, lights of gold and the palest of blue broke forth from the illumined background, but the twilight, slowly deepening, soon left on the landscape only a dense darkness of woods, with here and there a bit of brightness shining for a moment and then fading away, leaving the space it had lighted more gloomy than ever.

"It is like my own life," thought she sadly, "the hope and the sweetness gone out." The words of the *Memorare* were upon her lips, but her heart's desolation was plainly depicted upon her white face.

Her attention was suddenly diverted when a fine equipage drawn by a pair of horses with silver trappings on their harness, came to a full stop at her gate. A vague hope arose within her, as she recognized them as belonging to Judge May, who, on the morrow, might pronounce the sentence, fatal, perhaps, to her husband; words more cruel than death to her!

But it was Mrs. May who stood on the threshold.

"My dear Mrs. Carroll," said she, "I have come to offer you my sympathy, and to help you to dry those tears if I can. Although there is little comfort derived from words when one is unable to remove the root of the evil, still there is consolation in knowing there are hearts grieved for us."

"You are very kind," faltered the grief-stricken woman, as she motioned her visitor to a seat, "to take this interest, considering we are unknown to you."

"Not entirely," observed the strange lady quietly, "your little son on the altar each Sunday has almost sung himself into my heart." She smiled cheerfully as she said this, but when she added slowly, "he is like the only child I ever had," the steady voice quivered for a moment.

Her listener detected this, and a great wave of pity swept through her heart for the lonely mother, whose son she concluded had died.

"However, I was going to say, my husband returns from the city to-morrow and I mean to tell him all the good I know of Mr. Carroll, so I have come to hear it all from you."

The poor woman arose and advanced to her visitor with outstretched hands, "You have come in answer to my prayers," she exclaimed tearfully. Then lifting her face so that her eyes were on a level with those of the Saviour in an engraving of "The Agony in the Garden," she added in grateful tones, "Oh, my God, I thank Thee!"

"Nay, my dear," responded the other quickly rising and gently clasping her arm, "I would not encourage you with false hopes. I am powerless, as my husband will be. It is not he who decides the—innocence of persons in cases like this. However, I am sure he will speak in his favor."

The afflicted woman sank despairingly upon a couch, and covered her face with her hands. "Then there is no hope left," she sobbed, "none whatever, not anything in the world can save him, the evidence is so strong; although he is innocent, God knows he is innocent!"

"There, there, my dear, Mrs. Carroll," said the other soothingly, "why, you must pray."

"Pray!" repeated she hopelessly, "I have prayed; but what prayers could stand against such proofs, such false proofs; the night watchman, the patrolman, and the roundsman, all of their statements are precisely the same." Then drying her eyes at her visitor's bidding, she began: "My husband has held the position of cashier in the wholesale department of Richie's clothing house for four years. While in their employ his salary has been raised frequently, so well have they appreciated his service. He was trustworthy always. I believe they are sincere in their efforts to avert this misfortune from us. And yet not anything that they can do, can swerve the finger of blame from pointing steadily at my husband. The money, five thousand dollars, was missing on that morning. My husband alone understood the combination of the safe, and after supper on the previous night, he returned to the office, being somewhat worried about whether he had properly locked the safe. The money was there and everything as usual when he left. He had some conversation with the night watchman on duty there, and with the two officers outside.

"In the morning the money was missing. That is all. There was no clue except that some red rubber bands were found in our orchard, and which they proved were the same that bound the little bundles of the missing notes. A neighbor's child, whose oath would not be accepted, says he used them for a sling-shot, a little contrivance used for shooting birds.

"Then it seems a fact that no entrance had been effected during the night."

"O, Mrs. May, it is all a plot to ruin my husband! and I believed we had no enemy!" Stopping suddenly, the whole

expression of her countenance changed, and with white set lips, she added: "If I thought it were not sinful, I would pray God to shower down His heaviest curse upon the head of him who perpetrated——"

"No, no!" interrupted the other, warningly, "heap no curses upon any one. O there is sufficient misery in the world! Our lives are often filled to overflowing; besides, you have much consolation in your sorrow. Your husband has wronged no law of God. What if the law of man condemn him to suffer as though he were guilty? My dear Mrs. Carroll," entreated her visitor, soothingly, "an aged priest who has guided me safely over the most dangerous perils of my life, often repeats to me: 'Learn of Him, to whom was done the most cruel wrong that ever stained the face of the earth, to pray for your enemies.'"

Mrs. Carroll looked up wearily.

"You cannot understand the depth of my sorrow," she sighed. "My boy's father branded as a thief; besides his cruel suffering and our poverty. O, Mrs. May, I am desolate in my misery, so desolate that you could never know, you who have known no want that wealth could not remove."

The visitor bent her beautiful face, with its crown of white waving hair, toward the bowed head of the heart-broken wife.

"Listen to me, Mrs. Carroll," said she, in a steady voice, "I tell you I have a grief so much greater than yours that all the wealth of the world could not remove it." Her large, calm eyes were slowly kindling, and her listener gazed in astonishment. "The wealth of which you speak has done but little for me. While it surrounds me with luxury, jewels and costly gowns, and serving people who wait upon my lightest word, I wear no stronger shield upon my heart to guard it from the memories and the words that wound, or the sorrow which has filled my life.

"My silent house is lonely and often most unbearable; yet, wherever I go, my empty, aching heart is with me; his vacant chair, his untouched books, his rooms still undisturbed as when he left them, for, dear Mrs. Carroll, I stood beside my husband when he sent our only child, my son, an outcast into the world; I stood beside him when he said the words that broke my heart, and I was powerless to countermand them."

Her face was aflame with wounded love, and her form quivered with emotion, as she continued in a low tremulous tone, "I saw his boyish head bowed low upon his breast when he passed down the staircase, and when he turned his white wan face to me, his mother, the face that was engraved upon my heart, I heard my husband's voice in harsh discordant tones.

"When I awoke from the swoon, that sad pale face came back to me, and it has never left me. The memory of those sorrowing eyes is ever before me, and my heart is aching for him every moment. While my life is passed in plenty, I know not where he is, or whether he is suffering, while I, his mother, dwell amid hateful riches. My son alone, homeless, disinherited among strangers."

It was now Mrs. Carroll's time to offer consoling words, and while the cadence of their voices rose and fell a sweet peace seemed to descend upon them, and when Mrs. May took her departure they had both resolved to pray for the one who committed the theft, that his heart might be softened, as well as for the man who had been accused. Mrs. Carroll shuddered as she thought how nearly she had been to cursing him.

* * *

Slowly down the cathedral aisle the procession moved in solemn grandeur. Beneath the trembling canopy of gem-bespangled snowy silk, bordered with bands of heavy gold from which depended waves of glistening fringe, the Bishop bore with stately grace, in the shin-

"OUR LIVES ARE OFTEN FILLED TO OVERFLOWING."

ing monstrance, the Holy Sacrament.

The soft lights of the tapers shed a radiance upon the assemblage, and waves of incense ascending, flooded the air with fragrance. A tall well-dressed man hurriedly entered the church and seated himself with the boys in the wing.

His cheeks were thin and flushed, and his eyes had a brightness in them strange to see. A curly-headed youth at his side imparted the whispered information to him that everybody in the church knelt in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and that he should do likewise. As no heed was paid to this timely admonition, the little fellow concluded the man was deaf, and gravely ruminated upon the possibility of putting him on his knees by force.

Meanwhile, sweet rose-crowned little girls were nearing the ring in advance of the procession, and scattering flowers in His pathway who trod on earth a thorny one; still clouds of incense arose thicker and nearer. Clear and sweet sounded the notes of the little bell carried by Willie Carroll. That bell had a holy mission in the world, and Willie loved to hear its high quivering resonance. The little children's voices sang out sweetly and plaintively to the one who loved them .

O Lord, I am not worthy,
That Thou shouldst come to me,
But speak those words of comfort
My spirit healed shall be.

Suddenly, to the intense astonishment of the boys in the ring, the man who had remained seated until that moment, with an awful sob, prostrated himself in the aisle before the king of heaven and earth, and remained in that position until the procession had ascended the altar. The Brother in charge of the boys sent a message through the ring to the effect that a *Memorare* was to be said by each of them for the man who seemed to be a penitent sinner.

In a few moments, the aisles were filling rapidly, and the people were leaving the church. The man had arisen and joined the moving throng. Seized with a sudden weakness, he looked about for a place of resting. He was on the side of the aisle next the wall. There were no pews at his right, but a confessional hung with dark green curtains stood before him. Somebody almost pushed him into it. He looked behind to see who it was who was elbowing his way so roughly, and only the Brother with a face of humility and meekness, moved slowly ahead of the boys, a faintness again stealing over him, and the boys crowding upon his heels, he stepped into the only refuge and mechanically knelt on the bench. The slide was drawn back and a voice at once gentle and soothing said: "How long since your last confession?"

"How long!"

It was the good Bishop himself who had responded to the humbler request of the Brother, and who awaited the sinner whom he had promised to send to him in the confessional.

* * *

Willie Carroll was seated beside the prisoner in the court-room. One hand clasped his father's hand, the other, since the commencement of the trial, was thrust into his coat pocket. He looked often at his mother, always hoping he would not see her crying and wishing she were not so pale. Mrs. May whispered words of encouragement in her ear, but she added: "Try to say 'Thy will be done.'"

The lawyers and the very learned men, whose eloquent pleading proved irresistible and convincing in many famous cases, would scarcely credit the fact that the calm little boy with the grave, earnest face, was pleading his father's case in a higher court than theirs as he told the beads in his pocket.

At length the trial came to an end, and the judge addressed the jury. Long and earnestly he adjured them to reflect carefully upon the evidence, to weigh well each trivial circumstance, and, above all, to be just in their decision.

When they had retired a few moments, Willie began the last decade.

The judge moved uneasily in his chair. He felt he knew what the verdict would be. There was no other way. He would like to believe the man innocent for his wife's sake, but the law was unflinching,

unyielding, and would take its course.

Willie told his father to cheer up, as he had but two more *Hail Marys* to say.

The jurymen entered and seated themselves.

"Guilty!"

The word burned like fire in his head. He heard the noise in the court-room, his mother's low moan, and felt his father's clasp tighten on his hand.

"Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

He finished with white lips.

A voice arose over the murmuring throng.

"He is not guilty!"

"The man who would not kneel in the church," exclaimed a small boy in the gallery to his companion, "till I made him!"

A cry from the depths of a mother's sad heart rent the air, and Mrs. May raised her hands in supplication to heaven, and fainted.

The judge's face became livid. Three times he attempted to rise from the chair into which he had sunk, and as often failed.

Willie Carroll's pleading had won.

"From the roof of the garden adjoining," continued the man, "I descended the skylight." A cough, which nearly choked his utterance, seized him, but, resisting it, he added, "the notes I have with me." Then, in loud stentorian tones, the judge exclaimed authoritatively, "I will take charge of the prisoner."

* * *

The servants in the spacious household of Judge May moved noiselessly to and fro, and spoke in subdued voices. A hush was over everything. Although it was scarcely dusk, a soft rose-colored light burned dim in the wide hall, and tinted with long shadows the snow on the lawn.

At the top of the staircase the door of a room opened, and Mrs. May passed quietly out bearing two lighted candles. A maid coming into view with a tray, started suddenly back, and exclaimed: "O, Ma-am—is it?—Is he?"

"What is the matter, child? Come up with the toast."

"Nothing has happened, thank God. It is Christmas eve, and I mean to leave the candles lighted all night. It is an old custom. Have you never heard of it?"

On an onyx table before a beautiful crib, she deposited one. Then moving to where, at the opposite end of the room, over the mantel, hung a picture of the Holy Mother at the foot of the Cross, she placed the other. Long and appealingly she looked into the face of the sorrowful Mother, until deep sobs shook her frame.

"O blessed Mother, protect him!" she moaned. "Thou who didst witness such a sight, pity my son and me! O holy Mother give me strength!"

A step at her side startled her, and she turned to see Willie Carroll.

"Ah, my dear, dear boy," said she laying her hand affectionately on his head, "you have a good mother. Tell her my son is no better. It is God's will ———" Then following her own train of thought, she asked dreamily: "What will become of you when you grow up?"

"A priest, ma'am, if God wills," came the answer earnestly.

An hour later the muffled bell at the hall door was rung vehemently. The man who responded repeated the order which had been given him, that he was to admit no one.

Notwithstanding this, however, three officers in uniform filed in and instructed the servant that they wished to be conducted to the hiding place of the man who had confessed himself to be guilty of the theft in the courthouse. Further, they informed him that he would save himself trouble by obeying them without delay.

In a dazed manner, the man pointed up the broad staircase to an entrance on the left. Softly the door opened and the

mother stood facing the advancing men. Proud and beautiful she looked, her white hair shining against the purple velvet curtain.

"Madam," exclaimed the leading officer, "we have a warrant for the arrest of Gerald May."

With a slight wave of her hand she motioned him to follow her within the room. The men passed through the entrance into the spacious chamber. Two tapers were burning on a table at the bedside. No other lights were there.

"Now, God forgive me," gasped the foremost officer, dropping on his knees when he caught sight of the form on the bed, for death had just preceded him within that quiet chamber. Gerald May was dead!

The good Bishop returned, having left the grief-stricken father in his room.

The mother, whose white head was bowed with grief a few moments since, now stood on guard by the side of her dead son, with a gleam of proud triumph visible in her moist eyes.

"He has paid his reckoning in a higher court than yours," the Bishop said.

MODERN CHRISTIAN ART.

BY the courtesy of the Executive Committee of *Deutsche Gesellshaft für Christliche Kunst*, we are in receipt of the publications of that distinguished Art Association for 1896 — its annual report and *Jahresmappe* (annual album) of acknowledged masterpieces, exhibited at its art rooms in Munich, Bavaria, during the past year. These publications and the work of the organization deserve more than a passing notice in a periodical which is devoted to the interests of the Sacred Heart and the advancement of religion.

This Association was founded in Munich in 1893, and numbered at the end of last year 1,164 members from all parts of Germany and from various other countries. Its object is the cultivation and advancement of true Christian art as opposed to the modern industrial tendency which crowds the markets and fills the churches with cheap and inferior works, turned out by thousands from factories, without any regard to the principles of Christian art, without inspiration, without originality, without finish in execution.

The Association does not profess to follow any school or epoch of art; it simply applies the strict principles of genuine art to sacred subjects, utilizing old and new models and concepts without rigidly committing itself to any specific style. What it demands of the works of Christian art, which claim its acknowledgment, is originality of conception, a design that is worthy of the sublime object which they represent, and an artistic execution suitably embodying the idea underlying each work.

The first exhibition of Christian art was held by the Association on occasion of the German Catholic Congress in Munich in 1895. Only works of real artistic merit were admitted for exhibition. The works exhibited were 165 in number, representing painting, sculpture, metallurgy and architecture. Eighty artists were represented. Among them we are pleased to notice one American, Henry Schmitt, sculptor, Buffalo, N. Y., whose model of the Rosa Mystica, reproduced in the MESSENGER for May, 1896, was there crowned with distinction.

The Society and its work received the emphatic indorsement of the Christian Art Department of the Catholic Congress and also a letter of acknowledgment and encouragement from the Holy Father, through the Apostolic Nuncio of Munich.

The magnificent *Jahresmappe* is, in

LADY ALTAR, ST. BENNO'S CHURCH, MUNICH—(BALTHASAR SCHMITT, SCULPTOR.)

itself, a grand exhibition of Christian art, with twelve folio phototypes and engravings, and twenty other half-tone photo-engravings inserted in the explanatory text. These were selected from the entire exhibition of last year, by a jury of eight sworn judges, made up of artists and art critics. They are all masterpieces, each in its own line.

The new church of St. Benno, in Munich, designed by Architect Romeis, has supplied the chief architectural features. It is a magnificent structure, in pure Roman style, whose architectural beauty is outrivalled by the splendor of its internal decorations and the completeness of its outfit. The Lady Altar, executed by Balthasar Schmitt, which

we reproduce in these pages, is a gem of Christian art. The figure of the Madonna and Child, forming the centre piece, combines the sweetness and inwardness of the Christian ideal with the majesty and simplicity of the best Greek models. The bas-reliefs, on either side, represent the Annunciation and the Birth of our Lord; that underneath, the Death of our Blessed Lady. The paintings on the two folding doors represent, on the inner side, the Taking-down from the Cross and the Assumption; and, on the outside, the Crucifixion, and the Childhood of the Blessed Virgin. These are executed by the same artist, who is a painter of merit as well as a distinguished sculptor.

The other specimen which we select, representing the Sacred Heart, is by Thomas Buscher, sculptor. Our Lord, in all His divine beauty and majesty, reveals the love and treasures of His divine Heart to representative saints of the Old and New Testament. He is the ideal as well as the material centre of the group. To Him the homage and adoration of all rational creatures — angels and men—are directed. The facial expression of the different figures, though full of repose, is most telling. The technical execution could hardly be surpassed.

Among the cartoons is the reproduction of an exquisite painting of the resuscitation of the widow's son of Naim, by Louis Feldmann. The fact of the Gospel is brought before us in the most life-like and striking manner. The artist chooses the moment before the resuscitation. The bier is borne by four hooded figures. Beside it walks the afflicted mother, draped in black, with clasped hands, the personification of sorrow. A little girl bears a wreath of flowers by her side, while the funeral cortège follows in the rear. Jesus, with an expression of sympathy, that reveals at the same time a more than human power, has already joined the bereaved mother; and, with His right hand, lightly touches her clasped hands. It is the moment when He pronounced the words, "Weep not." The expression of sympathy is very clearly brought out in the faces and position of the accompanying friends and relatives of the deceased. This moment is happily chosen by the artist, as it enables him to give a dignified and impressive picture, in which there is nothing strained or repulsive—a picture which reveals the depth of the widow's sorrow, and enables us fully to anticipate the excess of her joy, when, at the bidding of the Master, her son shall sit up and begin to talk and be restored to his mother. We hope on some future occasion to present this beautiful picture to our readers.

A *Pietà*, the reproduction of a painting by Heinrich Nüttgens, is a work of high artistic merit. Sorrow, resignation, and fortitude are well combined and brought out in the figure of the Sorrowful Mother, while a certain moderate realism is displayed in the accurate delineation of the dead, yet still pliant, body of our Lord. Thus it seems to be an improvement on the well known models of this tragic subject. It is rivalled by another *Pietà* group inserted in the text, which embraces also Joseph and Nicodemus, and the other Marys, and is consequently more complex, varied and impressive. The latter is the work of Joseph Altheimer, painter.

A most imposing figure is that of the prophet Ezechiel, painted by Samberger In all his majesty the prophet is unfolding the volume of the law, and looking gloomily into the future. Another represents Elias in the wilderness, fed by an angel. It is a figure of great strength, offset by the beauty and gracefulness of the ministering angel—a piece of extraordinary finish, painted by Adrian Walker. It is intended for an altar-piece. A text illustration, representing Isaias addressing the people, by Samberger, is in a similar line, embodying majesty and strength.

There are some excellent specimens of

SACRED HEART SHRINE, BAS-RELIEF—(THOMAS BUSCHER, SCULPTOR.)

mural decorations and frescoes, by Trenkwald, Kolmsperger, and others.

The explanatory text accompanying the *Mappe* is highly interesting, not only as making us acquainted with the artists represented, but also by numerous other hints. Among other things it submits a few plans of churches by distinguished architects, combining good taste and purity of style with economy.

The illustrations inserted in the text represent works of high artistic worth. Besides those already mentioned, a Gothic side-altar, by Theodore Schnell, Jr., is a gem that might take its place in any of the medieval Gothic cathedrals, side by side with the works of the greatest masters.

It is refreshing to glance at this magnificent collection of genuine works of Christian art, at a season when naturalism is running riot, and art is divorced

not only from religion, but from morality and higher intellectual taste as well. We believe, then, that we are doing a thing that is eminently in the interest of religion and for the glory of God in drawing attention to this work. It would be well if priests and others interested in art, whether sacred or profane, would study the chaste models exhibited in such number and variety in this annual Art Album. It will be a treasure which they will be eager to preserve and will revert to with pleasure, and cull many a fruitful inspiration from.

ROSARY TIME.

By M. M. Halvey.

"Tell us of your Irish twilights," begged the children at my side,
At the hour when rhyme or story might not lightly be denied.
Then I faced such limitation as I had not known before,
When their choice was holy legend, knightly tale, or fairy lore.
"Paint your twilight," quoth an artist—one whose subtle brush had caught
Many a time such fleeting essence as the beauty of a thought.
"Ah!" with modesty of greatness and a sigh that art could fail,
"'Twas that she might mock our seeking Nature wove your twilight veil."
Dears, for me 'twas magic blending—silver haze that reeked perfume—
Quiet that was rife with music—shade that never bordered gloom;
You could almost feel the stillness, as you felt the blessed dew
Dripping soft, like tears of gladness, wept by angels, trickling through.
Often now I dream of twilights, indistinct and dimmer grown,
But I link them with a memory, sadly vivid—all my own,
With the name my mother gave them, when her voice like abbey chime
Floated to us in the warning, "Children, come, 'tis Rosary Time."

Rosary Time! it hushed the chatter, playmates smiled their soft good-night;
On the lowly household altar flickered up the votive light.
Dolls were given to fairies' keeping; by the wicket lay the ball;
Hand in hand thro' dewy pathways came the children at the call,
Bringing blossoms earlier gathered for this welcome vesper hour,
Never bare was Mary's Altar through the "moons of leaf and flower."*
Wistful to her turned the primrose, like the glance of yearning eyes,
And the breath of happy violets rose around her incense-wise;
Busy feet and baby fingers ministered to simple needs
Of that simple hour of service—setting blossom, book and beads;
While in nook beneath the whitethorn, or in swing beneath the lime,
To the laggard came the summons, "Come, Alanna! Rosary Time!"

Music of an Irish twilight! thro' the turmoil and the moan,
Worldly toil and worldly sorrow, sounds again the tender tone
Of a mother's fond petition, seeking out that great Beyond,
Where in lieu of childish treble, angel voices might respond.
Ah! the tears, the toil, the sorrow! Never so at Mary's feet
May that group of twilight pleaders gather in Communion sweet.
Winding leagues and restless waters—cares and duties came to part,
Since for them arose that pleading—mother heart to mother heart.
One upon whose brow the signet of the Master's choice was laid,

* May was called by the Indians the "Moon of Leaves."

Hears to-day the solemn anthem rise in dim cathedral shade;
Reverent tongues salute him "Father," and his life-work is to lead
Laggards of the flock where Mary hearkens still to intercede.
She, who lisped the sweet responses in the quaintest baby phrase,
Has to earth's forsaken nurslings vowed the vigor of her days.
Others, in the daily struggle of the hard world set to bide,
Cherish hopes for that reunion, never-ending, sanctified,
Where a sainted mother waiteth prayers' fruition in that clime,
Aught of shadow may not enter, tho' 'tis ever *Rosary Time*.

CARDINAL FRANZELIN.

A CARDINAL OF THE SACRED HEART.

AS Cardinal Franzelin was one of the first professors of Dogmatic Theology to give to his students a complete and scientific treatise on the Sacred Heart of Jesus, it will not be amiss to lay an account of his holy life before our readers.

John Baptist Franzelin was born on April 15, 1816, at Altino, a small town situated in the Italian Tyrol, between Bolzano and Trent. His parents occupied themselves in the cultivation of a farm belonging to them, on which they resided, leading a simple and pious life, contented and happy, free alike from the pressure of poverty and the temptations which beset the rich.

While quite a child, John Baptist was exposed to imminent danger through the fierce onslaught made upon him by an infuriated bull, which tossed him into the air with great violence. In falling, he struck against a fence with such force that he retained forever after traces of the unlucky adventure, his chin being rendered slightly awry, and his head bent a little toward the right side.

As soon as he was old enough he was sent to pursue his studies at Bolzano, under the superintendency of the Franciscan Fathers, and from the very outset he showed himself to be remarkable alike for quickness of intellect and goodness of heart, so that his teachers early began to prophesy great things of his future career. He speedily distanced his companions, to whose sports and pastimes he manifested a supreme indifference, devoting all his spare time to the pursuit of learning and to religious exercises, so that already he might be said to have adopted as his own the watchword to which he was faithful till his latest breath, and to have consecrated his life to study and prayer. Yet there was nothing morose or unsociable about him; on the contrary, he was always cheerful and pleasant, beloved and esteemed alike by his masters and his fellow-pupils.

On Sundays and festivals, he invariably approached the sacraments, taking his post as early as four o'clock in the morning outside the confessional of his director, Father Gabriel Sprenger, a Franciscan priest of eminent virtue, whose penitents were so numerous that Franzelin was frequently compelled to wait a considerable time before his turn arrived to be heard. Year by year, as Holy Week came around, he laid aside his studies in order to go through the Spiritual Exercises; and his intimate friend, Father Patiss, who was associated with him from his earliest years, bears witness that he never remarked in Franzelin anything worthy of reprobation during the whole time they spent together, either in regard to his words, deeds, or general bearing, with the exception of one occasion, on which he gave way to a violent fit of anger. "But I myself," Patiss remarks, with sim-

plicity, "was perhaps principally to blame for this."

It is customary at the college of Bolzano, that the students, toward the end of their course of rhetoric, should deliberate with their confessors concerning the manner of life each is called to adopt. In Franzelin's case this choice was beset with peculiar difficulty. He felt himself drawn to the Society of Jesus, at that time comparatively little known throughout the Tyrol, but of which he had often heard from his friend and companion, Patiss. One of his maternal uncles, however, who held a high post in the Diet of Styria, and enjoyed much credit with the emperor, was desirous that his gifted nephew should take up his abode in Innsbruck, in order to study philosophy and jurisprudence, promising to defray every expense during his residence there, and to secure him a brilliant career in the future. The proposal was all the more alluring to Franzelin, because, his friends not being in a position to make him a sufficient allowance, he had been obliged to give private lessons, and even to become indebted to the charity of certain wealthy persons in order to procure what was absolutely necessary for him, whilst continuing his studies at Bolzano.

Father Sprenger, feeling himself unable to come to a determination, or not wishing to take upon his own shoulders so weighty a burden of responsibility, had recourse to Maria Mörl, the Ecstatic of the Tyrol, and through the medium of her confessor requested her to ask God that He would be pleased to make known His will concerning the future destiny of Franzelin. It was signified to her in reply that the young man ought certainly to enter the Society, but that this would not be accomplished without much difficulty. Subsequent events fully justified the truth of the prediction.

This decision was communicated to Franzelin, who received it with joy, and on July 27, 1834, he and his friend Patiss were together received into the Novitiate at Gratz. Here Franzelin made rapid progress in the school of sanctity, and set an example of perfection to all his companions. "*Omnibus raro praeluxit exemplo*" was the testimony of his superiors respecting him.

He was most careful in his observance of the rules, especially that of silence, and if any one happened to speak out of the appointed hours, or at too great length, he would place his finger to his lips with an expressive smile. His love of mortification was so great that his superiors were obliged to be most positive in their prohibition, in order to restrict his penitential exercises, which he carried so far as to abstain from drinking even a little water. There is no doubt that he permanently weakened his constitution, and, indeed, about this time he suffered from severe and repeated attacks of hemorrhage, so that his lungs were considered to be seriously affected, and his superiors had grave doubts as to whether he would be able to persevere in his vocation. But he regained his health, at least for the time, though it appears surprising to those who know him at this period, that he should have been able to sustain all the labors and fatigues which fell to his lot in later years. His dauntless will kept him up, and he accustomed himself to treat his weak and suffering body as something quite independent of his real self. After he had passed the appointed limit of three score years and ten, he began to wonder how he could have borne so much exertion, especially in teaching at the various colleges of the Society, with his chronic weakness of chest, and he remarked to several of his friends: "I never thought I should live to be seventy!"

On leaving the Novitiate he went to the House of Studies at Tarnopol in Galicia. He had already attained such proficiency in Greek and Hebrew as to be able to read the Holy Scriptures with ease in both languages. Upon one occasion, when he was seriously ill, the doctor had forbidden him to read at all,

except perhaps some favorite book which might serve to divert his mind. At his next visit the physician accordingly found his patient with a copy of the Hebrew Scripture open before him, and angrily inquired whether this was obeying his injunctions?

"Certainly," answered Franzelin, "you told me I might amuse myself with a favorite book, and is there any book which I could prefer to this?"

During Franzelin's residence at Tarnopol, the late General of the Society, Father Beckx, happened to spend some days there, and frequently conversed with him, as he was one of the few persons among the inmates of the house who could speak German, Polish being the language usually employed there. The discerning eye of Father Beckx perceived and appreciated the mental and spiritual excellence of his youthful companion, whose character, he used to say, was strong in sympathy with his own.

As soon as Franzelin had finished his philosophy, he was appointed Professor of Humanities and subsequently of Rhetoric, besides filling other posts in the house. Yet he contrived, in spite of his manifold occupations, to acquire Polish so perfectly as to be able to instruct the children of the neighborhood in Christian doctrine. He also thoroughly mastered Italian, and while in Rome he used to teach Catechism to the prisoners in the Castle of St. Angelo. Father Cardella, who was in the habit of reading Italian with him, and at a subsequent period was professor of theology with him at Rome, relates that when the future Cardinal was sent to take up his abode in the Eternal City, he used to remain perfectly silent at recreation during the first few weeks of his sojourn there, listening with fixed attention to the conversation which went on around him, until he began to bear his part in it with ease and accuracy. The speech which marked the unsealing of his lips is too characteristic to be omitted.

"Brother Franzelin," one of his companions asked him, "have you in your possession *Christian Perfection?*" meaning of course the book by Rodriguez.

"I possess a copy of Rodriguez," was the reply, "but certainly I do not possess Christian perfection."

In relating an incident, however, which occurred while Franzelin was in Rome, we are anticipating the course of events, for we have not as yet stated that early in September, 1845, he was sent to study theology at the Roman College. One of his professors was Father Passaglia, who, from the first, exhibited a marked predilection for his talented and hard-working pupil, while the latter warmly returned his teacher's regard. During the next three years he quietly pursued his studies with an ardor and application that were most remarkable. His devotion to learning and love of books were astonishing, his clear and powerful understanding being moreover aided and supplemented by his accurate and retentive memory, so that the stores of knowledge accumulated by him were equally vast and varied. He remembered not only ideas, but facts, historical events, the names of persons and places, dates and genealogies.

His writings bear witness, however, to the sanctity of the author no less than to his learning. His treatise on the Holy Eucharist is written with so much unction that it might well be studied on one's knees, and be used by priests as a text-book for their daily meditations. The same may be said of those portions of his works in which he treats of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of the Immaculate Conception and perpetual virginity of our Lady, and of other mysteries of the faith.

The celebrated Italian preacher, Father Zocchi, was so much delighted and edified with his work on the Incarnation, that he wrote a letter of thanks and congratulation to him, in which he said: "It

is from you that I have learned how to speak of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Such was Father Franzelin's life up to the period when, at the age of sixty, he was created Cardinal; but before we speak of his latter years, we will give some few particulars illustrative of his character and virtues, more especially of his excellence as a religious.

It is well known that obedience is a virtue very especially enjoined upon the sons of St. Ignatius, and Father Franzelin practised it in a high degree of perfection. Among many instances which might be cited in proof of this, we shall give one, exemplifying as it does, the truth of our Lord's words: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in greater." Father Franzelin's superiors, anxious lest his health should be injured by his close and incessant application to study, commissioned one of those who resided in the same house with him, from time to time to call him away from his beloved pursuits. Whenever this Father made his appearance on the threshold of the room where Franzelin was at work, and said: "Father Rector wishes you to take a walk with me," the interesting research was at once suspended, the busy pen laid aside, the open volume closed, and, without the slightest sign of annoyance, the unwelcome command was promptly and cheerfully obeyed. During the entire period of Franzelin's abode in the Roman College, the Father Minister declares that he never knew him to be behind time in coming to the exercises of the community. Such unerring punctuality would be laudable in any one, but is particularly so in the case of a powerful and voluminous writer, an indefatigable and persevering student. How many vigorous sentences must have been abruptly suspended whilst still half finished, how many intricate arguments broken off before they could be satisfactorily worked out, in consequence of this strict obedience to the rule.

Not a less remarkable feature of Franzelin's character was his unfeigned humility and invariable readiness to own himself in the wrong. In a second edition of some of his theological lectures he altered various things and suppressed others in regard to points upon which maturer examination had induced him to change his opinion. It fell to the lot of a student, recently arrived in the college, to argue in a debate which was held against a certain thesis connected with a passage of Scripture, in regard to which Franzelin had modified his own views. Not approving the explanation given by the latter, he attacked it vigorously, and his opponent, whose duty it was to defend the thesis in question, after a sharp contest sustained a complete defeat. Then Father Franzelin stood up, and with rare humility acknowledged his own interpretation to be erroneous and incapable of proof. "*Sed et nos profecimus*," he added, "and after a more thorough study of the subject I found reason to change my opinion."

Out of love for holy poverty he was scrupulously careful never to waste the smallest thing, and even after he became Cardinal he made a point of not using more paper than was absolutely necessary for writing his manuscripts. In 1873, when the Jesuits were compelled to quit the Roman College, each member of the house had to leave behind him the contents of his own room. A government official presented himself in the doorway of Father Franzelin's room and asked: "Does this furniture belong to your Reverence?" "I have the use of it all," was the reply. The question was repeated three times, the answer being each time given in the same terms, until a second official coming upon the scene, good-naturedly exclaimed: "Don't tease the poor man any longer!"

Father Franzelin had a great attraction to mental prayer. On days when the dinner was somewhat more prolonged than usual and the rule of silence suspended, he would, if sufficiently intimate with

his neighbors, excuse himself from carrying on a conversation, and betake himself to meditation. Undoubtedly he went too far in this direction, and he was, in fact, from time to time, admonished in regard to being too silent and not sufficiently cheerful and sociable during recreation. This was mainly owing to the scrupulosity, which was certainly a weak point in his character and occasioned him much suffering, especially as he was of a highly nervous temperament. Occasionally he was betrayed into exhibitions of irritability, and he often felt that his only refuge was in silence. Deeply was he sensible to these imperfections, as he one day remarked to a friend who was completely in his confidence: "I feel that I must, as St. Francis of Sales says, content myself serving God as well as I can, or perhaps a little less well than I might, but for my nerves and my scruples." These slight failings, the only faults his fellowmen could detect in him, were, after all, mainly attributable to physical causes, little surface defects, moreover, being found in very holy persons, and serving to keep intact the treasure of their humility.

Having shown what manner of man John Baptist Franzelin was, we will now relate the circumstances of his elevation to the purple. Pius IX. had in various ways given proof of his love for the persecuted Society of Jesus, the last instance having been the bestowal of a cardinal's hat upon one of its members. The newly made dignitary died a few months later, to the great disappointment of the Supreme Pontiff, who in conversation several times recurred to the subject, and mentioned his desire to select another Jesuit for a like honor. One day he said, "I cannot help thinking of that Father who always shows so much wisdom and prudence in the congregations, and who is so humble. A short time ago I offered him a medal, but he at once retreated, saying, 'No, no, Holy Father.'" It was thus he described Franzelin, but the matter dropped, and as time went on, the Pope seemed to have relinquished his project, until all at once he notified the General, Father Beckx, that it was his determination to raise Father Franzelin to the Cardinalate. Father Beckx, who was then at Fiesole, hastened to Rome without delay, and throwing himself at the Pope's feet said all he possibly could to dissuade His Holiness from executing his intention. All was to no purpose, however, for Pius IX., whilst commending the General's desire to maintain the rules of his order in their integrity, exhorted him to obedience, and would not permit the delay of two or three years for which he pleaded. The news had next to be carried to the unconscious object of this discussion, and Cardinal Bilio gladly undertook the task, little dreaming of the manner in which the intelligence would be received, but we will give his own words:

"After a few prefatory remarks, I informed Father Franzelin that I brought an express order from the Holy Father, who commanded him to pass from the German College to the College of Cardinals. The poor Father was so overcome by this announcement that I really felt half afraid he was going to have a fit. 'This is impossible; it cannot be true! Surely it can never come to pass!' he exclaimed, pacing the room in extreme agitation, and imploring God to prevent such a thing from happening. Nothing I could say had the least effect; so at last I laid my hand on his arm, and said: 'My dear Father, I think your behavior is the reverse of edifying. I expected from you an act of obedience. Remember it is the Holy Father who commands, and you have only to submit.' Then he burst into tears, and as soon as he was a little calmer, we went together to the Vatican, where we were received in a private audience. Franzelin prostrated himself before Pius IX., and with fresh tears protested that he really could not become a Cardinal, as he did not possess the

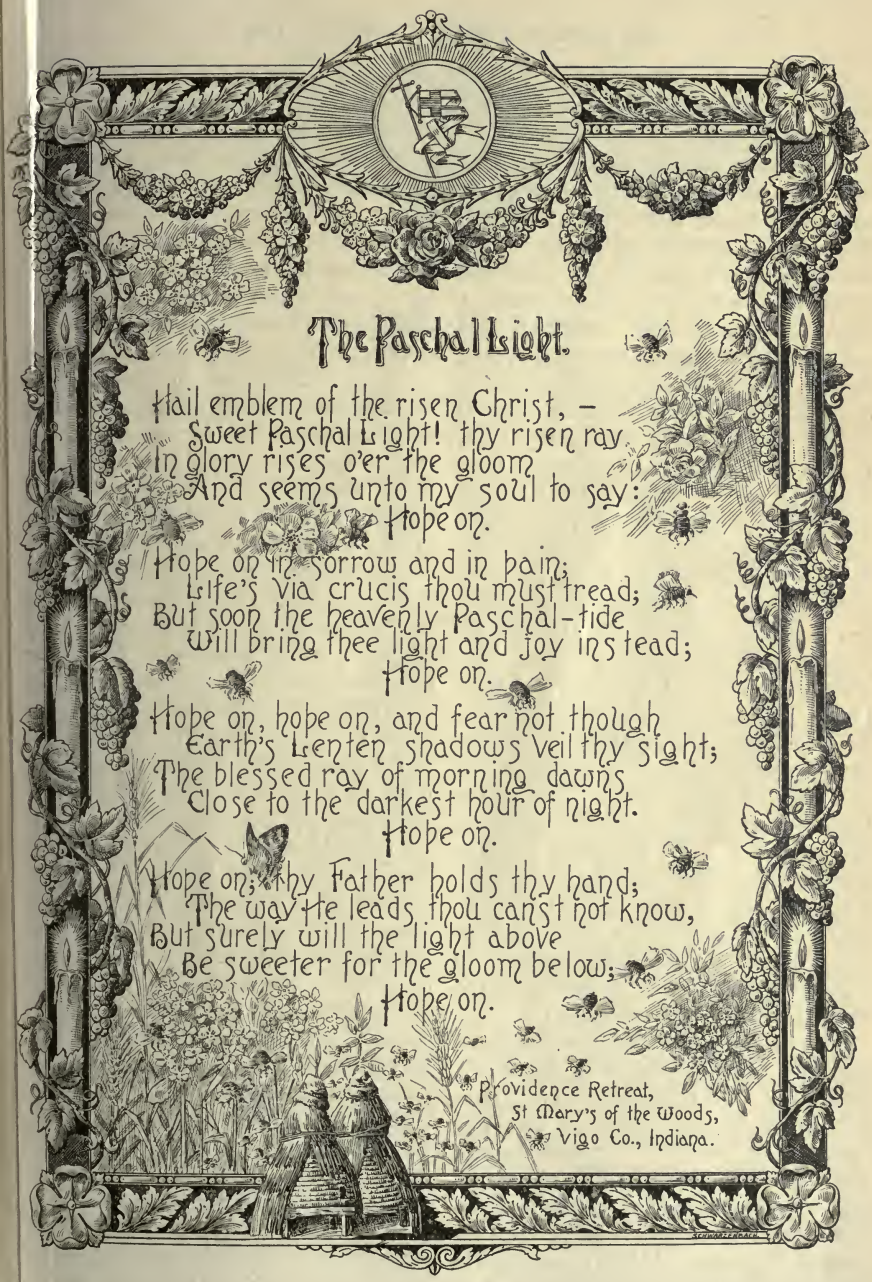
requisite ability. 'And pray what ability had St. Peter?' returned His Holiness with a smile. 'He only knew how to manage oars' Franzelin was about to persist, but Pius IX. cut him short in the most positive manner, and would not allow him to add another word."

A confirmation of this account is furnished by Father Schroeder, who was at that time lying seriously ill in the German College. He tells how Father Franzelin, who usually paid him a daily visit in the infirmary, came in one evening in a state of dejection, and without mentioning the cause of his distress, began to sigh aloud and declare that he did not wish to live any longer, that he was weary of his existence, and could not carry the load any further. After he had gone on in this way for some time the invalid attempted to remonstrate. "Father," he said, "what is the matter with you to-day? You ought to be ashamed of talking in this fashion; your business is to do your duty, and wait patiently until the appointed time comes for you to die" It was not until a week later that Father Schroeder, hearing of Franzelin's elevation to the Cardinalate, obtained a clue to the depression he had manifested.

During the six weeks which elapsed between his nomination and the day fixed for the Consistory, he was a prey to perpetual agitation, and could with difficulty maintain his self-control. To Father Cardella, at that time Provincial, he spoke frankly of his feelings, repeating over and over again: "This is chastisement from the hand of God!" The Provincial at first tried to console him, but finished by telling him that his manner of talking really occasioned scandal. A day or two before the Consistory was held, Father Franzelin availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the penances ordinarily performed in the refectory, and, immediately after grace had been said, knelt down and kissed the feet, first of the Fathers, then of the Brothers, and lastly of the students belonging to the German College, all happening at that time to be dining together. This act gave great edification, for every one was aware of Franzelin's nomination, though he had never said a word about it.

When the first time he entered his lecture-room after the news was known, all his pupils stood up and received him with loud acclamations and clapping of hands, but he paid no heed to these demonstrations, and quietly proceeded with his subject, seeming rather annoyed than otherwise. At length the appointed day arrived, and on Monday, April 3, 1876, the prescribed ceremonial was gone through, and the long-dreaded promotion became a reality at last.

(To be continued)



The Paschal Light.

Hail emblem of the risen Christ, –
Sweet Paschal Light! thy risen ray
In glory rises o'er the gloom
And seems unto my soul to say:
Hope on.

Hope on in sorrow and in pain;
Life's via crucis thou must tread;
But soon the heavenly Paschal-tide
Will bring thee light and joy instead;
Hope on.

Hope on, hope on, and fear not though
Earth's Lenten shadows veil thy sight;
The blessed ray of morning dawns
Close to the darkest hour of night.
Hope on.

Hope on; thy Father holds thy hand;
The way He leads thou canst not know,
But surely will the light above
Be sweeter for the gloom below;
Hope on.

Providence Retreat,
St Mary's of the Woods,
Vigo Co., Indiana.

AN EVER TIMELY INTENTION

Rev. Dear Fathers:

"THE future of the Catholic Church is in America," are words which are attributed to the Saintly Pius IX., and there is not a doubt but that he spoke very wisely when he uttered them. But what is that future to be? Pius IX. spoke as if it was to be glorious, and certainly if such it is to be, it depends on Catholics to make it so. Almighty God has placed the Church here that it may win all men to its own sweet guidance in the affairs of their salvation; and it is the duty of each and every man, woman and child, by all means in their power to spread Catholic truth among their non-Catholic brethren. By word and deed we should proclaim the truth of the Faith which we love so much, for God, who has been so bounteous as to give it to us, will not have us to be at all stingy with it in regard to others. The days when Catholics had to suffer for their Faith, and keep it jealously in spite of persecution, are passing. These are the days when millions of people in this fair land are crying out: "Give us the truth if you have it, we are perishing for want of it. We are going down to hell because we do not know where is truth and how to attain salvation. Tell us how to keep from sin, tell us how to get rid of it, tell us how to persevere in a good life, tell us what to believe and to do that we may save our souls!"

With the blessing of the Vicar of Christ, and with the approbation of the whole Hierarchy of the Church in our country, many of the clergy are earnestly laboring in this Holy Crusade to win souls who are outside of Christ's standard. But the success of the whole movement, and a success it must be, depends wholly on prayer. If this is not kept in the forefront of the campaign we shall not win our cause. The writer is a member of the League and has been for years, and he can tell of the many favors he has received from the Sacred Heart. It would be most gratifying to that loving Heart, if every member of the League would put into the intention box, each month, at least one name for conversion. But do not let us stop with one name, let us put in all the names of the non-Catholics we know. Suppose that every member of the League were to sit down and write out a list of non-Catholic acquaintances numbering them from one upwards, we should very soon have all the non-Catholics of the country the object of the special prayers of this grand League, and the favors which we are asking for ourselves would be the more readily granted by the Sacred Heart.

The last command of Jesus was: "Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Is He less interested now than He was nineteen hundred years ago in that mission? And is not the command still ringing in our ears? Here is our opportunity to help the missions to non-Catholics which are being given now in many places all over the United States. Let us rest not either day or night until each one of us has his list of non Catholic friends whose names he places monthly in the box before the Sacred Heart. It will not then be "81,000 conversions" among the list of intentions but 8,000,000 conversions. Let us besiege heaven with prayers, for there is nothing the Heart of Jesus loves more than souls who desire Him to be generous to others as He has been with them. Thus will the work of the conversion of America be increased and brought nearer and nearer to its fulfilment, and we may live to see the day when we shall inhabit a Catholic country and religious strife shall be at an end.

Arthur M. Clark, C.S.P.

GENERAL INTENTION, MAY, 1897.

Approved and blessed by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

THE WELFARE OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND
By the celebration of the Thirteenth Centenary OF ST. AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY.

ST. AUGUSTINE of Canterbury founded the Church among the Anglo-Saxons. In the year of grace, 5971, he landed with his forty fellow Benedictine monks on the Isle of Thanet in Kent. His mission was to preach Christ to the fierce Saxon conquerors of the Christian Britons, and to keep the latter from lapsing into paganism.

Augustine came from Rome in the name of the great Pope Gregory, and by his orders, missionaries had come into Great Britain even while the Romans were in possession there. In parts of the island the Church had flourished for fully four centuries before its invasion by Hengist with his Saxons. The Britons, however, did not seek to spread their faith among the newcomers, nor did they cling to it tenaciously themselves. Augustine came, therefore, with the avowed purpose of converting all to the Gospel of Christ, and so rapid, widespread, and lasting were the fruits of his ministry that he is justly regarded as the Apostle of England.

The story of his mission is one of our Catholic household tales. He knew little more of the nation he was chosen to convert than he had seen in their slaves exposed for sale in the Roman market; and we know as little of his own life prior to the time of his coming to redeem their native land from the fetters of paganism. He was well known to the great pontiff who chose him for this mission. From the day when Gregory had been struck by the fair faces and erect forms of the young Saxon slaves offered at auction in the very streets of Rome, he conceived the grand design of preaching the faith to their nation and of making them all like himself, slaves of Jesus Christ.

The scene is a familiar one to the Catholic imagination, and the pious abbot's play on words has become proverbial. "Why," he exclaimed, "should the prince of darkness possess beings with an aspect so radiant, and why should the grace of these countenances reflect a soul void of the inward grace? Of what nation are they!"

"They are Angles," was the answer.

"They are well named, then, for these Angles have the faces of angels, and they must become the brethren of the angels in heaven. From what province have they been brought?"

"From Deira" (one of the two kingdoms of Northumbria).

"Still good," answered he. "*De ira eruti*—they shall be snatched from the ire of God, and called to the mercy of

Christ. And how name they the king of their country?"

"Alle or Ælla."

"So be it; he is right well named, for they shall soon sing the alleluia in his kingdom."

Sincere in his interest in the foreigners, the zealous monk sought and obtained permission from the Pope to go as a missionary to the Anglo-Saxons; but the Roman people loved him too well to suffer his departure. A few years later he was made Pope, and soon after his elevation to the pontificate, messengers came to announce that King Ethelbert of Kent had espoused a Christian wife Bertha, great-granddaughter of St. Clotilda, whose prayers and good deeds had a century before converted her husband Clovis and brought about the baptism of France. Queen Bertha was like another Clotilda for England. Pope Gregory had not lost his interest in the Saxons, and their queen's appeal for missionaries but quickened into immediate action his zeal for their conversion.

Of all the priests available for such an arduous enterprise, Gregory selected Augustine, Prior of the monastery of St. Andrew on the Cœlian Hill, to lead his forty Benedictine missionaries who were to bring all England under the sweet yoke of Christ. Augustine went bravely on his journey, but his followers were timid. Once they even induced him to go back to Rome to ask the Sovereign Pontiff to recall them. Gregory's only answer was: "Forward, in God's name! The more you have to suffer, the brighter will be your glory in eternity." They resumed the journey in virtue of the Pope's repeated commission. England clearly owes to Rome whatever it has of true Christian faith. Had Gregory himself been permitted to evangelize it, he would have done so with the approbation, it is true, but not with the formal commission that he himself, as Pope, gave to Augustine; had the disciples of Augustine set out on their mission with any heart in England's conversion, the part the Roman Pontiff took in it would not be so prominent.

It was thus a special providence that the Roman Pontiff should have exercised his authority as Chief Pastor so vigorously in the foundation of the Church among the Anglo-Saxons. All who honored his authority were soon rewarded with blessings that heaven always bestows on all those who recognize authority exercised in its name. Ethelbert received Augustine cordially, permitted him to preach, and provided him with dwellings. For this he was blessed with the grace of baptism, on Whitsunday, 597. The monks who had started but reluctantly on their mission soon reaped the fruit of their obedience by conceiving a burning zeal for the salvation of the kingdom which had welcomed them so generously. By Christmas of the year of their arrival they had converted more than ten thousand of Ethelbert's best subjects, and then they moved about in every part of the kingdom, leaving Augustine in Canterbury. The king withdrew from his own capital, so that Augustine might use his palace as a monastery. Augustine, in accordance with Pope Gregory's order, was consecrated Archbishop by the Metropolitan of Arles in France. In little less than a year the Saxons were converted from paganism to the religion of Christ.

The imagination loves to dwell on the pageants that marked the meeting of Augustine and his monks with Ethelbert, when they marched, "preceded by the cross and image of the great King, our Lord Jesus Christ, offering their solemn prayers for the conversion of England." Mind and heart are overcome in striving to measure the miracle of grace that subdued the fierce Saxons to the sweet yoke of the gospel. Montalembert helps us to appreciate it in some way in his chapter on Augustine. "The King," he writes, "who believes himself descended from the gods of the Scandinavian paradise, yet who resigns

his capital to the priests of the crucified God; this people, fierce and idolatrous, which by thousands prostrates itself at the feet of a few foreign monks, and by thousands plunges into the icy waters of the Thames, in mid-winter, to receive baptism from these unknown strangers; the rapid and complete transformation of a proud and victorious, and, at the same time, sensual and rapacious race, by means of a doctrine pre-eminently fitted to quell lust, pride and sensuality. and which once received into those savage breasts rests forever implanted there —is not this of all miracles the most marvellous, as it is the most indisputable?"

There is still another reason for considering that the direct exercise of pontifical authority in founding the Church in England was specially ordained by divine Providence. Those who have tried at various intervals to rob England of her proper Faith have all sooner or later denied her dependence on the Pope of Rome. Her faithful, on the other hand, have always looked upon this dependence as their bond of union with the true Church of Christ. With a constancy unprecedented in the annals of martyrdom, English Catholics suffered and died for their loyalty to the Vicar of Christ. "Their lawful Bishops," writes a pious Benedictine, "were gagged and imprisoned; their clergy done violence to, and they themselves driven into outward conformity with a faith they detested in their hearts and which was forced on them by fines, imprisonment, and even death, under a code of penal laws such as has seldom disgraced any statute book. Some two hundred priests were executed, while a large number perished in the filthy and fever-stricken prisons into which they were plunged on purpose to cause their death. Forty-two clergy accepted a safe convoy to Ireland, but were drowned off Scattery Island by the Queen's order. About twelve hundred had at various times escaped to Ireland, and were now hunted like wolves, and shot like carrion crows, till the few survivors from bullet, steel, nakedness and hunger died in the most inaccessible places, where they were beyond the reach of their persecutors."

True to the Vicar of Christ the Catholics of England gave up all, property, social position, good name, family, and life itself, rather than admit a king's supremacy in spiritual matters. Nor was it only under Henry VIII., Edward VI., or Elizabeth, that Catholics suffered. The penal laws against them were not removed from the statute books until late in this century, and their children are suffering even now, deprived as they have been of their birthright, and excluded by the descendants of their persecutors from every advantage in private and public life.

To their credit be it said that keenly as they appreciate the natural goods of life, they value above all things the one truth which keeps them loyal sons of the Church and brethren of the true mystical body of Christ. Though still suffering like their forefathers, the English Catholics of our day have a consolation that would have made the pains of their martyr ancestors sweet to bear. The world begins to do them justice, the very infidels begin to applaud their consistency, and their heretical enemies only emphasize by their denials the great principle for which they suffered, the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff through whom alone Christ imparts His truth and grace to men. The coming centenary of St. Augustine will bring this fact home more forcibly to Catholic and non-Catholic alike, for his mission and ministry derived all their virtue from the saintly Pope who sent him to preach to the Saxons. If Augustine's life means anything to Englishmen, it means that to be a Catholic, to belong to the Church of Christ, one must be in union with the Church of Rome and with its Chief Pastor, the Vicar of Christ.

Finally, there is a special providence

in the peculiar circumstances in which this Centenary occurs. The past few years we have been constantly hearing about projects for uniting Christendom. Nearly thirty years ago the late Pius IX., foreseeing the specious pretexts on which overtures for reunion would be made, deemed it necessary to state in plain terms that union with the Church of Christ meant absolute acceptance of His doctrines without hope of change or compromise. His venerable successor, now gloriously reigning, has time and again, in the name of Christ, repeated the same terms. To remove all confusion from the minds of many, who, presumably in good faith, believed they could claim what is vital in the priesthood, validity of orders and the consequent power to offer a true sacrifice and absolve sins, he has deigned to consider their arguments in order to meet them with an answer, and, in virtue of his divine prerogative, to give a decision which precludes all further controversy on this point. The immediate importance of the encyclical *Apostolicæ Curæ* is plain from the fact that the Anglican Archbishops, not to speak of a number of Anglican Bishops and other heads of churches originally Anglican, have found it imperative to reply to His Holiness, even though their argument, or lack of it, must naturally betray the weakness of their contention. The ultimate and greatest importance of the decision is that "it clears the atmosphere," to use the phrase of Father Rivington, and leaves but one question at issue between Catholics and Anglicans, the one they dare not face—the Primacy of the Roman Pontiff, and their duty of submitting to him as a condition of entering the Catholic Church.

The coming celebrations in honor of St. Augustine will, therefore, make men appreciate God's special providence in the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, and in the present restoration of the Roman Catholic Church among their descendants.

The Anglican establishment realizes this, and has already inaugurated its own celebrations at Canterbury, and promises an elaborate memorial programme for next July to be followed by a Pan Anglican conference of their bishops together with bishops of kindred sects from our own and other countries. It is their hope to offset the legitimate Catholic commemoration of this great event, or at least to distract men's minds from the principle of the primacy of the Roman Pontiff, which St. Augustine's mission and the whole course of the Church History of England establishes so clearly. Their gathering will doubtless be an imposing one, and their ceremonial interesting, even if it be no more than a lifeless rehearsal of the scenes which marked the coming of Augustine into Kent; but when the spectacle shall have passed, men's minds will still dwell on the simple ceremony, which will take place a month before, when on June 2, the Benedictine Bishop Hedley will preach on the very field whereon Augustine first met King Ethelbert, and forty Benedictine monks will accompany him in procession over the grounds, chanting the solemn litanies their brethren chanted with Augustine.

When Bishop of Salford, His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan addressed a conference of the Catholic Truth Society on "England's Conversion by the Power of Prayer." The address has been printed among the Society's publications, and it makes an excellent argument for the present Intention. The mere enumeration of the prayers offered for this object since the days of her secession from the Catholic Church explains the marvellous change that has come over her during the past half century, and her growing disposition to submit to the authority of the Vicar of Christ. Pope Gregory XIII., St. Charles Borromeo, St. Philip Neri, St. Paul of the Cross, and his disciple Father Dominic, distinguished themselves by praying and by inducing others to pray for

the return of England to the true Faith. In many religious institutions, it is customary to make this prayer, and St. Ignatius had it chiefly in mind when he enjoined that his society should pray for "the conversion of Northern nations" in their Masses and other prayers. Among the faithful associations of prayer have been founded for this special purpose, notably Father Ignatius Spencer's, who after enlisting the co-operation of many European countries in his crusade of prayer, with characteristic Christian charity at last appealed to Ireland, saying: "If I could induce the Irish to pray for England, prayer springing from such charity would be irresistible." Overlooking the wrongs of past and present the Irish bishops and their people joined with him in praying just as the English Martyrs had done for the conversion of England, and in the words of Cardinal Wiseman, for reparation for her defection from the unity of the Church.

The systematic and persevering prayer of the past three centuries is in our day being granted, and strange to say in the work of converting England Almighty God is employing the very agencies which the enemies of His Church seemed to have controlled and perverted to their own evil ends. The temples they have stolen, the libraries they confiscated, the national seats of learning, and the press, all of which, up to our own century, had been used in the endeavor to obliterate, if possible, the very memory of the Church from the minds of the nation, are, by a marvellous providence, beginning to pay tribute to her claims on a people that owes its elements of true greatness to the Christianity implanted in their hearts by an Augustine and his successors under the influence imparted to them by the Roman Pontiffs and Vicars of Jesus Christ. Not to speak of other agencies, the blessing which prayer has brought upon the crusade of a Catholic press in England from the foundation of its noble quarterly, the Dublin *Review*, down to its present providential issue of the Catholic Truth Society series, is an instance in point, showing how the tables have been turned on the teachers of heresy, and how rapidly their organized misrepresentation of the Church breaks down before the simple statement of her history and doctrine.

It will be noticed that although these celebrations will take place in June, the Intention for their success has been recommended for May. This is done at the special request of the Editor of the English *Messenger*, who would have the prayers offered for England said during the month of our Lady, remembering that England is OUR LADY'S DOWRY. This timely suggestion brings to mind the sermon of Cardinal Newman on "The Second Spring," and his beautiful apostrophe to Mary in behalf of his country, which might well be our prayer in its behalf during this month:

"It is the time for thy visitation. Arise, Mary, and go forth in thy strength into that north country, which once was thine own, and take possession of a land which knows thee not. Arise, Mother of God, and with thy thrilling voice, speak to those who labor with child, and are in pain, till the babe of grace leaps within them. Shine on us, dear Lady, with thy bright countenance, like the sun in his strength, *O Stella Matutina*, O harbinger of peace, till our year is one perpetual May. From thy sweet eyes, from thy pure smile, from thy majestic brow, let ten thousand influences rain down, not to confound or overwhelm, but to persuade, to win over thine enemies. O Mary, my hope, O mother undefiled, fulfil to us the promise of this spring."

A LEGEND OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.

By A. R. Crane.

FEW of the Missions of Lower California have suffered so complete extinction as that situated in the romantic cañon of "Guadalupe." Only insignificant remnants of the walls of the church remain, although the convent building is somewhat better preserved. Until about twenty years ago the grand arch which spanned the altar stood erect, the most conspicuous object in the wide expanse of desolate plain; but this has now crumbled into a shapeless mass. Where once smiled the orchards and gardens planted under the direction of the good Fathers who there gathered their dusky flock, whom they trained both in the arts of industry, and the higher knowledge of the will of God, utter desolation now reigns supreme. No ivy clings to the tottering walls; no sound except the singing of the birds or the nervous yap of the coyote vibrates upon the air.

Near the ruins are numerous mounds where sleep the quiet dead. No loving hand scatters flowers over their graves, but God forgets them not; and each year myriads of fragrant blossoms cluster above their last resting-place.

The story I am about to relate was told me by a venerable pioneer, who has lived in Lower California for more than seventy years. He can remember in his boyhood hearing the Mission bell pealing morning, noon and night to call the people to prayer and worship. He lived there throughout the revolutionary period; and can distinctly recall the time when the Mexican government confiscated the Viejo Mission, and drove the old Padres out at the point of bayonet over the line into the United States, and also the eventful night when Guadalupe Mission was attacked.

It was night. The bell had tolled the hour of nine; and all were in bed, and at peace with God and man. Suddenly a piercing shriek rang out on the still night air. It was a woman's voice, and the next instant her pitiful wails were mingled wilh brutal curses and firing of guns. Father Lopez, the Prior, sprang from his couch. The Indians and Mexicans, employed at the Mission as guards and servants, were always carefully looked after by Father Lopez, who never failed to see them all quietly in their rawhide cots at the proper time. He had this night gone through the usual routine of locking, barring and counting his flock, to see that they were all in the fold; and had just lain down to rest when those fearful shrieks startled him to his feet. His quick ear told him from whence came the screams; and he recognized the voice of the wife of Pancho Gonzales, a Mexican that lived in a little adobe house about a quarter of a mile from the Mission building. This family had a small piece of ground under cultivation, given them by the Fathers, and, being honest and peaceable, had felt secure in their little home under the shelter of the church.

Up to within a few months all had been peace and happiness in this isolated region, where the Fathers had braved the dangers and privations of the wilderness to bring to its savage inhabitants the Gospel of Christ, and teach them the arts of peace. But since then constant reports had come of outrages committed by the Revolutionary Party against the representatives of the Church, especially the Jesuits. So Father Lopez had no hesitation in attributing the tumult to its true cause.

All possible precautions had been taken to guard against the danger of an attack by one of the brutal bands, who were scouring the country insulting and massacring the servants of God, and destroying the missions they had established with so much toil and sacrifice. The doors of the mission building were securely barred each night, and such weapons as could be procured were provided to arm the little band that faithfully rallied round Father Lopez and his three fellow priests.

The good priest hastened from his room and found many of the household already assembled in the corral where they could see through the portholes what was going on outside. No sooner had he placed his eye to one of these outlooks than he saw a large group of dark figures advancing toward the church. As the disorderly throng drew nearer he could distinguish three or four brutal men in soldiers' uniforms dragging a man between them, who was alternately fighting and pleading for mercy amid the jeers and scoffs of the crowd. Close at the heels of the doomed man was his terrified wife with two little children clinging to her skirts and screaming with fright. Nearer and nearer drew the lawless mob, their band more than double the number of men in the mission. It was useless to go out against them. There was nothing the Fathers could do but pray and encourage their terrified people.

Padre Lopez was loved by his flock more than any of the pastors before him, and his words of faith in God's assistance had a wonderfully soothing effect on his dusky followers. He was an inspiring figure as he stood among them, his upturned saint-like face looking toward the pale moon, his furrowed cheeks bathed in tears of pity for his suffering neighbors, his hands raised in supplication in their behalf. As his half-naked, half-civilized friends drew closer to him they beheld a circle of light gradually closing about his head, a halo of glory, such as they had seen over the brows of the Child Jesus and the Virgin Mary in the pictures above the altar. They trembled with fear and reverential awe. The other three priests looked on as much amazed as the natives. They felt that God had heard the good Father's petition and would now protect them from harm. As the low, sweet voice of the holy Padre chanted forth the words, "Not my will, but Thine be done, O God," all stood with bowed heads in silent veneration.

Suddenly a thundering crash startled every fast-beating heart. It was from the battering ram that had been placed against the door of the wall that enclosed them. A second and a third crash followed—the door began to give way under the heavy blows, the screams of the mother and children were fearful. The good woman realized that the church and the "dear Padres" were in great danger—that all would soon be destroyed. The neophytes knew that the time had come to fight. One more stroke and the enemy would be in their midst. Padre Gomez ordered his men to be ready to fire. Padre Lopez still stood transfixed, the halo of light remaining bright about his head. Again the heavy weight of the battering ram fell with a dull thud. In rushed the soldiers led by the much-feared and hated General-in-chief, one of Mexico's most bloodthirsty leaders.

"The Padres! the Padres, first! Down with the priests! kill them first! Then make away with the rest of the pack!" sounded the fiendish chorus.

The trembling inmates of the Mission fired at random, then dropped their guns, or were disarmed. The General was wounded, but soon rallied, being only slightly hurt. His men soon tied the Fathers hand and foot. The terrified savages scattered like frightened sheep, and hid in all available crannies. As the General turned, with a curse, to continue the half-finished sentence on his victims, he was, for the moment,

overcome by the sight of Father Lopez, who had not spoken nor changed his attitude during all this time; nor had the circle of light about his head lessened in its brightness. All of the invaders saw it at the same time, and, for a moment, cowered in fear.

"Take and bind him!" yelled the General to his men, pointing to the holy Father. "Take him, the partner of the devil."

Overcome with hatred towards the priests, and with fear of the General, they obeyed. Father Lopez made no resistance. When he had been securely tied they perceived that the halo of light still hovered all about his body as he lay on the ground. This caused great consternation to the more superstitious. Some fell upon their knees and covered their faces with their hands, as if to shut out the wonderfully illumined face, but were brutally slashed by the sword of the General or battered over the head with his rifle. Then he ordered the priests to be carried, and so placed against the outer wall, that their faces would look toward the altar.

By the soft, melancholy light of the moon, the form of the half-naked, half-unconscious man, whom the soldiers had dragged hither, was easily distinguished; his face was haggard, his lips moved, yet they did not utter a sound; his eyes were closed, his hands and feet were tied with rawhide thongs. He was closely guarded waiting execution. He dreaded to open his eyes for fear he would see his innocent wife and babes beaten, and, perhaps, murdered by these inhuman wretches.

"Where is she? I cannot hear her now: Oh, if I must die, let it be soon!" he moaned. He heard the good Padres dragged by him, but he dared not look at them, his friends who must share his fate. The cold perspiration started on his face. He heard the clicking of the guns in the hands of the soldiers, that he knows are ready to riddle his body with bullets, and then his helpless wife and babes—one yet unborn—will be left alone to the mercy of these wretches. The thought drove him to desperation. He tried to wrench himself loose, but it was of no avail, he could not move a limb. His brain reeled; he fainted.

The moonlight faded away, the stars disappeared, the sky grew black as ink, the silence was intense; slowly, consciousness returned to his bewildered mind. He opened his eyes wearily as out of the distance could be heard the sound of retreating footsteps. He listened; it ceased. Then his dulled ear caught the sound of a soft voice in prayer at his side. He turned his eyes in the direction of that soothing, heavenly sound. He started, and turned cold, for there, standing near with a halo of light about his body, was Father Lopez holding an infant boy in his arms, looking like the Saviour of old blessing little children. It was a newborn babe, and he guessed the truth, the child was his. "Oh Father!" the poor wretch cried, "is my wife safe?" Then, like the chimes of sweet bells, the voice of the holy Father answered: "Fear not, she is safe. God has taken her to His bright home. This child, born to-night, shall overcome the wicked enemies that have destroyed the house of God, and persecuted His children. Put your trust in Him and fear not."

A ring of rifle shots echoed through the old walls, and poor Pancho Gonzales was dead.

As the gray dawn broke over the mountains, the hoarse voices, and the din of tramping feet were again heard in the ruined building. "Where is he," they shout, "the priest with his old witch light?" In vain they search for him. Father Lopez was nowhere to be found. He and the child had as surely disappeared, as though they had been swallowed up by the earth. The General raved and swore at thus being cheated out of his victim. After killing all they could find, he, with his remain-

ing army and the three Padres, started to the mountains, where the priests were cruelly and barbarously put to death.

After this massacre, peace was in a measure restored; and except for occasional small raids and plunderings, the Peninsular of Lower California suffered little at the hands of the Revolutionists.

Not until thirty years later, in 1859, was there another serious uprising, the year in which Señor Don Castro was killed. He was at that time Governor of the Northern district, but by no legal right, having refused to obey the President's order of removal. Governor Castro was a man who frequently became intoxicated, and, at such times, was very quarrelsome. His associates were the worst set of outlaws in the country; and his boon companion was Manuel Marquez, the leader of a noted band of Mexican outlaws.

One evening Castro and Marquez were stopping at a house in San Miguel, and enjoying social drinks in their customary way. In the midst of their hilarity, Castro drew his knife from his boot, and playfully flourished it before Marquez; but, unfortunately for himself, accidentally cut his companion, who instantly became enraged, and shaking his wounded hand in Castro's face, fiercely exclaimed, "blood calls for blood!" The men were finally separated, and Castro was persuaded to go to another house a little further up the river bed. He left on foot, and, a short time after, the inmates of the house he had just left heard the report of a pistol. Following in the direction of the sound, they found the unfortunate dead man under a willow tree, while the murderer, Marquez, had fled north to Los Angeles. The poor victim was buried on a neighboring hilltop, where there is naught to mark his lonely grave, the frail wooden cross was placed at its head having long been blown down.

The news of his death spread rapidly, and acted as a signal to his many followers, who believed him to have been murdered by the order of the hated Americans. In a revengeful mood they pillaged the country. No law abiding citizen was safe, and disorder and dismay reigned supreme.

At the time of the Governor's death, there was in his employ a strange young Mexican named Feliciano Esparza, a man of unusual strength of character. He was secretary to the Governor, and now came into full power as acting Governor. The state of affairs was desperate, and it devolved upon him to do something to restore order at once. After due deliberation he issued a call, summoning all law-abiding citizens of the surrounding country to appear at Sauzal. When they had assembled, he formed them into a military company, and sent them in quest of insurgents, with orders to bring in every outlaw that could be found. A few days later a courier returned to Sauzal with the tidings that twelve of the desperadoes had been captured, and were but a short distance from the town. Esparza hastened forth, and met the posse with the prisoners where the road from Sauzal joins that from San Miguel, on the way to Ensenada de Todos Santos. He ordered a halt and sentenced the prisoners to be shot. A pit, wide enough to contain all the bodies, was prepared, and the prisoners given a brief examination. Esparza then spoke to the men with a voice full of feeling, and entreated them to make their peace with God, confess their sins to the priest and be absolved before the death signal was given. He called to his aid a Padre, who had accompanied him hither, and bade the oldest of the prisoners retire with the priest if he so wished.

The old prisoner lifted his eyes, and looked long and steadily into the face of the young Esparza. "That voice," he muttered, "that face so like——. Absolve, Oh, absolve my soul, O priest!"

One after another the prisoners knelt in confession, then all were arranged in a

row. The men with loaded rifles stood waiting the order to fire. "Fire!" Esparza commanded, and when the report died away a voice chanted: "Peace, peace to all. Esparza, your father and the Church are revenged!"

All eyes turned to the young Mexican. For an instant a bright halo appeared about him, then darkness settled down. The one common grave was covered, and the citizens returned to Sauzal. After clearing up accounts with the desperadoes, Esparza retired to the Island of Guadalupe, with his wife and family.

For many years he lived in peace and happiness in this secluded spot. One day his wife noticed that he seemed more quiet and thoughtful than usual. By and by he rose, took his gun and kissing his dear ones started out to hunt. This was no unusual occurrence; but he did not return that day, nor the next following, nor the next. His wife became alarmed at his long absence, and with her two sons started in search of him. But though they travelled over every foot of the island, no trace of the lost one was found.

Señora Esparza had heard the strange story of her husband's birth and life, for it was he that was born on that night of the Guadalupe Mission massacre. The holy Padre, with the child in his arms, had been guided by an unseen hand to an unknown cave in the mountains. There he reared the boy and taught him his mission. When he had grown to manhood he sent him into the world with full instructions as to his future course. "When thy good work is done, my son, I will come and take thee to a home of peace and beauty."

The señora doubted not that Padre Lopez's prophecy had been fulfilled.

A few years after Esparza's disappearance, his family were found on the island by the crew of a fishing vessel that chanced to stop there, in a very destitute condition. They were taken to San Tomas where they related the history of Esparza's life. When their story was investigated and found true, the property which belonged to Esparza before his disappearance was restored by the Government to his family, as they were the rightful owners.

THE PATRON OF CHRISTIAN WIVES AND MOTHERS.

IN an age when the responsibility and the nobility of the office of wife and mother are being sadly lost sight of, the example of one pre-eminent in both offices cannot too often be insisted upon. The pagan trend of modern society makes us tremble for the future. Woman, overlooking, either designedly or undesignedly, the ordinary vocation to which Almighty God calls her, and for which He has fitted her, beats against the walls of her home, as though they enclosed a prison cell. Stronghold, indeed, is home, but containing only prisoners bound by chains of filial, wifely, or maternal love and devotion. Slave is she not, who gives a willing service. Servant is she not, who only asks for love as wage. Queen is she, though often her crown may, like her divine Master's, be made of thorns. Mistress is she, for without asserting her rights, her Christian tact will enable her to rule.

If women only realized the vocation to which God calls them, and would not vainly strive after that for which their nature does not fit them! If they only would appreciate the tremendous influence confided to them in the home circle! As the Count de Maistre wrote to his daughter Constance, who complained of the rôle assigned to women in society, and desired that they should take up the pen and become authoresses: "My dear child, how you deceive yourself respect-

ing woman's real power and mission." Then enumerating some of the masterpieces of literature, "none of these," he says, "were written by her; but she performs greater things, for on her knees is fashioned the world's most precious treasure." We may enlarge the list of pursuits not suitable to woman, yet to which the modern woman impatiently aspires. Would they be great? There is a greatness which is exclusively theirs. There is a sphere in which they have no rival—home—a short, simple word, but brimful of meaning. Those who have it not, long for it. Too many who have it, or the makings of it, do not appreciate it

Daughter, wife, mother, woman, saint—Monica looms up like a giantess above her fellows. Study her life, O women! and imitate it; for it is imitable. Not a pampered favorite of fortune was she. Not the creature of happy circumstances was she. Not the product of auspicious environment was she. A devout Christian maiden was she, married to a brutal pagan of twice her age. Had she undivided sway over a household? She shared its rule with a pagan, imperious mother-in-law. Untoward surroundings surely were these. God gave her children for her joy and consolation. Augustine, following in the footsteps of his worthless father, wrung tears of anguish from his mother's heart. But, as St. Teresa used to say, "patience wins all." Patience, not of stoical waiting and enduring, but Christian patience that puts up with the present ills while praying in unshakable confidence for the accomplishment of God's will.

By her sweetness and her respectful attentions, Monica gained her haughty, disdainful and imperious mother-in-law, who, from a persecutor, became an ardent advocate of her gentle daughter-in-law. Yet, what this victory must have cost the saint! Having won the mother, she applied herself more than ever to gain over, by her patience and her devotion, her husband Patricius. Obliged sometimes to contradict and resist him in things concerning the faith, in other things she served him with all the greater humility and love. After a struggle of seventeen years she conquered. Patricius yielded to grace, asked for and received baptism with great fervor and died in the peace of God.

But her lifework was not ended. Augustine was living in sin. For his conversion she now lived. She renounced all the pleasant things of the world; she practised the most rigorous penances; she fasted almost continually; she attended the public offices of the Church; she prayed incessantly, and became the servant of the poor and the sick. And Augustine went from bad to worse. Were his mother's fast, penances, alms, prayers, tears unheeded?

Fifteen years pass by, years of desolation for Monica. At length, grace triumphs, and Augustine, the son of her tears, renounces Satan and swears his deathless allegiance to Christ. Monica's work was fulfilled. Augustine was a Christian. She had forsaken her native land to follow her son to Italy, she would return with her prodigal. At Ostia they awaited the sailing of a ship. Who has not seen that exquisite picture of this mother and son depicted by Ary Scheffer? Hand in hand they sit with eyes uplifted to heaven, discoursing on the things of God, which Monica was so soon to behold in open vision. In a few days the end came. "Lay this body anywhere," she said, "be not concerned about that; only this I beg of you, that wheresoever you be, you make remembrance of me at the Lord's altar."

Christian wives and mothers, behold your model. Learn of Monica the responsibility and dignity of the wife and mother, and you, too, will give Augustines to the Church of God.

EDITORIAL.

THE MADAGASCAR MISSIONS.

MADAGSCAR should be a favorite country with members of the Apostleship of Prayer. One of our first General Intentions was for the spread of the faith on that island, and our prayers were answered very speedily and richly. During the late insurrection it was feared that the interests of religion would suffer. Even after peace had been restored, the appointment of a Protestant Resident-General Laroche made it likely that Catholic missionaries would have to retire from Madagascar. Under the new Resident-General Gallieni, full freedom is guaranteed to all religions, and with such a guarantee, the one true religion is sure to make rapid progress. Indeed, the Catholic missionaries are succeeding so well, that the sectarians are beginning to employ their usual tactics of frightening or buying up the natives to relinquish the Church. Meanwhile they calumniate the Jesuits who are in charge of the Catholic Missions, and their false reports have reached some sectarian newspapers in this country. The Jesuits in Madagascar have little time to write about their work, much less to spread reports with a view to conciliating outside influence or sympathy for it. They work directly for the natives and have already 65,103 children in their schools, whereas before the war they had only 27,000.

DANGER IN MERE MAJORITY RULE.

French statesmen are beginning to realize the danger of the rule of mere majorities. M. Jules Roche, one of the chiefs of the party in power for the last twenty years in France, said not long ago in a conference to the League of Decentralization: "We cannot doubt that we are living under a régime of legal despotism which has been surpassed neither by Louis XIV. nor by Nero, nor by Heliogabalus, nor by Dionysius of Syracuse. Suppose there were found in the Chambers a majority to vote, for instance, the confiscation of the property of all citizens? This law would be regular and executory. Our constitution has created no normal guarantee against so monstrous an iniquity."

M. Roche speaks of this as a bare possibility, whereas he is perfectly aware that this so monstrous iniquity is in fact being now carried out in part against those citizens who have the honor to belong to the religious orders of men and women. Encouraged by such a precedent, why should not the Socialistic party take heart and extend the law to the other citizens, whose rights are precisely the same as those upon whom this outrageous spoilation is being executed? No, the *vox populi*, *i. e.*, the majority, is by no means always *vox Dei*. Other States should learn the lesson.

OFFERINGS TO THE DEAD.

Many bishops of late, when dying, have given instructions that their funerals should be extremely simple, and thereby gave a striking example and great edification. The abuse of floral wreaths and other designs has grown to

uch an extent that such offerings should e abolished altogether. First, it is not Catholic custom. Second, in many ases, in fact in all except that of very oung persons, it is most inappropriate. Third, it is a needless burden on relatives and friends. Fourth, it is absolutely useless to the deceased. Fifth, it is a most unseemly occasion for display. All these reasons hold good of persons in easy circumstances, but they are much more cogent when the departed was very poor, and the surviving members of the family are in want, and the money spent on fading flowers might have been a real boon to the living. True charity to the departed is best shown by prayers and Masses. Holy Scripture tells us that almsgiving, too, benefits the dead, hence the pious custom of giving an alms in money, or a dole of bread, or other food, to the needy, to secure their grateful prayers in behalf of the departed one, in whose name the gift is bestowed.

A NEW ASPECT OF DEATH.

At two recent funerals of Episcopalian ministers, death took on a new aspect. At one, we are told, "the music was triumphant in tone." The noble hymn, "Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise," was sung by the choir and the entire congregation. The second hymn, "The strife is o'er, the victory won," one of the finest of the resurrection hymns of the church, was sung by the choir.

At the other funeral the choristers wore *blue* cassocks and the clergy *white* stoles, by request. "The music at this most impressive function," we read, "demands special notice and the warmest encomium. In every respect it was most appropriate and effective. It seemed to be the aim of those who selected the hymns and their tunes, and the various other compositions that were rendered, to give the entire musical service a bright and cheerful, and, one might even say, a festal character, expressive of a peaceful death and of a joyful entrance into the Paradise of God." We need not remark that this *festal character* for funerals is opposed to the universal custom of the Catholic Church, except in the case of very young children, when white is used and the tone of the service is joyous. Even in the case of those who die in the manifest odor of sanctity the *Requiem* and *Dirge* are performed. Martyrs naturally are an exception.

SPREAD OF RITUALISM.

The craving of man's æsthetic nature for the beautiful in divine worship is steadily asserting itself in the various Protestant sects. The most ultra conservative of them all, the Presbyterians, are feeling its effects. That ritualism should spring up and flourish in the Church of England and its off-shoot, the Episcopalians, is not surprising; for it is simply an effort to return to the teachings and practices of the Catholic Church, of which they are a mangled form. But to think of the Kirk becoming ritualistic is enough to make John Knox rise from the grave and protest. Yet, in spite of it, the trend towards ritualism is there. Witness the new Church Service Society, whose avowed purpose is to provide a set form and ritual for use in the Presbyterian churches. The "new" men and women are not content with the baldness in worship which their forefathers endured, hence came defections to the Episcopal churches. Organs, formerly condemned as an abomination, were introduced, and high-priced singers engaged to replace the old-time congregational Psalm-singing with *Mass* music set to English words, and even *Ave Marias* are to be found in the répertoire. The ear was delighted, but there was nothing for the eye. Stained glass windows with figures of saints and floral decorations were added; but still there was no ritual, at least with approbation. The new society, therefore, proposes: First, to learn by inquiry, what "Orders of Worship" are now actually

in use in Presbyterian churches; second, to study the history and significance of the various forms, and thus to recognize the importance of this branch of historical theology; and third, to prepare a form of worship that shall be historically true. As the society numbers among its members influential ministers in different parts of the country, the movement is important and indirectly endorses the wisdom of our Holy Mother Church in providing, as she does, for the needs of the whole man in divine worship.

THE SENATE AND OUR INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Fair-minded Protestants have always been generous defenders of the Catholic Indian schools in the United States Senate. The name of Senator Vest will at once suggest itself. A few weeks ago, during a debate on the Indian Appropriation Bill in the Senate, a champion of our cause appeared in the person of Senator Pettigrew, also a Protestant. He advocated our schools and said: "During the first two administrations after we had adopted this policy (of asking the co-operation of the various denominations in educating the Indians) not a single Catholic school was engaged in the education of the Indian children. The Protestant churches of this country commended this policy. The Protestant churches built the first Indian contract school; but, Mr. President, in 1880, we made the first provision for contracts for the education of these children in schools under the control of the Catholic Church. The Catholics were enterprising, and by 1885 they were getting three-quarters of the appropriations, because they had built the schools at the invitation of the Government, and then it was that we began to hear the cry there should be no sectarian education; then it was that the clamor arose to abolish sectarian education for the Indian children, and it has continued until this time."

History repeats itself; what they could not get themselves, they did not want any one else to get. But a specious reason must be given to mask this contemptible dog-in-the-mangerism. Patriotism is always the cloak under which such persons masquerade to conceal their real malice against the true Church.

MUSIC IN CHURCH AND CHURCH MUSIC.

Many priests surrender all their rights in the selection of the music in their church to their choirmaster or choirmistress, who is often the organist as well. We say advisedly surrender, for it is giving up what belongs to them, in virtue of their office. It may be said in defence, that *ex officio* they are not endowed with a knowledge of music. Quite true. But every priest should have a sense of the eternal fitness of things, and he should not delegate his authority to one who lacks it, however good a musician the person may be. But the organist may be a volunteer, and might resent interference on the part of the priest, and the people may prefer an unchurchly style of music. Then both organist and people need enlightenment, and the priest should impart it. The Mass is the essential, the music is but accidental. The Holy Sacrifice is the diamond, the music is but the setting. It should be only of purest gold. Other precious stones may be used to enhance the brilliancy of the diamond, but what jeweller would set it in base metal? So, too, only the best music should be used in the liturgy, nor is there any lack of it. It is a sacred duty of the priest to veto everything that is light, trivial, sensuous, or suitable, whether in the intention or not of the composer, for the stage, not for the church. The object is not to please the ears of the people, but to move their hearts to worship God and to assist the better at Holy Mass, Vespers, and Benediction.

CHURCH MUSIC.

The Bishop of Newport (England), Dr. Hedley, made Church music the subject of his Lenten Pastoral. He handles it with a masterly hand. "Music," he says, "has her place very near the altar;

for it is music which is the setting and the adornment of some of the most beautiful and solemn prayers which precede or accompany the great act of sacrifice." . . . The music of that august rite must be no common music, but music that is appropriated, sanctified, and completely dominated by the liturgy itself. If we are to worship by or with music, music must be worthy of the act of worship. . . . If the skill and devotion of Christian hearts can accomplish it, there must be a difference set up and established between the music of the Eucharistic liturgy—the music of the Sacrifice—the music of the Blessed Sacrament—and all other strains, modes, uses and fashions of music whatsoever. It would be a less evil that she should sacrifice some of her sweetness and her power, than that she should be the means of dragging adoration down to the world's prose, or the flesh's baseness, or the devil's arts of diversion. It would be better to silence her forever in the sanctuary than bring in over the church's threshold an atmosphere of worldly passion, or mundane frivolity, or even of mere human and heathen art, unhallowed by the Blood of the Redemption." He makes a strong case for the use of the plain chant. "Is it not true," he asks, "that the very strangeness and inaccessibility of the Gregorian Chant renders it all the more suitable for the liturgy? It is music of an age gone by, as the vestures of the sacrificing priest are survivals of past centuries. There is history in every phrase of it. Its professions, its rises and falls, its intonations and its endings, are not heard in the modern world—not heard in the theatre, or the concert-room, or the street. He who would use it, must seek it apart, where the steps of man do not tread, as if he sought some old-fashioned flower, neglected and rare, to put upon the steps of the altar. When he comes to be familiar with it, he finds that it is a true art; that it has form, symmetry, variety, and beauty." After speaking of the way in which the music suits the sacred words, he says: "Thus the chant of the Church is the handmaid of devotion, shutting out distraction like the walls of the sanctuary, and drawing the thoughts and the emotions to the altar and the Blessed Sacrament. Better, more elaborate, more brilliant, more taking music may, perhaps, be easily had; but not music that will be equally worthy of its sacred burden of adoration and prayer. . . . It is perfectly true that the Church admits and allows, even in the Mass, music which is not Gregorian Chant. But not every kind of music is permitted in church, whether at Mass or at other times." He then lays down some excellent rules. He quotes St. Bernard, who said of certain singers of his day: "They sing to please the people rather than God." He concludes by laying down the principle that Church music should not be "a tawdry imitation of the music of the outside world, but an art of its own, inspired by the sacred liturgy, and conforming in all things to the 'pattern shown upon the mountain.'"

ILLOGICAL PRAYERS.

We cannot look for consistency in religious matters in sects which recognize no authority in dogmatic teaching, but it is strange to see in print such contradictions as the following sample in the *Churchman:* "Entered into life eternal, January 2, 1897, after a brief illness N. N." (*Then follows the family connection*). "Grant her, O Lord, eternal rest, and may light perpetual shine upon her."

How, we ask, can these two things be reconciled? First, the deceased is declared to have "entered into life eternal" —the assertion of a fact—then comes a prayer that this already accomplished fact may be realized in the "future!"

The bishops of England and Ireland have lately addressed to His Holiness, Leo XIII., a joint petition to beg him to hasten the canonization of B. Margaret Mary.

The Gregorian University in Rome has more students this year than ever before. The number is at present 1,029. There are three faculties, those of theology, philosophy and canon law, consisting of twenty-three professors, all of whom belong to the Society of Jesus.

The Patriarch of Antioch, of the Greco-Melchite rite, Mgr. Gregory Jussef, has lately sent to Rome ten young clerics to enter the Greek Pontifical College, at the instance of the Holy Father, thus carrying on the apostolic work for the reunion of the Churches of the Orient.

The *Catholic Directory* for 1897 makes the following statement about England: There is one cardinal; 25 archbishops and bishops; 3,090 priests, of whom 2,143 are seculars and 947 regulars; 1,812 churches, chapels and stations.

During the past year, 1896, conversions to the faith are estimated at 15,000, of whom 2,000 belong to the archdiocese of Westminster.

The Municipal Council of Mâcon, in France, has rejected the petition of 950 fathers of families demanding justice and equality for children frequenting the free (Catholic) schools. Yet the Jews, who number only fifty in a population of many thousand Catholics, have a representative on the Board of Public Charities.

The mayor of Concoret (France) had committed the awful crime of consecrating his municipality to the Sacred Heart. He was cited by the Protestant Fabre, sub-prefect of Ploërmel, to give an account of himself, and was soundly rated by this high official. Not at all repentant, M. Desbois tendered his resignation, which was at once accepted. But the Municipal Council of Concoret thought otherwise, and considered M. Desbois worthier than ever to direct their town, so they re elected him mayor by a large majority.

At the audience of Mgr. Lamoroux, Bishop of Saint-Flour, with the Holy Father, for the purpose of presenting to His Holiness the Peter's Pence of the diocese, Leo XIII. asked the bishop to read him the verses that accompanied the offering. Perceiving that the Bishop was putting on spectacles, the Pope laughed and said: "Give me the verses, I will read them without spectacles as well as you would with them." This he did aloud without any hesitation, and in great glee that his sight was better than that of a Bishop so much younger than he was.

The "Saint Paul," one of two vessels ordered by the Committee of Works of the Sea to replace the "Saint Pierre," shipwrecked last year off Newfoundland, was launched on January 20 very successfully in presence of a great many spectators interested in the work for seamen.

The work for seamen is progressing in England. In London an excellent house, with a large hall at the back, has been taken on a seven years' lease. It is situated on Well-close Square, near the former quarters, which were quite inadequate for the number of seamen who frequented the rooms. Over 3,350 have inscribed their names as members in the Club Register. Board and lodging will be provided at moderate prices.

Those interested, and all Catholics should be, in the work of Missions for sea-faring men, will be glad to hear of a Catholic Sailors' Home opened last

October in Bordeaux, and of its success. Library, reading-rooms and games, medical and legal advice are free. Board and lodging can be had for two francs a day. The committee in Paris has started another Sailors' Home at Nantes. Two vessels have been built for the Deep Sea Fisheries, one for Iceland and the other for Newfoundland.

On Sunday, February 14, a touching ceremony took place at Paimpol, on the north coast of France. It was the feast of the fishermen. There was a fleet of 56 vessels, manned by 1,091 seamen. The boats were all decorated and drawn up in line along the docks, where an altar of repose had been set up. A procession of the officers and men, accompanied by the municipal musicians, escorted the Blessed Sacrament from the church to the port. The statue of our Lady of Good News, much venerated by the sailors, was carried by a delegation of them. All along the route the houses were decorated with flags. The Vicar General gave the Benediction to the vessels, while their flags, in recognition, were raised and lowered three times.

Though Belgium has not seamen, she has boatmen on her rivers and on the coast. Some Promoters of the Apostleship in Ghent, who had been instructing the children of the bargees for First Communion, begged Father De Beck, S J., to set up an *œuvre* in favor of the boatmen. This was in August, 1893. The work, dedicated to Mary Star of the Sea, and to St. Peter, has extended. At Antwerp, the curé of St. Lambert's, Abbé de Bruyn; at Bruges, the well-known Capuchin preacher, Father Libertus; at Ostend, the chaplain of a despatch-boat, Abbé Pijpa, are attending to the welfare of the boatmen, ably assisted by the League Promoters and the members of Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. They make an extensive distribution of good literature in order to counteract the socialistic, radical and anti-Catholic propaganda.

For the department of the Seine in France, there is building at Fresno a huge central prison to contain 1,500 cells, and to cost 10,727,000 francs. The great De Maistre, a century ago, seeing the demolition of religious houses, prophesied: "If you destroy the houses of prayer, upon their ruins you shall be obliged to build barracks and prisons." How literally true has this been in France.

The free-thinkers of Vinneuf, in Burgundy, thought to make merry over a sacrilegious parody of a religious ceremony on the public square. They concluded with a ball, at the beginning of which one of them fell dead. The others, unwilling to show their fear, kept on dancing. Shortly after, another fell out of a window and crushed his skull; and later on another broke his wrist. These various accidents produced a serious impression, and caused them to abandon their intention of interrupting a religious ceremony the next day.

In France for marriages to be recognized by law, the contracting parties must appear before the Mayor or his representative and state their intention. Some anti-Catholic mayors have taken occasion of this to take up a collection for the State schools, the wedding party not daring to refuse. Not long ago, in a certain city, there was a great marriage to be solemnized. Preparatory to it the bridal party went to the Mayor's office. As usual, the Mayor passed round the hat, thereupon one of the guests said: "Mr. Mayor, you have taken up a collection for the State schools, so you cannot be surprised if I in turn take up one for the Catholic schools." He suited the action to the word and collected thirty-five francs, whereas the Mayor had only got about five francs.

The nocturnal adoration is being carried on with great fervor in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre, Paris. Of course, only men take part in it. The minimum number in the winter months, when it is hard to climb up the mountain, is from twenty to thirty. In Summer the number is much greater, so that one night last June there were more than 200 adorers. On the night set apart for Christian bosses—we do not know how else to put *patrons*—there were twenty of them at every hour. They prayed and sang hymns during the whole night. Some took no rest; others divide the time between watching and resting. There are two dormitories adjoining the sacristy, provided with iron bedsteads, mattresses and blankets. True Christian fraternity is to be seen there, where men

of all ranks of society lie side by side. Thus is reparation offered during the night for all the sins of the past day, and God's mercy invoked for sinners instead of His justice.

The annual report for 1896 of the Night Shelter Society of Paris, tells of much good accomplished. During the year it has received 80,496 men and 4 017 women and children; in all 84,513 lodgers who have spent 234,645 nights within the walls of the various branch houses. The funds are free offerings of the charitable. The municipal authorities opened during the cold season what are termed *chauffoirs publics*, public heaters, where the homeless could congregate to warm themselves, and go in and out at will, but only benches, and not beds, were provided. Some vagrants prefer this liberty of ingress and egress coupled with less comfort, to the more comfortable quarters of the night shelters, where the doors are closed from 9 P.M. to 6 A.M., and where they are obliged to take a warm bath on entering, and also to wash before leaving. They receive a dole of bread, and the old and weak get soup as well.

The Missionaries of Labor is the title of a body of priests, who, renouncing parish work, have, with the consent of their bishop, devoted themselves exclusively to solve the labor problem. The founder is the Abbé Henry Fontan, and the house of this new Society is at Tarbes, in the Pyrenees. St. Anthony of Padua, is the chosen protector of these *œuvres socials*, of which the most important is the Pyrenean Agricultural Syndicate, to look after the interests of the tillers of the soil. Rural banks, scattered through the department, and united by means of a Central Bank, advance money to the country folk to enable them to carry on the working of their farms. The Communal Syndicate for Agricultural Industry provides funds necessary for obtaining up-to-date machinery, at wholesale prices, for the use of the associates. For other industries the missionaries have founded workingmen's banks. Moreover, at Tarbes, there is a circle for the study of social questions for the clergy, where priests can meet to discuss matters of interest and have the free use of the principal books and periodicals of the day. The question may suggest itself: How are these *œuvres* the suitable object of a congregation of priests? The answer is, that these are the *means*, not the *end*, which is the apostolate of the Gospel to lead souls to God, and heal the deep wounds inflicted on modern society by its abandonment of God. As these means have been used by the enemy of souls for spiritual ruin so, being good in themselves, may these worthy missionaries use them for the weal of society.

The French Government, as administrator of the Church property stolen during the Revolution, pays the salaries of clergymen. The Archbishop of Toulouse called attention lately to the injustice of the apportionment. In the first place, Protestants and Jews have no just claim whatever to money derived from Catholic foundations, yet they not only get their share, but a larger one than the Catholics, as the following statistics show:

POPULATION.

Catholics	36,000,000
Protestants	500,000
Jews	300,000

AVERAGE SALARIES.

Priests	1,014 francs.
Ministers	1,900 "
Rabbis	2,105 "

Besides this, the Protestant ministers receive special assistance, which makes their salary amount to at least 3,000 francs.

There are now in operation in Rome ten night schools, located in various parts of the city, for the instruction of working boys. There is an attendance of about one hundred in each school, and there are many more applicants, but space is wanting. The teaching is, so far, only elementary, drawing being the only extra branch. On Saturdays the catechism is taught. The boys are prepared for their First Communion, which is preceded by the spiritual exercises of a retreat made in the celebrated house called *Ponterotto*. Every year about one thousand lads make their Communion at the altar tomb of St. Aloysius. They attend Mass in their own oratory; or, if that is wanting, in the nearest church. Each school has a garden or playground, in which the scholars can amuse themselves on holidays. Once a year there is a distribution of prizes. Cardinal Satolli assisted at one lately in the Church of St. Nicholas. All these schools are under a common

direction, the president of which is appointed by the Pope.

Count Campello, an apostate, who is leader of a Protestant sect in Italy, visited the late Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth Palace. In his examination of the portraits of the Primates of England, in the picture gallery, he remarked that the pre-Reformation Archbishops had the pallium, but not those who ruled after the Reformation. He asked why they had renounced this distinction. "Because," said the Archbishop, "the Pope sends the pallium, and they could not make a request for it without acknowledging his supremacy," an open admission that the archbishops of the old time did acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope.

This exercise of his usurped spiritual power, as head of the Church of England, is recorded of Edward VI. in regard to dispensing from fasting:

"The King to all whom these presents come, greeting:

"Be ye made aware that we of our own special grace, and our own certain knowledge and mere motion, moreover with the advisement and consent of our Councillors, we have given and granted license, and by these presents do give and grant license, to the most Reverend Father in Christ, Thomas Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of our whole Kingdom and Metropolitan, as well as to all his family, and to all those (how many soever they be) who come to the said Thomas, that he and all his family, wherever they may be, henceforth, during the whole of the natural life of the same Thomas, in times of Lent and other Fasting Days whatsoever, may freely and with impunity eat flesh-meat and white-meats, any statute, act, or proclamation, constitutions, or ordinances to the contrary made or published, or in future to be made or published, notwithstanding."

February 28, 1550.

Similar licenses were granted to other bishops by the same authority. A MS. of the year 1547 records that: "This year the Archbishop of Canterbury did eat meat openly in Lent, in the Hall of Lambeth, the like of which was never seen since England was a Christian nation."

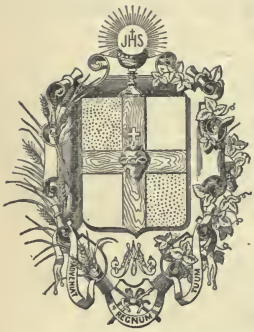
Rt. Rev. J. A. Forest, Bishop of San Antonio, has a deserved reputation as a church-builder, and he is keeping it up, for he has at present twelve churches, just completed, under way, or about to be commenced. He is a vigilant chief pastor watching over the spiritual welfare of his flock.

The *Canisius-Verein*, an extensive organization in Germany, are making elaborate preparations for the celebration of the Third Centenary of B. Peter Canisius, Apostle of Germany. There will be a monster pilgrimage to the grave of B. Peter, at Fribourg in Switzerland.

Catholics in Prussia justly complain that 55,367 of their children attend Protestant schools, and about 100,000 are educated in mixed schools, while 12,000 receive no Catholic instruction in school. How does that compare with the educational condition of Catholics in the United States, where we have some 2,000,000 of our Catholic children in mixed schools, equivalently Protestant, with no Catholic instruction at all? Verily, our forbearance is heroic.

The German Centre party, on February 23, introduced for the third time in the Reichstag the bill for the recall of the Jesuits. Last year Chancellor Hohenlohe promised an amicable settlement; but so far nothing has been done. This fact is emphasized by the Centre in the preamble to the bill. Every bill that passes the Reichstag is at the mercy of the Reichsrath, which is appointed by the Emperor. The feeling of the Emperor towards Catholics may be seen from the fact that he lately created six new life members to the Upper House of the Prussian diet, among whom there is not a single Catholic. Yet one man out of every three in the Kingdom of Prussia is a Catholic, and many of the noblest and best blood of the land are Catholics.

The Old-Catholics of Geneva, Switzerland, in a letter to the Great Council, submit that four of the churches which they took from the Catholics be restored to them, as there is no one left to worship in them. They also ask that the number of the Old-Catholic clergy be reduced, as there is no longer any need of their services. This is the death-knell of Old-Catholicism in Switzerland where it held out longest.



A New Coat of Arms.

To mark the issue of our Revised Statutes the Moderator of the Apostleship has adopted a new coat of arms. We have already substituted it on the design of the Promoters' Diplomas, and as soon as possible we shall introduce it in our other prints. It is simpler and more artistic than the old one, and it tells the nature and purpose of our work very effectively. It will appear on every document issued by us in the name of the Moderator General, acting in his official capacity.

New Centres.

The increase in the number of Centres aggregated to the Apostleship during the past month is owing to the impulse already given to our work by the publication of the Revised Statutes. Quite a number of Centres which had either relinquished our practices, or failed to take up all of them, have taken this opportunity for reviving and adopting the work in all its details. Hence it is that, even for one of the less active months of the year, we record thirty-four new aggregations.

Promoters' Receptions.

The number of Promoters' receptions is never very great in March. Many Centres choose December or January, May or June for these ceremonies, and the Lenten exercises in city churches prevent many from holding these receptions with the proper solemnity. Still five hundred is no small number of Promoters to reward with Cross and Diploma. If they all prove worthy of their charge; if they have all been tried and trained well; and, if Directors encourage them as they should, what effective work they could do for their pastors and fellow members.

Preparing Receptions.

It is not too soon for Directors to begin preparing for the May and June receptions of Promoters. This preparation should be going on at all times, for there should be new Promoters always in training to extend and perpetuate the work. It is well, however, to make special preparations now and then, and to do it in such a manner as to renew the interest of old and new Promoters alike. The revision of our Statutes has already started new energies in our Directors; it is expected that Promoters will show an increase of zeal by imparting their own spirit to others, by extending the benefits of the new regulations to their Associates, and by introducing them to the notice of those who have not yet joined the League.

Providing Receptions.

While speaking of Promoters' receptions we may as well make the oft-repeated request of our Directors to send us their orders for Crosses and Diplomas, if possible, two weeks before the date of the reception. This will allow ample time for mailing to and fro; for filling in the names of the candidates, which Local Directors may send to us, for arranging the Crosses and Diplomas for the immediate distribution and for attaching the Local Director's signature. Instead of affixing our own signature to all the Diplomas issued for the League in this country, we have asked and obtained the consent of Father Drive, the acting Moderator of the League, to affix his signature. Local Directors should sign them as usual.

MESSENGER Commendations.

Directors have read the hearty commendations of our MESSENGER given in the April number of the *League Director*. To these we might add the hundreds that are kindly sent us from time to time by Directors themselves. Of late we have been communicating to several of them in places where the MESSENGER is not widely circulated, a plan for getting subscribers either to the MESSENGER or *Supplement*, and our letters have elicited many encouraging replies.

"Yours is a noble work," writes one, "of immense benefit to religion. May it daily increase in usefulness and become one of the chief means of strengthening the faith of Catholics and bringing non-Catholics into the fold of Christ."

"I must tell you," writes one who

has had great experience as an editor, "how pleased I was with the last number of the MESSENGER. I read every line of it and found it most interesting. I cannot go into details, but everything was good. I am becoming more and more convinced that American Catholics must be very indifferent in religious matters if they fail to see that they have a good thing in the MESSENGER. Its main fault, I think, is that there is not enough of it. One gets through it too quickly."

The Divine Praises.

We take the following extract from the *Ecclesiastical Review*, for March, 1897: "There exists in Rome, and in many other places, a custom of reciting after Mass or during exposition of the Blessed Sacrament a series of short invocations—"Blessed be God! Blessed be His Holy Name," etc. It is said that the prayer was composed by the Jesuit, P. Felici, about a hundred years ago, for a sodality of sailors (dei marinari) in order to counteract the tendency to use the Holy Name in blasphemy. There is an Indulgence of one year attached to the recitation each time, and a Plenary Indulgence, under the usual conditions, for those who recite it daily for a month, both being applicable to the souls in purgatory.

"Leo XIII., who is very fond of this beautiful prayer, has just added to the received form an invocation in honor of the Sacred Heart, and doubled the Partial Indulgence for those who recite the prayer publicly (in any language) after Mass or during exposition of the Blessed Sacrament."

The prayer is here translated from the Italian in common use in the churches of Rome, and attached to the form of decree.

Blessed be God.

Blessed be His Holy Name.

Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true man.

Blessed be the name of Jesus.

Blessed be His most Sacred Heart.

Blessed be Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament of the altar.

Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy.

Blessed be her holy and immaculate conception.

Blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin and Mother.

Blessed be God in His angels and in His saints.

FOR PROMOTERS.

Promoters and the Intention.

St. Augustine's Day falls on May 28. He was England's great apostle, and our General Intention this month is for England's speedy conversion as a fruit of the celebrations of his Thirteenth Centenary. There is an excellent account of his mission to England in the Catholic Truth Society series. These celebrations mean so much for the cause of our religion that we cannot afford to be ignorant of the history of the establishment of the Church among the Anglo-Saxons, of its glorious history since, and of the conversions now being made yearly by thousands from the ranks of the sect that most opposed it.

Promoters in May.

There is no end to the devotions and good works our Promoters can advance in May. We have tried to enumerate them on the Promoters' page in the *Decade Leaflets*, but space failed us. The saints' days and Holydays they can observe with special piety would require too much space even here; the feasts of the apostles Philip and James, St. Monica, St. Joseph, the Rogation days and the Ascension, besides the First Friday and the Promoters' Patron days.

Active Works for May.

The May Devotions offer a splendid opportunity for the zeal of our Promoters. To be present at them faithfully will be all some can do. Some may help in the choir, and others about the altar or shrine of our Lady. All can help to fill the churches by inducing their Associates to come to the devotions every morning or evening. The May processions require considerable preparation, and the First Communion days come, for many parishes, in May. Without the assistance of zealous Promoters some pastors would be distracted by the many details claiming their attention every May.

The question is often asked of Promoters, "How shall I join the League?" The answer is simple enough, when the League is established in the parish of the applicant; it is not so simple when there is no Centre in the parish, or, as

often happens, when there is no Centre for some distance. In such cases Promoters should not be quick to advise without first knowing the mind of their Directors. Ordinarily the simplest answer would be to refer the questioner to our office for proper information, or to say what our own circular says in answer to the question. We ask them to send their name, post office address, city, State, diocese, parish or nearest church. With this information we are usually able to direct them to the nearest Local Centre. If there be no Local Centre in their neighborhood we take their name for register and send them a certificate of admission, or refer them to the Secretary of some Large Centre, whose Director consents to look after such isolated members. It should be clearly understood that as soon as a Local Centre of the League shall have been established in their neighborhood, they must have their names transferred from our register to that of the newly established Centre, and receive the *Decade Leaflets*, etc., from a Promoter attached to that Centre. If several people desire to become Associates, it would be well to seek the co-operation of your Rev. Pastor in establishing a Centre.

For further information they should be referred to our *Handbook*, or to the MESSENGER.

THE APOSTLESHIP ABROAD.

The total number of parishes, communities and institutions regularly affiliated by Diploma to the Apostleship of Prayer, is at present 55,379.

ENGLAND. — There are in England about 200,000 Associates of the 2d Degree. The 3d Degree is especially popular in Lancashire where one-third of the population is Catholic. The devotion of the Nine Fridays is flourishing in the large manufacturing towns of Lancashire. In many places Mass has to be celebrated very early, to allow the men and women working in factories the opportunity of approaching the Holy Table before going to their work

The English *Messenger* has been somewhat enlarged this year. It prints an edition of 30,000 copies each month, and its readers may probably be estimated at ten times this number. It is read publicly in many religious communities.

The Apostleship is doing good work among the sailors. Catholic papers and pamphlets are sent to each of the 160 ships of the royal navy, the MESSENGER being always of the number. This work of the sailors is now being extended to the coast guardsmen.

THANA, INDIA.—The Diocesan Director of the Apostlehip of Prayer for the isle of Thana, India, writes us a very edifying account of the fervor of the Associates in the Local Centre under his direction. He tells us that while the bubonic plague caused great havoc in Bombay and other parts of India, the isle of Thana was free from it. This he attributes to the prayers and good works of the members of the League. Mass was offered daily to avert the scourge, and every day two of the Associates made in turn the Communion of Reparation. The practices of the League have produced marked results in increasing the piety of the faithful. Prayer is more common and more fervent. People flock to the church every morning and evening, and on Thursday and Sunday the church is overcrowded when the Litany and other prayers are said and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given. All these exercises are for the cessation of the plague and the fervor of the Associates is very marked. The children of the schools also have their hours each day for prayer and exercises of devotion in the church.

A sample of the daily good works for the Treasury will give some idea of the earnestness of the Associates: Masses heard, 25; Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 31; Spiritual Communions, 53; Rosaries, 42; Recreations, 133; Hours of Silence, 60; Hours of Work, 160; Mortifications, 19; Sufferings, 40; Various prayers, 210; Acts of the love of God, 1,570; Acts of zeal, 12; Examens of Conscience, 24. This is a fair sample of the good works offered daily by the Associates of this Centre.

Some of the visible effects resulting from this activity of the League are a greater interest in church affairs, reconciliations, an increased attendance at Mass, a more frequent reception of Holy Communion and the reformation of many lives after an absence from the Sacraments of 30, 40, and, in some cases, 50 years. We have 20 Promoters and 650 Associates. So you see our little Centre is doing well.

The Apostleship at Home.

St. Joseph's Centre, Troy, N. Y.—The Apostleship of Temperance is making rapid strides. At the present writing (March 11, 1897), our Promoters' pledge cards, for the Lenten season, bear 10,016 signatures; and still they come. The duplicate cards, that were intended for the Sanctuary, are placed prominently before the Altar of the Sacred Heart, where a special light is burning. All classes of people have signed, and notably a large number of intemperate persons, and in consequence the saloon-keepers are getting alarmed. The heavy Raines license and this forty days' total abstinence on the part of one-sixth of the Trojans, will probably have the effect of driving many out of the business. This system of duplicate pledge-cards in the hands of the Promoters, with the Masses and other spiritual advantages, will capture any Catholic community for the season of Lent.

Lockport, N. Y.—Last Fall the Promoters of St. Patrick's parish here collected a sufficient amount to procure a very beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, which was unveiled and blessed with great solemnity. The pastor has kindly consented to give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on the evenings of the First Fridays from the beginning of the present year, which draws large numbers of people. A Catholic family in St. John's parish has likewise promised the funds to supply a life-size statue of the Sacred Heart for that church in memory of their deceased mother. Surely this is better than the most costly monument. An acknowledgment in the Messenger was promised by the writer if the two statues were procured, and is hereby gratefully submitted.

Holy Rosary Centre, Scranton, Pa.—We had a Promoters' Reception on the First Friday in March. Nineteen new Promoters were received. Rev. W. P. O'Donnell, of Holy Rosary Church, officiated. Our Centre is in a flourishing condition.

St. Mary's Centre, Independence, Mo.—During the Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xavier, we had public prayers in the church every evening, which were well attended. Ninety received Holy Communion at the close, March 12; many more received the Sunday before. The choir sang hymns appropriate to the occasion, consisting usually of selections from the *League Hymnal*. The Novena closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Our Reverend Director announces and explains the Apostleship devotions from the altar. A bulletin board in the vestibule of the church also facilitates the work of the Promoters. We are using fifteen sets of *Decade Leaflets*, and many members have copies of *League Devotions*.

Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.—A League Centre has been organized here by the Very Rev. Rector. The Holy Hour in Common is celebrated in the University Chapel every Friday from 5:30 to 6:30 P. M., with Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

St. Bridget's Centre, Ettrick, Wis.—A few days after the establishment of the League in St. Bridget's parish, the Lazarist Fathers Weldon and Murtaugh opened a mission here with wonderful success. Thanks to the Sacred Heart it was a prodigy of divine grace. One old man fifty years absent from the sacraments, another forty-five, another thirty, and many from ten to twenty-five, returned to the fountain of divine grace. One old man, baptized a Catholic in infancy, made his First Communion, and six young men, with one young woman, between twenty-three and thirty-five, likewise made their First Communion. These are some of the miracles wrought, I believe, through the influence of the Most Sacred Heart which we endeavor to honor. A rock could not resist the influence of the sweet Sacred Heart of Jesus. Since my advent here last July I notice a wonderful change in the hearts of my good people. The Sacred Heart has worked the change. We have now thirteen Promoters and 175 members.

Obituary.

Mary McCarthy, New York City; Mrs. M. D. Lewis, Mrs. Lucia Marrotte Tesson, Visitation Convent, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Mary Ray, St. Patrick's Centre, O'Neill, Nebraska; Miss Nellie Fowley, Immaculate Conception Centre, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. Julia McCarthy, St. Francis de Sales' Centre, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss Mary Dillon and Miss Mary O'Rourke, St. Rose's Centre, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Margaret Cann, St. Andrew's Centre, Nashville, Ohio; Rev. Edward

Malone, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Abbott, St. Vincent's Centre, Boston, Mass.; Miss Katherine Claughessy, East Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Val. Tintle and Mrs. John Shenise, St. Joseph's Centre, Macupin, N. J.; Mrs. Mary Deville and Miss Stella McAllister, St. Philip's Centre, Dungannon, Ohio; Mrs. Graney, Oakland, Cal.; Amanda Fera, Roseland, B. C.

The Apostleship for all the World.

All the world, to use a French phrase, belongs to the Apostleship of Prayer; at least, it is hard to find anyone who does not belong to it. New Promoters discover this as soon as they begin canvassing for Associates, and forthwith they are discouraged and come back to their Local Directors to say that they will be content to be like everyone else—an ordinary member.

Now everyone else is not an ordinary member. Because the limited circle of your acquaintances and mine may be all enrolled in our registers, it does not follow that all the world belongs to us. A vast multitude of Catholics know nothing at all about us; and even of our ordinary members numbers barely know our League as a pious society to which, if admitted rightly at all, they have at one time given their names for entry on our register, receiving a certificate of admission which they have carefully put in their prayer book or lost, without ever reading it.

To neglect reading our various prints or even to lose one's certificate of admission woud not make one the less our Associate, entitled with us to all the spiritual benefits attached to our practices of piety, but is "all the world," or the little portion of it that we know observing our practices of piety? Is "everyone else" making the Morning Offering; and in what spirit, with what understanding and sentiment are those who are faithful to it keeping this one essential observance of our Apostleship?

These questions are not raised in any complaining mood, or without due acknowledgment of the members and fervor of the Associates who are taking part in our various practices. Indeed, the statistics we publish so frequently are sometimes hard things even for some piously minded people to admit. No, we acknowledge and give credit for all this and more that is hidden even from ourselves. Indeed, it is simply because we do appreciate what is being done, that we are eager to have more still done and to have what is done more intelligently and fervently done. It is for this reason we take the opportunity afforded us by our new Statutes to begin at the beginning and treat some point in them familiarly with our Associates every month.

Now, we need not dwell on our name, or names, since in the course of these explanations every title that was ever applied to us will be more than enough accounted for After all, if a name really expresses the very nature of a thing, one must acquire some knowledge of the thing before he can appreciate the meaning of the name. Now our name expresses the very substance of our work as perfectly as words can express anything, so we shall begin at once with things and come to names later.

First of all we are called a pious association or society. What does it matter? We used to be called a pious work, and what difference did that make? Many Associates never stop to think that in giving in their names they are becoming members of a pious organization; or, if they do realize in some vague way that they are joining a society approved by the Church, they do not study what manner of a society it is, or how it differs from a dozen or more other pious associations to which they may at one time or other have given in their names.

The force of this word association or society applied to us is: 1. To denote that we have a distinct existence as our own, and that we are in no way dependent on other pious societies, such as the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart, or Living Rosary.

2. That we acquire all our many privileges and spiritual advantages without having to comply with the numerous formalities required of sodalities and other confraternities strictly speaking.

3. And chiefly, that we take up our various pious practices not as individuals apart, but as members united together, acting in one spirit, impelled by the same motives, seeking the same interests, each one of us acting with and in behalf of all the other members, and all the others acting for and with us.

This is a meaning which makes it desirable to have "all the world" or as much of it as possible take part in our work.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 225,347.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v, 18).

Special Thanksgiving:—"I desire to offer thanks for a great favor gained from a non-Catholic President of a large college. As musical director and professor of music in the college I was obliged to play in the college chapel. My Bishop forbade me the Holy Communion until I should find some other place. At last on the First Friday of November I was relieved by the President and that day at noon received again the Holy Communion, having a place of business assured me, where I had no need to compromise my religious principles.

Special Favors:—A lady returns thanks for a miraculous escape from death or mutilation in a collision of street cars. She attributes her escape to the Sacred Heart, whose Badge she had on at the time.

A Promoter records the recovery of an Associate whom physicians failed to relieve. He had been confined to bed six weeks, when a novena was begun to the Sacred Heart with promise of publication and a Mass for the souls in purgatory. On the third day he was able to sit up and on the fifth day to attend to business, and has been in perfect health since.

Sincere thanks are returned for the conversion of a very dear uncle, who had neglected his duty for a great many years. He was determined not to amend and I did not urge him very much; but we all prayed fervently to the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, St. Anthony and the Holy Souls; and on the First Friday of last month he received Holy Communion, for the first time in years. He intends to go to his religious duties every month hereafter.

There was a bill pending in the Legislature, where it remained until it seemed sentenced to be forgotten. A friend of the bill determined to say the Rosary for the Holy Souls in Purgatory for sixty nights, the time during which the Legislature was in session; but a number of Protestant friends having interested themselves in it, our prayers for its success were redoubled. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered, and the prayers of the orphans obtained, and on the third last day of the session news was telegraphed us that the bill had passed and been signed by the Governor.

Spiritual Favors:—Conversion and return to religious fervor of a brother who had been intemperate for ten years, had given up his religious duties altogether and had refused to work; happy death of a woman who had not received the Sacraments for ten years; the return to his religious duties of a man who had neglected them for twenty years; many conversions from intemperance; conversion of a brother who had not been to the Sacraments for fifteen years; conversion of a husband after eighteen years' lapse from the Church; conversion to the Faith of a sister-in-law and Catholic instruction for her children; conversion of a father; for the conversion of a young man leading a very dissipated life—a grace obtained by the Nine First Friday Communions. He received on the last First Friday.

Temporal Favors:—Many promotions in studies; the passing of a difficult examination; relief of pecuniary distress; the unexpected sale of property; recovery from influenza; a recovery of a child from dangerous illness; employment for the head of a family; abatement of contagious disease; permanent employment after a successful probation; cure of a very severe cough and catarrh, after a novena to Blessed Margaret Mary in honor of the Sacred Heart, and promise of two Masses for the suffering souls; a brother's safe return from Europe; cure without threatened operation after a novena; the unprecedented success of schools after they had been placed under the protection of the Sacred Heart; relief from severe cough and soreness in chest and side; a good position obtained through a triduum before the First Friday; immunity from floods; recovery of a nephew seriously ill with pneumonia; employment obtained the week following a novena to the Sacred

Heart and the promise of a Mass; preservation of children from sickness during an epidemic; cure of sore eyes; employment obtained for two brothers; two successful examinations; protection of an absent member of a family; recovery from a severe operation; restoration to health of a mother and employment for a brother; relief from financial troubles; the successful issue of a lawsuit; recovery of a woman who had lost her mind, and of a man afflicted with blood poisoning; a husband's recovery from deafness; restoration to health of a Protestant minister's wife; preservation of a situation when others were discharged; cure of hemorrhage; cure of grippe and bronchitis immediately after two Masses; instantaneous relief from rheumatism after prayers to the Sacred Heart; financial assistance in a very special manner; success of a charitable benefit; improvement of one who had an operation performed; miraculous recovery, through the Infant Jesus of Prague, from a nervous disease of a girl whom three doctors had pronounced incurable.

Spiritual and temporal favors obtained through the intercession of St. Joseph, St. Anthony, St. John Berchmans, the Holy Face, the Holy Man of Tours, St. Francis Xavier, Ven. de la Colombière, B. Gerard Majella, St. Anne, St. Expeditus, St. Jude, St. Blaise, Holy Angels, Blessed Margaret Mary.

Favors through the Badge and Promoter's Cross:—Relief from cold and sore throat after applying the Badge and Promoter's Cross; recovery of a child who had been given up by the doctors after application of the Promoter's Cross and the promise of a thousand *Hail Marys;* employment of a young man who promised to wear a Badge and attend Benediction on Friday evenings; speedy recovery from erysipelas after applying the Badge; recovery of a little Protestant girl from hip disease. After the Badge had been applied she immediately walked across the room; cure of palpitation of the heart after application of the Badge; happy death of a man and painless death of a child with spasms after applying the Promoter's Cross; temporary recovery of a person whose mind was deranged after application of the Badge; two recoveries from operations for appendicitis. One of the patients wore her Badge and Promoter's Cross during the operation.

Instantaneous relief from quinsy after thrice applying the Promoter's cross; a Promoter placed the Badge on a person who was threatened with a serious sickness, from which he was suffering great pain, promised a Mass of thanksgiving and publication if the attending physician could give relief and the patient be cured. Thanks to the Sacred Heart the request was granted; disease of the face cured by applying the Badge; "a child was dying; I placed my Promoter's cross on her, the child improved from that minute and is now a lovely baby, thanks to the Sacred Heart;" speedy recovery from sprain of foot, the Badge being applied; relief from pain in neck and shoulders.

The conversion of a brother, who had neglected his duties for twenty years. His wife has also returned to the practice of her faith. They expressed their desire to live like Catholics almost immediately after a promise of publication in the MESSENGER had been made.

Last Spring a person was afflicted with nervous prostration and her mind was affected. Promises of prayers and of publication were made in her behalf. She is now entirely well and has better health than she had in eight years.

A young man returns thanks for his cure. He had been given up by the doctors and had received the last Sacraments. Masses, prayers, and publication were promised. He had made the nine First Fridays.

The cure of a most dangerous form of sore eyes, which in twenty-four hours would have proved fatal to the sight, according to the doctor.

Some months ago we recommended to the League the cure of a physician who was very ill mentally and physically, and we promised publication. Thank God he has been miraculously restored to health of mind and body.

Last Fall I made four novenas for a temporal favor, to the Holy Face, to the Sacred Heart, to our Lady, and to the Holy Souls. At the time that Bishop Neumann's beatification was introduced I thought of his intercession and made a novena to him, visiting his tomb twice. One week after the novena ended I received the favor. I shortly made another novena, and received a most striking answer. But most remarkable, perhaps, is the granting of a favor through the holy Bishop's intercession, which our entire family had prayed for earnestly for a year.

THE·READER·

THE following lines, written to M. Lemaître by the distinguished *litterateur*, M. François Coppée, will touch a responsive chord in all Catholic hearts:

"Is it because I am growing old and have acquired some experience of the expression of faces, that I see now at every step, and recognize in them unbearable pride. It is the vice of the century; and in those infected with it, it is easy to discover all the evils it begets, namely, indifference, contempt of others, dryness of heart, in a word egotism. Well, Christianity—the religion of our father and mother, in which we shall die, my dear Lemaître, and whose morality we shall force ourselves to practise as well as we can—has made no mistake about it. When it drew up the list of deadly poisons to the soul, it put pride in the first place, as that from which all others can be extracted."

All observers of expression must have been similarly impressed. Nor is it to be wondered at, since self-assertion, self-interest, self-advancement, self-satisfaction, self-concentration, self-reliance, are inculcated in the school of the world, and these lessons are very congenial to human nature, which finds the self-contempt and self-sacrifice of the school of Christ most uncongenial and unrelishable.

* * *

Among the many able works recently published on Anglican Orders and their final rejection by the Holy See are the articles by the Rev. Salvator M. Brandi, S.J., in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which have been published also in separate form. The Pope was exceedingly pleased with Father Brandi's articles and sent him a very gracious letter of acknowledgment, commending also his various other works in defence of the action of the Holy See, which have not only had wide circulation in the original, but have been translated into other languages. Chief among those writings of Father Brandi were his articles on the *Policy of Leo XIII.*, in answer to a writer in the *Contemporary Review;* his answer to the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople on the *Reunion of the Churches;* his work on the *French Question*, a commentary on the Pope's Encyclical to the French; the *Biblical Question*, commenting on the Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus*, on the Scriptures. We are glad to learn that the work on the condemnation of *Anglican Orders*, which has been translated and published in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, will soon be issued in book form for the benefit of English readers.

* * *

We have at various times drawn attention to books circulated for educational purposes, containing the vilest calumnies and most glaring representations of the Catholic Church, her history, her teachings, and her practices. It is gratifying to see that Catholics are being gradually aroused to the perils arising from the circulation of such works, and that they obtain a respectful hearing from fair-minded Protestants. This we have seen recently instanced very strikingly in the case of the "Story of Liberty," which, at the instance of Hon. Peter Wallrath, was ruled out of the public schools of Indiana by act of the State Legislature. The publishers, Harper Brothers, New York, very courteously offered to have it corrected and to have every objectionable passage eliminated; and having found that this was impossible without destroying the book, they withdrew it from publication. It is to be hoped that the Harper publishing house will in future submit such works to the revision of some intelligent Catholic, and that their action will be an object lesson to other publishers.

* * *

A similar literary fraud is being perpetrated, we suppose unwittingly, by the firm Funk & Wagnalls, who send out as a premium to the *Literary Digest* a volume with the high-sounding title *Historical Lights* teeming not only

with historical inaccuracies and misstatements generally, but with countless calumnies and misrepresentations of the most offensive character against the Church, the popes, the Jesuits, etc. Seldom has more falsehood been condensed in smaller space, than the compiler of this work has managed to weave into his checkered narrative. We would fain hope that the spirit of the *Literary Digest*, which, at least, professes to be fair, is not reflected in this vile appendage, which business enterprise has tagged on to it.

* * *

We are pleased to see that the Irish *Messenger* has started the publication of a Sacred Heart Library. The two little penny volumes before us—the *Life of B. Bernardine Realino, S.J.*, and that of *St. Antony of Padua*—are very attractive. They are in the same shape, and nearly the same size as the *Messenger* itself. Such books are sure to do much good among Catholic people, and respond to the wish of the Holy Father as expressed in the General Intention of last month.

* * *

We have before us the twenty-fourth bound volume of the *Irish Monthly*. It presents the usual variety of essay, story and song in the best literary form. Few publications of the kind appeal so strongly to true Catholic sympathy. It presents what is noblest and best in the Irish character—religion, patriotism and genius—in the simplest, most tasteful and unaffected garb. It would seem as if the genial editor had breathed his own spirit into all his numerous contributors. We wish the *Irish Monthly* renewed success in this its Jubilee year. Nothing would please us more than to see this excellent and cheap magazine having a long subscription list on our side of the Atlantic.

BOOK NOTICES.

Three Daughters of the United Kingdom. By Mrs. Innes Browne. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. 8vo. Pages 412.

Often have the hopes and fears and high aspirations of the "sweet girl graduate" been touchingly described; but seldom, if ever, has such a true, realistic, and, at the same time, fascinating picture of her been given to the public as that presented in the volume before us. The gifted author gives us a five years' experience of three young ladies of widely differing fortune, circumstances and disposition, representing the three kingdoms of the British Empire, after finishing their education in a Benedictine convent in France.

There is no evidence that the "Three Daughters" have drunk very deeply of classic literature and science. They do not talk Theosophy, or discuss Browning, or pronounce learned dissertations on art; but they have learned to live, to love, and to suffer in true womanly fashion. All three reap the reward of loyalty to God and to their friends, and of faithful fulfilment of duty—but in a way that illustrates, in the most striking manner the truth: Man proposes; God disposes.

Mrs. Browne's beautiful story will be read with absorbing interest and much profit by young ladies generally, and by the graduates of our academies in particular.

Catechism of Liturgy. Translated from the French of Abbé Dutilliet by Rev. Aug. M. Cheneau. With illustrations. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1897. 32mo. Price 50 cents.

This is an excellent little book, containing just what the faithful should know about the Liturgy of the Church. It treats (1) of the objects which serve for divine worship, (2) of the principal functions of the Liturgy, (3) of the feasts of the Church, (4) of Pontifical ceremonies. It will come very handy to catechists and to all who wish to have a correct notion of the divine worship of the Church. The price is somewhat out of due proportion to the first cost of the book and will be a bar to its circulation.

The Failure of Protestantism as a System of Faith. A Lecture by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas Preston. Second Edition. New York: Sisters of the Divine Compassion. Price 20 cents.

This interesting lecture, though delivered and published for the first time twenty years ago, is still timely. Were the distinguished author still among the living, he would probably find other evidences of the failure of Protestantism,

and of its utter inefficiency. However, those which he presents in this lecture are sufficiently telling and have only become more patent in later years. The booklet is, like all Mgr. Preston's works, very readable and instructive both to Catholics and Protestants. It will be a good book to put into the hands of inquiring Protestants.

An Anglican Examination of the Papal Letter on Anglican Ordinations Examined. By Rev. H. J. Heuser. Reprinted from the *Ecclesiastical Review*. 8vo. Pages 20.

In this pamphlet the learned editor of the *Ecclesiastical Review* cleverly detects and exposes the fallacies of an anonymous critic of the Pope's Bull on Anglican Orders. The timeliness of this review may be judged from the fact that it has been republished by the League Centre of St. Joseph's Church, Willing's Alley, Philadelphia, for free distribution.

The Life and Death of James, Earl of Derwentwater. Compiled by Charles H. Bowden, of the Oratory. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1897. Pages 85. Price sixpence. Paper.

An edifying sketch of one who lived and died loyal to his principles to the one whom he considered his earthly king and to his faith. His attachment to the last cause of the Stuarts and to the religion of his forefathers was the reason of his untimely death on the scaffold at the age of twenty-seven years. It cannot fail to interest and edify.

Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. Langton George Vere. First series. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1897. Pages 163. Price one shilling. Cloth.

A collection of souvenirs of a priest's dealings with various classes of people, told in a graphic and entertaining way. The motive of the tales is in some relic of the incidents described and kept in his curiosity case.

The Value of Life. By C. E. Burke. Preface by Aubrey De Vere. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1897. Pages 243. Price one shilling. Paper.

A very takingly printed book, written, as Mr. De Vere says, in a style that is "perspicuous, concise, and free from false ornament. Its substance is the result of habitual observations taken from actual life, and the quotations which supplement those observations are drawn impartially from writers belonging to very different schools." It deals largely with woman's sphere in life and her relations to home. The author does not believe in the *new* woman, and asks pertinently: "Should it not be a woman's highest privilege to feel she is the 'home-maker?'" Again, "may we not ask why a manly woman should inspire respect and admiration any more than would a womanly man?" We recommend this little book to all who wish to know how to heighten "the value of life."

Love Stronger Than Death. By Josephine Marié. New York: Catholic Library Association. 1896. Pages 61.

This daintily gotten up book is a devotional exposition of the article of the Creed: I believe in the Communion of Saints. The intention of the authoress is to bring home the consoling teachings of the Church in regard to the faithful departed and the relation of the living to them. There seems to be a growing tendency among those outside the true fold towards a belief in purgatory and prayers for the dead. But there is no authoritative teaching in its favor in the sects. Miss Marié aims at unfolding to them the beauty and consolation of the right understanding of the Communion of Saints, and in such a way as to make it equally acceptable to those who understand and believe it firmly.

Leprosy and the Charity of the Church. By Rev. L. W. Mulhane. Chicago and New York: D. H. McBride & Co. 1896. Pages 155. Price 75 cents. Cloth.

The author has treated his subject as the title indicates in two parts: One on leprosy in itself in ancient and modern times; the other on the charity of the Church in her care of her leprous children all over the world. This latter part will interest those who might not care to investigate the question of leprosy scientifically. There are twenty-five illustrations.

How to Make the Mission. By a Dominican Father. New revised edition. New York: Benziger Bros. 1897. Pages 153. Price 10 cents. Paper.

A great deal of useful instruction is conveyed in this little book The title; however, is rather misleading, as the object is rather to train persons in the right use of the Sacraments, and only a few pages are devoted to the Mission.

It is in the dress of a dialogue between a priest and an inquiring, if not doubting, Thomas, some anecdotes and stories help to his enlightenment. There are eleven pages of tabulated examen of conscience, with the direction to note on paper or in the memory the sins committed and the number of times. We doubt the advisability of these catalogues, and especially the noting of sins in writing.

Foundations of Faith. From the German of Father L. von Hammerstein, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Pages 304. Price

This volume is Part I of a series of three on the above subject, and demonstrates the existence of God. The translator's name is modestly withheld, but great credit is due for the excellent English dress. Father von Hammerstein is a recognized leader in Germany in philosophical matters, and this present work has run through four German editions. The manner of imparting his doctrine is that of a series of familiar letters, which are answers to difficulties proposed and printed before the replies. It is a popular and readable way of clothing matter, in itself somewhat abstract and dry, and it is done with great clearness. It will prove, we can safely predict, a valuable manual for all, Catholics and Protestants alike, who feel it their duty to be able to explain and defend this prime dogma of religion. We shall look forward to the translation of the other two parts, which are entitled "Christianity" and "Catholicism and Protestantism."

Our Favorite Devotions. By V. R. Dean A. A. Lings. New York: Benziger Bros. 1897. Pages 637. Oblong. 32mo. Cloth. Price 60 cents.

Dean Lings of Yonkers has given us a finely printed, handy manual, replete with what he considers "our favorite devotions." The "our" is comprehensive enough to enable any reasonable person to find abundant material whereon to feed his or her piety. The various devotions are usually tersely and clearly explained.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, March 1 to 31, 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Date
Albany	Albany, N. Y.	St. John's	School	Mar. 27
Alton	Jerseyville Ill.	Holy Ghost	Church	Mar. 6
"	Raymond, Ill.	St. Raymond's	"	Mar. 26
Arizona (V.A.)	Phoenix, Ariz.	St. Mary's	"	Mar. 10
Boston	Brockton, Mass.	Sacred Heart	"	Mar. 4
Brooklyn	Rockaway Beach, N. Y.	St. Rose of Lima	"	Mar. 5
Cleveland	Napoleon, O.	St. Augustine's	"	Mar. 2
Columbus	Galloway, O.	St. Cecilia's	"	Mar. 30
Covington	Georgetown, Ky.	Visitation	Convent	Mar. 10
Denver	Asden, Colo.	St. Paul's	Church	Mar. 27
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	St. Elizabeth's	"	Mar. 29
Dubuque	Grand Junction, Ia.	St. Bridget's	"	Mar. 27
"	Silva, Ia.	Assumption	"	Mar. 10
Erie	Lucinda, Pa.	St. Joseph's	"	Mar. 27
Green Bay	De Pere, Wis.	St. Boniface's	"	Mar. 6
Hartford	South Manchester, Conn.	St. James'	"	Mar. 27
Indian Ter. (V.A.)	Coal Gate, Indian Ter.	Blessed Sacrament	"	Mar. 10
Kansas City, Kans	Strong City, Kan.	St. Anthony's	"	Mar. 16
Marquette	Hancock, Mich.	St. Joseph's	"	Mar. 29
Monterey and Los Angeles	San Luis Obispo, Cal.		Mission	Mar. 4
Natchez	Jackson, Miss.	St. Peter's	Church	Mar. 30
"	Vicksburg, Miss.	St. Francis Xavier's	Academy	Mar. 27
Natchitoches	Monroe, La.	St. Matthew's	Church	Mar. 6
Nesqually	La Conner, Wash.	Sacred Heart	"	Mar. 4
"	Olympia, Wash.	St. Michael's	"	Mar. 16
"	Puyallup, Wash.	All Saints'	"	Mar. 16
Newark	Morris Plains, N. J.	St. Virgilius'	"	Mar. 27
San Francisco	Suisun City, Cal.	St. Alphonsus Turibius'	"	Mar. 27
Sioux Falls	Salem, S. Dak.	Purification B. V. M.	"	Mar. 2
Syracuse	Baldwinsville, N. Y.	St. Mary's	"	Mar. 16
Wheeling	Meadow Bluff, W.Va.	St. John of God	"	Mar. 4
"	Sweet Springs, W. Va.	St. John Evangelist	"	Mar. 4
"	White Sulphur Sp'gs, W.Va.	St. John Baptist	"	Mar. 4
"	Williamsburgh W. Va.	Immaculate Conception	"	Mar. 4

Aggregations, 34; churches, 30; convents, 2; mission, 1; school, 1.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Promoters' Diplomas and Crosses have been sent to the following Local Centres, March 1 to 31, 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Number
Albany	Troy, N. Y.	St. Joseph's	Church	5
Alton	Ashland, Ill.	St. Augustine's	"	3
"	Quincy, Ill.	St. Francis Solanus	College	1
Boise	Wallace, Idaho	St. Alphonsus'	Church	3
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Stanislaus'	"	2
"	" "	Mercy	Convent	3
"	Morris Park, L. I., N. Y.	St. Benedict Joseph's	Church	1
Buffalo	Corning, N. Y.	St. Mary's	"	2
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Blessed Sacrament	"	1
"	" "	Aged	Home	1
"	" "	St. Monica's	Church	23
"	" "	House of the Good Shepherd.		3
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	Sacred Heart	"Free School"	1
Cleveland	Cleveland, "	St. Bridget's	Church	3
"	" "	Holy Name	"	45
"	Toledo, O.	La Salle	Study	2
Concordia	Ellsworth, Kan.	St. Bernard's	Church	1
"	Plainville, "	Sacred Heart	"	5
Covington	Georgetown, Ky.	Visitation	Academy	2
Davenport	Iowa City, Ia.	St. Mary's of the Visitation.	Church	11
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	St. Joseph's	School	1
"	" "	SS. Peter and Paul's	Church	6
"	Mt. Clemens, Mich.	St. Peter's	"	7
Dubuque	Dubuque, Ia.	Visitation	Academy	7
"	Lycurgus, "	St. Mary's	Church	4
"	Monona, "	St. Patrick's	"	6
Erie	Lucinda, Pa.	St. Joseph's	"	1
"	Ridgway, "	St. Leo's	"	1
Green Bay	Jacksonport, Wis.	St. Michael's	"	6
Harrisburg	Bellefonte, Pa.	St. John's	"	1
Milwaukee	Columbus, Wis.	St. Jerome's	"	10
"	Watertown, "	St. Bernard's	"	4
Mobile	Mobile, Ala.	St. Joseph's	"	1
Nesqually	Spokane, Wash.	Our Lady of Lourdes.	"	9
Newark	Harrison, N. J.	Holy Cross	"	2
New York	New York City	St. Anthony's	"	1
"	" "	St. Boniface	"	7
"	" "	St. Francis Xavier's	"	6
"	" "	St. Ignatius Loyola	"	10
North Carolina, Vicar-Apostolic of	Belmont, Gaston Co., N. C.	St. Mary's	College	4
Omaha	Omaha, Neb.	Creighton	University	8
Philadelphia	Bally, Pa.	Most Blessed Sacrament	Church	1
"	Germantown, Phila., Pa.	St. Vincent de Paul's	"	1
"	So. Easton, Pa.	St. Joseph's	School	1
Pittsburg	Carrolltown, Pa.	St. Benedict's.	Church	8
"	Pittsburg, S.S., Pa.	St. Michael's	"	3
Portland	Bangor, Me.	Mercy	Convent	2
Providence	Elmhurst, Providence, R. I.	Sacred Heart	"	2
Richmond	Lynchburg, Va.	Holy Cross	Church	11
"	Roanoke, Va.	St. Andrew's	"	14
St. Augustine	Mayport, Fla.	St. John's	"	3
"	Tampa, Fla	St. Louis'	"	13
St. Louis	Millwood, Mo.	St. Alphonsus'	"	2
"	St. Louis, "	St. Leo's	"	10
"	St. Louis, "	Sacred Heart	Convent	5
St. Paul	Kilkenny, Minn.	St. Canice's	Church	9
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal.	Sacred Heart	Academy	3
"	" "	St. Ignatius'	Church	3
Santa Fé	Las Vegas, N. Mex.	Nuestra Senora de los Dolores	"	13
Savannah	Macon, Ga.	St. Joseph's	"	5
"	" "	St. Stanislaus'	Novitiate	2
Scranton	Great Bend, Pa.	St. Lawrence's	Church	7
"	Hazleton, Pa.	St. Gabriel's	"	1
"	Little Meadows, Pa.	St. Thomas Aquinas'	"	10
"	Scranton, Pa.	Holy Rosary	"	10
Sioux Falls	Sturgis, S. Dak.	St. Martin's	Convent	1
"	Yankton, "	Sacred Heart	Church	1
Springfield	Lee, Mass.	St. Joseph's	Convent	4
"	Lenox, "	St. Ann's	Church	4
"	Worcester, Mass.	Holy Cross	College	11
Syracuse	Clinton, N. Y.	St. Mary's	Church	2
"	Oswego, "	St. Paul's	"	92
Trenton	East Camden, N. J.	St. Joseph's.	"	1
Vincennes	Indianapolis, Ind.	St. Joseph's	"	18
Wheeling	Huntington, W. Va.	St. Joseph's	"	1

Total number of Receptions, 76.

Number of Diplomas, 494.

CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, MAY, 1897.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular **that the 13th Centenary Celebrations in honor of St. Augustine may hasten England's Conversion,** for the intentions of the Apostleship throughout the world, and for these particular intentions recommended by the American Associates.

1	*S.*	SS. Philip and James, Apostles.—A.I., B.M.	Honor Mary.	225,347 thanksgivings.
2	**S.**	**2d after Easter.** — Good Shepherd. — St. Athanasius, Bp. D. (373).	All for Jesus	91,101 in affliction.
3	*M.*	Finding of the Holy Cross.—(376).	Patience.	93,350 sick, infirm.
4	*T.*	St. Monica, W. (387).—B. de la Salle, F. (Christian Brothers, 1719).—Pr.	Pray for wayward sons	101,785 dead Associates.
5	*W.*	St. Pius V., P. (O. P., 1572).—A.C.	Daily rosary.	61,427 Local Centres.
6	*Th.*	St. John before the Latin Gate (95).—H.H.	Suffer for God.	25,325 Directors.
7	*F.*	**First Friday.**—St. Stanislas, Bp. M. (1079).—1st D., A.C.	Zeal for the Eucharist.	36,589 Promoters.
8	*S.*	Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.	Trust in angels.	300,996 departed.
9	**S.**	**3d after Easter.**—Patronage of St. Joseph. 2d D., B. M.	Honor St. Joseph	274,039 perseverance.
10	*M.*	St. Antoninus, Bp. (1459).	Love for the poor.	342,157 young people.
11	*T.*	St. Mark, Evang. (68)—(Apl. 25)—St. Francis di Geronimo, S.J (1716).	Pray for Missions.	82,245 First Communions.
12	*W.*	SS. Nereus and Achilleus, MM. (98).	Constancy in trials.	180,589 parents.
13	*Th.*	St. Leo I., P.D. (461).—(Apl. 11).—A.S., H.H.	Spirit of silence.	116,967 families.
14	*F.*	St. Anselm, Bp.D. (O.S.B., 1109).—(Apl. 21.)	Live for heaven.	53,799 reconciliations.
15	*S.*	St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bp.D. (389).	Holy simplicity.	174,590 work, means.
16	**S.**	**4th Easter.**—St. Ubaldus, Bp. (1160).—C.R.	Devotion to scapular.	151,510 clergy.
17	*M.*	St. Paschal Baylon (Minorite, 1592).	Honor the Eucharist.	229,532 religious.
18	*T.*	St. Winand, M. (Boy, 252).	Pray for boys.	87,918 seminarists, novices.
19	*W.*	St. Peter Celestine, P. (1296).	Spirit of generosity.	85,929 vocations.
20	*Th.*	St. Bernardine of Sienna O.S.F. (1444).—H.H.	Devotion to Holy Name	87,335 parishes.
21	*F.*	St. Felix (Capuchin, 1587).	Help one another.	98,455 schools.
22	*S.*	St. John Nepomucen, M. (1383).—St. Julia.	Pray for confessors.	70,686 superiors.
23	**S.**	**5th after Easter.**—B. Bobola, S.J., M. (1657).	Steadfastness.	68,941 missions, retreats.
24	*M.*	Rogation—B.V.M., Help of Christians.-A.S.	Ask Mary's help.	51,562 societies, works.
25	*T.*	Rogation — St. Gregory VII., P. (O.S.B., 1085).—Pr.	Zeal for the Church.	165,338 conversions.
26	*W.*	Rogation—St. Philip Neri, F. (1595).	Cheerfulness.	740,111 sinners.
27	*Th.*	**Ascension of our Lord.**—(Of precept.)—H.H., A.I., A.C., S., B.M.	Spiritual conversation.	189,098 intemperate.
28	*F.*	St. Augustine, Bp. (Ap. of England, 605).	Pray for heretics.	236,463 spiritual favors.
29	*S.*	St. Maximus, Bp. (349).—St. Theodosia, M.	Pray for infidels.	155,813 temporal favors.
30	**S.**	**Within Oct. of Ascension.** — St. Felix I.	Pray for pagans.	352,734 special, various.
31	*M.*	St. Angela de Merici, V.F. (Ursulines, 1540).	Pray for nuns.	MESSENGER readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship.* (D.=*Degrees*, Pr.=*Promoters*, C. R.=*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.=*Holy Hour*); A. C.=*Archconfraternity;* S.=*Sodality;* B. M.=*Bona Mors;* A. I.=*Apostolic Indulgence;* A. S.=*Apostleship of Study;* S. S.=*St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society;* B. I.=*Bridgettine Indulgence.*

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	326,533	11. Masses heard	248,086
2. Beads	545,257	12. Mortifications	268,219
3. Way of the Cross	86,741	13. Works of Mercy	269,807
4. Holy Communions	109,830	14. Works of Zeal	84,868
5. Spiritual Communions	334,596	15. Prayers	6,959,751
6. Examens of Conscience	296,616	16. Kindly Conversation	75,218
7. Hours of Labor	948,585	17. Sufferings, Afflictions	76,798
8. Hours of Silence	299,618	18. Self-conquest	147,597
9. Pious Reading	185,323	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	344,184
10. Masses read	19,380	20. Various Good Works	522,524

Special Thanksgivings, 1,271; Total, 12,150,782.

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

OLD AND YET NEW.

"In its essence and root, devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is as old as Christianity itself, as the doctrine of the union of two natures in the one Person of our divine Lord. It is a logical sequence of the doctrine of the unity of Christ's Person, proceeding naturally from this as from a first corollary; and it was implicitly affirmed in the Council of Ephesus, by the condemnation of the heresiarch Nestorius. If, in that venerable assemblage, any one had risen to ask those great and learned defenders of true doctrine what was to be thought of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, such as it is now taught to the faithful, not one would have hesitated; at once all would have hastened to answer through their spokesmen Proclus, Theodotus, Cyril: 'We accept it gladly, we recognize in it a rational development of the doctrine handed down by our fathers, which we are now affirming more precisely in our definition. Anathema to him who rejects it.'

"Devotion to the Sacred Heart did not, however, take its present form until the seventeenth century; not until then was it taught by our Saviour to B. Margaret Mary, with the mission to make it known to all."—(FRANCIOSI.)

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS PLEADING.

After the Statue in the Shrine at Toulouse, France.

THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS

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FIESOLE AND ITS SANCTUARIES.

By P. I. Chandlery, S.J.

FIESOLE, a venerable city, once capital of Etruria, but long since fallen from its high estate, is picturesquely situated on the crest of a hill some three miles northeast of Florence. Its population, five or six thousand in number, are of the sturdy Tuscan type and speak Italian so beautifully and correctly, (though with a curious guttural sound of the letter c) that the language of Tuscany is admitted to be grammatically the most perfect in Italy. *La lingua Toscana in bocca Romana.*

The little town is poor and has no trade or industry except straw plaiting for the women, the men finding employment in the neighboring farms, vineyards and stone-quarries; but it is surrounded by villas and palatial residences belonging to wealthy foreigners and some of the leading merchants of Florence.

It would be hard to find throughout Tuscany a city with so many and such varied attractions, artistic, historical, archæological and religious. Its scenery is unrivalled, its air is the purest, its situation romantic, its history stretches back a thousand years before Christ. More than all this, Fiesole has been the home of many illustrious saints.

It was already an old and powerful city, when Rome was still in its infancy, and its stupendous walls, that seem to have been the work of giants, bear witness to its former prowess and importance.

The city is said to be mentioned by Cæsar in his commentaries on the Gallic wars, and by Livy, who speaks of Hannibal pitching his tents beyond its walls on the eve of a military stratagem, by which he ensnared the legions of Rome and defeated the consul Flaminius in the last days of the Roman republic.

Catiline made it his stronghold in Etruria and fled to it from Rome when his conspiracy was revealed and denounced by Cicero. Pliny mentioned it as a thriving city in his day.

It was near Fiesole that Stilicho saved Rome in A. D. 406, by defeating an immense army of Goths led by Rhadagais, forcing the invaders into the passes of the Apenines, where most of them perished by famine and the sword.

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Fiesole is referred to by Dante as the cradle of Florence, and many of the noblest Florentine families proudly trace their descent from the old Etruscan city.

In the artistic world Fiesole occupies a unique position, and can boast of such names as *Fra Angelico* di Fiesole, *Meno di Fiesole*, *Benedetto di Maiano*, *Ferrucci* di Fiesole, etc. Nearly all its artistic treasures, however, have been swept away by invading armies, or seized by the rapacity of unscrupulous governments, and but few real works of art remain. It is chiefly for its scenery, its historical associations, and its archæological remains that Fiesole is now resorted to by visitors.

PANORAMA OF FIESOLE.

Our present purpose is to give a brief sketch of the *religious* attractions of Fiesole, which have a special interest for Catholic readers and visitors, though they are left unnoticed in the ordinary guide books.

I.—FLORENCE TO SAN DOMENICO DI FIESOLE.

Till within recent years the journey from Florence to Fiesole was made partly in a light carriage as far as San Domenico or Maiano, and partly in a traineau, or sled, drawn by bullocks up the steep and rocky slope. At present the electric cars convey visitors up the hill in one-fourth of the time formerly required, and at one-sixth of the cost. These cars are usually crowded, for the journey is a pleasant one, the air bracing, and the scenery glorious. The rails are laid along the high road in a zigzag course, and the cars glide rapidly up hill beneath the walls of villas half hidden from view in a perfect luxury of embowering trees, and at each turn of the ascent beautiful and ever widening views of Florence and the rich plain of the Arno open out by a sort of enchantment. Everywhere the landscape is

thickly dotted with villas, nestling amid clusters of trees, the intervening spaces being occupied by trim gardens, rich vineyards and olive plantations.

Pilgrimwise we prefer to make the journey on foot, leaving Florence by the ancient *Porta di San Gallo*, which now stands a melancholy ruin since Florence was dismantled of its walls by the Piedmontese, thirty years ago. Through this gate St. Francis of Assisi is said to have entered the city, through it St. Aloysius frequently passed on his way to and from his tutor's house at Fiesole.

Our road lies along the valley of the Mugnone, past the Villa Palmieri, where Boccaccio lived, up the slope towards the high ground on which stood the old Jesuit villa belonging to the college of the Society in Florence. It is interesting to notice that Venerable Cardinal Bellarmine taught in this college when a scholastic, and that B. Anthony Baldinucci there received his early education. Not far from the Jesuit villa (now a private residence) is the villa where Dante is said to have lived, an inscription over the entrance recording the fact. A pleasant walk of some two miles from Porta di San Gallo brings us to the little village of *San Domenico*. Right in front is the hill of Fiesole, its sides covered with villas, gardens and religious houses, its summit crowned by monastic buildings. Every feature, every detail in the view is wonderfully distinct, owing to the remarkable purity of the atmosphere. An old writer speaking of this view from San Domenico, tells us that the very stones projecting from the hillside have their story to tell of saints and martyrs, and that on every side are monuments calculated to impress the visitor with a feeling of religious awe.

VIEW OF FIESOLE FROM SAN DOMENICO.

On approaching San Domenico we notice in the valley by the stream Mugnone a poor convent where the

nuns, robbed of everything by the Italian government, are literally starving. They are allowed to occupy the conventual buildings, as they are considered too old and rickety even to serve for a stable, the purpose to which so many religious homes in Italy have been sacrilegiously perverted. Starving communities in Italy abound, and many a religious home that has outlasted the storms of centuries seems now doomed to extinction.

II.—SAN DOMENICO DI FIESOLE. ST. ANTONINUS. FRA ANGELICO.

The village of San Domenico derives its name from a famous Dominican convent founded here in A.D 1404. Things go slowly in Italy, and the building then begun is not yet completed.

The first Dominican community came from Cortona, having for their Superior Blessed Giovanni (John) di Domenico, a man distinguished for his learning and sanctity, and for his services to the Church, at a later period, as Cardinal Archbishop of Ragusa.

During the evil days of the great Western Schism the religious of San Domenico had much to suffer from the Florentines for refusing to acknowledge the Antipope, Alexander V., elected at Pisa. They were cast out of their convent, chained in prison, tortured with hunger, yet they never swerved from their allegiance to the lawful Pontiff, Gregory XII. The storm passed, and they were allowed to return to their religious home.

About the year 1418, when Blessed Giovanni was still Prior, a young boy of thirteen, with pale, but handsome features, knocked at the convent door and begged to be admitted as a novice. The Prior decided at a glance that he had not the health for so rude a life, yet commended his holy dispositions, and inquired how much Latin he knew. The boy replied that he had read something of the Decrees of Gratian. "Well," said the Prior, "when you know the whole of Gratian by heart you can come and apply again:" a task about as difficult as would be the committing to memory the whole of the Breviary. The condition seemed an impossible one, and the Prior certainly never expected to see the boy again. Yet in a twelvemonth's time he again presented himself at the convent gate, having learned every word of Gratian by heart. The Prior, astounded at such a feat of memory, charmed at the same time by the boy's modesty and

simplicity, admitted him as a novice, and was not long in discovering that God had sent a Saint to join his young community. That boy was *St. Antoninus*, one of the greatest glories of the Dominican order, whose body, still incorrupt, is venerated in the Church of San Marco, Florence, and whose memory is still cherished by the Florentines, as of their great and good Archbishop. The people of Fiesole tell beautiful stories of St. Antoninus' novice days and of his early miracles.

San Domenico was the home for many years of another great light of the Dominican order, *Beato Angelico di Fiesole*, the prince of religious painters, whose pictures seem like glimpses of the home of the blessed.

He never took his brush in hand without first kneeling to offer up his work to God; he never painted a crucifix without bathing his cheeks with tears, and, from his constant union with God and the purity of his soul, he painted like one inspired, his figures of saints and angels having an ecstatic look that no other painter has ever succeeded in imitating. He died in Rome in A.D. 1455, and lies buried in the Church of Santa Maria-sopra-Minerva. The Dominican convent of San Marco in Florence was transformed by him into a veritable paradise, his genius and piety making the walls of every cell glow with beautiful visions of saints and angels. A recent writer says of him: "He was the ideal painter of the celestial choirs, infusing into his work the enthusiasm of a holy joy and heavenly beauty. The picture by him at the National Gallery (London), 'Christ with the Banner of Redemption,' contains over two hundred figures, and among them groups of angels, the beauty of whose forms and countenances has never been equalled."

Mr. Ruskin grows enthusiastic when speaking of Fra Angelico and his angels: "With what comparison shall we compare the angel choirs of Angelico, with the flames on their white foreheads, waving together as they move, and the sparkles streaming from their purple wings like the glitter of many suns upon a sounding sea, listening in the pauses of eternal song for the prolonging of the

trumpet-blast and the answering of psaltery and cymbal, throughout the endless deep and from all the star shores of heaven? ''

Fra Angelico painted several frescoes on the walls of the convent of San Domenico, but, unfortunately, two of them were removed after the convent had been seized by the Piedmontese government in 1860, and had fallen into the secular hands.

Recently the religious have repurchased their old home, and it is still a Dominican Noviceship, but the large frescoes of Angelico that inflamed the devotion of the novices for four centuries and more are no longer there.

Blessed *Anthony Baldinucci* of the Society of Jesus had a brother Philip, who was a religious at San Domenico, and it was revealed to a great servant of God that the Dominican novices were making novenas, that Anthony, too, might get a vocation; but God had other designs.

Fra *Domenico da Pescia*, one of Savonarola's ill-starred companions, who suffered death with him at Florence in A.D. 1498, is said to have been Prior of San Domenico. A little before his death he wrote to the community, begging that his body might be buried in a humble grave in front of their church. This last wish was frustrated by the order of the government at Florence, that his body, with those of Savonarola and Fra Silvestro, should be burned and their ashes cast into the Arno.

FAÇADE OF THE BADIA.

The church belonging to the convent — now served by a secular priest — was once rich in works of art by Perugino, Fra Angelico, Donatello and others, but it has several times been rifled, though one priceless treasure has been allowed to remain, a painting of the coronation of our Lady, by Fra Angelico, in which the great painter seems to have surpassed himself.

III.—FONTANELLE. ST. ALOYSIUS. THE DOCCIA.

At the entrance of the little village of San Domenico, a country lane branches to the right from the main road, and skirts the southern wall of the convent. Following it we presently find ourselves in an enchanting spot, between gardens of luxuriant trees and hedges of wild myrtle and cyclamen, with glorious views all round. Some ten minutes' walk brings us to a wooded glen lying at the foot of the Fiesole and Ceccoli hills, where no sound is heard but the plash of brooks and the music of birds. Wild flowers abound, mantling the ground with purple and gold, and loading the air with fragrance. In the centre of this delightful spot is a country mansion belonging to the *del Turcho* family, which on several occasions was the home of St. Aloysius in his boyhood. It derives its name *Fontanelle* from several streams that have their sources in the neighborhood, and combine to form the *Affrico*, which Boccaccio's songs have made classical. In the hot summer months, when Florence was considered to be unhealthy, the boy saint came with his tutor, del Turcho, to live at Fontanelle, his presence imparting to this secluded spot a religious charm, as though it were some consecrated cloister, where saints only should enter. Everything at Fontanelle reminds us of the young saint: we see the little room he occupied, now converted into a chapel; the lawn where he used to play at ball; the sheltered paths along which he used to stray with his young heart fixed on God. Of this we are reminded by a painting of the saint in a niche by the roadside, where he is represented in page costume, walking with Rosary in hand and eyes raised heavenward, on the path that leads to Fontanelle. The place, sanctified by his prayers and presence, seems like a little paradise, where all that is inspiring in nature appears at its best, filling the mind with thoughts of God.

Fontanelle remains much as it was in St. Aloysius' days. The house is the same, the surroundings are unchanged, the seclusion is as great as ever. The only other buildings within sight are a modern villa, known as Landor's villa, because once the residence of the poet, Landor, and an old Franciscan monastery called *La Doccia*, some way up the hillside. The *Doccia* looks very picturesque with its noble loggia and cloister, said to have been designed by Michael Angelo, and its ivy clad walls against a dark background of firs and cypresses. The view from its terrace is magnificent. Its church, being the nearest to Fontanelle, may possibly have been the one frequented by St. Aloysius, unless he preferred the more level road to San Domenico.

Though Fontanelle remains much the same, a great change has come over the Doccia: For more than a century it has lost its saintly inmates, turned adrift by the revolution,—and, though occupied as a villa residence, it has a melancholy look, as though all happiness had left it with the departure of its religious. There is a tradition that St. Francis of Assisi spent a night in the Doccia, and that several Beati lived near it. In a villa close by the body of a saint is reverently preserved.

IV.—THE BADIA DI FIESOLE. ST. ROMULUS. ST. DONATUS.

Returning to San Domenico, we notice, almost opposite the church, a road to the left leading to a severe looking building crowned by an ancient campanile. This is *La Badia* or Abbey of Fiesole, whose church served for many centuries as the Cathedral of the city. It was built on the site of the martyrdom of St. Romulus, disciple of St. Peter and first Bishop of Fiesole.

About a mile from the Badia, on the hillside, close to the gate of San Girolamo, is a large stone on which St. Romulus' companions are said to have been beheaded, and which marks the spot where his own terrible martyrdom began. He was cruelly scourged, then

dragged down the steep hill to a spot overhanging the stream Mugnone, and there hacked to pieces with knives. His holy remains and those of his companions were cast into a well, but afterwards received and reverently placed in a chapel, which in the fifth or sixth century grew to be the Cathedral of Fiesole.

This Cathedral was found to be awkwardly situated, being at too great a distance from the city, at the foot of a steep hill, and unprotected in time of war. Already in A. D., 966, Bishop Zenobius complains of the fewness of the clerics who attended the services.

In 1028, Bishop Jacopo Bavaro decided to build a new Cathedral within the city walls, being encouraged and liberally assisted in the work by St. Henry II. of Germany. The materials were ready at hand in the ruins of an ancient temple, and, on its completion, the remains of St. Romulus and companions, and of St. Donatus, were solemnly translated to the shrines prepared for them in a crypt beneath the High Altar.

The ancient and discarded Badia was now allowed to fall to ruin. Such ornaments as it once had were transferred to the new Cathedral. The story is told that a holy Camaldolese monk named Blessed Azzone of the Abbey of Valdicastro came on a visit to the holy places of Fiesole about the year 1029. One night, as he was praying on the spot of St. Romulus' martyrdom, in the ruined Badia, he saw a procession of clerics with crucifix, lights and censer, followed by a Bishop with mitre and crosier, file down the hillside from Fiesole, and enter the ruined church. There they sang the midnight office, and St. Romulus (for he was the Bishop, bade Blessed Azzone tell Jacopo Bavaro to restore at once the dismantled church and appoint religious to sing the divine office.

Bishop Jacopo, who alludes to this vision and its mysterious message in his deed of Foundation (still kept in the Cathedral archives) lost no time in repairing the church, and building an abbey for a community of Benedictine monks. This abbey he richly endowed, and for centuries religious fervor was maintained: but the times were lawless, relaxations gradually crept in, and Eugenius IV., for wise reasons, decided in 1439 to suppress the abbey, handing over the church and buildings to the Canons of St. Augustine.

A few years later, *i. e.*, in 1460, the Badia found a munificent patron in Cosimo de' Medici, Duke of Florence, who, out of the affection he bore for one of the community, Dom Timoteo da Verona, a renowned preacher, decided to rebuild the abbey and its church, and to make them one of the most splendid monastic piles in Tuscany. Brunelleschi was the architect, and the present church and monastic buildings are his work. The cloister is much admired and worthy of Brunelleschi. Cosimo Vecchio had already spent an immense sum of money on the work, which was as yet only half completed, and resolved to spend as much more; but the religious protested against such lavish generosity, saying that he was making a palace rather than a religious house, so the work was interrupted and remains unfinished to the present day. The façade of the church is partly cased in black and white marble which has a picturesque effect and is said to be the most beautiful work of its kind in Tuscany, surpassing even the façade of San Miniato. There is a spacious refectory with a remarkable fresco by Giovanni di San Giovanni.

Within the Badia up to the time of the translation of the cathedral (1028) was a chapel of *St. Donatus*, an Irish saint, who became Bishop of Fiesole, under remarkable circumstances, at the close of the eighth century. The period was a wild and lawless one, the incursions of the Northmen had spread ruin and devastation over Italy, and the spiritual administration of Fiesole, like that of so many other cities, was thrown into grave disorder. The death of its Bishop added to

he state of confusion, and, as the old hronicle tells us, the inhabitants, bereft f their pastor, reduced to the utmost isery by civil disorder, had recourse to od in prayer, imploring that a pastor ight be sent to His shepherdless flock. n answer to their prayer a Bishop and aint was sent in the person of *St. Donatus*, an Irish monk, who was returning from a pilgrimage to Rome, accompanied by a brother monk, named Andrew. Passing through Tuscany the two pilgrims resolved to visit the holy places at Fiesole. They reached the spot where now is San Domenico, on the very day the clergy and people of Fiesole were assembled in the Badia beseeching God to guide them in electing a worthy pastor. Suddenly a mysterious voice was heard by all in church: "Receive the stranger who approaches—Donatus of Ireland—take him for your pastor." At the same time the bells of the Badia began of themselves to peal a glad chime of welcome. St. Donatus and his companion, hearing the bells, fancied some solemn feast was being held, and turned aside from the main road to attend the service in the Cathedral. The appearance of the strangers attracted attention, and being questioned as to who they were and whence they came, Donatus replied, "I am Donatus of Ireland, and my companion is Andrew of the same country. We are returning from a pilgrimage to Rome." At once the people recognized their divinely appointed Bishop, and cried out: "Hail, Donatus, God-given father, thou must ascend the Bishop's throne."[1]

His body now reposes with that of St. Romulus under the High Altar of the Cathedral at Fiesole.

At the close of the last century the Badia saw its community dispersed at the French invasion, and remained desolate till the Scuolopi Fathers opened it as a college, some twenty years ago. The church and buildings remain the property of the See of Fiesole. It is a matter of deep regret, both religiously and archæologically, that one of the Rectors of the College was allowed to pull down the ancient chapel of St. Romulus, adjoining the Badia, built over the well into which the martyr's remains were cast. It is said that Pope Leo X. on a visit to Fiesole lowered his ring and glove into the well, and recovered them again, crimsoned with the Martyr's blood.

V.—SAN GIROLAMO. BLESSED CARLO DE' CONTI GUIDI.

Retracing our steps once more to San Domenico, we have a choice of two roads up the hill to Fiesole, the one known as the *old road*, too steep for vehicles, but preferred by pedestrians, as it is shorter and more picturesque; the other, the present high road, along which the electric cars run, and which curves round the steep brow over the glen where Fontanelle lies, then takes a sharp turn up a steep incline to the city. The first journey made by the electric car resulted in a sad accident at this spot, when several persons were killed. This was considered a judgment of God for having worked at the line on Sundays. The Directors were alarmed and requested the Bishop of Fiesole to come and bless the cars, and no accidents have occurred since.

We will take the *old* road, which leads up to the *Villa de' Medici* and the ancient monastery of *San Girolamo*. At the foot of the road near San Domenico, we notice a marble tablet with an ancient inscription, stating that the Dominicans of San Domenico were bound to supply two bullocks and a sled to convey the Bishop of Fiesole up the hill, every time he wished to ascend to his Cathedral. The view becomes enchanting as we ascend. To the right is Maiano, made famous by the Decameron of Boccaccio, to the left the deep gorge through which flows the Mugnone, with the Carrara

1. A sketch of the life of this Saint is given in the Irish *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for March, 1897, from which we have borrowed the substance of the above account.

hills in the distance: in front are the Villa Medici, and the monastic buildings of San Girolamo, and crowning the hill is the ancient monastery of San Francesco A stiff climb of some eight or ten minutes brings us to an avenue of tall cypresses leading to the Villa de' Medici, now commonly known as Villa Spence, from its present owner. It is a beautiful old palace with balustraded terraces and gardens of ancient cypresses, built by Cosimo Vecchio, Duke of Florence, to be near his friends, the monks of San Girolamo. It was a favorite residence of Lorenzo de' Medici, and here, with Ficino, Landino and Politiano at his side, he loved to while away the summer evenings on one of the terraces overlooking Florence, indulging in dreamy visions of Platonic philosophy. Immediately behind this Villa de' Medici, is an iron gate, beyond which a broad flight of some sixty steps, flanked by two rows of cypresses, leads up to the picturesque loggia of *San Girolamo.* Artists from Florence may often be seen sketching this entrance, the sombre hue of the cypresses, the warm tones of the old walls, and the originality of the design combining to form a striking picture. The steps were formerly of marble, but these have long since disappeared. Just inside the gate is a pilaster with an inscription recording a remarkable Indulgence of one hundred years and one hundred times forty days granted by Leo X. (de' Medici) to all who should visit the Church of San Girolamo, and there pray for the Pope's intention. The tablet further states that this Indulgence was confirmed by Pope Pius VII. at the beginning of this century.

Ascending to the small terrace in front of the loggia or church porch, we are fairly dazzled by the exquisite view spread out before us. Beneath is a broad, richly cultivated valley, through which flows the Arno, and on its banks is the beautiful city of Florence, with its numerous palaces and gardens, its clustering towers, the majestic dome of its Cathedral, and the glorious campanile of Giotto. In the background is the blue line of one of the spurs of the Apenines. Everywhere round Florence the country is dotted over with snug villas and castellated buildings, half-hidden by trees. What a number of wonderful and historical places the eye takes in at a glance from this portico of San Girolamo. Just below us are San Domenico, the Badia and Fontanelle ; further off, to the left, is Settignano, the birthplace of Michael Angelo, and near it the fields where Cimabue first met Giotto, the shepherd boy artist. In front are the villas of Dante and Boccaccio, and, beyond Florence, the villa of Galileo ; some two miles away, to the right, is the beautiful villa of Careggi, where Lorenzo, the Magnificent, died. In the distance may be caught a glimpse of Vallombrosa, which Milton describes in his *Paradise Lost.*

We first enter the church, which is open for Mass every morning from 5:30 to 8 o'clock. It was once rich in artistic treasures, marble altars and shrines sculptured by Andrea Ferrucci, and works of art by Castagno and Ghirlandajo. Unfortunately these were sold some forty years ago by the then lay proprietor of the house (one of the Ricasoli), and one of its marble altars, if I mistake not, has found its way to the London South Kensington Museum.

At present the church has no art treasures to show; it is severely simple, but is much frequented, because it is devotional. Beneath the high altar is the body of a child martyr, St. Floridus, placed there by the Very Rev. Father Beckx, General of the Society of Jesus. There are some interesting tombs, one being of the Rucellai family, with date 1461.

The monastic buildings, simple and severe of style, are of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with a few recent additions. The original proprietors were the Hermits of St. Augustin, founded by Blessed *Carlo de'*

Conti Gudi in 1360, and suppressed, along with the Jesuati or order of St. John Columbanus, by Clement IX. in 1668.

The property was then bought by the Bardi family, of Florence, who used it as a villa residence till 1820, when it was sold to the Ricasolis, who again sold it in 1870 to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, driven from Rome by the usurping Piedmontese government.

The buildings consist of a central block, the ground and first story of which (built against the rock on the hillside) are of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The upper portion, or third and fourth stories, were added, together with the church, by Cosimo de' Medici about 1430.

This central building is flanked by two wings, each having a terrace in front, on a level with the second story of the main building. The right wing consists of the church, private rooms and a large hall used for community exercises. In the left wing are the library, kitchen, storerooms and private rooms.

There is a picturesque little courtyard with a neat arcaded cloister, and in the centre a splendidly constructed well or reservoir with two artistic pillars supporting a frieze, on which are the arms of the de' Medici.

(*To be continued.*)

ST. ALOYSIUS.

By D. O'Kelly Branden.

I.

'Mid mournful scenes of misery and woe,
Where pestilential death with ruthless blow,
Struck down each moment 'neath his wasting scythe,
Alike age, rank and fame, and parent's pride:
A youthful form, of sweet angelic grace,
Undaunted by the horrors of the place,
Around him poured a heavenly-healing balm,
That brought despairing souls a joyous calm.
As, clad in Mercy's garb, from bed to bed
He went with loving voice to calm the dread
That death and plague had cast o'er every soul,
Who constant 'round them heard Death's warning toll,
Now bending o'er a soul mad with despair,
He strives to lay its terrors by his prayer.
Now giving joy to those that calmly die,
And on Christ's saving merits firm rely.

II.

This morn, as through plague-stricken Rome he went,
How best to follow Christ was his intent,
When lo, a wretched victim 'fore him lay,
"Behold," he cried, "the Cross I bear to-day."
Him on his youthful shoulders then he raised:
While all who saw his burden stood amazed,
Soon 'neath its weight his youthful form was spent

But spirit unto flesh new vigor lent,
For going, thought he how the Lord of yore
Man's awful load of sin and misery bore;
How o'er His virgin-soul that garb of sin
By ages stained, He put, us life to win,
And in His tender flesh the lash and blow,
He bore His love divine for men to show.
"My God," he murmured; "how I long to prove
For Thee my ardent all-consuming love;
Behold the victim whom I bear to-day,
In him I can that love for Thee display,
His body Death doth claim; his soul's in sin
The health of both for him I fain would win.
Dear Lord as Thou wast offered on the Cross
That ours should be the gain, e'en at Thy loss;
So do I ask this gracious boon of Thee:
Spare this poor victim,—in his place take me!"
His prayer was heard: Death had his victim flown,
Seized on the Saint and claimed him as his own!
Heroic love divine that makes men choose
What men abhor; and what men seek, refuse!

III.

The scene is changed; 'tis eve, the dying sun
His long and heated summer course has run,
He sinks, and, as he slowly fades to night,
An angel spirit plumes for heavenward flight,
The sainted Aloysius, slowly—sure,
Lies dying on his couch, Love's victim pure.
His brethren dear in Christ are bowed in prayer,
While angels hover o'er that soul so fair,
"My God, I go to Thee. Thy will is mine.
My aim through life has been that will divine,
Forgive me now if, in my love for Thee,
I've never failed; and let Thy mercy be
My refuge sure. And you, my brethren dear,
Me pardon grant, and pray that God may hear
My prayer for mercy: that we all may win
The victor's crown by ever conquering sin,
Through thee, sweet Mother, I my soul commend
To Jesus:—Ah, I die—they come—I end. . . ."

IV.

He sank back on his couch, and, from his face,
A heavenly light shone on the hallowed place:
"A Saint! a Saint!" His brethren joyful cry!
"A Saint! a Saint!" The angels sing on high.
More swift than lightning rends the burdened air,
In angel-arms arose that soul so fair
From men to God; from trials to joys unborn:
From Time's dark night to God's eternal morn,
Through heaven's open portals on they bear,

This soul enraptured, now God's chosen heir,
Before the Throne of Heaven's King they bow.
While angel-bands are hushed to silence now,
The soul entranced with heavenly delight,
In spirit's gaze now views the glorious sight:
There sits the Monarch of an ageless reign,
There at His side the Lamb, eternal slain.
O'er both the Flame of Love, the Spirit true,
Breathes peace and glory, though eternal, new.
There Mary rules in glory crowned serene,
There countless virgins wait on Heaven's Queen,
There prophets—patriarchs—apostles stand,
With martyrs, doctors grave on every hand,
One glance of this eternal jubilation,
Fills him with bliss, he falls in adoration.

V.

Then spake the Eternal Father, "Come to Me,
Child of My heart, My glory waits for thee!
Him will I crown who faithful loved my name,
Him will I crown who sinners did reclaim.
But him in glory thrice will I extol
Who gives in love his life for a poor soul,
Be thine a martyr's palm eternally
Be thine a virgin's robe and jubilee."
The Spirit breathed on him the breath of love,
Then rose he to his glorious rank above.
The empyrean choirs burst forth in peans of praise,
The empyrean bards resumed th' eternal lays,
The ancients bowed before the Maker's throne
To offer glory unto Him alone,
Who of all glory worthy now did deign
To choose our Saint in glory's bliss to reign.

GOD'S CONFESSOR.

By Francis W. Grey.

I.—THE FORT AT CHAMBLY.

IT was an autumn morning in the year 17—. The little fort at Chambly was crowded with a motley assemblage; priests, soldiers, Indians—these you might have expected to see; just as you might have expected to hear the babel of French and half-a-dozen Indian dialects. But women and young girls, a few lads, in a dress differing from that of soldiers, or even of the *coureurs des bois*, were guests such as the old fort had seldom seen; their English voices, sounds such as its old walls had seldom echoed. There was an air of subdued excitement about them, too, as of those who were soon to start on a long and difficult journey. And, to the babel of French, English, and Indian tongues, the rapids of the Richelieu river sang their ceaseless, monotonous accompani-

ment. Some of the prisoners of the Deerfield Raid were preparing to return home.

One little group—two in all, a priest and a young girl of some seventeen years of age, merit closer attention. The priest, old, white-haired, venerable; his face worn and weather-beaten by many a hard Canadian Winter, spent, not a few of them, in sharing the hardships of wandering Abenaki tribes; in his eyes, the look of one who has learned, by many a cross, by many a painful penance, to look beyond the shadows which we common men call realities, to the realities which we call shadows. The girl's face was grave and earnest, as suited her Puritan dress; yet sweet withal; one that could light up, on occasion, with merry child-like laughter, or cloud over with tender grief and sympathy. A strong face, too; the face of one who is patient to endure, to suffer, if need be, but to yield—where to yield means to be false to duty,—never.

"Daughter," said the priest, earnestly, speaking in French, "art thou still resolved to return to Deerfield?"

"To my mother and father?" answered Grace Maybury, gently; "Yes, Father, surely I must go?"

"To thy father and mother," the priest repeated, smiling; accepting her correction, not as a reproach, but simply as a truer version of her duty. "Truly, my child, I see not how thou couldst do otherwise. And yet," he continued, sadly, "my heart fears for thee; fears sorely," he repeated, almost to himself.

"Fears, Father?" questioned Grace, surprised by the sadness of his tone, "wherefore, then fear you?"

"Think, child, but for a moment," answered the old man, kindly, yet gravely, "think what thou art now, and what thou hast been."

"A Catholic," returned Grace, reverently, "and once a Puritan. Why should you, then, fear for me, Father?"

"Knowest thou what it means, that word Puritan?" asked the priest, more gravely than before.

"One who knows not our holy faith," answered Grace; "even as I knew it not," she continued, "until I learnt from your lips, Father."

"One who knows not our holy faith, indeed," rejoined the priest, "aye, more than that, more than that. Tell me, child," he went on, after a moment's pause, "didst thou hate our holy faith, before thou knewest it as true and holy?"

"Hate it, Father?" said Grace, "how could I hate that of which I knew naught?"

"Hadst never, then, heard thy parents speak of French Papists?"

"Of Papists?" the girl answered; "Nay, never that I wot of—who be they?" she asked.

"Such as thou and I," was the reply, "who own our Holy Father, the Pope, as vicar of Christ. Men call us, therefore, Papists—aye, and idolaters to boot."

"Do, then, all Puritans hate our holy faith?" inquired Grace, in utter wonder—"All of them?"

"That do they, child," answered the priest, reluctantly; "hate, not our faith, alone, but us, as well, as French idolaters."

"Think you my father and mother hate our holy faith, then?" asked the girl, looking anxiously at the priest's troubled face.

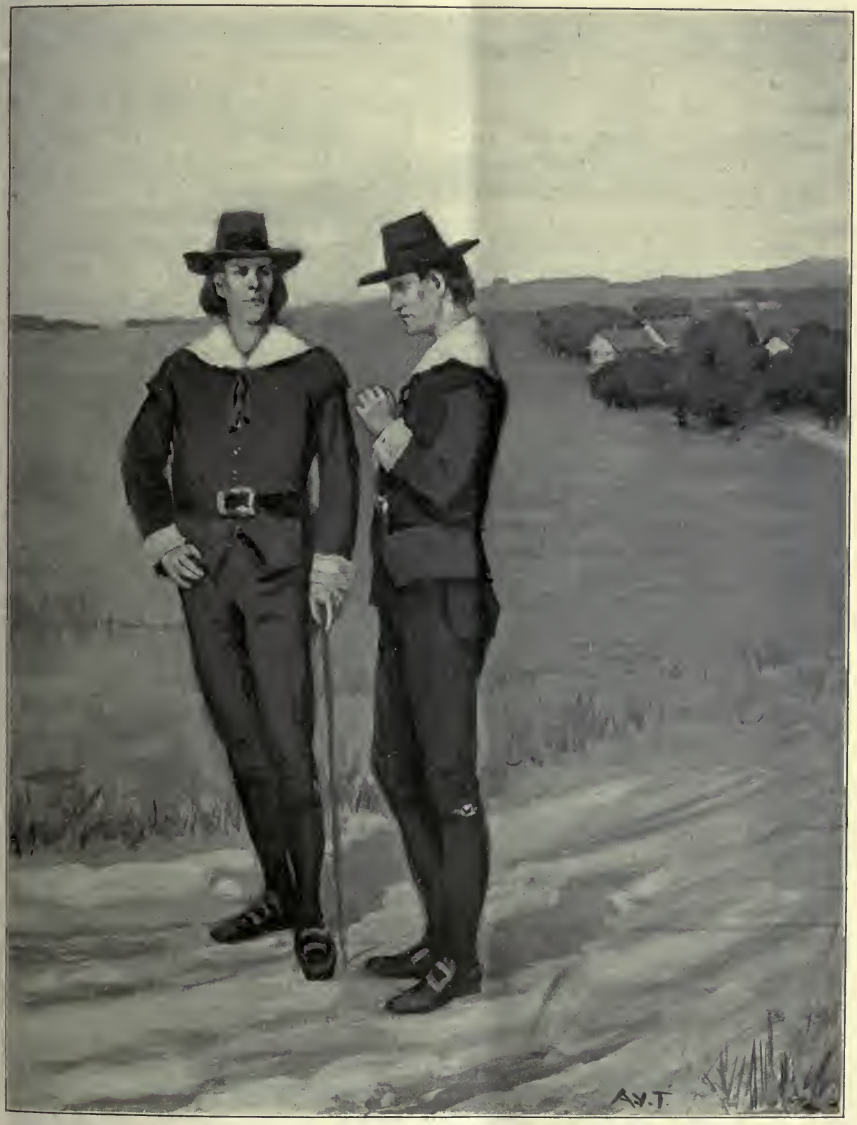
"I fear me, child, I fear me," was the answer; "in that they are English and Puritans, they must needs hate the faith of Frenchmen; let be of Papists."

"But, surely, Father, they cannot hate me?" said Grace, trying to speak confidently; "I am not French, and 'Papist' and 'idolater' as they may deem me, I am yet their child."

"Hate thee, child?" returned the old man, smiling kindly, "nay, who could hate thee, thy parents, of all others? And yet I fear me," he went on, "that, hating thy 'Papistry' and thine 'idola-

try' with the fervor of mistaken zeal, they may deem it right to deal harshly with thee, as with one who hath been seduced into deadly error."

believed—"why should you fear? Know you not that I am a child of Mary?" she went on, "and shall not my Mother take care of me?"



"MAY BE THY DAUGHTER IS WEARIED WITH HER JOURNEY."

"Fear you for me, even so, Father?" asked the girl, lifting her head, and smiling bravely; as one who knows, not herself only, but Him in whom she has

"That will she, child, in very truth," answered the priest, with a sound in his voice as of unshed tears. "Child," he continued, gently, "thy simple faith

hath put my faithless fears to shame. Truly, I have no fears for thee; thou shalt be God's confessor amid the heretics of thine own people, God's and our Blessed Lady's."

"God's confessor and our Blessed Lady's" repeated Grace, crossing herself, reverently. Then, kneeling humbly at the feet of the "Father" she should never see again in this world, she added, "Give me your blessing, Father, ere I go—I see the others are about to start."

"God and our Lady bless and keep thee, child," said the priest, his voice husky with emotion, his eyes full of tears. Then raising his hand, and making the sign of the cross, he blessed her, in the Church's words—and thus they parted.

II.—THE HOME COMING.

"Rachel," said William Maybury, coming into the house at noon, some few days later, from his autumn ploughing, "knowest thou our child is to be with us ere sunset to-night?"

"Truly, husband?" returned the woman, rising from her spinning, "art sure of this? If so, the Lord be praised indeed;" and the grave, earnest face grew graver still, yet glad withal; the gray eyes filled with unaccustomed tears, the firm mouth quivered, as she whispered, "My Grace! my little daughter!"

"Aye, truly," answered William Maybury, not without emotion, for the hard, time-furrowed face of the old Puritan had grown softer, and a mist, that was near akin to tears, dimmed his eyes for a passing moment, "aye, truly, the Lord be praised. Dost remember," he continued, after a pause, as if to clear his voice, "her winning ways, my Rachel? How Elder Thompson reproved us for over-much softness in dealing with her?"

"How knoweth Elder Thompson how to deal with children?" rejoined Rachel, sharply. "Methinks, the Lord did well to withhold such gifts from him, else might he, too, have been reproved by some other childless, prudent elder for over-much softness in dealing with his children." The emphasis on "prudent" showed that Rachel Maybury, for all her saintliness—according to Puritan standards—could be sarcastic on occasion.

"Nay, rather," said her husband, "for an over-zealous following of Solomon's rule anent the rod. I know not," he continued, musingly, "but, perchance the Wise Man knew not how to deal with women-children. To my mind, the rod is scarcely fitted for such as they. Yet say not so to Elder Thompson's wife" he added, hastily, "the next time thou meetest her at thy sewing-circle, else may I have to answer to the Church for speaking slightingly of Holy Writ." But, for all his gravity, there was a smile lurking somewhere round the thin, stern lips.

"Tell her!" repeated Rachel, almost contemptuously, "nay, that will I not—moreover, as to Holy Writ, surely the Lord Christ's love to little ones, 'of whom is the kingdom of heaven' is more befitting those who follow Him than Solomon's counsel anent the rod—How thinkest thou?" she asked, looking earnestly at her husband.

"I think," he answered, laying his toil-worn hand on her shoulder with a kindly tenderness he rarely showed so plainly, "that could we all learn of Him as thou hast learnt, we might, perchance, please Him better than by fast or prayer or our many laws concerning things which are but of lesser moment, at the best."

"Learnt of Him?" repeated Rachel, humbly, "nay, hast thou not read that a little child shall lead them? I learned of her, first, or so it seems to me, and then of Him. Is not that as He willed it?" she inquired, almost anxiously.

"Nay, how could it be otherwise?" returned her husband gently, "since the Lord Christ bade us become as little children. We needs must learn of them, would we grow like to them."

There was silence between husband and wife for a few minutes. The log-fire crackled in the wide chimney, the dogs barked in the yard outside, the horses rattled their harness, as they waited to begin ploughing again. Suddenly, Rachel looked up from her spinning—

"William," she said, almost anxiously; she seldom called him by any name save that of "husband," being undemonstrative, as became one of the "Saints," to whom human things were supposed to be "of little worth." "William," . . . and then she paused, as if at a loss how best to express the thought that was evidently troubling her. "What is it, Rachel?" asked her husband, gently, still under the influence of the tender memories the allusion to their child had awakened—"What is it thou wouldst say?"

"William," said Mrs. Maybury, still with some hesitation, "the French that live in the Canadas, be they, indeed, all Papists and idolaters?"

"That be they, truly," answered Maybury, gravely, "enemies of God, and followers of Anti-Christ, worshipping graven images."

"All?" asked his wife sadly.

"Yea, every mother's child of them," was the reply. "Why askest thou?" Maybury continued, looking at her in amazement.

"Because . . ." stammered Rachel, terrified at her own thoughts, terrified still more at what the truth of them would involve, if indeed,—God help her—it were the truth, "thou knowest . . . our child hath been long among them . . ." she broke off, suddenly, as if unable to finish.

"Aye, and then?" asked Maybury sternly, almost fiercely, and yet as if he, too, were smitten with a sudden indefinable dread.

"What if she, too, be a Papist?" returned his wife, putting her thought into words at last.

"A Papist?—our child?" exclaimed Maybury, "nay, how could that ever be?" He tried hard to speak with confidence, as one who scouts an idea which seems to him absurd; and yet, try as he would, the fear her words had instilled into his heart haunted, and almost overmastered him.

"Nay, but if she were?" persisted Rachel, "what wouldst thou do then?" She spoke anxiously, as if pleading for she knew not what, grace, mercy, pardon; maybe for her child's life.

"God knoweth," answered her husband, solemnly, "God only knoweth, Rachel; yet, even so, she is still our child. Maybe," he resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "thou dost disquiet thyself in vain, as David saith, and yet I know not," he added, gravely, "she was ever easily persuaded where her heart was touched, and these men of Belial, these Jesuit priests of Satan, have their master's proper cunning. God help me, Rachel, I fear me it may be, even as thou sayest."

"And yet," returned his wife, as she wiped her tears on the corner of her apron, "she is still our child, husband, still our little winsome Grace."

"Not ours alone," was the reply, "not ours alone, Rachel, but God's, who gave her. Leave her to Him."

* * *

Of the meeting between parents and child what need to speak? Grace was as one given back from the dead, and all the pious stoicism of their Puritanism melted in the warmth of natural affection. "Grace; my little Grace," said her mother, holding the girl close to her heart, as if loth to let her go again, "is it thyself, in very deed? Now, God be praised, I have thee once again."

"My child," said her father, kissing her fondly, yet with more self-restraint than her mother had shown, "my heart is glad indeed to bid thee welcome home."

"Yes, mother dear, and father dear," answered Grace, smiling through her tears of joy, "God hath been good to us indeed."

"That hath He been in very deed," repeated William Maybury, "nor can we do otherwise than thank Him in the words that He hath taught us."

They all knelt reverently, as he spoke, and he and his wife repeated the Lord's Prayer. The words trembled on the daughter's lips: words dear and familiar to her from her earliest years, hallowed, now, by the associations of such a meeting. Yet, even this, was the test of her faithfulness, of her courage. She must own herself "our Blessed Lady's confessor;" if from the very first, so much the better. They would wonder why she did not join with them in their fervent thanksgiving; and, when she told them why, might, for all she knew, shrink from her as one in deadly sin. If so it must be, let God and our Blessed Lady deal with her as they should deem best.

As they rose from their knees her mother said, gently, "Wert thou too much moved, child, to lift thy voice in prayer with us to God, our Father?"

How easy to answer "yes," and so put off the evil moment, which she knew full well would pain their loving hearts as much as it would wring hers thus to cause them grief.—How easy!—but she answered bravely, simply:—

"Nay, mother, dear, not over moved, and yet I might not say the words ye said."

"Might not, my daughter?" said her father, gravely, and yet with a tone in his voice as one who fears the answer he is about to hear, "and wherefore mightest thou not join thy mother and me in saying, 'Our Father'?"

"Because . . ." if Grace hesitated, it was because she loved them, not because she feared them. "Because I am a Catholic."

The words were said, as said they must be, sooner or later, and she waited for what should follow; let it be as it might. But the mother, whom she loved so well, did not shrink from her as she had feared; she only held her closer in her loving arms, as if to shield her from bodily harm. The father, whom she reverenced, did not raise his voice to banish her as one who had "wrought folly in Israel," but only covered his eyes with his toil-worn hand, as one that listens to the ravings of a delirious child who babbles blasphemies instead of prayers or innocent prattle.

"A Catholic!" it was all they could say. "Not Papist," as they had been wont; it showed, even in that decisive, trying moment, how much they loved her, that they should, half-unconsciously, refrain from using the more familiar term. Then, after a minute or two of silence in which mother and daughter clung to one another, each dreading she knew not what, the father added, quietly:

"Hast learnt in the Canadas to deny thy God?" The question was for him but a most natural one. Was not a Papist an idolater? And what was idolatry but a denial of the True God?

"Nay," answered Grace, gently, "not to deny Him, but to know Him better, and to love Him more."

"In very truth, child?" It was her mother this time that asked the question.

"In very truth, as God heareth me," was the girl's earnest answer.

Husband and wife looked at her in silence. Then the father said, with more than usual gentleness. "It may be, daughter, even as thou sayest. Yet art thou weary with thy journey. God bless thee, dear, and give thee quiet rest."

Then after they had bidden her goodnight, William Maybury put his arm about his wife and said, quietly, but firmly: "Papist she may be, and idolater as well, God knoweth; this do I know, that she is still our child."

And Rachel Maybury, laying her tired head on her husband's shoulder, answered with a sob, "God knoweth she is still our child."

III.—THE JUDGMENT OF MAN.

"Brother Maybury," said Elder Thompson with solemn earnestness at

the close of morning meeting the following "Sabbath"—"I saw not thy daughter, whom the Lord hath restored to thee, among our little flock of worshippers this morning." The Elder paused, not as if expecting a reply, but, probably, for want of breath, certainly not for want of words. "Methinks," he continued, pompously, "it would have been more seemly had she sought the Lord's House to give Him thanks, with His people."

"Doubtless, Brother Thompson, doubtless," returned Maybury, hoping, by agreeing with his inquisitorial neighbor, to escape without further questions, for the moment. And yet, William Maybury was no coward; he would have scorned a lie as unworthy of a "saint," or even of a man. But it is true, for all that, that he dreaded, for the first time in his life, to tell the truth, and longed to get away from Elder Thompson's fussy curiosity, which that individual honestly believed to be pious zeal for the spiritual welfare of his neighbors. For to tell Elder Thompson the truth was to tell the Church, and what that might mean, not to himself,—he could have faced torture, moral or physical, with the stoicism of an Indian—but to one he loved better than his own soul, he simply did not dare to think.

But Elder Thompson was not one to be put off with evasive generalities. "Maybe thy daughter is wearied with her journey?" he resumed. It was an unusually charitable speech on his part.

William Maybury was too honest a man to avail himself of a subterfuge, however tempting. After all, the truth must out, sooner or later, perhaps the sooner the better. He would, at least, know what to expect. His darling's "Papistry" might mean a double martyrdom for him and for her mother; an inward martyrdom, caused by a separation, which was, to all of them, infinitely more bitter than that of death; an outward martyrdom in the cold looks and colder words of his fellow saints. To his darling herself—well, they were in God's hands. Further than that, his thoughts refused to travel.

"Nay, not overwearied," he returned, quietly, almost carelessly, to Elder Thompson's suggestion, mentally brushing it aside, as a snare of the evil one

"In truth," he added, reverently, "the Lord hath dealt graciously with the maid." But, even as he spoke, the doubt rose, unbidden and unwelcome, in his mind,—"Had He?" As to her body, doubtless. But how as to her soul? Was this, too, a snare of Satan? How could the Lord have dealt graciously with his daughter's soul if He had suffered her to become a Papist? Was not Popery the very worship of the Beast? The drops of agony stood out, large, on his brow as the thoughts flashed, one by one, through his tortured brain.

"Then wherefore joined she not the worship of the Church?" demanded the Elder, sharply. "Of a truth, Brother Maybury, the Lord will require this child at thy hands and the Church"...

"Prate not to me of the Church," interrupted Maybury, stung to fury by the mental anguish under which he was laboring;—"Art thou, then, the Church, or I, or any sinful man?" he continued, scornfully. "If so, in very deed, then must we needs be infallible, as Papists claim of their idolatrous Church. Who art thou that takest upon thyself to judge me; wilt deign to enlighten my blindness?"

His whole tone and manner were full of bitterest irony and contempt. The Elder stared at him in utter amazement. Was this the quiet, saintly William Maybury, whom he had known since boyhood, a shining light in the Church, an example to all his neighbors?

"Art drunken with wine?" he asked, sternly, "or possessed of the devil? One or the other thou must be, to rave thus blasphemously."

"Drunken with wine am I not," an-

swered Maybury, more quietly. "Possessed of the devil I may be, for aught I know. God only knoweth; it passeth my poor understanding." He paused for a moment, then added: "Would'st know the truth about my daughter, and wherefore she sought not the assembly of the saints to-day?"

"That would I," returned the Elder, trying to speak more calmly. "That is" he said, "if thou canst tell the truth."

The taunt passed unheeded. "Her conscience might not let her," said Maybury. What it cost him to say it, God only knows. Was it her conscience, or the devil? If it cost him his soul, he would shield her—if he could.

"Her conscience? How meanest thou?" The Elder, for once in his life, was at a loss for words.

"Yea, truly, her conscience," repeated Maybury, firmly, almost defiantly. He was striving, not only with his mortal opponent—as he knew the Elder must be, now—but with an unseen adversary, as well, one far harder to overcome, his own heart. His heart told him that Elder Thompson was right, and he wrong; yet it whispered, at the same moment, "She is thy child." Was it human love against the love of God? How should he answer that dread question? "Wouldst know why?" he continued, "She is a Papist."

There was silence for a moment, after that. A daughter of the saints a Papist, an idolater? Truly, this was a visitation of God, for some awful, secret sin. That was the Elder's first thought. It had tortured Maybury almost beyond human endurance, ever since he knew the truth about his child.

Then the Elder spoke. "Brother Maybury," he said, solemnly, "I may not guess why the Lord hath dealt thus with thee and thine. That, thine own conscience must tell thee, in the sight of Him to whom all hearts are open. Yet is thy duty clear as noonday in this matter?"

"Truly, to me it seemeth dark as midnight," retorted Maybury, almost sullenly. "Yet would I fain hear what thou hast to say," he went on; adding, under his breath, "God giveth wisdom to fools to teach those who deem themselves wise."

"Thy duty?" returned the Elder, in amazement. "Were she afflicted with a bodily ailment, what wouldst thou do?" he inquired.

"Consult with a physician. A fool might answer such a question."

"A fool might answer this, as well," replied Elder Thompson, sharply, "being afflicted as to her soul, how else may she be healed, save by the prayers and wholesome discipline of the Church?"

"*If* she be, indeed, spiritually afflicted, doubtless . . . but"—the other burst in upon him with—

"*If*, sayst thou? Dost, thou, then doubt that it is so with her?"

"Yea, of a surety do I doubt it," answered Maybury, calmly.

"And wherefore? Prithee, enlighten me, for, as the Lord liveth, I understand thee not."

"Doth not God order all things?" asked Maybury, quietly.

"Doubtless. Dost take me for a fool, or one of the little ones?" The Elder was, evidently, grievously offended.

"All things?" repeated Maybury, as quietly as before.

"All things." The answer came almost before he had finished the question.

"Then hath He ordered it that my child should be a Papist," replied Maybury, still speaking calmly, but with a certain triumph in his voice. Perhaps the strife in his own heart was over at last. If so, the Elder was still unconvinced; for, to the question, "what sayst thou now?" he retorted, angrily, "Truly, that thou blasphemest, and that the Lord will require thy daughter's soul at thy hands."

"God may, an' He will," said Maybury, turning away, "but not thou, nor

any other sinful man, were he a thousandfold more saintly than thou deemest thyself—which were impossible, in mortal man," he added as he walked swiftly homeward.

William and Rachel Maybury could bear it, bravely enough—God's hand had fallen so heavily upon them, already, in what they deemed, in very truth, the spiritual perversion of their loved one,

"THINKEST THOU HE DIED FOR PAPISTS?"

But it was one thing to bid defiance to the Church in the person of Elder Thompson, another thing to bear the wrath of those who claimed to be saints. Excommunication was a social, as well as a spiritual ban. For themselves, that the cold avoidance of their neighbors was as nothing by comparison. But for Grace; that men and women should look upon her as one leprous and accursed, that the children should call her, in the streets, "witch!" "Papist!"

"French idolater!" wrung their very hearts. Was it not enough that God, in His inscrutable dealings with her, had cut her off from the communion and fellowship of His saints, had shut her out from the light of truth in the outer darkness of Popery? What right had sinful men and women, saints though they might be, to deal harshly with her, when the hand of God had touched her? And in spite of themselves, they asked the question, "Would the Lord Christ have dealt with her as His servants did?"

As for Grace, she bore it all patiently, almost gladly. Was she not God's confessor, and our Blessed Lady's? Was not this the cross that the Lord Christ had deigned to lay upon her, that she should bear it after Him? Had He not removed from her cup the bitterest drops of all, by making her parents so loving and so tender, more so than she had dared to hope? It was but an easy martyrdom after all. Had not Father Anne de Nouë died, alone in the snow and frost? Had she not kissed the maimed hands of that martyr of Jesus, Father Isaac Jogues? What were her sufferings compared to theirs?

IV.—THE JUDGMENT OF GOD.

It was the cold, bitter New England Spring. The snow still lay in patches on the ground, the east winds, bearing in their breath the salt spray of the stormy Atlantic, howled through the forests and the clearings. And yet, Nature was waking to the new life of her annual resurrection from the death of Winter, even as He who made her rose, Himself, from the dead for us—new life, new hope to man, to beast, to bird and tree and flower; no season this for death.

For death, if death it be to pass from suffering and martyrdom to endless rest and peace, all seasons are as one. In her little room, in her father's house, Grace Maybury lay dying. Over her bed hung the crucifix the old priest had given her. What it had meant of love, of sacrifice, of heart-searching to her father and mother to suffer her to hang a "Popish image" there, God only knew. But it was there, where she could see it, as she lay.

One evening as he came from work, William Maybury met Elder Thompson, near his house. They had not spoken since Maybury defied the Church, in the Elder's person. But Maybury stopped him now. "Suffer me to speak to thee," he said quietly, almost humbly.

"What wouldst thou?" The Elder's tone and manner were ungracious, but he stopped, nevertheless. They had been friends, for many years, and, under all the hardness of his Puritan "saintliness," the Elder's heart ached for the man he could not help loving. Perhaps, too, the quiet, patient, uncomplaining heroism with which Grace had borne her excommunication and its consequent ostracism, spiritual and social, had raised a doubt, which would not down, as to whether she was, indeed, possessed of Satan. If so, then was he, in very truth, transformed into an angel of light. Be that as it may, he stayed to listen to what his friend had to say.

"Knowest thou that my daughter is, even now, at the point of death?" asked Maybury, speaking with difficulty. His face was so full of an unutterable sadness, that the Elder's first thought—"Said I not that God would require thy daughter's soul at thy hands?" remained unspoken. Instead, he said, with an unaccustomed gentleness, of which, somehow, he was not ashamed:

"Is she, in truth, so near her end as that?"

"In very truth," was the mournful reply. "And she would fain speak with thee, ere the end come."

"With me?" The Elder could hardly believe his ears.

"Yea, with thee," returned Maybury, still speaking quietly, "art thou not one of the saints?" he asked.

"An unworthy member of the Church," answered the Elder, with a humility that,

or once, was evidently genuine—"What of that?" he inquired, wondering what was to come next.

"Wilt, then, refuse to speak to a Popish idolater?" demanded the other, more bitterly, with a strange emphasis on the two opprobrious epithets.

"Nay," said Thompson, too much touched by the other's sorrow to be offended at the bitterness of his tone, "is she not thy daughter, and thou my friend of many years?"

"Thou hast proved thy friendship in true saintlike fashion," retorted Maybury, sharply, then added, more gently, "but let that pass; doubtless, thou hast but done as thy conscience bade thee. Enter," he went on, pushing the door open noiselessly, saying, in a whisper, "let not thy conscience move thee to speak harshly to her, or, as the Lord liveth, will I smite thee on the face."

The Elder nodded, but said nothing. Whatever his faults, however strong his bigotry, he knew how to make allowance for the other's agony of grief. In another moment, they stood by the bedside of the dying girl. In her hand she held the little crucifix. "Brother Thompson" she said, using the familar form of address, and speaking with difficulty, "Knowest thou what this is?" holding up the crucifix.

The Elder seemed unable to answer. Something, he knew not what, checked the words "a Popish image." They seemed like blasphemy in such a presence.

"Knowest thou, then, what it meaneth?" asked Grace, still in that strange labored whisper.

"That Christ died for all men." This time the Elder answered, without difficulty, without hesitation.

"Think'st thou He died for Papists?" inquired the girl, clasping her frail fingers tighter round the crucifix, while with the other hand she held her mother's hand.

"Doubtless," replied Thompson, with a sound in his voice as if the tears were very near his eyes.

"Died He then for me?" There was no doubt in her voice, but rather, confidence unshaken, unspeakable.

"Surely." The Elder's voice was almost as faint, now, as that of Grace herself.

"One question yet," pursued Grace, speaking with increasing effort, "hast thou ever prayed for me, the Popish idolater?" She used the bitter names as if they were titles of the highest honor possible to mortal man or woman.

Elder Thompson shook his head, in utter shame. But he was not ashamed of the tears that now flowed as freely as those of her father and mother.

"Yet have I prayed for thee," whispered Grace, smiling, "because He died for thee and for me. Wilt pray with me, now, ere I go to Him?" she added, speaking with a humble, calm assurance, as of one who knows no doubt or fear.

No answer, but the Elder fell on his knees near the bed, as did the father and mother. Then the girl's voice, in a whisper that came slower and fainter with every word, with her eyes fixed on the crucifix, with her thin fingers holding it fast, as, with her other hand, she clung to that of her mother, led them, all there, in saying the words that the Lord Christ taught us—"Our Father."

Slowly and faintly, till the words came, "Forgive us our trespasses . . . as . . . we . . . forgive . . . " No more; there was a long, shuddering sigh; her mother, who was nearest to her, caught the last whisper, "Jesus! Mary!" The fingers that held the crucifix slowly relaxed, and Rachel Maybury caught it, as it fell.

"Truly" said Elder Thompson, through his tears, "the Lord knoweth them that are His. We know not how He dealeth with His own, yet died she as the saints die."

"As the saints die." "Papist" as they had deemed her and "idolater;"

one cut off from the Church, she had died as the saints die. And, as they laid her to rest, with all the reverence they could show her, they said, one to another, "Truly the Lord knoweth them that are His."

In William Maybury's house there hung, for many years, a little crucifix, a strange sight in a Puritan home. But, as he said, "God knoweth, she is still our child."

And Rachel Maybury answers, through her quiet tears, "God knoweth, she is still our child,—and His, as well."

CARDINAL FRANZELIN.

(*Concluded.*)

THE newly made Cardinal chose to reside at San Andrea, on the Quirinal, where the Jesuit Novitiate then was, but the apartments destined for his use not being yet ready, he took up his abode for a few days in the Belgian College, a suite of rooms suitable for holding the customary receptions having been kindly offered for his use. On Holy Saturday he removed to San Andrea, and, by a curious coincidence, this day, the fifteenth of April, was also the sixtieth anniversary of his birth. Here he spent the remaining ten years of his life, refusing to leave the house, even when it was in great part demolished in October, 1886, about two months before his death. Indeed, some three or four years previous to this event, when the foundation of a new college was laid, and he was told of the convenient apartments which would be prepared for him there, he replied with the utmost certainty that he should never remove thither, but should die at San Andrea. He repeated the same thing several times, and God granted the wish of His faithful servant by calling him to Himself, only a few brief months before he would have found himself compelled, however reluctantly, to abandon his beloved abode. Of the saintly life he led within its walls, we will now give a few particulars.

Alike in Winter and Summer, he rose every day at 4 A. M., and at half-past five, at the conclusion of his hour's meditation, he usually made his confession, invariably repairing for this purpose to the room of his Spiritual Father, in spite of the entreaties of the latter that he might be allowed to spare the Cardinal this fatigue by coming to his Eminence's apartment. At six he said Mass. He remained the whole time of his thanksgiving on his knees. Nothing could exceed his exactitude in keeping to the hours he had fixed for his private devotion, and he had never failed to be present at all the religious exercises of the community. His time was literally divided between study, prayer, and the duties of his office. He never went out except to assist at the Congregations, in his capacity of consultor, and subsequently of Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences, or else to go to the Vatican, in order to listen to the sermons, or to fulfil some other of the multifarious duties belonging to his high position. He never received any one in his apartments for the purpose of conversation after either dinner or supper, and only on a few special days in each year did he yield to the urgent and pressing invitation brought him, and consent to dine with the community. But let it not be imagined that he was otherwise than gracious and courteous toward those who were admitted to his presence, and the cordial and pleasant reception he accorded to his visitors must be considered as no small proof of virtue in so ardent a lover of solitude and silence. He took no recreation, and never drove

but unless absolutely obliged to do so; and during the entire period of his Cardinalate, the only occasion on which he absented himself from Rome for even a few hours was when he accepted an invitation to be present at the distribution of the prizes in the College of Mondragone. Unquestionably he went to an extreme in this direction, and our Holy Father, Leo XIII., when informing Father Mazzella of his intention to create him Cardinal, laid it upon him as a special injunction, to guard against imitating Cardinal Franzelin's custom in this respect, and to take a certain amount of air, exercise and recreation, so as to obtain that change and distraction which is necessary for physical, mental, and spiritual well-being, at least in the case of a great majority of persons.

Far from availing himself of any of those exemptions and privileges which, in virtue of his exalted rank, he might now so easily have claimed, he seemed only anxious lest his dignity as a Prince of the Church should lead him to forget that he was a religious; and he proved, in a thousand ways that the bright-hued robes of a Cardinal were not half so dear to him as the more sombre garb of the Sons of St. Ignatius. Advanced as he was on the road of perfection, and skilled as he was in the secrets of the spiritual life, he knew that there is no enemy so much to be dreaded as the demon of pride and independence, and, like the skilful general that he was, he guarded the outposts with jealous vigilance, lest, perchance, the citadel of his soul might, in some evil hour, be surprised and entered unawares. The rule which he had bound himself to observe when in the bloom and fervor of early manhood, he loved yet more dearly amid the infirmities of his declining years, and never sought to lighten the pressure of the yoke, which must at times weigh heavily upon the shoulders even of those who heartily rejoice in the privilege of wearing it.

Innumerable instances might be cited to prove how carefully he continued, as far as his altered circumstances would permit, to observe the usages and customs of the Society, even in matters which a less wise and prudent man might have deemed trifling and of no account. He invariably made Brother Malatesta, who waited upon him with affectionate assiduity, read to him at meal-time from the life of some saint; at the beginning of each month he caused the Summary of the Constitutions to be read to him, in compliance with the custom of the Society, and if the Brother, through forgetfulness, began his ordinary reading, the Cardinal would instantly say: "Get the Rules."

He never permitted any dishes to be prepared specially for himself, but partook of those intended for the community, and he did this even on the days when he was detained at the Vatican until so late an hour that the dishes, which had been prepared at mid-day, must, by the time they were at length placed before him, have been the reverse of appetizing or attractive. He never, indeed, dined until one o'clock, so he habitually ate what had been prepared an hour before, as noon was the general dinner hour. On all Saturdays he abstained from bread and milk at his evening collation, as a mark of devotion to our Blessed Lady, and took nothing but a cup of black coffee. During the last two years of his life he extended this practice to the Friday evenings also.

His love of poverty continued undiminished, and it was with difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to dress in a manner befitting his dignity as Cardinal, and not unfrequently his Spiritual Father had to exhort him to procure some new garments, in order not to show disrespect to the Sacred College, of which he was a member. His linen was of the poorest and plainest quality, and so averse was he to any personal outlay, that the good Brother, mentioned above, occasionlly ventured to make purchases in regard to which he had

received no definite authorization. The Cardinal invariably detected these somewhat bold proceedings, as he was most exact in going through the accounts of his household expenditure, and would ask why such and such articles had been bought without his permission. "Because," was the ingenuous answer, "if I had not bought them without your Eminence's knowledge, they would not have been bought at all." We must not, however, for a moment imagine that anything like meanness or parsimony disfigured the character of Cardinal Franzelin. His apartments were suitably furnished and decorated, and his alms and charitable gifts were alike constant and munificent. His regard for others equalled his disregard of himself, and nothing could exceed the care with which he looked after the temporal and spiritual interests of those who waited upon him.

Angelo Torri had been in constant attendance during a long period of years upon Cardinals Bianchi and Barnabo, and was in consequence a servant much valued by Cardinal Franzelin, as he knew the hours of the various Congregations, as well as the customs of the Vatican so thoroughly that he could always order the carriage and give directions to the coachman, without troubling his master for instructions. Yet one day Cardinal Franzelin sent for him, and said in a determined manner:

"Angelo, I do not think I can keep you in my service any longer."

"And why not, your Eminence?"

"Because you are not a good Christian."

"Your Eminence, I go to Mass, and confession and Communion every month, I say my prayers and my beads. What, then, have I done wrong?"

"You are not following the exercises with the other servants of the college."

"Your Eminence may be assured that I shall begin to-day, and though I have omitted the first three days, I shall carefully attend during those which remain."

This he did accordingly, and was restored to favor.

It is greatly to be regretted that Cardinal Franzelin, about three months before his death, caused a vast mass of manuscripts to be burned. He assisted in person at the work of destruction, which lasted several hours, in order to make certain that his orders were executed to the letter. Much that was most valuable and interesting was lost in this manner, and much especially that would have thrown light upon the interior life of the writer. Hence the materials available for this purpose are of the scantiest, but we are able to give some resolutions which he drew up with a view to the avoidance of venial sin, and which he carried constantly on his person, written in minute characters on a small sheet of paper placed within the pages of his particular examen book. We give these resolutions because they are not only admirable in themselves, and characteristic of the distinguished man who drew them up, but because they possess the further merit of being applicable to all, in whatever state of life, who desire to attain true sanctity.

Resolutions against venial sins to be specially avoided.

1. Never to admit into my heart any evil suspicion, rash judgment, or contempt of my neighbor; much less to entertain or encourage them.

2. Never to cherish feelings of anger or impatience.

3. Never to speak of the failings of others.

4. Never to omit any of my spiritual exercises, or to perform them with wilful distraction or negligence.

5. Never to allow myself to entertain any inordinate love or too fond affection, or knowingly do anything that may give rise to impure imaginations; and if any such thoughts should enter against my will, to cast them out immediately.

6. Never to indulge in vain self-complacency, or contempt of others.

7. Never to approach the sacraments with tepidity, or without due and careful preparations.

8 Not to bear trials, from whatever source they may come, with impatience and murmuring, but with calm and thankful spirit, as if they were sent by God for my good; remembering that whatever evil may happen to me in this life is nothing in comparison with hell, which I have so often deserved.

9. Never to conceal my tendencies, defects, mortifications, etc., from those who ought to know them, or to represent myself as different from what I really am.

Before giving some details respecting the closing scenes of Cardinal Franzelin's life, we must not omit to record the unfailing affection and respect he ever evinced for the Sovereign Pontiff. A priest happening, through inadvertence, one day to let fall in his presence the expression, Pope Pecci, was instantly rebuked with mild firmness by the Cardinal, who said to him: "You ought to say the Holy Father." What was the opinion of him entertained by Leo. XIII. will be best shown by quoting His Holiness' own words. They were addressed to Cardinal Mazzella two days after Cardinal Franzelin's lamented death.

"During my pontificate I have had the happiness of knowing him intimately, and I have admired in him the gifts of God, such as knowledge and prudence, but these were natural gifts, and what I admired the most was his profound humility. He used to come and speak to me of his scruples and perplexities and difficulties with the simplicity of a child, and I used to try and encourage him. He would frequently say: 'I place my soul in the hands of your Holiness; try and save it, I beseech you.' Then he would humble himself in every way, and tell me everything he thought most likely to give me a poor opinion of him, and so great was his sanctity that it never occurred to him that all he said did but increase the veneration I felt for him."

It is not easy to state the precise nature of the malady to which this great servant of God finally succumbed; for, indeed, he can scarcely be said to have had any last illness, properly so called, his death being occasioned rather by a total and sudden collapse of those vital forces upon which he had habitually drawn too largely, than by any definite disease. We have already alluded to the ill health from which he suffered during his noviceship, as well as at a subsequent period, and there is no doubt that all through his life he overtaxed his physical powers. His lectures greatly tried his delicate chest, and, after having delivered them, he was often so utterly exhausted as to be able to do nothing, except to read the newspaper, a fact which speaks volumes in the case of a man such as he was.

On Monday morning, December 6, 1886, he was in his accustomed place at the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, though on his return home he was so weak as to be unable to mount the stairs leading to his apartments, and had to be carried up in an armchair. Yet he persisted in continuing his ordinary occupations, and on the morrow he attended the sermon at the Vatican. He gave Solemn Benediction in his domestic chapel on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, although his weak and exhausted appearance was distressing to all who saw him, and the next day he went out as usual, returning in a state of exhaustion pitiable to behold. Towards evening, wishing to make his confession, he betook himself to his spiritual Father, and waited at the door of the latter's room until some students, who happened to be there, should leave the apartment. The Cardinal did not knock, or give the slightest sign of his presence, and those who passed up and down the corridor dared not announce

that he was thus standing outside, because of the strict prohibition under which he had laid them in this respect, for it was his invariable habit thus to await his turn, though, during the last few months of his life, it must have cost him a great effort to do so, since he was often quite unable to stand upright, and had to lean against the doorpost for support. The profound humility and unselfish courtesy thus exhibited by one whose rank, learning, and virtue commanded universal respect, are calculated to teach a lesson which all would do well to lay to heart.

The saintly old man was now standing on the very verge of the grave, though neither he, nor any of those about him, as yet realized the fact. On the morning of the tenth he attempted to rise at his usual hour, but was compelled to lie down again. "I cannot think how it is," he said, with much simplicity, "but my strength has entirely forsaken me all at once." It was at first hoped that a period of complete repose might restore him, at least to a certain extent, but those sanguine anticipations were speedily dispelled by the doctors, who did not attempt to disguise the gravity of the case, and advised the administration of the last sacraments without delay, as they feared bronchial paralysis might supervene. This opinion was imparted to the patient, and received by him, as might have been expected, with unruffled calmness; he at once made his confession, and prepared to receive our Lord.

The Father Rector had, in the meantime, informed the Fathers, Brothers, and students belonging to the house, of the alarming state of Cardinal Franzelin, in order that they might assemble in chapel and there pray for him, and also accompany the Holy Viaticum when it was borne to the sick chamber. Truly, it was an affecting sight when, as the priest approached the threshold of the room, the dying man, filled, as it were, with an ardent longing to greet his divine Guest, began to exclaim, in accents of deepest feeling and tenderest devotion, "*O bone Jesu! O bone Jesu!*" He repeated these words several times, and then added: "*Credo in te, spero in te, amo te super omnia, super omnia. . .*". Then he recited the *Apostles' Creed*, the *Confiteor*, and the *Domine non sum dignus*, in spite of his extreme weakness and the difficulty of breathing, under which he was laboring. Before the priest could give the final blessing he began again to repeat, "*O bone Jesu!*" and, when left alone, he said the *Miserere*.

The evening passed quietly, although he could not sleep. About midnight he asked for his rosary, and endeavored to say it, but his cough interrupted him incessantly, and the Brother Infirmarian gave him a soothing draught. When he had taken it he requested his attendant to remove the light from the room, but, as the latter was in the act of doing so, he heard an unusual sound, and, turning his head, saw the illustrious invalid had contrived to leave his bed, at the foot of which he was kneeling in an attitude of prayer. The Brother wisely judged it best to take no notice of this, as the Cardinal evidently fancied himself unperceived, and indeed he contrived to struggle back into bed.

About five o'clock on the morning of the 11th, he again made his confession and received Holy Communion, Extreme Unction being administered immediately afterwards. A little later the venerated General, Father Beckx, arrived, and on his entrance wished to kiss Cardinal Franzelin's hand, but the latter drew it away, saying: "Father General, I feel that my end is near. I ask pardon for the sins of my whole life, and especially for any scandal I may have given during my religious life." He concluded by exclaiming three times: "O God, be merciful to me a sinner!"

"Let your Eminence have no fear," responded the General, "all will be well with you. *Deus tibi propitius erit et*

benignus." These words greatly consoled the dying man, who repeated over and over again, "*Jesu, amo te. Jesu, amo te.*" When Father Beckx had taken leave, Cardinal Mazzella, who had always been much attached to the invalid, and had been on terms of intimate friendship with him, entered the room, and indeed remained with him to the last, for it was now evident to all that his hours were numbered. The Father Rector also did not leave the bedside, and one other Father too, was privileged to be present, besides the Brother Infirmarian.

The oppression of the chest increased, but from time to time the sufferer continued to utter pious ejaculations, and expressions of contrition. "*Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, amo te super omnia . . . tu me elegisti. Doleo, . . .*" he would whisper, occasionally returning to the language of his childhood, and saying in his native tongue: "*Mein Gott, ich liebe dich über Alles.*" About noon his power of speech failed, though he retained his mental faculties, and was conscious of receiving the Papal Benediction, when it was given him. He was now rapidly sinking, though in his case there was no agony, but rather a peaceful falling asleep; and, when the prayers for the departing had been recited, so calmly did he breathe forth his pure soul into the hands of his Creator, that those who were present scarcely knew that his spirit had departed, until one of them held a watch-glass to his lips, and perceived from the undimmed surface that he was indeed no more. It was between one and two o'clock on the afternoon of December 11, 1886, that Cardinal Franzelin was thus called to appear in the presence of the Master whom he had so truly loved and so faithfully served, from his earliest to his latest breath. To him may fitly be applied those beautiful words of the Holy Writ: "*Os justi meditabitur sapientiam, et lingua ejus loquetur judicium. Lex Dei ejus in corde ipsius, et non supplantabuntur gressus ejus.*"

JEANNE D'ARC.

FROM RHEIMS TO ROUEN.

By John A. Mooney, LL.D.

(*Continued.*)

WHILE the holy chrism was yet visible on the forehead of the King, the Maid urged him on to Paris, arguing that, with the King of France in the capital of France, the English as well as the Burgundians would be dismayed. Expecting and fearing what Jeanne advised, Bedford, the English leader, had already bargained with his uncle, Henry Beaufort, the Cardinal of Winchester, for a reinforcement of six thousand men; and when, three days after the coronation, Charles consented to follow Jeanne's wise plan, the English Cardinal and Bedford, with ten thousand men, were marching toward Rheims. Coming up with the French army, the English dared not attack. As the King advanced, they retired, blocking the way now and then, but carefully avoiding a battle. Through cities, towns and villages, Charles paraded, as a legitimate sovereign amid dutiful and loyal subjects, and not at all as a conqueror. On August 18, he halted at Compiègne. Paris was only fifty miles away.

And here at Compiègne, I cannot help recalling an affecting incident that happened a week earlier, as the army rode through Lagny. The Maid was in the van, the Archbishop of Rheims, chan-

cellor of the kingdom, on her right, and the brave Bastard of Orleans on her left hand. Said the Archbishop: "Jeanne, in what place do you hope to end your days?" "Wheresoever it shall please God," the Maid replied; "for I am sure neither about time nor place, knowing no more about the matter than you. Would to God, my Creator, that, this very day, laying down my arms, I could return to my father and mother, to tend their sheep, with my sister and my brothers, who would rejoice to see me." Her father had come to Rheims to give her a last farewell and blessing. Thus Jeanne spoke as they rode through Lagny. At Compiègne—and too soon you shall know why—I am sadly reminded of her words.

A FATHER'S LAST BLESSING.

No less than Bedford, another enemy of France, Philip of Burgundy, feared the King's advance. Putting more faith in deceit than in arms, Philip again feigned friendship for Charles, and thus induced him to sign a truce, suspending operations until the Christmas following. With astounding simplicity, Charles included the English within the terms of the truce. Before these concessions were made, Jeanne, at the head of the fighting men, had marched away from Compiègne. At St. Denis, within five miles of Paris, she learned of the King's action, and at once protested.

The Maid, advising Charles to repudiate the truce, was in the right; for Philip of Burgundy, before negotiating with the French, had agreed with the English to hold and defend the capital, in their interest. A mettlesome king would have promptly punished such a trickster; but Charles, influenced by his timorous council, dawdled away valuable time at Compiègne. Many an entreating message did Jeanne send, before he ventured to move as far as Senlis. There, twenty-five miles from Paris, he rested as if every day were a Sunday. At last, on September 7, he joined the Maid. Before eight o'clock the next morning the French army was marching against the capital.

The attack was bold: an attack of patriots on the foreigner, and the traitor, who, by force and fraud, had seized the capital of the French nation. Protected by walls and artillery, and stimulated by leaders whose ambitions were at stake, the Burgundians fought hard. Toward evening, Jeanne's troop, amid arrows and shot, had pressed nigh to one of the city's gates. "Assault the wall!" cried the Maid, intrepid as ever. Then she started in front of the men. A double moat encircled the wall. Into the first moat, the Maid jumped. It was dry. Crossing it, she clambered up on top of the ridge that divided the outer moat from the one close by the ramparts. Only then did she discover that the inner moat was filled with water.

They saw her plunge her lance into the water, to test its depth; her order they awaited. Suddenly, with a sharp cry, she fell flat on the ridge. An arrow had pierced her thigh. Retaining her presence of mind, she requested the men-at-arms to carry her under cover; and then, regardless of her wound, urged them to bridge the inner moat, and to assault the wall. The cowardly captains feared to do as the girl bade, because, forsooth, only the stars were lighting the sky. Prostrate as she was, Jeanne, who knew neither day nor night when the cause of her native land was at stake, insisted, promising victory. Neither incitement, nor promise, nor entreaty availed. Officers and men fell back, bearing off the wounded, helpless, chagrined Maid.

The arrow in her thigh did not keep Jeanne abed on the morning of the ninth. Betimes, she arose, and speedily ordered an assault; but the nerveless king countermanded the order, and, shabbily, retired to St. Denis, where, as if he were fated to prove his paternity, he renewed, insanely, the truce with the perfidious Duke of Burgundy. Not satisfied with sacrificing the Maid, who had crowned him, he now sacrificed his people, including Paris within the terms of the new truce; thus assuring the capital of France to the enemies of France.

On the thirteenth of September, the sovereign who, proudly, triumphantly, had entered St. Denis, retreated like a vanquished pretender. The Maid went unwillingly, protesting that if the army held on, the capture of Paris was certain. Before they led her away, she entered the venerable Abbey Church of St. Denis, to whose foundation Dagobert, Pepin, Charles the Great, and St. Louis, had contributed. Before the altar, devoutly, she presented to the glorious patron, the arms and armor she wore during the days of conquest. Was the child of God disheartened? Did she believe that the term of her heavenly mission had closed? No; she merely followed a pious custom, according to which wounded soldiers dedicated their arms and armor to a Saint. Choosing to honor St. Denis, the Maid was moved by patriotism as well as by piety; for the war-cry of France was: "St. Denis!"

FROM RHEIMS TO PARIS.

A fortnight after his retreat, Charles disbanded the grand army created by Jeanne d'Arc: the reformed army, which, under her guidance, had won a crown for him, and which, had he the courage and foresight of a woman, would have made him the master of the capital of France, and the sovereign of a united Kingdom. Having thus relieved himself of troublesome cares, Charles spent the time in journeying from one agreeable castle to another, carrying the Maid wherever he went, and treating her with rare honor and favor. An idler's life was displeasing to Jeanne; she longed for action; and therefore, when, at the end of October, 1429, the royal Council decided to send a force against those towns, on the upper Loire, that had not yet acknowledged the King, the Maid gladly accepted the command. At St. Pierre-le-Moutier, early in November, heroically, she stood her ground, at the foot of the wall, when her men had deserted her; shamed them into fighting, and captured the town. The royal Council ordered her to La Charité. She lacked artillery, food and cash, nor could she obtain these from the Council. Only by begging aid from the loyal cities could she equip her little army. The siege opened on November 24. So skilful and brave was the defence, that, after a month of repulses, the Maid was compelled to retire, leaving her artillery behind. At La Charité, for the first time Jeanne d' Arc suffered defeat.

After this reverse, the King not only received her kindly, but also showered favors upon her. Ennobling herself and all her family, by a special provision he ennobled the female descendants of the family as well as the male. Honors could not reconcile the Maid to the easy-going policy of Charles. The perils she foresaw, and from which—with her Lord's aid, and for His sake,—she would have saved her native land, were vital. Not only had the English and the Burgundians reoccupied St. Denis, but, dishonoring its patron saint as well as their own manhood, they had robbed the Abbey Church of Jeanne's armor. This contemptible act should have made Charles wary, if not indignant; and yet, feebly, he consented to an extension of the terms of the truce signed after his retreat from Paris, and bound himself to keep the peace until Easter, 1430. Philip of Burgundy was doubly, trebly, a deceiver; for, while negotiating with Charles, he accepted from the Duke of Bedford, the office of Lieutenant-General of the English sovereign, Henry VI. The English withdrew all their troops, and the Duke of Burgundy became the head and front of the enemies of France. In March, 1430, his ambition was fully disclosed. To add one perjury to another cost him nothing. Violating the word he had so often plighted, the faithless Philip led an army against the loyal cities; the English paying him a subsidy, and promising him a large increase of territory.

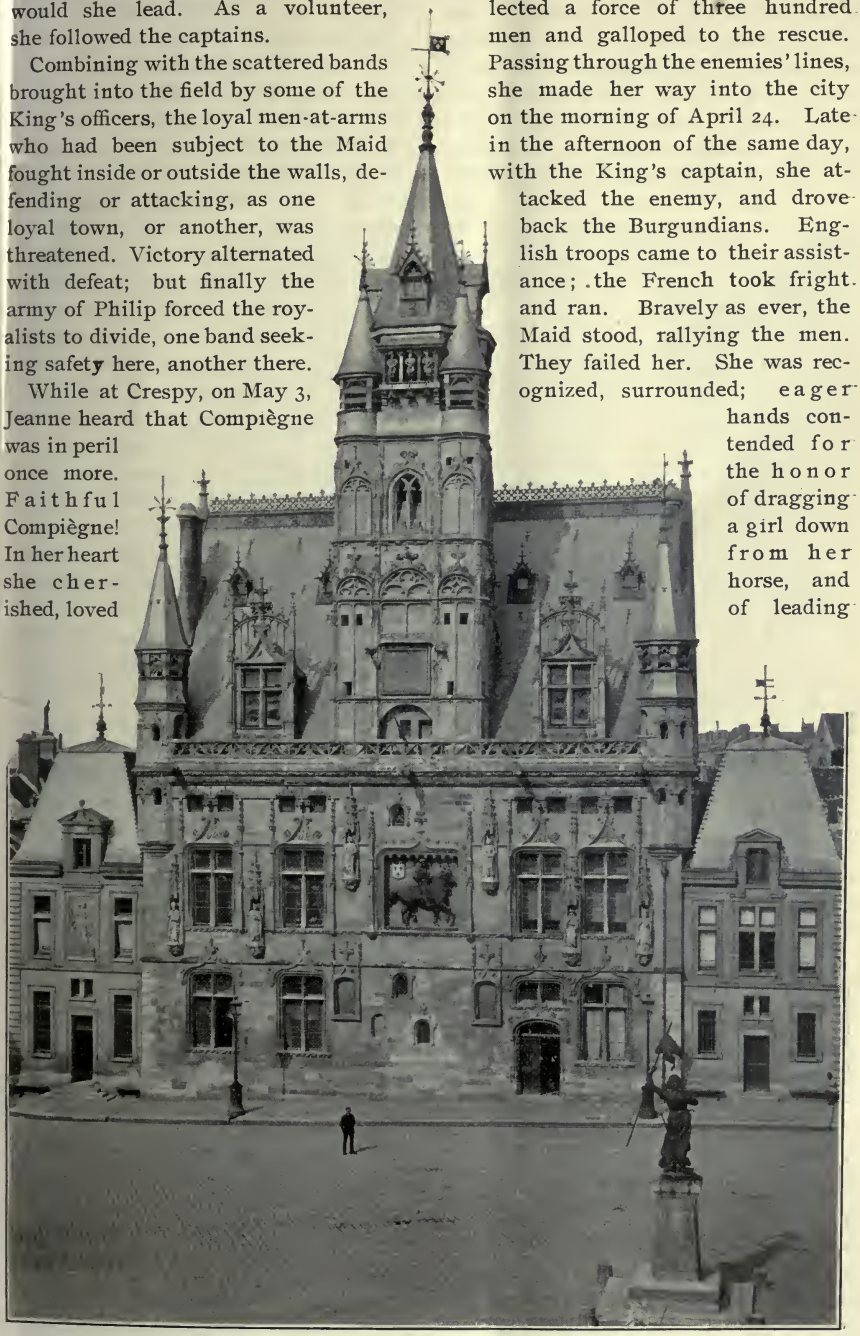
Was all that France had won, thanks to our Lord, to be lost through the pusillanimity of the King and his Council! Jeanne could not bear the thought. Charles was loitering at Sully. Without a word to him or to his attendants, the Maid slipped away, gathered a small escort, and took the road to Paris. Gloomier days were to come, but gloomy enough was that fifteenth of April on which she passed through the gate of Melun; for, before the day closed, her Saints informed her that, by the next St. John's day, she would be in the hands of the enemy. Again and again, this warning was renewed.

God's will be done! exclaimed Jeanne, patiently; and yet she was troubled. A prison awaited her; perhaps death, perhaps dishonor. She besought her heavenly patrons, that, if death was in store for her, at least her imprisonment might be short. The answer to this prayer was a counsel: Resignation to God's will, whatever came. At once the Maid resolved to show her resignation to the Lord's pleasure, and her unselfish

love of her native land. No longer would she lead. As a volunteer, she followed the captains.

Combining with the scattered bands brought into the field by some of the King's officers, the loyal men-at-arms who had been subject to the Maid fought inside or outside the walls, defending or attacking, as one loyal town, or another, was threatened. Victory alternated with defeat; but finally the army of Philip forced the royalists to divide, one band seeking safety here, another there.

While at Crespy, on May 3, Jeanne heard that Compiègne was in peril once more. Faithful Compiègne! In her heart she cherished, loved its good people. Hastily she collected a force of three hundred men and galloped to the rescue. Passing through the enemies' lines, she made her way into the city on the morning of April 24. Late in the afternoon of the same day, with the King's captain, she attacked the enemy, and drove back the Burgundians. English troops came to their assistance; the French took fright and ran. Bravely as ever, the Maid stood, rallying the men. They failed her. She was recognized, surrounded; eager hands contended for the honor of dragging a girl down from her horse, and of leading



COMPIÈGNE—CITY BUILDINGS—STATUE OF JEANNE.

her away—a prisoner. Will her imprisonment be short? Will death come soon? as she prayed. Nine months ago, on the road leading from Lagny to Compiègne, as you remember, the Archbishop of Rheims questioned, saying: "Jeanne, in what place do you hope to end your days?" Her answer was: "Wheresoever it shall please God, for I am sure neither about time nor place, knowing no more of the matter than you." About time or place, on this night of April 24, she knows no more than she knew when they cantered by Lagny; but we know that Compiègne is on the road that leads to the scaffold and the Seine. The great-hearted child of God has need of resignation.

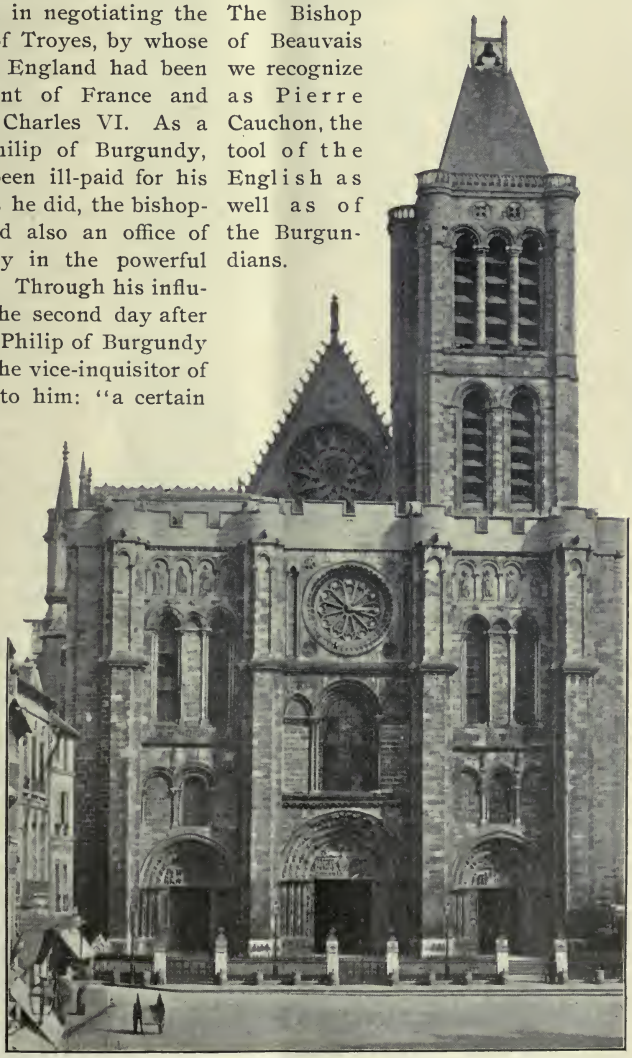
A STREET IN COMPIÈGNE.

All the King's true friends grieved over the capture of the Maid, and whole cities mourned ceremoniously. Well might sovereign and people grieve and mourn, having lost her who brought them succor greater than that of any knight, duke, or prince. All the King's enemies rejoiced at the Maid's discomfiture, and the English ran mad with delight. To have been worsted by a peasant girl; to have been deprived of all their hard-won gains by a peasant girl; to see the bravest and noblest of their proud leaders go down before the lance or the sword of a peasant girl,—had filled the English with fear and with shame; and fear, coupled with shame, bred hate. Their bitter hatred of Jeanne d'Arc, before her capture, they could show only by words; and words they had not spared in defaming her; as if to be thrashed by a vile woman were more honorable than to be routed by a Christian virgin: now they could revenge themselves by cowardly deeds. Within forty-eight hours after they had valorously dragged her down from her horse, they plotted her death. It was a dastardly plot, a sacrilegious plot.

By the law of nations, Jeanne, as a

prisoner of war, was entitled to honorable treatment and to ransom. Had her captors put a price upon her, the French people, if not the French King, would have paid it, at any cost. To deprive her of her rights as a combatant, there was only one way; and that way was: by charging her with a crime against religion, thus bringing her immediately under the jurisdiction of ecclesiastical law. Pierre Cauchon was the man for the work—a clever cleric, who, ten years earlier, had assisted in negotiating the disgraceful treaty of Troyes, by whose terms Henry V. of England had been recognized as regent of France and legitimate heir of Charles VI. As a crafty agent of Philip of Burgundy, Cauchon had not been ill-paid for his services, holding, as he did, the bishopric of Beauvais and also an office of honor and authority in the powerful University of Paris. Through his influence, on April 26, the second day after the Maid's capture, Philip of Burgundy was summoned by the vice-inquisitor of Paris to deliver up to him: "a certain woman named Jeanne, suspected of heresy," so that she might be duly tried before good and learned doctors of the University. The Burgundians knew that their prisoner was valuable; so, giving no answer to this summons, they shrewdly held "the woman named Jeanne" in the castle of Beaulieu, until the end of June, when, because she attempted to escape, they transferred her to the fortress of Beaurevoir.

Meantime Pierre Cauchon had not been idle. With his connivance, the University of Paris issued a summons, on July 14, citing the "woman suspected of heresy". To this summons the peculiar provision was added, that, in case the woman were not sent to Paris, she should be handed over to the Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese she had been captured. The Bishop of Beauvais we recognize as Pierre Cauchon, the tool of the English as well as of the Burgundians.



ST. DENIS ABBEY.

THE OFFERING AT ST. DENIS

On the Duke of Burgundy, and on his lieutenant, John of Luxemburg, Cauchon served this new summons, and with it a third, issued in his own name, requiring that the suspected woman should be committed to the church, because she was charged with idolatry, and also with invoking demons, the use of magical charms, and the commission of many other most wicked actions. In the text of this latter summons, Cauchon artfully offered Jeanne's jailors a bribe. By law, he said, the English King, Henry VI., as King of France, enjoyed the right to acquire from a captor, on the payment of six thousand francs, possession of a prisoner, be it a great lord, or a prince, or even a king; and, though Jeanne was neither king nor prince, nor great lord, Henry of England was ready to pay those who held her the sum of six thousand francs, upon her delivery into the hands of his representative,—Pierre Cauchon.

Philip had been waiting for a bid. Cauchon's price was too low for the Duke, who asked ten thousand francs. Perhaps Jeanne had an inkling of this plot; in any case she knew how thoroughly the English hated her, and what harsh treatment she might expect from them. Escape was hardly possible; still when she heard that her beloved Compiègne was sore pressed, she determined to seek freedom at the risk of her life. From the top of the tower of the castle of Beaurevoir, she leaped to the ground, missed a footing, was disabled, seized, and, once more interned. Soon after, the English accepted Philip's terms, and he sent the Maid to Crotoy, where she was delivered to the deputies of Henry VI. From Crotoy, toward the end of December, 1430, she was removed to Rouen and imprisoned in a tower of the royal castle. Manfully, gallantly, the English chained, hand and foot, the young peasant girl, for whom they had paid a price almost double that of a King.

By letters patent issued in the name of the English sovereign, and dated January 3, 1431, Jeanne d' Arc was handed over to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Beauvais; and this was done notwithstanding the fact that, after her arrival at Rouen, the University of Paris had made a demand on both Bedford and Cauchon, that she should be brought to Paris and be tried there, becomingly, by

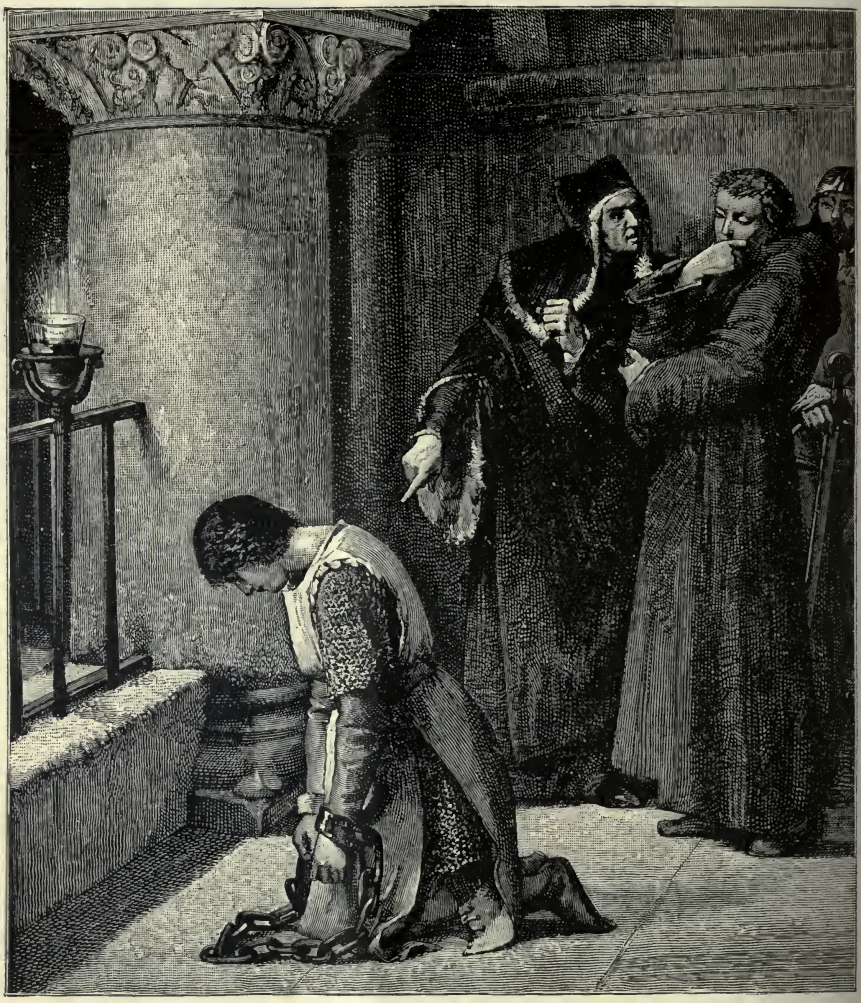
men learned in ecclesiastical law and in theology. The English desired a condemnation, rather than a trial by a competent tribunal, and this desire was apparent not only from their disregard of the University's request, but also from their selection of Cauchon, who, as Bishop of Beauvais, had no jurisdiction in the See of Rouen; and still more, from the provision inserted in the letters patent, requiring that in case of the ecclesiastical courts finding her not guilty, Jeanne should be recommitted to the King's officers; a provision which it was hardly worth wasting a scribe's time in writing, for the King's officers took good care that their prisoner never passed out of the hands of the King's jailors.

Cauchon's lack of jurisdiction was a serious matter. In the effort to make good his defect, he obtained from the archiepiscopal Chapter of Rouen, a document conceding him jurisdiction within the territory of the archdiocese, for this particular case. In fact this concession was null and void, because the Chapter did not act freely, being swayed by the threats and the promises of the English government. The mere thought that Jeanne d'Arc, a virgin, dutiful, devout, heroic, is to be tried as a heretic, awakens our pity, our sympathy; but knowing, as we do, that she is to be tried by one who has usurped the office of a judge, and by a court such as a false judge must select; and that the forms of a sacred law are to be dishonored in order to compass her death; and, still worse, to calumniate her, our souls are fired with a just detestation of the horrible criminals, as well as of their infamous crime.

From among his intimates and those whom he thought he could rely upon, Cauchon chose a body of consultors, numbering not less than seventy. The prosecution of the case against the Maid he confided to a former official of the diocese of Beauvais, a certain Jean d'Estivet, who showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him by his unprincipled superior. Though, nominally, officials of an ecclesiastical court, judge and jury were actually employees of the English King, receiving, as they did, a liberal stipend through the Duke of Bedford.

There was no evidence against Jeanne. No witnesses had appeared, accusing her of any ecclesiastical crime. To try her, it was necessary to make charges against her. A commission was despatched to Domremy to enquire into her early life, and, if possible, to lay the foundation for an indictment. The report of this commission was not helpful to those who had plotted her ruin. More than six weeks passed before Cauchon felt it safe officially to declare that there was ground for proceeding against the

ST. DENIS GATE TO-DAY.



JEANNE'S FAVORITE OCCUPATION IN PRISON.

Maid. Immediately after this declaration, she was cited to appear before the Bishop of Beauvais, on February 21, at eight o'clock in the morning.

The trial thus opened on February 21, 1431, closed only on May 30, though, within this period, according to the forms of law, Jeanne was the subject of several processes. Between February 21 and March 3, she was examined, outside of the jail, on six different occasions. On March 10, a secret examination was initiated, in the jail itself. This examination, adjourned from day to day, ended on March 17; and within these eight days, the unfortunate prisoner was interrogated during no less than nine long and wearisome sessions. At the secret examination, the prosecutors, for such they were, numbered only five; and they were discreetly chosen for the work, by Cauchon, because of their subserviency.

These fifteen inquisitions, public and secret, were intended to prepare the way for the ordinary trial of the Maid. She

had been questioned and cross-questioned, artfully, on many matters having no relation with the faith of a Catholic, and on some matters that even learned folk might innocently answer in a most heretical fashion. Had her answers been truthfully recorded, it is questionable whether, unlettered as she was, a single flaw could be found in them. But her answers were not set down truthfully. Under the direction of Cauchon, and of his servile agents, the written page was made to lie about her. A heretic, or a witch, she must be proved. Who else could have thrashed the English, and the Burgundians, so often and so sorely! From a lying record, between March 18 and 26, no less than seventy articles were formulated, and, on the 27th, Jeanne, having been taken from the jail and led into a hall of the castle of Rouen, was submitted to another examination on each of these articles. Thirty-nine canonists and theologians faced the lone Maid on this day; on the 28th, thirty-five confronted her. Ye maidens who are not yet heroes! But I need not appeal to you,—on your tender, heartfelt prayers, Jeanne d'Arc can count.

Three days later, Cauchon, with eight others, put her to a further test, in the jail. After this she was left to herself until April 18, and meantime skilful doctors in theology revised the seventy articles of accusation, and compressed them to twelve. These were submitted to each of the consultors and to the University of Paris, with a letter from Cauchon inviting one and all to say that the "assertions" contained in the articles were opposed to the faith, scandalous, rash, contrary to good morals, and, in a word, culpable. The University, and the majority of the consultors, basing their opinion on the statement presented to them, answered as Cauchon desired. He could not formally condemn the Maid, but the road was clear.

PHILADELPHIA DIOCESE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

By Francis T. Furey.

NO proof, other than a statement of the facts, is needed to show that we are best enabled to form an idea of the growth of the Church in this country, as well as in any other, by a comparison of the present conditions with those existing at a former date. This work is comparatively easy within the time during which our Catholic directories have contained full statistics of all the dioceses, but, in regard to the earlier times, sufficient data for every period and every section do not, unfortunately, exist. We have enough, however, to furnish material for a long series of interesting studies. Some of it is to be found in books that are within easy reach of every student of our history, but there is a much greater mass that is not so readily accessible, and by no means is all of this confined to unpublished archives. Much of it is in print; the books and periodicals containing it are, however, seen only by the few, and but very little of it has been transferred into our popular literature. In regard to Church history in this country, indeed, one rich mine of information has been, if not altogether ignored, at least not utilized as it deserves. It consists in the early volumes of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, those of which no English version has so far been issued. They abound in most interesting details contained in letters from bishops and priests who labored here in the early part of the present century. They are, in fact, to that period what the *Jesuit Relations* and the *Edifying Letters* are, respectively,

to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. How the Church was planted and fostered in every part of the land is graphically described therein; and though this is done much more fully for other sections than for the diocese of Philadelphia, yet a goodly share of attention is bestowed on the condition of religion in that region sixty odd years ago.

This information may rightly be regarded as official, for it is contained in two letters from the Rt. Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, D.D., then coadjutor-administrator of the See. On October 3, 1833, the editor of the *Annals* wrote to him, asking for an account of the state of religion within his jurisdiction, which embraced not merely the present archdiocese of Philadelphia, but the territory of the other four Sees now in Pennsylvania and the greater portions of those of Trenton and Wilmington as well. On January 14 following, the Bishop complied with this request, being only too glad of the opportunity to furnish the desired information. His second letter was written to the same correspondent nearly three years later, on December 31, 1836, and is a most valuable appendix to the earlier missive, by reason of its throwing light on the internal conditions of the Church, the other having dealt only with its external affairs.

In his first letter he says that, within his jurisdiction, there were, on a rough calculation, about a hundred thousand Catholics, most of them either immigrants themselves or the children and grandchildren of immigrants from the various countries of Europe. The great majority of them were Germans and Irish; but the French were also quite numerous, especially in Philadelphia, where the presence of three French priests, Fathers Foulhouze and Guth at Holy Trinity, and Father Dubuisson, S.J., at St. Joseph's, afforded them every facility for practising their religion. At the former church sermons were often preached in their language, and sometimes also at St. Mary's, then the cathedral. In the interior of Pennsylvania, French families were to be found at various points, and some had just settled in Centre, Clearfield, Potter and other counties. A small colony of that nationality had long ago been established at Asylum, or Frenchtown, in Bradford (now Sullivan) county; but, having for many years been deprived of the ministrations of religion, there then remained, he had been told, scarcely a vestige of the Catholic faith among its members. Nearly all the original immigrants were dead, and their children, having had no one to instruct them in the faith of their ancestors, had drifted into the various sects in the midst of which they had been reared. He ardently desired to pay them a visit, so as to try to bring them back to the Church; but so far it had been impossible for him to do so, though he made a pastoral visitation of a large section of his vast diocese every year, devoting several months to each of these tours. The fifty-nine parishes and missions within his jurisdiction had kept him constantly busy during the three years and a half that had elapsed since his elevation to the episcopate. There were three or four to which he had so far been unable to go and yet he had already given confirmation to fifty-six hundred persons. He hoped that ere long he would be able to visit, rather as a missionary than as a bishop, the very remote places in which no missions had yet been established. It would be a great consolation to him to carry the light of faith to those people sitting in the darkness of error, to give a pledge of the Heavenly Father's love to those children unhappily so remote. But from his second letter it appears that he was unable to gratify his wish in regard to the poor unfortunate people of the Asylum settlement. In the Autumn of 1836 he was in that region. After visiting a German colony in Lycoming county, where a few Catholic families had lived

for over eighteen years without having once seen a priest, he seized that opportunity to go to Towanda, where he inquired as to what had become of the French colony; but among the inhabitants he found not a trace of the faith of their fathers.

Yet he often found cause for rejoicing as well as for despondency. In his earlier missive he tells us that he had recently visited St. Peter's in Brownsville, on the Monongahela, then only a small village, and that there he was very much edified by the joy with which a pious widow, a Frenchwoman, came with her children to receive the sacraments, of which she had been deprived for several years, because of there being no priest who understood her language. All the faithful of that mission, indeed, were to be pitied, seeing that only four times a year did they enjoy the presence of a priest, the Rev. James Ambrose Stillinger, pastor of Blairsville, a young American missionary, who was visiting them until the Bishop could find some one to send there as resident pastor. The French families residing in Potter county had not even that consolation; for it was only very seldom that the pastor of All Saints', at Lewistown, to whom were entrusted this mission and those of Clearfield and Bellefonte, could make the long journey that a visit to them required. Once every month he journeyed sixty miles to Clearfield, where the French were quite numerous; but those of Potter lived at a much longer distance.

There were about twenty-five thousand Catholics in Philadelphia, where they enjoyed those religious advantages which Providence, in His mysterious dispensations, had not granted to their brethren in the interior of the State, remarks the Bishop, who then continues: "We already have five churches here, of considerable size and well built. I should, however, make an exception of St. Joseph's, which is the oldest of them, and which is to be admired more for the piety of the faithful who frequent it than for the elegance of the edifice. It was founded a hundred years ago, when Catholics were as yet very few in number. The civil authorities of that time deliberated very seriously as to whether they ought to tolerate the scandal of the public celebration of Mass. Since then it has been enlarged to more than double its former size[1], and yet it is still the smallest of all the churches in the city. The Church of St. John the Evangelist, which Father Hughes, its pastor, aided by the generosity of the public, and particularly by that of a Frenchman (M. A. Frenaye), built two years ago, is an elegant structure. It has already cost nearly $50,000, a large part of which remains unpaid; and $12,000 more will be needed to complete it. A sixth church is already being built to the north of the city, and will be open to the public in the course of a few months. And yet, at least one other is needed to the south; but our resources are exhausted, and we find it difficult to finish the one that has been begun, St. Michael's. Scarcely $20,000 will suffice for the erection of this edifice.

"Each of the city churches is served by two priests, and occasionally attended, as is the custom, by some others. Two Jesuit Fathers, one of them, Father Dubuisson, a Frenchman, and the other an Irishman, exercise the sacred ministry at St. Joseph's, the original home of the Jesuit missionaries in the State of Pennsylvania, who were members of the same society. It does not appear that at the time (1732) when the little St. Joseph's chapel was built there was a priest residing in Philadelphia; for I have seen by the register preserved at Goshenhoppen, forty-five miles away, that Father Schneider, S.J., who took up his residence there as early as 1741, came to Philadelphia from time to time, and there baptized the children

1. To four times its original size, indeed. It was first enlarged in 1757, and again in 1821. The present edifice was erected in 1838.

of the faithful in the *little chapel*, as it was then called, in the early years of his mission. We find, however, that he baptized no more than one or two children on each of his visits. Some time afterwards, two Jesuit Fathers took up their abode in Philadelphia[2], in a house adjoining St. Joseph's, which continued to be occupied by the Jesuit Fathers until their Order was suppressed. They returned thither at Easter of last year. Their piety and zeal have already produced much fruit."

He then takes a glance at the other extremity of Pennsylvania. Pittsburg he describes as a city of some importance, containing, at the lowest estimate, a population of twenty thousand souls, between four and five thousand of whom were Catholics. Until that time there had been but one church there, St. Patrick's; but it was hoped that they would soon have another, St. Paul's, a vast edifice that was then well advanced and splendidly built. It had been begun five years before; but the lack of pecuniary resources delayed its completion. The pastor of St. Patrick's, Rev. John O'Reilly, who had already built three churches, those at Newry, Huntington, and Bellefonte, was then exerting all his efforts to give the finishing touches to St. Paul's in Pittsburg. The Rev. Father Masquelet, an Alsatian, was his assistant, attending chiefly to the Germans, who were very numerous there, and to some French to be found there also. Near Pittsburg the Poor Clares had a convent with fourteen nuns, under the spiritual direction of the Rev. Father Van de Wejer a Belgian.

At Conewago, near the Maryland frontier, the Jesuit Fathers had an important mission, in the midst of quite a large population of Catholics. These Fathers' zeal extended to the surrounding districts, and they had charge of three churches besides that adjoining their dwelling. Father Pellentz, quite a famous missionary, had founded this mission. The present church had been built in 1787. Nearly five hundred persons had received confirmation in three of these churches at the time of the Bishop's visit.

The church at Goshenhoppen, belonging also to the Jesuits, must, he was satisfied, have been built before 1765 to take the place of the original chapel; for, in the register, we find some baptisms taking place *in templo* that very year. Perhaps it was begun at the same time as St. Mary's in Philadelphia, built in 1763. The Catholic population in the neighborhood was quite numerous in Bishop Kenrick's time, and was almost entirely of German origin; whence it happened that the generation he knew, though American by birth, did not speak English, at least, in general. The spirit of faith and piety had been preserved there, and was fostered in his day by the zeal of Father Corvin (Krokowski), a Jesuit from Livonia, just as it had hitherto been fostered by that of his predecessors, ever since the time of Father Schneider.

Loretto, in Cambria county, was still the home of the famous missionary and colonizer, the Rev. Prince Gallitzin, who lived in the midst of a large population that was almost exclusively Catholic. Thirty-five years had elapsed since that venerable man had chosen the summits of the Alleghanies as his retreat, or rather as the centre of his mission; and thence he went from time to time to bear the aids and consolations of religion to Catholics scattered over an immense area, in which five priests were ministering when Bishop Kenrick wrote his report. At the time of Father Gallitzin's arrival in that region the faithful were far from being strong in numbers in Cambria county; but his perseverance, despite all the difficulties that he had to encounter, was crowned with celestial blessings; the mountains had been made fertile, and the forests flourishing.

2. On this point the Bishop is in error. Father Joseph Greaton, S.J., had resided in Philadelphia for some years before Father Schneider came to Pennsylvania, probably since 1729.

Many Protestants had followed his example and renounced the errors of the sects in whose bosom they had been reared; and Catholics flocked from all sides to confide in the paternal solicitude of a priest whose humble and pure life moved them to the faithful practice of the evangelical virtues.

Though a detailed account of every mission in his vast diocese would no doubt give edification, yet the Bishop felt that he was already taking up too much space, but he was careful to refer to the zeal that the details he was furnishing might enkindle in the hearts of those desiring the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, and accordingly he pointed out the need he had of more missionary priests. At that time only a small number of his churches were provided with resident pastors and had the Holy Sacrifice offered up every day, or even every Sunday. Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Conewago, Loretto, Manayunk and Wilmington were the only places that possessed this advantage. Among the missions there were some that enjoyed the presence of their pastors three times a month, such as Haycock, Pottsville, Lancaster, Bedford and Chambersburg; others only twice, others but once, and others again still more rarely, according as the work of the other missions gave opportunity to the priests attending them. Brownsville, Carbondale, Silver Lake, New Castle, Butler and Hart's Sleeping Place, though supplied with churches, were in this desolate condition. Each of the missionaries was entrusted with two, three, or even more missions, often rather remote from one another. And for some of these missions the gift of tongues and an iron constitution were required; but English was everywhere essential, German in nearly all cases, unless the flock occasionally received the attentions of a special missionary speaking that language; French was of great advantage, especially in the large cities; and Irish was also very useful, the laborers employed on the public works being, for the most part, emigrants from Ireland, and large numbers of them preferring their mother tongue to English. All the missionaries then working in the diocese spoke English, and nearly all French also; there were ten who spoke German, and several who knew Irish. These missionaries had been furnished by nine nationalities, so that there was greater diversity among them than among the faithful themselves, in respect to origin. They contained four Frenchmen, three Germans, two Belgians and twenty-one Irishmen. Russia, Livonia, England and Portugal had given to Pennsylvania one missionary each. As for native Americans, there were three then engaged in diocesan work, and two in the seminary at Emmittsburg, but their number might well be increased, if he had a suitable seminary of his own to receive the young natives desiring to devote themselves to the sacred ministry. He was then exerting his energies in the fostering of a seminary that he had founded on a very small scale eighteen months before, and he hoped, God willing and those aiding to whom he had confided the distribution of His gifts, to make it successful. His wish and work have been splendidly realized in the magnificent outgrowth of that humble beginning, the present Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo at Overbrook. Yet three years after his writing this letter, when he was preparing to move his twelve students into a new but yet small building, he had working in his diocese only two priests who were Americans, and one of these, the Rev. Father Barber, S.J., was a new arrival; so that, in the meantime, two of these spoken of above must have departed. Nor had there been any increase in the aggregate number of his priests.

Before closing his first letter the Bishop records that public opinion in Philadelphia was becoming every day more favorable to the true religion. The

heroic courage of the Sisters of Charity, when the cholera (of 1832) was spreading consternation everywhere, won for them universal admiration, and the civil authorities had given them public testimonials as to benefactors of society. The maternal care that they were lavishing on nearly fourscore orphans in the two establishments named after St. Joseph, also won much praise for them. The priests of the diocese, on their part, by their devotedness to the service of the ministry on behalf of the victims of cholera, whilst the ministers of the sects had fled, made evident the excellence of the priesthood and its divine character. Such works of charity are visible, palpable proofs of religion ; but it seems that he was overconfident in asserting that there was no one who would dare try to belittle their merits, for, according to his second letter, there must have been a fresh outbreak of anti-Catholic bigotry soon afterwards. This he charges to the Presbyterians, by far the most powerful of the Protestant sects in the State.

They wielded immense influence, because of their wealth and of the effort that they were constantly making to increase their strength. They were the bitterest enemies of the Catholic Church, and were doing everything to have Catholics regarded as enemies of liberty and of the government. They were never weary of saying that Catholics must be deprived of all the rights and privileges of citizenship. While considering this subject he dwells on the famous controversy between the Rev. Mr. Breckenridge, a Presbyterian minister, and the Rev. John Hughes, pastor of St. John's, to which he had briefly alluded in his first missive, saying that Father Hughes' discourses and letters had been very helpful in enlightening Protestants, several of whom had come over to the Church. But it appears that Breckenridge and his imitators had their influence on the bigots, continuing to teach them that the Catholic religion is irreconcilable with popular liberty. Infamous books against the religious institutions and the clergy were in circulation, and the foulest calumnies had been invented. The Leopoldine Association, an Austrian society, modeled after that of the Propagation of the Faith, served as a pretext for an accusation against all Catholics, who were said to be in league with the Austrian government for the overthrow of the Republic. But in spite of all these efforts our holy religion not only held its own, but was advancing, and by the end of 1836 the violence of their adversaries seemed to be giving way to the patience of the Catholics.

In noting conversions he is more particular in the second than in the first letter. They were not very frequent, he says. During the year 1836 twenty-five persons embraced the faith in the cathedral church, thirty-six in St. Paul's, Pittsburg, while to his knowledge there were over fifty others in various places. He thought, indeed, that the number of conversions on which no report had been sent to him was almost as large.

But he had other disagreeable as well as pleasing details to furnish. While defections, properly so called, were rare, yet there were many who did not profess the Catholic faith of their parents. The spirit of independence, which was common to all, led people to make too much of their own judgment and to regard all exercise of authority with jealousy. Even children learning their catechism seemed to lack that docility which they ought to have at their age. Adults listened to preaching, which they liked very much, rather in a spirit of criticism than with the humility of faith. The intense prejudices against Catholicism, which prevailed everywhere, led to many being ashamed of their religion, especially in those localities in which the faithful were few in number and their position was far from prominent in society. From lack of opportunity to approach the sacraments the use and love

of them were lost, and scarcely did the people retain a few memories of the exercises of piety.

The poverty of parents was also one of the causes of their children being lost to the faith; and even in the very localities in which priests resided, whether in the large cities or elsewhere, Catholics were often obliged to place their children as apprentices with Protestants, or to put them in the establishments for the poor in which the Protestant sects had the chief control. That was why the Bishop thought that the money which the Association for the Propagation of the Faith had been so charitable as to send to him, would be well spent by giving it almost entirely to St. Joseph's asylum for Catholic orphans.

In regard to the ordinary expenses of the diocese and of its missions, the generosity of the faithful was sufficient to supply their needs, except in some places where Catholics were few in number and very limited in means. Such was the case in the French and in some of the German colonies also. But the support of the churches, indispensable as it was, encountered many obstacles, because it was so difficult to obtain the necessary funds, except on conditions that not only might, but in fact had, in certain cases, become dangerous. It was very seldom that a gratuitous gift was made; and if a site was obtained for a church, it was on condition that the title to ownership be vested not in the Bishop, but in the trustees chosen annually by the pewholders, under the sanction of a charter. When anyone contributed a certain amount towards the erection of the church, he demanded a rebate in the price to be paid for a pew, and he was allowed to have his way in order that expenses might be met. As soon as the sale of pews had been made, the church was no longer the house of the poor; each purchaser owned his pew, as he owned his house; he could sell it again, bequeath it, dispose of it as he pleased; he had it secured by lock and key, and kept it empty when he pleased. The trustees received an annual rent for it, a portion of which they gave to the pastor, at their pleasure, and did what they saw fit with the balance. Cases had happened, and were always in danger of happening, in which the trustees had refused any support whatever to the pastor appointed by the Bishop, and had used the money to support some unworthy and rebellious priest, in defiance of ecclesiastical authority, to publish pamphlets against it, and even to bring civil suits against the Bishop himself!

While making the annual visitation of the diocese in the Autumn of 1836 he had occasion to notice how the faithful were exposed to losing their piety and even their faith, for want of missionaries. Some congregations had not had resident priests for several years; but into one of these districts he had just sent a young Irish priest immediately after his ordination. He does not give his name, but we presume it was the Rev. John V. O'Reilly, who about that time took up his residence at Friendsville, in Susquehanna county, and was for years the only priest in a territory almost coterminous with the present diocese of Scranton, which now has one hundred and forty priests and a Catholic population of one hundred and thirty-five thousand. And the increase throughout the rest of Bishop Kenrick's territory has been almost as great, thus more than justifying the hope he entertained in January, 1834, that the light of truth would be shed abundantly, and that the piety of the faithful would become, from day to day, more fervent. There had already been a very large increase in the number of communions, and this increase, as well as that of the faithful and of the clergy, has continued. Bishop Kenrick's jurisdiction is now divided between seven Sees, with an aggregate of over eightfold more Catholics than he ruled—eight hundred and forty thousand against one hundred

thousand. And they are very much more efficiently served, for, instead of the mere handful of priests of that time, there are now over eleven hundred in the same territory, which is also supplied with hundreds of parochial schools and academies and many charitable institutions. The Church in the diocese ruled by Bishop Kenrick has, then, far more than merely kept pace with the general progress throughout the country.

THE LANDING OF ST. AUGUSTIN IN ENGLAND.

By Rev. F. Felix, O.S.B.

IN the recent Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII. to the English people, His Holiness dwells at length upon the

ST. AUGUSTIN.

prodigious work undertaken by St. Gregory the Great and the conversion of the ancient Britons, and it is with special purpose he recalls "These great and glorious events in the annals of the Church which must of necessity be remembered with gratitude by the sons of England."

That illustrious predecessor of our present Pontiff gave the first impetus to the missionary enterprise of St. Augustin and his co-laborers, which subsequently terminated in the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to the religion of truth and immortality, in the civilization of the barbarous tribes, and the sanctification of the nation and land which rejoices in the distinction of being the "Isle of Saints."

England now celebrates the thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Augustin and his forty companions. Justly may she rejoice in the memory of the "blessed hallowed days of yore"; yet deep and bitter sorrow will surely mingle in her gladness. She, who was once the tender nurseling of the Church, the pride and bulwark of Christianity, the mighty defender of the religious cause, the propagator of the true faith, to-day bears the stigma of apostasy upon her humbled brow, and for more than three centuries, has been alienated from the bosom of her loving Holy Mother. But who caused this dire disaster and upon whom rests this terrible responsibility? Not many years ago the late Cardinal Manning sought an answer to this searching question. To a vast congregation in his pro-cathedral at Kensington, his trembling voice responded to his own interrogation in tones so convincing and impressive, for he already stood on the threshold of the eternal shore: "A voluptuous king, a handful of corrupted, licentious courtiers, and—God have mercy on them—a few cunning bishops and priests. Yes, 'our fathers have sinned and we bear their iniquities. Our inheritance is turned to aliens and our homes to strangers.'"

Millions of saints, however, whose ashes consecrate the blood-stained soil of Britain, in unceasing chorus, will continue to supplicate God's mercy for the land they loved. Again the voice of the

common Father of Christendom exhorts the English people to unite in faith and charity: "God is our witness how keen is our wish that some effort of ours might tend to assist and further the great work of obtaining the reunion . . . We place our confidence of a happy issue principally, and, above all, in the wonderful power of God's grace."

Strange coincidence of divine Providence! Thirteen hundred years ago St. Augustin, with forty companions, first set foot on the English strand, bringing the message of redemption. Upon the day of the centenary celebration, on the spot hallowed by the Saint's advent, the sacrifice of the altar will be celebrated by the illustrious Bishop Hedley, O.S.B., surrounded by the episcopacy of England and forty Benedictine monks. As, thirteen centuries ago, the land was sanctified by England's great apostle, so now, by their prayers and benediction, it will be reconsecrated to the Church and to religion.

Innumerable and venerable are the memories which linger about this Isle. The atmosphere is heavy with the aroma of sanctity, and faith still lives, even though God's temples be in ruins and deserted.

"The spot that angels deign to grace
Is blessed though robbers haunt the place."

The humbler classes still cling to the traditions beautiful in the eyes of faith. Every shattered pillar, every crumbling stone is stamped with a history which will exist through long living ages. The ruins of the abbeys and cathedrals are wreathed in memories, and Nature alone has pity on them and with a cover of clustering ivy and eglantine she hides man's vandalism. There is no nation on the globe whose religious history records so many interesting events and, in these days of jubilee, the glad memories of the past return, so with the bard let us

"'. . . Seek upon the heights of time the source
Of a holy river on whose banks are found
Sweet pastoral flowers and laurels that have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;
Where, for the delight of him who tracks its course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound."

* * *

The scattered fragments of the early history of the Britons were handed down to posterity by a few Latin writers. Cæsar, with two legions, crossed the English Channel and with his intrepid forces soon subdued a small portion of the Isle, leaving the greater part still independent. Augustus thrice announced his intention of completely annexing Britain

ST. GREGORY.

to the Roman Empire, but pressing demands required his attention at home. There is no necessity to refer to the insanity of Caligula in fighting the ocean as his enemy and thus claiming his triumph over the free land of the Britons. The four legions sent by the Emperor Claudius, under the able command of Aulus Plautius, finally accomplished the subjugation of the people and took the British chieftain Caractacus captive. Even this conquest appeared folly to the conquered yet proud Briton, for when he was led in chains through the streets of Rome he marvelled how so great a race could abandon palaces to conquer the hovels of an unknown land.

CAMALDOLIAN MONASTERY OF ST. GREGORY.

There can be no doubt that many of the Roman soldiers who remained in Britain had brought with them the seed of the Christian Faith. Numbers of immortal traditions point to an early propagation of Christ's religion. The sacred ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, once the "Roma Secunda," tell us that Philip, the Apostle, sent Joseph of Arimathea with twelve faithful followers to England, who subsequently erected on that spot the first monastery to which St. Patrick gave a Rule. At Winchester, to this day, the site of the house is still known in which Claudia, the wife of Prudens, was born, who is related to have conversed with the Holy Apostles. The ruins of chapels and churches were many upon St. Augustin's arrival, and the Council of Arles, in 314, numbered three British Bishops among the Fathers of the sacred assembly. That England had many martyrs during the persecution of Diocletian and Maximian is well-known, for, among them

"... Was St. Alban ...
England's first martyr, whom
no threats could shake,
Self offered victim for his
friend he died,
And for the faith."

These persecutions and the invasions of the Teutonic hordes were the weapons by which Christianity was almost totally extirpated.

In the year 449 the British King, Vortigern, solicited the aid of two Saxon chieftains, Hengist and Horsa, in order to resist their Northern invaders. They landed at Ebbsfleet, near the Isle of Thanet, upon the very spot touched in 597 by the emissaries of Pope St. Gregory.

Roman power succumbed to force, but in turn the Saxons, increased by Teuton auxiliaries, drove the Briton from his native haunts, and by bloodshed, intrigue, and rapine, became masters of the land. These bold tribes established one kingdom after another, wresting the territory from its lawful owners. Kent, Sussex, Essex began to rise and, later, East Anglia, Mercia and Northumbria, comprising Bernicia and Dëira, were founded. Thus originated the Heptarchy.

These Teutons were intrepid and warlike and adhered with tenacity to their religious belief, customs, and languages. These they impressed so deeply upon the British race that by no vicissitudes of time or fortune were they eradicated. They adored Odin, or Wodan, the Jupiter of the North, who ruled the elements and the destinies of men; Freja supplanted the Venus of the Romans; Wara, Juno. Their Druids sacrificed in the forests under the sacred oaks, and their

festivals were the occasions of the most shameful orgies. Belief in immortality was characteristic of the people, for, in the Walhalla, both the brave and the just could hope to meet. Their conception of virtue, justice, conjugal chastity, occasioned the framing of laws which were worthy of a nobler race, and rendered them most susceptible of Christian civilization. The spirit manifested towards a conquered people was inhuman in the extreme. Their captives were offered in sacrifice to the gods, and, from the skulls of the victims, they would quaff the nation's health. If youth and beauty invoked clemency the unfortunates were sold as slaves and then transported to foreign markets. This traffic seems to have been carried on to a remarkable extent, and the human chattels from the Anglo-Saxons supplied the Continent.

Providence, in patriarchal times, permitted the beloved son of Jacob to be sold as a slave to Egyptian merchants, and this servitude gave deliverance to the aged parent and his family, and Joseph became the saviour of his people. Like Joseph, these Anglo-Saxon slaves were brought by merchants to the City of Rome. Let us not be surprised if we find a slave market in Rome during the second half of the sixth century, when our own "all Christian nation" legalized this infamous trade to the second half of the nineteenth century. For Rome, though partly Christian, still nursed the dying groans of paganism, and, as the commercial centre of the world, it was quite natural that young Britons, like Joseph, were offered for sale in the Forum. That Forum retains now no trace of its greatness in the past, and of the famed tribunal whence the people were ruled by force of eloquence only broken columns remain. Crumbling and shattered marbles mark the foundations of temples, arches, etc., and the dust of centuries is heaped upon the ground immortalized by the tread of a nation of enduring greatness.

It may probably have been in the year 586 that St. Gregory the Great, then Abbot of the Monastery of St. Andrew, passed through the Roman Forum and beheld the Anglican youths offered for sale. He was attracted by the sight of these captives with their flaxen locks, bright blue eyes and regular features:

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

FIRST RESIDENCE OF ST. AUGUSTIN.

"A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal city laves,
Angli by name."

Gregory, by the nobility of his birth (he was the son of Gordianus, a senator,) and by his great learning and the mildness of his manners, was well-known to the Roman citizens. The Saint was induced by sympathy and curiosity to inquire of the merchant the country and religion of the beautiful but unfortunate children. "What evil luck" exclaimed St. Gregory, "that the Prince of Darkness should possess beings with an aspect so radiant and void of inward grace. But of what nation are they?" "They are Angles" answered the merchant most willingly. "Well named, for these Angles have the faces of the angels in heaven. From what province have they been brought?" "From Deira." "Still good" answered he, "De ira eruti—they shall be snatched from the ire of God and called to the mercy of Christ. And how name they their King?" "Aella is his name."

". . . Subjects of Saxon Aella—they shall sing
Glad alleluias to the Eternal King."

The charitable Abbot then purchased the captives and led them to his monastery on Monte Celio, once his father's mansion. The Camaldolian Benedictines are now in possession of the venerable spot which bears the name of St Gregory. Few places in the Eternal City are more worthy of remembrance than Mount Celio. The cradle of English Christianity is planted upon this soil, steeped with the blood of many thousand martyrs, for, at the foot of the mountain, is the famous Coliseum in which so many Christians have sacrificed their lives for Christ, and oft from this mount the smoke must have been seen arising from the fire in which the Christians were sacrificed.

"Where is the Englishman," says Montalembert, "worthy of the name, who, in looking from the Palatine to the Coliseum, would contemplate, without emotion and without remorse, the spot from whence have come to him the faith and name of Christian—the Bible of which he is so proud—the Church herself of which he has preserved but the shadow—there were the slave children of his ancestors gathered together and saved. On these stones they knelt who made his country Christian. Under these roofs were conceived the grand idea of their salvation. By these steps descended the forty monks who bore to England the Word of God and the Light of the Gospel along with Catholic Unity, the Apostolic Succession, and the Rule of St. Benedict."

It is said that Cardinal Newman, after his conversion from Anglicanism, was deeply moved when he prayed at this spot, and upon the archives of Monte Cassino he wrote the memorable words, "O holy Cassinese, whence England once drew the waters of salutary doc-

trine, pray for us now arising from heresy to pristine vigor."

In the monastery of St. Andrew, St. Augustin or St. Austin, as he is known in the land of his destination, was Prior at that time. Little is known of his previous history. Suffice it to say that he must have been a great and good man. St Gregory the Abbot offered himself at once for the distant mission among the Britons, but, failing to receive the desired encouragement from Pope Pelagius II., he secretly set out for England, leaving St. Austin in charge of his monastery. But the people of Rome cherished the deepest love for this great Saint, and, in the wildest confusion, sought the Pontiff to demand his return. This he did by special messengers. Seeing his plans frustrated, St. Gregory still nourished in his bosom the desire to transform the Angles into angels, and when, after the death of Pelagius, he was called to the pontificate as his successor, he realized the grand ideal of his soul. From among the sons of St. Benedict he selected forty. He placed them under the leadership of St. Augustin and commissioned them to seek the foreign shores. *Ite et docete*. Many saints were in that glorious band, as a St. Melitus, St. Justus, St. Lawrence, St. Paulinus, who subsequently became bishops in the episcopal sees erected in England.

These great apostles set out on their memorable journey in 596. It must have been a sad farewell when last they kissed the ground of the Holy City and the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff. History does not relate what words were spoken and what tears were wept when St. Gregory extended his hands in solemn benediction over the noble band. They departed and arrived without hindrance in Provence, then stopped for some time at Lerins, in that Mediterranean Isle of the Saints where, one century and a half before, St. Patrick, Ireland's apostle, had sojourned for nine years previous to his mission by Pope Celestine to evangelize the Celts.

Much has been written and said derogatory to the mission of these holy men on account of a certain event which transpired on their journey to England. It seems that in various places, probably monasteries, they received most extravagant accounts of the barbarity and ferocity of the Britons. Human nature asserted itself. Fear possessed their

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

CHOIR OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

hearts. The anticipation of the arduous undertaking and the dangers accompanying it, but chiefly the love for their monastic home they had left in Rome, made them hesitate. It is said that St. Adelhard of Corby wept when he forsook his house of exile to return to honor by the command of Emperor Louis. Alcuin hesitated at the threshold of his monastery to obey the imperial mandate which required his wisdom at the Court of Charlemagne. St. Anselm, England's great doctor, could only be persuaded through obedience to depart from his monastery and assume the See of St. Augustin at Canterbury, and it is related that St. Lioba, St. Walburga, and their noble companions shed bitter tears when they reached the inhospitable shores of Germany when in thought they returned to their beloved convent at Winburn, England. Saints, too, knew how to weep and suffer.

Augustin returned to Rome and besought His Holiness to recall his orders, but instead of the leave of return, St. Gregory, filled with the Holy Ghost, now commanded, "Forward in God's name! The more you will have to suffer the brighter will be your glory in eternity! * * * If I cannot share your toil I shall, nevertheless, rejoice in the harvest, for God knows I lack not the will."

With letters to the Bishops of Aix, Autun, Tours, Marseilles and the Abbot of Lerins, St. Augustin returned, at the same time invested with the supreme power as Abbot—and no contradiction or complaints were now heard, for their Holy Rule required, "If any brother is commanded by the Abbot to do things that are too hard or even impossible, he ought to receive the order with all mildness and obedience." At the same time Gregory directed letters to the two young Kings of Austrasia and Burgundy, and their mother, Brunehaut, to solicit the services of an interpreter to accompany them and a royal conduct to insure a safe journey through France. In God's name by obedience they proceeded. Autun, in France, was the last stopping place. Finally, they reached the straits. On fragile vessels, such as were then in use, they crossed the vast expanse of water, and, before many hours elapsed, the white cliffs of the British shores loomed into view. A rocky, dangerous coast stretched before them, yet no stony

hearts awaited their coming. They landed between the modern towns of Ramsgate and Sandwich, singing hymns like Columbus when he landed in America nearly a thousand years thereafter.

It is said when St. Benedict arrived at the inhospitable heights of Monte Cassino he sank upon a rock as he sought God's blessing upon his future work, and it still bears the impress of his sacred knees. In England, through the ages of faith, a rock was venerated bearing the outlines of the sacred feet of England's Apostle when first he stepped upon the stony soil. "O how precious the feet of those announcing peace, announcing good."

"Forever hallowed be this morning fair—
Blessed be the unconscious shore on which ye tread."

It was the festival of the Holy Ghost, Pentecost, upon which they touched the English shore; and, as in the time of the Apostles, the divine Spirit hovered over them, directing their acts and wills. Immediately interpreters were despatched to the King announcing the ambassadors of the Pope, bringing with them "glad tidings and the promise of celestial joy and an eternal reign in the fellowship of the living and true God."

Ethelbert, noble and valiant in name and deed, was King of Kent, and Britwalda (supreme ruler) of the Heptarchy. He was espoused to fair Bertha, a princess of French lineage, and an adherent to the one true faith. Tradition speaks of the exalted virtues of this queen and her ardent desire for the conversion of her land and people, but history relates little of this pure flower blooming in the wilderness, spreading infinite loveliness and grace, dying only to live in the memory of her kinsfolk.

Having imbibed the Saxon superstition which suspects both friend and foe, Ethelbert welcomed the strangers in an open field, lest his palace or roof might suffer by some unknown spell. In solemn procession Augustin and his followers advanced to meet him.

"Church history," says Bossuet, "contains nothing more sublime than the entrance of the holy monk Augustin and his forty companions into Kent." And the poet gives music to the scene by saying:

"And blest the silver cross which ye instead
Of martial banner in procession bear.
The cross preceding Him who floats in air
The pictured Saviour! by Augustin led
They come, and onward travel without dread,
Chanting to barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,
Sung for themselves and those whom they would free."

ST. AUGUSTIN'S CHAIR—CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Augustin's patrician bearing and lofty stature attracted every eye, for, like Saul, "He was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward."

It was the custom of the Teutonic chieftains to receive the ambassadors of other tribes and nations under a consecrated tree. Ethelbert was seated, therefore, surrounded by a numerous retinue under a great oak and patiently listened to the eloquent appeal of Augustin who spoke to him of the one immortal God, of the benedictions, temporal and spiritual, which the true faith would impart, of the great future of his nation to believe to be the truth and the supreme good, we shall do you no hurt—on the contrary, we shall show you hospitality and shall take care to furnish you with means of living. We shall not hinder you from preaching your religion and you shall convert whom you can." By royal command the missionaries now marched towards Canterbury. Again in solemn procession they entered that primitive city, the future metropolis of Catholicism in England. Chanting the *litany* they marched after the silver cross and concluded in unison in the following prayer: "We beseech Thee, O Lord, by

CLOISTERS OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

and land. It must have been an eloquent appeal to the king's heart and intellect for, like the Apostles, he feared not what and how to speak, for "It is not you that speak but the spirit of your father that speaketh in you." Ethelbert, worthy to be a king, responded with dignity: "You make fair speeches and promises, but all this is to me new and uncertain. I cannot all at once put faith in what you tell me and abandon with my whole nation what we so long held sacred. But since you came such a distance to impart to us what you yourselves seem Thy pity to spare in Thy wrath this city and Thy holy house, for we have sinned. Alleluia." "It was thus," says an ancient historian, "that the first teachers and fathers (*proto-doctores et proto-patres*) entered the future primatial city and inaugurated the triumphant labor of the cross."

Canterbury occupied then the site of the Roman Durovernum, a city established, after the first invasions, as a halting place for troops on the march and as a commercial centre in Britain It was the capital of Ethelbert, the fourth

Saxon King of Kent. There was outside of this town to the east, at that time, a small church dedicated to St. Martin, which still exists, whither Queen Bertha was in the habit of going to pray and to celebrate the offices of religion. Thither also went Augustin and his companions to chant the monastic office, to celebrate Mass and to preach and teach the people. "They lived here," says the most truthful of their historians, "the life of the Apostles in the primitive Church—assiduous in prayer, in vigils, in fasts; they preached the Word of Life to all that they could reach, and, despising this world's goods, accepting from the converts nothing beyond what was strictly necessary, lived in all harmony with their doctrine, and ever ready to suffer or to die for the truth they taught. The innocent simplicity of their life, and the heavenly sweetness of their doctrine, appeared to the Saxons arguments of an invincible eloquence, and every day the number of candidates for instruction increased."

(*To be continued.*)

THÉOPHILE.

From the French of Rev. V. Fontanié, S.J.

I HAD been several months in Madagascar and was engaged in building the church and school for my district of Alrobia when, one day, I noticed among the workmen who helped the masons, a deformed, awkward creature, a perfect dolt, who could use his hands and feet to no better advantage than his intellect. The poor fellow was not only the drudge but the laughing-stock of his companions, so, approaching him, I said:

"What is your name?"

"*Téoufilon*," he replied.

"Where do you come from?"

"From Ambositra."

"Are you a slave?"

"No."

"Why then do you work for Ramitavy? Does he give you any pay?"

"No, not even a grain of rice."

"Do you want to come with me? I will set you free."

"Yes, Father."

Our bargain was concluded without any hesitation, and thus it was that this poor kneader of mud became my cook, which, perhaps, accounts for the fact that for some time thereafter my soup bore a strong resemblance to mortar. But in Madagascar such trifles are not taken into account; so much the worse for my poor stomach. However, I had chanced upon a cook who was not a thief, and this was something quite unheard of in the country, and gradually, by dint of practice, my stupid Théophile became noted as the most accomplished culinary artist in the missions.

Whenever we went up to the capital of Bétsiléo, the cooks employed in our residence there would deliberately fold their arms and insist upon Théophile doing their work, and thus, in a mechanical sort of way, he learned all the secrets of his art, save that of cleanliness, and before he had progressed that far, alas! with what indigestible jumbles did he not load my poor stomach!

His first act, after entering upon his new functions, was innocently to set fire to the kitchen. I had bidden him fry a couple of eggs for my supper, but seeing that he knew not how to proceed, I said: "Heat some fat in the frying-pan, and, when it boils, drop in the eggs."

He assured me that he understood me, and, in fact, carried out my orders to the letter; but unfortunately, I had not told him to break the eggs, and he threw them, shell and all, into the boiling fat. The explosion that ensued was equal to that of a bomb, and, of course, no more was

needed to start a blaze in my humble straw-thatched kitchen.

At another time I told him to cook a beefsteak, but first to pound it well that it might be tender; and what do you suppose he used as a table whereon to lay the meat? His bare thigh. Happily, fire is purifying!

Théophile had an innate respect for authority and the hierarchy, and he manifested it in his way of serving my guests at table, setting forth for each the number of dishes, etc., proportionate to his dignity. For instance, for the superior of the mission, two plates, knives, forks and spoons were laid; for the minister from Fianarantsoa, three; and when the Bishop came, Théophile would set before him a platter in lieu of a plate, a soup-ladle instead of a spoon, and a carving knife; moreover, a large bowl, which ordinarily did service as a soup-tureen, would replace the usual drinking-glass; and a bottle, not being commensurate with the episcopal dignity, would be supplanted by the largest demijohn procurable. Indeed, in Madagascar, the size of a man's plate and the amount of food offered him, vary with his rank, and I have come upon a would-be civilized governor squatting on a mat, his sleeves rolled above his elbows, his hands smeared with grease and before him an immense dish—I was about to say trough—filled with rice, meat, and gravy.

Such was Théophile's integrity that I could overlook many of his little faults, and I think that I can boast of having been, perhaps, the only European in Madagascar who had not been robbed by his cook. Théophile had indeed my interest at heart, and many an evening did he treat me to a bit of the ragout that I had left in the morning for him and the other servants who, to their great distress, were therefore reduced like himself to the necessity of eating dry rice. One Good Friday, fully intending not to partake of an evening meal, I gave him a part of a dish of greens that he had set before me at noon, but Théophile was more rigorous than I in point of abstinence and positively refused to eat the greens which he insisted on serving for my supper.

In Madagascar it is customary to look upon a loaned article as lost when the lender neglects to reclaim it, and innumerable are the objects, valuable and otherwise, that are thus honestly stolen from the Europeans by the Malagasy. But I was hardly ever obliged to submit to such inconvenience, as Théophile was constantly on the alert and demanded the return of even the smallest articles.

One day I presented the governor with a bottle of wine, and, in the evening, Théophile audaciously called upon His Excellency and claimed the bottle, declaring that its contents only constituted my gift.

Apropos of bottles, which are quite a rarity in Madagascar, and, consequently, pretty dear, I can relate another edifying instance of Théophile's devotedness. One day four French explorers, handsomely equipped and remunerated by some mining companies, accepted the hospitalities of my modest abode, and they had expended the trifling sum of ten thousand francs for Bordeaux, champagne, beer, etc., whilst journeying in Madagascar. My poor, limp table, accustomed only to the simple luxury of clear water, tottered like a drunkard beneath the weight of these high-class spirits, and each day was piled up a fresh heap of empty bottles, which the Malagasy servants of these Frenchmen readily obtained permission to sell. Elated over their profits, and eager to increase them, the fellows hesitated not to carry off three or four empty bottles that had slumbered peacefully in the dust of my improvised cellar, but they had not counted upon Théophile who watched their every turn. That evening, whilst we were at dinner, he burst into the room, exclaiming most excitedly: "Father, the servants of these travellers are stealing your bottles!" There was

great commotion, and my guests promptly chastised the perpetrators of the larceny, deciding that thereafter all the empty bottles should belong to Théophile. That night the denounced thieves took their revenge by soundly beating my faithful domestic, but this was of little consequence to him as long as he had saved his master's bottles.

Théophile was not content with being cook and constable; so great was his interest in all that pertained to me that, to help me economize, he set about learning different trades. Never idle, he would turn from the frying-pan to the spade, and thence to the trowel or plane, and, thanks to his industry, I was enabled, within three months, to build my church, schools, and the residences for my inspectors and school-masters. Think of such rapid progress in a country where the natives are loath to work! Théophile's plan was this. He went about in the different stations of my district, gathered in as many apprentices as he could, and begged me to give them shelter in the kitchen. Then he constituted himself head of this regiment, which, though it could not respect, was at least kindly disposed toward him, and to one individual he assigned the drawing of water, to another the carrying of mortar, and to a third the making of bricks. As he himself lent a hand to everything in general, he had but little time during the day for cooking, and often spent much of the night in the kitchen preparing food for his fellow-workers and myself. On the tenth of August the first stone was laid, and the twenty-first of November saw the last of our buildings completed. So much for the labor of willing hands.

However, Théophile was not satisfied. On our premises he dug and fertilized eight hundred large holes, and planted therein all sorts of trees and fruit-trees, including eucalyptus, lilac, apple, fig, banana, and others such as flourish in Europe and the colonies; and to-day the belfry, built by Théophile himself, is almost hidden from view by the gigantic, five-year-old eucalyptus trees that have thrived under his tender care and so greatly ornament my beautiful English garden, where cabbages, onions, and strawberries also abound.

But the indefatigable Théophile found still more to do. Unlike the work of a French *curé*, that of a missionary is not confined within the limits of a parish, and at present I have under my care twenty-two churches and presbyteries that are scattered over a stretch of territory almost equal to one of the departments of France. With Théophile's help, I had to build at each of these stations the same structures as at my central post, only, of course, on a smaller scale, and I am obliged to visit each place monthly in order to inspect the schools, attend the sick, hear the confessions of the Christians, etc.

Théophile escorts me everywhere, walking before my horse, my portable chapel carefully poised upon his head. Arrived at our destination, he starts out in search of water, wood, and provisions, and does the cooking, whilst I am occupied with the duties of my sacred ministry; moreover, every week he travels fifty kilometres, going to the capital to procure provisions and get the mail. However, he has still more elevating occupations, as he is sacristan of my portable chapel, and, in default of some one else, serves my Mass. It is indeed touching to see this coarse, black fellow arrayed in a red robe—which seems to throw his ugliness into bolder relief—presenting incense at the altar. But the honor which Théophile enjoys, was not won without trouble on our part, and many a weary hour did I spend trying to drive the *Introibo* and *Confiteor* into his dull head. The operation required about eighteen months, and even yet many might take exception at the quality of the Latin that issues from his thick lips.

While still remaining what he was first, a humble cook, Théophile has never-

theless gradually risen to the dignity of catechist, and that, too, without a knowledge of catechism. An old sorceress, called Ranüratsara, and renowned throughout the country, came one day and begged me to baptize her, promising thereafter to be as zealous in the service of God as she had previously been in that of the devil. I imposed upon her several conditions, and amongst them that of learning the *Our Father*, and the *Hail Mary* by heart. Unfortunately the poor creature, then eighty-five years old, had lost her memory, but her sorcery had failed to restore it, and for a whole month the schoolmaster, catechists, inspectors and myself wasted our time on her, as what she had learned in the morning she would forget by night. It was then that Théophile's talent came into play. He craved permission to lodge the old woman and her blind, sickly husband in the kitchen, and there, amongst pots and kettles, from night till morning and morning till night, he kept repeating the words *Rainay any audauitra*, and even when his two pupils, whose combined ages amounted to the round sum of one hundred and sixty years, became fatigued, he would force them to pronounce the words, if necessary letting them go hungry and only giving them to eat when they had memorized one or two more words of the prayer. At the end of a month the old sorceress and her husband were able to recite, in their own disjointed fashion, the *Lord's Prayer* in full, and it was to Théophile's perseverance that they owed the happiness of receiving baptism. It was really quite humiliating to the school-teachers, inspectors, and myself, to be eclipsed in point of practical science by my poor, ignorant cook, who was now at the zenith of his glory. But alas! as is so often the case, honors turned Théophile's head.

However, before detailing the account of his downfall, let me give you an idea of the profit he made from his trades of cook, chief of police, mason, carpenter, porter, sacristan, chorister, catechist, and apostle. He earned—incredible though it may seem—the sum of two francs, fifty centimes a month, and, though his scant clothing was included in his expenses, still during all the time that he has spent in my service he has never called on me for his monthly pay. Of course I kept it carefully in reserve for him, saw it gradually increase, and was glad to be able to add an occasional present to his regular wages. Moreover, every time that he received money in grateful acknowledgment of his services to those travellers who had sampled his cooking, Théophile would always confide the entire amount to my keeping, and I was in a fair way to having quite a hoard laid by for him, when events came to an unexpected issue. For a long time I had desired to see my competent cook married, but even the homeliest girls in all the surrounding country were wont to shrink from him. However, one fair day he came to me exclaiming: "Father, I've found her and I want to be married."

"Very good, my boy, I ask nothing better; bring your betrothed to me."

You may imagine my astonishment when he conducted into my presence a poor, shabbily-clothed, though not homely, young woman, who seemed shrewd and intelligent, and in whose bright eyes there lingered a look of roguishness. Three times did Théophile tell me that she was his intended wife, and still I could not believe it, when, with an air of composure, rarely found among these savages, the prospective bride assured me that she wanted Théophile and him only. I took the liberty of asking how many husbands she had previously had and, though she could not say exactly, they certainly had been as numerous as those of the Samaritan woman. However, she evaded the question by informing me that she wanted Théophile on account of his brilliant qualities; that she was anxious to receive holy baptism, lead a good Chris-

tian life and effect her salvation. Was she deceiving me? Not being able to tell, I asked time for reflection and begged that she also would think matters over, and, accordingly, I placed her for a month under the care of a wealthy, and respectable Christian woman living in our neighborhood.

From that day forward Théophile was no longer the same; he not only demanded his wages when they came due, but also asked for his back pay and the treasure that I had laid by for him, even going so far as to borrow money without my knowledge. The month had elapsed and at dawn, on the appointed day, Théophile, smiling and radiant, came to ask me for four sous with which to purchase the conventional offering for his sweetheart.

You see, on the wedding day, it is customary amongst the Hovas to offer a saddle of mutton, and amongst the Bétsiléos, the back of a hen; then, if the parents of the intended bride accept the gift, the marriage is solemnized. Théophile had decided that the ceremony should take place in my home, and at last the fiancée arrived, accompanied by her hostess, the noble matron Cecilia: but what did I behold?

THÈOPHILE.

The poor, miserable girl of a month before appeared in my presence transformed into a queen and attired so gorgeously that Cecilia could have been easily mistaken for her attendant. "And who gave you this gown?" I asked. "Théophile," she replied. "And this *lamba*?" "Théophile." "And this pearl necklace?" "Théophile." "What has so improved your appearance during the last month?" "Théophile's presents." "Very well," was my answer "are you to marry Théophile or his gifts?" She was silent

and I continued: "If it is Théophile himself that you want, cast off all this finery and resume your former humble clothing, and I shall consent to your marriage; on the other hand, if it is his presents you wish, I give you timely warning. He earns but two francs, fifty centimes a month, and within the last few weeks he has not only spent much of what he had saved up, but has likewise run into debt, and two months hence you will be reduced to your former poverty. Now, think well on it, consult your parents, and come back this evening with your answer." But she did not return, as I requested, and, ever since, Théophile has been strongly averse to discussing the subject of matrimony.

After this first storm had blown over, another broke. I had strictly forbidden my men to mount my horse, fearing that by mismanagement and cruelty they would make him vicious. One day I went off on a little excursion, and left my steed, Talata (Tuesday), in Théophile's care, and upon my return I could see, from the top of the mountain that overlooks the town, that a cheering crowd followed a cavalier who was proudly mounted on his noble charger.

At first, I supposed that the horseman was some prince of the blood, but not at all, the horse was Talata and the rider—Théophile. I gave him chase and, overtaking him just as he was about to dismount, I administered *coram populo*, a ringing slap. But, alas! for wounded pride; the blow, following so swiftly upon the applause of the crowd, was more than Théophile could bear, and, promptly demanding his wages, he left me. Indeed, I found the first days of our separation most painful; I had so long depended upon my faithful Bétsiléo that his absence became almost unbearable, and nothing that my new cook prepared could tempt my appetite. In the long run Théophile was the greater loser. Upon leaving me he went to a big Hova from Imerina whom he asked to keep his few remaining coins, but the unscrupulous wretch pocketed them all and, after a month, poor, simple Théophile was penniless. From morning till night he drudged for the new master whose slave he had become and —sad to relate—at the end of three months, found himself indebted to the amount of three piastres to this contemptible Hova. The latter then succeeded in selling him a quantity of soap, suggesting that he would dispose of it at retail; but Théophile had the worst of the bargain, and, in order to carry on his business, was obliged to borrow more money from his master. Again he came to grief and discovered that he owed the scheming, dishonest Hova the sum of twenty piastres. Like the prodigal son, poor Théophile, now reduced to the most pitiable extremes, at length resolved to return to his Father, and so it was that, one day, he came wrapped in tattered sail cloth and flung himself at my feet. Not doubting his sincerity I restored him to my good graces and was about to celebrate his return by setting forth the fatted calf, when that wolfish Hova burst in upon us, threatening to flog Théophile and drag him before the tribunal; but I quickly showed him the door and his retreat was not only speedy but effective, for he never dared return to demand the payment of his pretended debt. The part I played in this episode only served the more solidly to cement the union between Théophile and myself, and we were thenceforth the staunchest friends.

But, alas! just as we were peacefully enjoying our newly-restored happiness, cruel war broke out, not in our humble household, but between our two countries, and Théophile and I were again obliged to separate. Suddenly, toward the end of October, 1895, a formal order was issued from Antananarivo for all French subjects to leave Madagascar, but it was only the third summons that I obeyed, and, with a heavy heart, I started, followed by the members of my household—Talata, my horse; Sofina

(ear), my dog, and Théophile, my cook. I will not attempt a description of the trip, but the different missionaries arrived at Mananjary in detachments, and for three days they enjoyed Théophile's cooking. On November 4, a man-of-war dropped anchor and signalled to us to embark immediately. Théophile's grief was harrowing. He threw himself at the feet of the Rev. Father Superior, imploring us to take him with us, and, despite our justifiable refusal, when the barges started he endeavored to scale one of them. The Malagasy police rudely held him back and then he waded out till the water was up to his waist, declaring that he would follow us as far as possible, and crying and ringing his hands most despairingly. Can you believe it, when leaving the poor Bétsiléo, I wept just as bitterly as I had at Marseilles six years previously, when parting from my country and friends. But, contrary to all hope, I was destined to see my loved ones and my native land once more, and it was war that furnished the occasion of my return to France, whither I was named to accompany my Bishop. Once there, I found it necessary to talk much of Madagascar, and I gave illustrated lectures on the subject, but no part of my discourse elicited more applause than my story of Théophile, and no picture thrown on the canvas was better received than that of his unsightly face. In very truth Théophile had scored a great success, and, when, writing to me from all quarters of France, Alsace and Lorraine, my friends and benefactors would never fail to inquire what had become of him. And would you, too, like to know? Those missionaries who had taken refuge in Bourbon were, of course, nearer to Madagascar than I was, and, after the war, they reappeared on the island a while before I returned thither. Exactly one year from the date of our departure they arrived on the beach of Mananjary, and, to their astonishment, saw coming toward them, a poor, miserable-looking Malagasy, carrying in one hand a pair of ducks, and in the other a basket of eggs, and gesticulating most wildly in his endeavors to welcome them. As he came nearer, the missionaries discovered the poor creature to be none other than the faithful Bétsiléo, and, with one accord, they joyfully shouted: "Théophile!" And he it was indeed; but whilst the Fathers greeted, questioned and caressed him, Théophile seemed uneasy and his eyes wandered restlessly, first in one direction then in another, till at length he exclaimed:

"Where is he? Where is he?"

"Whom seek you?"

"My Father, Father Fontanié, the Father from Ambohimahasoa."

"He's still across the water, and will not return for two months."

At this announcement Théophile almost lost hold of the ducks and eggs, but the Fathers tried to comfort him by assuring him of my early return, and thus consoled, he set about preparing the ducks and eggs, and spread before the missionaries their first meal on territory to be thenceforth French.

I suppose you wonder what Théophile did during our absence. Well, after we had embarked, he bestowed all his affection and attention upon Sofina, my dog, who, according to Théophile, died of grief eight days after my departure, and Talata, my horse, which became fractious and unmanageable, returning Théophile's caresses by kicks and bites.

Then the fever laid hold of my poor cook, and painful indeed was his journey from Mananjary back to Ambohimahasoa, where he soon spent the last of the round little sum I had left him, and, wasted by disease, covered with scurvy, dying of hunger, despised and insulted by the Malagasy Protestant-English faction, he, nevertheless, still cared for my garden, which was one of the few spots left unpillaged during the war. He remained faithful to his post till the arrival of the news that Antananarivo had been taken. On that day his droop-

ing energy was revived, and, rousing himself, he went amongst my Christians, raised a subscription, bought the pair of ducks and the basket of eggs, and, in spite of distance, fever and fatigue, came to meet us at Mananjary, on the same beach where we had parted a year before. Whilst awaiting my return Théophile continued to care for the ungrateful Talata, whose kicks were still of frequent occurrence, and when, at length, I reached Fianarantsoa I was greeted with a familiar whinny and the joyful cry of "Father." Talata and Théophile had come to meet me, and when I re-entered Ambohimahasoa—the principal station of my district—Théophile's joy knew no bounds. His head, surmounted by the insignia of his rank, fry-pan, saucepan and plates, all lately arrived from France, he walked, ran, nay, even flew before my horse, and about a thousand Christians came half way to welcome us, the chiefs and matrons being in their *filanjana* and escorted by the governor's band. General Duchesne's entry into Antananarivo could not have been more eminently triumphal, and even the governor himself, formerly our pronounced enemy, came forward to do homage to the Father and Théophile. Yes, indeed, to Théophile, as it was he and the barnyard that gained most by our triumphal return. The presents offered on that auspicious occasion and turned over to the care of my cook, were a yoke of oxen, eleven sheep, fourteen fat geese, thirty-five turkeys, one hundred ducks and hens and several measures of rice. Théophile then invited my fifteen hundred former apprentices and twelve hundred Christians to a grand spread, and now, after five months, without having expended one cent on provisions, we are still living on the remains of that memorable feast!

Théophile is, indeed, a treasure, and may God bless and spare him to me for many years to come.

THE SANCTUARY LIGHT.

By Rev. J. F. X. Burns, S.J.

Dark fell the evening shadows, bleak and cold,
When from the paths of busy trade I turned
And stood within a temple vast, where burned
Afar, a tiny rosy flame that told
He dwelt within whom heaven nor earth can hold.
"Art thou the light which Israel's host discerned
O'er Egypt's sand, or which the Magi learned
Would lead them to their God in human mould?"
"All this thou art, and more," my soul replied,
"Thou ruddy emblem of the Heart divine:
Thou tellest of the ever-open side
Of Him who 'neath thy shadow doth recline;
Who not for hours or days doth here abide,
But ever dwells to welcome me and mine."

GENERAL INTENTION, JUNE, 1897.

Approved and blessed by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

FILIAL SUBMISSION TO THE VICAR OF CHRIST.

APPROVED and blessed, as the object of our prayers is this month by the Holy Father, it sounds like an appeal coming directly from himself. It is a clear echo of the words of the Master Himself, crying out to us: "My son, give me thy heart!"

We are invited to pray that Catholics all over the world, particularly in our own country, may cultivate the spirit of filial submission to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. We say, particularly in this country, not because there is amongst us, any more than elsewhere, any spirit of insubordination to the successor of St. Peter; on the contrary, we yield to no other nation in our loyalty and devotion to him as the Chief Pastor of our souls: but because it is only fair that, while we embrace the whole world in our charity, we should pray, first of all, for those who are bound to us by ties of race and country. When we are asked to pray that Catholics may cultivate a filial submission to the Father of all the faithful, we are not to suppose that any great number of his subjects is disposed to rebel against his authority. In that case we should need to pray that God might avert an impending schism. We shall do well to pray that schismatics generally may return to the obedience of the Sovereign Pontiff, and that those Catholics, who may be disposed to question or disobey the authority of the Holy See, may recognize and submit to its claims on their submission. We must, however, ask still more, and, remembering that, in God's good providence, the Pope is the chief representative of His authority on earth, we should, in the words of St. Paul, cast out all sentiments of bondage and of fear, and as we have received the spirit of adoption as sons of God, whereby we cry to Him: Abba (Father); so we should be disposed, and pray to grow in the disposition, to look upon Christ's Vicar upon earth as being truly our father, and submit to him like loving children.

There are many more reasons than occur to us at first sight, why we should pray for a spirit of obedience to the Pope. A brief reflection will make us discover so many obstacles to this spirit, that we may well marvel at the power of God's grace in keeping it alive in us at all. The world is all against it, and hates us for it; enemies of the Church make it a reproach to us, and call us Papists in contempt. Again, every virtue needs some exercise, or else it grows weak and languishes, and we cannot see many occasions for an exercise of this very virtue of obedience to the Holy See. The Pope is far away from us, and vastly above us in dignity and power; his commands reach us but rarely, usually

through our bishops and clergy, and frequently they concern matters which do not seem to affect us. Finally, there is the obstacle, or, in the strict sense, the scandal, of men about us professing loudly their sentiments of loyalty to the successor of St. Peter, and still minimizing his authority, or limiting it to certain spheres of action, questioning certain of his rights, attributing his conduct to motives of purely human policy; in a word, attempting, on a small scale, and in a covert way, to do what out and out rebels to his power have been doing since the days of the arch-schismatic Photius.

With all these obstacles to a due submission to the Vicar of Jesus Christ before our minds, it is important that we should also keep in mind the divine origin, the duration and the nature and extent of his authority, and by a consideration of the benefits accruing to those who submit to it, and of the evils that have befallen its enemies, incite ourselves to pray for its acceptance by every Catholic.

The citizens of great nations take a peculiar pride in their rulers, in the origin and force of their authority, and in their titles to its exercise. The more venerable and exalted the authority of a king or other chief executive, the more easy and glorious it is for the subject to obey. Worldly rulers succeed to their power by inheritance, conquest, purchase or ballot. Divine providence, it is true, controls the agents that cooperate toward their attainment to the supreme offices of state; their authority comes from God, and they are said to rule by divine right; but in no case may their office or authority be said to be specially constituted by Him. They are merely elements in the moral order established from the beginning. They are, besides, limited in scope and in time. The ruler of God's Church holds a supreme office and exercises a supreme authority specially constituted by the divine Founder of the Church, and destined by Him to be universal in scope and everlasting in duration. It is this authority we obey in the person of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

The authority of the Sovereign Pontiff did not originate with Constantine, as Wickliff falsely asserted; nor did it become universal only in the time of Phocas, or of Pepin, as Calvin tried to prove. It is not the trust of any or of several General Councils reposed in the successors of Peter as a matter of human policy or convenience. Christ Himself instituted it so plainly, and insisted upon it so repeatedly, that no one nowadays pays serious attention to the errors of the heretics just mentioned.

"We teach and declare," are the words of the Vatican Council, "according to the testimony of the Gospel, that Christ promised and conferred immediately and directly on the blessed Apostle Peter a primacy of jurisdiction over the universal Church of God. It was to Simon alone, He had already said: 'You will be called Cephas,' when he had uttered his confession: 'Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God;' and to him alone He addressed the solemn words: 'Blessed art, thou, Simon Barjona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven: and I say to thee: that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it: and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven.' Again it was to Simon Peter alone that, after His resurrection, Jesus gave the jurisdiction of chief pastor and rector over His entire fold, saying: 'Feed my lambs: feed my sheep.'"

The jurisdiction thus conferred was not to die with Peter: it was not a personal distinction given solely in reward of Peter's confession of the divinity of His Master, nor an extraordinary power

to meet the peculiar difficulties of establishing the Church. It was given for the good of the whole body of the faithful for all time to come; and it made Peter not merely a legate or deputy, but the real head of the Church. "No one doubts," to quote the Council again, "nay, it has come down through all ages, that holy and most blessed Peter, the prince of the Apostles, the head and support of the faith, and the foundation of the Catholic Church, received the keys of the kingdom from our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of the human race; and that until now as ever, he lives and presides and executes judgment in the Bishops of the Roman See, founded by him and consecrated by his blood."

Finally, the jurisdiction of the Vicar of Christ is not merely one of honor, but of power, "a power truly Episcopal," the Council adds, "to which both pastors and faithful of whatever rite and dignity, whether individually or collectively, are amenable by offices of hierarchical subordination and of true obedience, not only in things pertaining to faith and morals, but in those also which belong to the discipline and government of the Church throughout the whole world; so that by keeping in union with the Roman Pontiff, as well by sharing as by professing the same faith, there may be one fold in the Church of Christ under one chief pastor."

This, in brief, is what the Church believes and teaches about the authority of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and it is her assurance in these statements of revealed truth that makes us recognize, with all the certainty of our faith, in the person of the Holy Father, this authority divine in origin, perpetual in duration, supreme in its power and universal in its scope, and in the subjects, destined to its obedience. No wonder we should glory in being admitted to honor it and submit to it as sons.

The will of Christ cannot be frustrated. Whenever we find it revealed, as in this instance, in the pages of scripture, we find it also infallibly fulfilled. Indeed, the splendid fulfilment of His will in instituting Peter and his successors His Vicars upon earth is a fact that stands out so prominently in history as to have something like the force of a divine revelation in itself. Through the primacy which the Roman Pontiffs, by Christ's special ordination, have inherited from Peter, His divine purpose, to preserve the lambs and sheep of His fold united inseparably under the one pastor, has been so evidently accomplished, that we look upon allegiance to the Pope as the direct bond of our union with Christ. Through the authority bestowed upon Peter flows, as from a fountain, all the authority of our bishops and pastors, and, when duly honored, its influence is so benign and salutary, as to confirm our faith in the scriptural revelation, and make us realize that, in submitting to the authority of the Vicar of Christ, we are actually obeying Christ Himself.

It is not surprising that Catholics should instinctively recognize the divine origin and influence of the authority of the Sovereign Pontiffs, when non-Catholics and unbelievers are forced to acknowledge their power and their unbroken succession from Peter as something utterly inexplicable by human causes. The tributes of Protestant and infidel historians to the benign influence of the Papacy, generous and eloquent as they may be, are still but feeble testimonies to this special institution of Christ, when compared with the admissions, fortunately of late so frequent, on the part of men who sacrifice everything dear on earth to profess their belief in the supremacy of the Vicar of Christ and their filial submission to His authority. May their numbers grow from day to day, and may our Lord reward them with His special consolations, for they are truly the martyrs of our day, our most convincing witnesses to the principle of His divine authority,

acting in our midst through His Vicar, the Pope of Rome.

Catholics need not be reminded of the blessings attached to obedience to the Vicar of Christ. The manifest interpositions of divine providence in behalf of the Roman Pontiffs, when laboring and praying for the good of Christendom are too numerous and striking to admit of more than a passing allusion to them here. Fortunately, we have before our eyes, a living instance, in the person of the Pontiff gloriously reigning, whose influence over all men, friends and enemies, is too manifest to be denied. It is the story of the Roman Pontiffs over and over again. Deprived of all human power, imprisoned and cut off from the ordinary channels through which he might exercise the authority divinely entrusted to him, Leo XIII., still finds means of compelling the attention of princes and peoples, opposed to him in principle and policy, and his words inspire trouble even in the hearts of the sectarians hitherto arrayed triumphantly against the Church. Nations seek his arbitration to avert the horrors and expense of war; statesmen applaud his utterances, and appeal to his authority against the advances of socialism; prince and president seek to conciliate him in favor of their measure; the churches of the East are entertaining his overtures to return to his obedience; the most influential of Protestant sects has lately appealed to his decision in a matter that very closely concerns his supreme spiritual jurisdiction, and his answer has stirred its members in the very depths of their souls.

It would be idle to dwell on the degradation and confusion into which the enemies of the Holy See have ever fallen. Not to recall the fate of a Theodoric, or of a Belisarius, we need but look upon the degenerate Greek Churches, the hopelessly confused Anglican bodies to say what comes of disobedience to the authority of Christ's Vicar on earth.

It is more important for us to consider the glorious instances of obedience to the Roman Pontiff, which history recounts of St. Cyril, St. Patrick, St. Anselm, St. Bonaventure, St. Benedict, St. Ignatius, St. Alphonsus Liguori, B. de la Salle, and, in a word, of all the holy bishops, priests and laymen who have had an opportunity of showing their devotion to the Holy See. Since we cannot all, at all times, be manifesting externally our obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, we must cultivate and pray for the dispositions of mind and heart that make us ready to obey his slightest behest. As children, to whom a father's merest glance is law, we should try to accept the counsels as well as the commands of Christ's Vicar, not because we consider Him wise, successful, or estimable in the eyes of the world, but simply because he is the Vicar of Christ, and bears His person, His dignity, and His authority.

ST. ANTHONY'S ENVOY.

By M. Murray Wilson.

JKEMP D'ARCY of Montgomery, Ala., had just returned from a visit to New York. He was a man pleasing to the eye of friend or stranger; a broad-shouldered fellow, lacking about half an inch of six feet in height; with dark hair and eyes and a face whose features, though not classic, were satisfactory; his complexion, a clear, healthy pallor suggestive of a habit of superior self-command. Though scarcely more than thirty years of age, he was a bank president and a man of influence at home; unmarried, due, probably, to his kind-

ness of heart, not wishing to disappoint many by choosing one. An Episcopalian by inheritance and education, he had friends in every church, and one of the warmest was a Catholic priest, Father Jordan of St. Mary's. The latter was having dinner with him one of the rare cool days of early August.

Answering the priest's glance of surprised inquiry, when a bottle of Burgundy was produced, D'Arcy's hearty laugh of confidential goodfellowship prefaced the following story:

"Yes, I broke my blue-ribbon pledge in New York, Father, and have not yet renewed it, though I'll be persuaded shortly, I suppose, not because I am in danger of intemperance—that is not in my blood—but, to give good example to those who are weak. For my own part, I agree with Dr. Holmes:—

"'Tis but the fool that loves excess;
Hast thou a drunken soul,
The fault is in thy shallow brain,
Not in my silver bowl."

The priest laughed indulgently, looking at his young friend through affection's glasses.

"How did you happen to break the blue-ribbon pledge?" he asked.

"Ah! I was at luncheon with some bankers, you know, and drank champagne."

"Very much?"

"Come, now, you look as though you expect a *repentant* confession, which is not forthcoming. I think I remained sober. If I lost my head at all, you will admit when I have finished my story that my heart played its part well enough."

"Your heart! My dear boy!"

"Oh! ha! ha! ha! It's not a love story. Listen: It was the day before I left New York, and I remembered suddenly, that, out of respect to you, I ought to go and admire the Cathedral, which I had not yet seen. So, as one by one my companions dropped off in various directions, I finally made my way alone to the great marble structure and entered. It was cool and pleasant, refreshingly so. I walked about slowly, admiring everything, in no hurry to leave, yet in no mood to pray. You remember that, to the right on entering, there is a very beautiful altar to St. Anthony of Padua, where the lamp is ever burning, at least that is my impression, since I did not see a lamp on every altar. There was a young man kneeling there, praying, apparently with great earnestness. I remembered then that this St. Anthony is believed to recover for good Catholics who appeal to him things that they have lost, and I fell to wondering what the young man had lost. I knew it must be something precious. His upturned face showed suffering, keen regret, contrition, firm purpose of amendment and all that—don't look at me as though you think I am very flippant; I've read all about the Sacrament of Penance from books in your library, and its requirements occurred to me as I looked at that man's face. It may have been impertinent curiosity; it may have been all due to the champagne; I prefer to believe that it was natural human sympathy, but the desire to know that man's trouble and to help him took instant possession of me, and I found myself lingering near him, wondering how to begin conversation with him, and eventually to win his confidence. At last, just as he was rising from his kneeling posture, dropping some coin in the box as he did so, a happy thought came to me. I asked him to show me which of the altars had been presented by Augustin Daly to the Cathedral. He looked blank for a moment, as though he had never heard of the gift, and then brightened a bit, but said he did not know, that he was a stranger in the city; as he glanced about, I accosted another man, and received the response that he, also, was a stranger in the city. To the first man I remarked, jocularly, that native New Yorkers had perhaps gone to the seashore or the mountains. He spoke

again, seeming to have suddenly awakened to reality, which he had left awhile for the realm of prayer, saying:—

"'Let's look at the altars; perhaps I can recognize it. I recall now having read about it, and having been told by an actor that it is adorned with a statue of St. Augustin.'

"I was charmed to hear his voice. The accent was undeniably Southern, which I remarked, and he acknowledged that he was a Georgia man; then the sorrowful shadows fell upon his face again. By and by he paused before a beautiful altar saying:—

"'This must be the one. That is the statue of St. Augustin. How pure the white marble is! The altar, too, is exquisite.'

"I admired the altar and the statue of St. Augustin, but my interest in my companion increased. I determined to hear his story. The champagne probably increased my conversational alertness, if it clouded my judgment. I managed to walk out of the church with my man, making him talk to me. Listlessly he went my way—or I went his—at any rate, we walked in the direction of Central Park. You might have supposed, had you been a listener, that I had met no congenial people at all in the North, so eagerly did I seize upon the pretext of his Southern accent as an excuse to make his further acquaintance. Crossing over to the entrance to the Park, I asked him to take a drive with me, and looked about for a carriage to hire. One of the Park phaetons stood there, waiting to be filled.

"'Let us get in here, then' he said, 'and start these people on the ride they are waiting for. There is just room for two, and I fancy you may find more Southerners from the appearance of that party.'

"I wished to ride with him alone, but I agreed to his proposal and we started. His conjecture as to more Southerners proved correct. The party proved to be New Orleans people, as they talked of that city as home, and I was thankful that they alighted at the Museum of Natural History, leaving me for the rest of the tour alone with my interesting companion. But the word New Orleans was the key that unlocked his confidence.

"'I have a dear, dear friend,' he said, 'a Southern poet, whose admiration for New Orleans—the entrancing city of the heart, he calls it in one of his letters—is unbounded, and for his sake I love it. He is a singularly gifted man and an ardent Catholic. He has the simplicity of a child in matters of faith. His heroic resignation when overtaken by adversity, though he fought like a Titan to avert the catastrophe, suggests the spirit of the Christian Martyrs and makes the lukewarm ashamed of their lack of true piety—you are not a Catholic, I believe?'

"I was sorry he asked that question, because somehow I felt its answer might make him less confidential. I confessed, of course, that I was not. He looked into my face for a second, and continued:

"'This poet friend has great devotion to St. Anthony of Padua, whose altar you must have noticed in the Cathedral.'

"'The one before which you were praying?' I remarked.

"He assented, and then the pained look came into his face again, but this time there was hope struggling with it. He seemed like a man who has lost his nerve and throws himself upon the sympathy of others with a childish expectation of relief. That is, he seemed so. Then, as he began to tell me the story of his sorrow he seemed acting under some strange influence, for he told me afterwards that he was a reticent man. I am not aware that I have hypnotic power, but I certainly willed that the man lay bare his heart to me and he did so. About a month previous he lost the position he held in a Georgia railroad office because of violating a promise

made upon obtaining the place. That promise was that he would not drink one drop of anything intoxicating. He was thoroughly contrite and blamed only his own weakness for his misfortune. He was about to be married. Some of his friends gave a club banquet in his honor to celebrate the event of his approaching farewell to bachelorhood, and in an evil moment he allowed himself to be persuaded to drink the forbidden beverage. After his long abstinence it affected him more than it might otherwise have done; he lost control of his will and became thoroughly intoxicated. He was not able to attend to his duties properly next day; the truth somehow got to his employer's ears, and he was summarily discharged. Imagine the state of his mind. He was compelled to postpone his marriage indefinitely on the plea of having lost his position, and finally throwing himself upon the mercy of his betrothed, confessed all. She must be an excellent girl and a pious Catholic. She advised him to pray to St. Anthony to recover his lost position. Hoping to find mercy from a friend in New York, who has influence with his former employer, he procured a railroad pass and went there, meeting with disappointment, however, as the friend, being bitterly prejudiced against the use of intoxicants on account of some family trouble resulting from it, would not lift a finger to help him. The man fell a prey to nervous disorder and was just out of the hospital when I saw him in the Cathedral. He said that he had been severely punished and he deserved it, but that he believed St. Anthony would help him at last; in fact, that conviction had come while he prayed that day, and he was going back home to make another appeal to be reinstated.

"Now, having drank champagne that day myself, and feeling rather happy than otherwise on account of it, it struck me as unjust that so much misery for another man should result from a like experience. The man was evidently weak on that point; he had struggled against the weakness for a long time before the fatal banquet, and I knew he was fully determined to struggle more successfully in the future I thought his sincere repentance ought to bring some reward, and if you will pardon me for saying it, I hadn't a bit of confidence in St. Anthony's power to move that railway employer's hard heart toward reinstating the deposed clerk. So I made up my mind I would remember him upon my return and see what I could do for him. I told him of my sympathy, gave him my home address, and said that in the event of St. Anthony failing him he might come to me and I would see what I could do for him. He was grateful, but I believe his gratitude was directed toward St. Anthony instead of me. We came South together, and he went to Georgia full of hope. Two days later he called on me. The railway man would not take him back.

"'So much for St. Anthony,' thought I, and then I offered him a place in the bank, a vacancy having occurred before I went away, but no one being engaged just then to fill it.

"The man was overjoyed; his face would have made a picture of thanksgiving, and I secretly rejoiced that I could prove to him how foolish it is to expect pilgrimages to the shrines of saints to help us in worldly matters. A day or two later I asked him how much of his faith in St. Anthony remained, and what do you think he answered? Why—ha! ha! ha! it is rich—

"'My faith in St. Anthony!' he exclaimed, 'it is firmer than ever before. Has he not answered my prayer?'

"'Certainly not,' I said. 'Your former employer refused to take you back.'

"'Ah!' he replied, 'but you were sent to me instead, and that is very much better. I shall always honor St. Anthony, you may be sure, and my

faithfulness to your interests shall equal my devotion to the Saint.' "

A burst of laughter from the priest made D'Arcy turn to him questioningly.

"My dear boy, the man's faith was rewarded, as he said. Henceforth I shall regard you as St. Anthony's envoy."

"You Catholics are invincible in your—"

"Faith?"

"I was not going to say that, but have it your own way if you will, and we'll finish this Burgundy to the fulfilment of my man's good resolutions—"

"And to the health, happiness, and life-long prosperity of St. Anthony's new envoy," added the priest.

D'Arcy's eyes were full of merry good humor, as he looked at the empty glasses, saying:

"I'm glad we have finished that. I'll renew my blue-ribbon pledge to-morrow, both as a good example to my new clerk and to keep my wits clear, that I may not fall a victim to your St. Anthony idea."

BROTHER AMADEUS.

By S. T. Smith.

Brother Amadeus, tall and thin,
Gaunt of feature and pallid of skin,
Grave-eyed, serious, patient of mood,
Whether the day brought him ill or good,
Whether he dusted or scrubbed or wrote,
Polished the windows or mended a coat,
Whether he labored or rested, still
Steadily doing another's will,—
Brother Amadeus, "one of the least,"
Was bidden first to the Marriage Feast.

Brother Amadeus wore a gown,
The only one of its kind in town;
Closely it clung to his shoulder blades,
Hanging thence in an hundred shades
Of black or brown or rustiest gray,
With countless patches that overlay,
Bound with a girdle so scarred and worn,
The others viewed it with righteous scorn,
While Brother Amadeus went and came,
Poverty honored beyond all shame.

Brother Amadeus had in charge
The church's altars, both small and large.
And when the day of a feast drew nigh,
Then came a light to the Brother's eye!
Then came a flush to his beardless cheek.
An eagerness that could almost speak
Sprang in his step on the bare, brown floor,
Went with him in at the sacristy door,
And stirred the heart of a passing friend
With the wordless message his smile could send.

His was the work of an artist then,
Homage paid to One greater than men!
Wreathing of ivies and trailing of green,
Heaping of blossoms in loveliest screen,
For wall and pillar, and arch, and base,
In bowl or basket or sculptured vase,
With everywhere amid bloom and leaf,
Flashing of lights from each golden sheaf,
Sparkle of jewels of flame, and glow
Of ruby tintings through crystal's snow.

To and fro in the holy place
Would Brother Amadeus swiftly pace;
Down the long aisle for the best effect,
Back for a touch if a twig project;
Here, low bending with coaxing hand,
There, tall lily near rose to stand;
This sweet scent of the violet's dew
With spiced fir balsam to blend anew;
Ever praying at heart this prayer:
"For Thy sake, Lord, may they find it fair."

"For Thy sake, Lord!" Ah, no other thought
Was ever with power like this one fraught!
Brother Amadeus did not preach,
It was no part of his lot to teach;
Silence mantled his learning's store,
Obedience narrowed his path yet more;
His simple duties in daily round
Called for no reasoning gifts profound:
But ever, he gave, and did his best
"For Thy sake, Lord!" without haste or rest.

Often and often, the pulpit rung
With eloquent pleading from wisdom's tongue;
The walls of the college thrilled each day
With keenest logic and fine word-play;
Into the curtained confessionals stole
Many a burdened penitent soul;
The good priests struggled from morn till night
With crime and care in their anguished might;
Brother Amadeus had no share,
In this, they thought, as they marked him there.

Brother Amadeus, one fair day,
Still and cold near the altar lay:
Straightened the folds of his habit worn,
Only his beads in his pale palms borne;
His girdle's clasp by another prest,
Loose locked under his quiet breast,
Funeral tapers around him burned,
Their yellow glimmer to pallor turned
In the golden sunlight flooding the nave
Blossomless, leafless, as any grave.

But on the face of the lowly dead
There was a wondrous radiance shed!
The look of peace and the smile of love
O'er the chiselled features seemed to move;
Majesty crowning the broad white brow,
Rest down-sweeping the eyelids now,
Content no heart has ever conceived,
Satisfied knowledge where faith believed.
Father Lawrence rose where he knelt, and cried:
"Behold! among us a saint has died!"

"To me came in the visioned night,
This truth as clear as its own pure light.
Brothers, we labor, we hope, we pray;
Empty we send not a soul away;
Early and late, we are spent for God,
We seek His glory, we kiss His rod;
With tears of blessing, we thank Him still
That we are chosen to do His will;
On earth, in heaven, His power we own
But Amadeus lived for Him alone."

"His was no weighing of death with life,
His was no question of peace or strife,
He tarried not for the tempter's word,
Nor paused in fear of the angel's sword,
He knew no evil—for God is *good*,
And ever close to God's Heart he stood,
Brothers, the increase our works have brought
The living prayer of this Saint has wrought."
He ceased. They knelt in reverence meet,
At the poor Lay-Brother's lifeless feet.

EDITORIAL.

FALSE CREDIT.

IT is always a matter of regret, not of complacency, that we should have Catholics endowed with excellent talents or favored with the advantages of fortune, who devote these natural gifts to anything but the service of religion. Of what credit is it to our Church that this poet or that musician, some distinguished scientist, or clever politician be a Catholic, unless we can answer for the influence of our holy religion in his moral conduct, or, at least, in the principles on which he writes and acts. One would think the Church depended for its respectability, on a roster of distinguished names, and Catholics often reckon up their fellow religionists who have achieved some degree of notoriety, as though that should put us all under an obligation to them. Genius is God's greatest natural gift to man, and from it He should derive His greatest glory. He deigns to reward it when well employed; but the possessor of it should be as grateful for being permitted to use it in His service, as for receiving it from His bounty.

ABOUT BIGOTRY.

There can be no such thing as traditional Catholic bigotry. It is questionable if the words "Catholic" and bigotry, when put together, make any sense at all. A Catholic is essentially one of a body co-extensive with the world, and one who glories in communicating his own faith and spirit to his fellow-men. Individual Catholics, here and there, may fail to realize the tendency of their faith to spread to the ends of the earth, and some few may be lacking in the spirit of charity that would make them eager to embrace all men as brothers in Jesus Christ; but, in so far, also, they lack traits of character essential for a true Catholic. Hence it is absurd to speak of Catholic bigotry, as if a sufficient number of bigoted Catholics could possibly be found as to constitute bigotry, in any sense, a Catholic trait. It is still more unfair to speak of traditional Catholic bigotry, as if bigotry could not only exist extensively among Catholics, but even go down from one Catholic generation to another. Bigotry is possible only in individuals or in communities whose religious principles naturally beget discord; it is impossible among men or in a body of men essentially one and Catholic.

SUPERNATURAL MORE THAN SPIRITUAL

Religious minded people will always remember kindly the late Henry Drummond. His lectures did much to allay the fears of some timid souls who thought there was no way of meeting the foolish objections raised by sciolists against religion. Some were even grateful to the Professor for things he had not done, nor, so far as we know, thought of doing. They read his books in the light of their own faith, and were satisfied that he meant to apply his principles to the supernatural life, whereas he seems to have stopped short of the supernatural, resting always on a natural plane. He believed in a spiritual world, in something beyond the

material, and, by upholding this belief, plausibly and even eloquently, he did good service to religion. He failed, however, to conceive the supernatural state to which man has been raised in the present order. The spiritual is beyond the veil of sense, but the supernatural is above both, and above all the possible natural powers of both. Reason cannot deny the existence of a spiritual order; the supernatural it can never know without revelation and God's grace to accept it rightly.

THE TRUE FAITH MAKES PATRIOTS.

An admirable refutation of the oft-repeated calumny that the Catholic faith is opposed to the spirit of patriotism has lately been given in the Island of Madagascar. The contrast in the patriotism of the Catholic and Protestant French settlers and their missionaries is most striking. The Protestants, far from upholding the interests of France, have falsely been playing into the hands of the English faction, of course united to them in the bonds of Protestantism. So palpable was this, that the Protestant Resident-General, Laroche, had to be recalled, and his place filled by General Gallieni. He knows who the really loyal upholders of France are, and, although not favoring with unjust discrimination any religious party, has enforced freedom of conscience, which the Protestants had refused to the Malagasies and the Catholic Missionaries. So marked is the national and religious difference that the natives have come to consider as synonymous Catholic and French and Protestant and English. This is certainly a damaging verdict regarding the patriotism of the French Protestants who sympathize with England against their own fatherland. A French paper remarks that the same unpatriotic but fanatical anti-Catholic spirit was manifested when England was allowed to take Egypt, Zanzibar, and other favorable territories, to the disadvantage of France. Whereas, Catholic Missionaries all the world over are famous for their patriotism.

THE OPENING UP OF THE FAR EAST.

What will be the influence on the Kingdom of God of the rapidly approaching completion of the great Trans-Siberian Railway? It will bring within comparatively easy reach the immense Chinese Empire, for there is to be a network of connecting railroads in Manchuria, and it is only a question of time when China will be girdled with them. The present line in Russian territory is four thousand seven hundred and thirteen miles long, while with its direct connections with Moscow, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Western Europe, it extends more than half way around the globe.

Unfortunately whatever aids the spread of the true faith in pagan countries nowadays, gives the same aid to the propagation of the sects cut off from the centre of unity, and everywhere the Catholic missionary finds not merely paganism to contend with, but also Protestantism, like the many-headed hydra, each mouth of each head having a different teaching, but all united in opposing the true Church. But, as the Apostles, in the time of Christ, thought nothing impossible to God, however impossible it might seem to men, and used this very seeming human impossibility as a spur to their efforts and the ground for entire confidence in the power of God, so the Apostolic missionaries of to-day will not lose heart, but boldly use the facilities afforded by the advance of civilization to win the kingdoms of the Prince of darkness to the standard of the Cross.

THE ANGLICAN CORONATION OATH.

The Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria recalls the coronation oath which the British Sovereign takes to maintain "The Protestant Reformed Religion by law established." Among other things she has to declare: "I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there

is not any transubstantiation, and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. I do solemnly declare that I make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any authority or person whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof; although the Pope or any other person or persons, or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

There is certainly nothing equivocal about this oath exacted of the supreme head of the Church of England. The wonder is, how the Anglican hierarchy, subject to her, can have the assurance to deny that the State Church is Protestant and claim it to be Catholic.

THE MODERN EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

Some one has facetiously dubbed the pretended answer of the Anglican Archbishops to the Pope's Bull on Anglican Orders, the Modern Epistle to the Romans. We do not propose to criticise it, but shall give a brief summary of some of the conclusions of an unbiassed critic in the New York *Independent*. Among others it says: "We have here no such answer to the Papal Encyclical as Rome can accept. This appears from the analysis by the Archbishops of the Eucharistic Sacrifice; (1) the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; (2) the pleading and representing of the sacrifice of the Cross; (3) the sacrifice of ourselves. The sacrifice is different, the altar different, the priest different." Of course we cannot expect a Protestant critic to believe in the doctrine of transubstantiation being part of the Christian faith. "But," as he says, "the Roman Church holds that it was, and it is, perfectly clear that the Pope is right when he says that it was the purpose of the Edwardine Ordinal to repudiate this doctrine which the Council of Trent makes essential to the powers of the priest . . ." Elsewhere the critic remarks: "One must assume that when the words were wilfully changed the intention was changed, and that afterward there was no intention to make a priest whose service at the Mass would convert the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ. The intention was quite the contrary; therefore, they are not true priests; for priesthood implies this supernatural gift as its chief essence. They were, therefore, priests and bishops not according to the Roman definition, but only according to Anglican definition." This is the whole matter in a nutshell. Catholics do not deny that the Church of England has orders and ministers called bishops and priests, and that these have certain powers; what we do deny is that they are bishops and priests in the Catholic sense. The Salvation Army has its officers, general, brigadiers, colonels, majors, etc., and they have power, but their power differs wholly from those who bear the same titles in the regular army. If the Anglicans have the priesthood in the sense of those who have the power to offer the unbloody sacrifice of the Mass for the living and the dead and to forgive the sins of those whose dispositions have been shown in the tribunal of penance, then, why have they persecuted with fines and even death, for over three hundred years, those who professed to have and exercise these powers? The writer in the *Independent* declares: "To our mind, the weakness of the Archbishops' reply is in the attempt it makes to minimize the Protestant Reformation and to magnify the importance of the validity of regular and legitimate orders."

A SENATOR ON OUR INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Once again Senator Vest of Missouri, has boldly defended the Catholic Mission Schools in the United States Senate. He pleaded eloquently for the continuance of the appropriation for their support. He characterizes the Indian day schools, which are under the care of the Department of the Interior, as "travesties upon education," while the instructors were "broken-down preachers and defunct politicians." The Indian children taught in these State schools, he declared, were "ignorant of the very first elementary principles of the commonest education." . . . "I found," he said, "that the only schools that have ever done the Indian any good are those conducted by the Jesuits They have devoted their lives to them." (Of course, Mr. Vest understands by Jesuits *all* Catholic religious teaching orders). "It is impossible," he goes on to say, "that a Protestant minister or a Protestant teacher should turn his back upon civilization, and for $1,000 or $1,200 a year, discharge the duties in an Indian tribe of bringing them out of barbarism into the sunlight of civilization and Christianity." The Senator is quite right. Mere individual effort of salaried officials can never accomplish what can be effected by the united efforts of men or women knitted by the common bond of charity and giving their self-sacrificing services for the love of God. This the Senator fully realizes although he is a staunch Protestant. Therefore, he says: "I would give this duty and mission to the people who could perform it best and cheapest." He concludes with the assertion, which he declares he had never yet seen any intelligent man, who spoke from the same standpoint, dare to contradict, "that the only schools that have done anything for the Indians on this continent have been those under the control of the Jesuits," *i.e.*, Catholic teaching orders of men and women. Though admitting that he cannot defeat the bill cutting off wholly, or in part, the appropriations for Catholic schools, "I wish," he said, "to put myself on record against the provision to which I have alluded." A few more broad-minded, unprejudiced public men of the Senator Vest stamp would be a boon, not only to the interests of the Indians, but of civilization and humanity at large.

AN ANGLICAN "PASTOR PASTORUM."

A brochure entitled *Office and Work of a Bishop in the Church of God* has lately been addressed by a Protestant Episcopalian minister to his Bishop. In one of the chapters, headed "Pastor Pastorum" is a strong plea for the Bishop to give some care, thought, and time to the ministers and their families. The ideal is when the Bishop visits the parsonage "with no other purpose than to cheer and comfort the heart of the wife of the minister, and to give some loving thought and care to the difficult problem of helping to bring up the minister's children in the way they should go. As things are now, the clergyman is the only member of the Church without a pastor. He and his family can never look for a friendly, informal, pastoral call, such as he is daily making to his people. There is no minister of God who takes interest in him and his children."

Strangely enough, the author in the preceding chapter has cited St. Augustin of Hippo, as an ideal Bishop. Imagine St. Augustin paying the ideal pastoral visits to a married clergy! And the writer laments over the hurry of life and the lack of time. St. Paul, he might recollect, says something about the "man without a wife being solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God; but he that is with a wife, is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife: and he is divided."

The medal commemorative of the nineteenth year of the Sovereign Pontificate of Leo XIII. has just been executed in Rome. On one side it has the likeness of the Pope, with the inscription: LEO XIII. PONT. MAX. SACRI. PRIN. A. XIX. On the other side it bears a representation of our Lady enthroned with the divine Infant on her lap, presenting the Rosary to the world, represented by allegorical figures on their knees. Leo XIII. is seen standing and placing the faithful under the protection of the Rosary. The legend is: PRÆSIDIUM. DIVINÆ. MATRIS. ACCEPTISSIMA. ROSARII. PRECE. EXORANDUM. "The protection of the Mother of God is to be asked and obtained by the prayer of the Rosary most pleasing to her."

Leo XIII. has honored the learned Benedictine, Dom Francis Aidan Gasquet, with a Brief, in which his Holiness gives him the highest praise for his researches and writings in defence of the Church, and recommends him to associate in his work "other helpers and companions fitted for it by capacity and age."

An international committee has recently been organized whose aim it is to prepare a grand and universal manifestation of love and devotion to Jesus Christ our Redeemer, to mark the end of the present and the dawn of the next century. His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., has encouraged and blessed the project, and many bishops from all parts of the world have given it their sympathy and approval.

The committee has its headquarters at Rome (Piazza of the Apostles, 49) and at Bologna (Mazzini Street, 94). At the outset of its labors, it invites the Catholics of the whole world to join in a spiritual pilgrimage to Our Lady of Lourdes, to place the work under her maternal protection. The following prayer may be used, enriched by our Holy Father with an indulgence of one hundred days, applicable to the souls in purgatory, which may be gained once a day until the close of 1901, by those who recite it with humble and contrite heart:

"Grant us, O God of mercy, through the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin, grace to expiate by our penance and tears, the sins of the century which is about to close, and to prepare the beginning of the century which is to follow. May it be entirely devoted to the glory of Thy Name, and to the reign of Jesus Christ Thy Son, to whom may all nations render homage in unity of faith and perfection of charity. Amen."

The Bishops of Pavia and Padua have addressed a letter to the whole Italian episcopate, in which they propose the founding of a great scientific union or society, divided into as many sections as there are branches of human knowledge, and which will be composed of the Catholic thinkers and workers of Italy disposed to consecrate their work to the honor of the Faith and the service of the Church.

Italian Unity was the catch-word used by anti-Catholic revolutionists in seizing the States of the Church. *The Budget* for 1897–98 puts at 791,858,586 francs the goods of the Church stolen by the Italian Government and sold at public auction. But this stolen patrimony of the Church has not benefited the people. On the contrary, the taxes have been quintupled. Agriculture, industries, and commerce are languishing. The public debt has risen to 13,000,000,000; that of the communes and provinces to nearly 3,000,000,000. Stolen goods never benefit the thieves.

The Tabernacle Society, which supplies vestments, altar vessels and ornaments for poor churches, is making

steady progress, as will be seen from the fact that since February 1, 1879, two hundred and thirty-four Diplomas of Aggregation had been issued to associations throughout the world: 95 in Italy, 1 in Greece, 2 in France, 3 in Spain, 7 in Belgium, 13 in Holland, 30 in the German empire, 9 in Switzerland, 1 in Poland, 1 in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, 4 in England, 2 in Ireland, 3 in Scotland, 20 in Austria-Hungary, 2 in Turkey, 1 in Mesopotamia, 1 in the Isle of Malta, 1 in the East Indies, 16 in the West Indies, 4 in South America, 3 in Canada, and 12 in the United States. The centre of the arch-association is at Rome, to which it was transferred from Brussels in 1879.

The Administrator Apostolic of Canea has written a letter to Leo XIII. to eulogize the self-sacrifice shown by the French sailors in order to save the Catholic institutions at the burning of Canea. The Pope, in consequence, conferred decorations on nine officers who had distinguished themselves in the rescue.

On Sunday, March 21, some hundred Catholic American sailors from the man-of-war "San Francisco," lying in the bay of Naples, came to Rome to be presented to the Holy Father and assist at his Mass. They were accompanied by two officers, their chaplain and the rector of the American College. Leo XIII. was delighted with the loyalty of the sailors and told them so in affectionate terms, and had each of them come up close to him to kiss his hand and get his blessing. The tars showed their appreciation by prolonged hurrahs at the close of the audience.

Preparatory to sailing for their annual fishing off Iceland, the fishermen of Boulogne-sur-Mer made a spiritual retreat. At the close, seven hundred of them received Holy Communion, and were enrolled in the Archconfraternity of *Notre Dame des Mers* (Our Lady of the Sea). The Bishop of Arras celebrated pontifical High Mass in presence of the State Marines and the fishermen in their Sunday clothes, and preached an appropriate sermon. After the consecration of the men to the patroness of sailors, they went in procession to the shore, whence the Bishop blessed the sea in the midst of a furious storm.

A similar ceremony took place at Dunkirk. First there was Mass in the Chapel of *Notre Dame des Dunes*, and then a procession to the harbor, where the fleet of ninety-eight fishing vessels at anchor received the solemn blessing.

The Report for 1896 of the Catholic Reading Room for Sailors in New York, gives a very consoling account of the good work done among the seamen of the great Trans-Atlantic liners. Although the present quarters in Christopher Street are not very commodious, they have proved a great boon to those who frequent them. The Apostleship of the Sea, as the League for Seamen is called, is very flourishing. There are over one thousand names of Associates in the register. On Easter Sunday, one hundred and twenty seamen, from two steamships, the "Teutonic" and "Campania," received Holy Communion in St. Veronica's Church, near the docks.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has confided to Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, the duty of examining into the heroicity of the virtues and the authenticity of the miracles of the Venerable Jeanne d'Arc as a necessary preliminary to her beatification.

The great bell presented by the Czar of Russia to the Church of Châtellerault will be christened in the Church of St. John Evangelist by Mgr. Pelgé, Bishop of Poitiers, on May 19.

Six seminarists, of the Seminary of Moulins, France, were lately fined five francs apiece for a breach of the law against "exterior manifestations of worship." The offence consisted in their putting on their surplices at the door of the church, which they were about to enter to take part in a religious ceremony.

It is edifying to record that the late Duchess de Montpensier, sister of Queen Isabella of Spain, was a fervent member of the Third Order of St. Francis. As superior of the confraternity established in the convent of the Capuchins of San-Lucarde-Barcaride, she considered it an honor to walk at the head of the tertiaries in processions, modestly veiled and carrying in her hand a lighted candle.

In consequence of the refusal of the religious congregations to pay the unjust tax imposed by the government, on Sunday, March 21, the Prefect of Drôme issued a decree against the Redemptorists of Valence and closed and sealed the doors of their public chapel. On the same day the chapel of the Capuchins of Crest and that of the Carmelites at Montélimar were also closed.

Another kind of persecution is the stoppage of salaries of ecclesiastics. Foremost among the sufferers is the Bishop of Viviers, Mgr. Bonnet, whose crime is that in his Lenten pastoral he declared that those who bought the confiscated property of the religious congregations would incur the censure of the Church.

Several parish priests and their assistants have received the same treatment. One, the venerable Abbé Guérin of St. Fulgent (Vendée), had a Mission preached by the Redemptorists, who refused absolution to parents who endangered the souls of their children by sending them to the State atheistic schools. The Mayor of the town had taken it upon himself to announce with the sound of the trumpet that the Fathers would give absolution to everybody.

How intimidation is carried on by the State, which pretends so absurdly to be based on liberty, is seen by the following letter:

"MR. MAYOR:—The Republican Committee has learned to-day with pain, that your son has been for a year at the school of the ignorant brothers. It is astonished at your conduct, inasmuch as you had yourself placarded and inscribed as Republican Mayor at the prefecture.

"If you do not send your son to a government school, the Committee, though with regret, will know how to do its duty. The Committee."

These are the men who cry out against clerical intolerance.

Twenty-seven congregations of religious men were represented by their delegates at a meeting held lately in Paris in regard to the unjust, impious, and oppressive law of subscription (*abonnement*). They were unanimous in maintaining the passive attitude which the great majority had already adopted. In case the attempt is made to dispossess them of their property, they will yield only to violence and protest against the flagrant injustice. Waiving the rights of the Church to immunity from taxation, they are willing to pay their proportion of the public taxes, but are not willing that the unjust burden of excessive taxation should be imposed on them, and that, too, in spite of the services they are freely rendering to their countrymen.

The French Academy has shown good taste in electing to membership the Comte de Mun as successor to M. Jules Simon, by eighteen votes to twelve for M. Ferdinand Fabre, and two for the persistent, but oft-defeated M. Zola. Though the Comte is not a writer, he is an orator of high repute, and as a fearless champion of all that is noble and good, his election does credit to the exclusive Academy.

The photographers of France have chosen St. Veronica for their special patroness. The propriety of their choice commends itself; for, upon the veil, wherewith she bravely wiped the face of our Lord on His way to Calvary, was reproduced instantaneously, exactly and inalterably the likeness of the Holy Face.

During Lent, for the first time since 1820, a simultaneous Mission in all the churches of Marseilles was given. Eighty-two Redemptorist Fathers were engaged in the work, which proved most fruitful.

The Archbishop of York, accompanied by Mr. W. J. Birkbeck, has gone to Russia to see if he can find any support for Anglican pretensions among the Russo-Greeks. Will he offer a copy of the Thirty-nine Articles and the Coronation oath as samples of his orthodoxy?

The Rev. H. Mather, formerly curate of St. Bartholomew's (Ritualistic) Church, Brighton, England, has been received into the Church recently, and has gone with Mr. B. W. (late Father) Maturin to Rome to study for the priesthood.

Rear-Admiral Tremlett of the British navy was lately received into the Church

on his death-bed. He stood high as an officer of distinction. Perhaps he was best known as having been chosen by the Admiralty to elaborate a system for training boys, and later on as Inspector of training ships. He was very careful about the religious formation of the boys under his charge, and saw to it that the Catholics attended Mass and received the Sacraments regularly. He was much pleased at the conversion of one of his daughters some years ago. He had reached the ripe age of eighty-two.

A Protestant journalist, Mr. Gambier, has lately published an article on the progress of Catholicity in England, which has attracted considerable attention: "There is no country in the world," says he, "where the power of the Pope is growing more rapidly than in England. The principal reason of this must be sought in the entire absence of discipline in the English Protestant churches, especially in the one which bears the title of the Church of England. The disagreement among its clergy is such that the most radically opposed opinions are held by its pastors, and yet they all pretend to serve it equally well. The discipline of the Catholic Church, on the contrary, is perfect. Priests and laymen work hand in hand to spread and propagate its doctrines. A Catholic party is growing up which will ere long acquire an irresistible power in the land."

The great celebration of the thirteenth centenary of St. Columkille will take place at Iona, on June 9, and will no doubt be almost altogether of a religious character. In Gartan, county Donegal, the birthplace of St. Columkille, a celebration will be held with great *éclat*. The Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, by blood a lineal descendant of the great Saint's family, says it will be one of the greatest turnouts of modern times. There will be High Mass in the open air, together with sermons and addresses in Irish and English. Cardinal Logue will make the principal address in Irish, and will be presented with addresses in Irish by the Gælic League and other representative bodies from the diocese of Raphoe.

The German *Messenger* which is published at Innsbruck in Tyrol, has opened a subscription list for the restoration and completion of the Church of the Holy Trinity in that city. The work is to be undertaken in honor of B. Peter Canisius, and will be a jubilee memorial of the three hundredth anniversary of his death which is being celebrated this year. This church is the collegiate church of the famous Innsbruck University, in the foundation of which the Blessed was chiefly instrumental. He lived seven years at Innsbruck as court preacher to the Emperor, Ferdinand I.; but his name is held in even greater veneration as the friend of the poor and children, than as the adviser of rulers.

The number of Catholics in Crete is small, a mere thousand out of the two hundred thousand Christians. At one time there were ten Bishoprics, but owing to the Mahometan invasion and the spread of the schismatical Greek Church, Catholicism has dwindled away. In 1874, Pope Pius IX. reëstablished the Diocese of Candia, and committed it to the care of the Capuchin Fathers. Of these there are at present in the island six priests and five lay brothers.

The Church is making great headway in Norway. A new church is being built in Christiana and another in Drontheim, which already has one. Chapels and stations are being established at many places in the country.

King Alphonso of Spain has intimated to Father Kenelm Vaughan his desire to be the founder of the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in the new Cathedral of Westminster. For the first Mass to be said in it His Majesty will present a magnificent chalice.

The Governor of Madagascar, General Gallieni, has sent the following letter to Father Colin, S.J.:

"Commander Verrier, Chief of the geographical service, has acquainted me with your share in the last works of the topographical brigade of the East Coast, and has pointed out the ready and disinterested aid afforded by you in this undertaking. This new mission, in proving once more your devotion to a science eminently useful, has acquired for you new titles for recognition by the body now in occupation, for which your remarkable and numerous works are so precious an aid in the repression of the

insurrection and in the organization of the colony.

"I am pleased to express to you personally all my thanks."

A missionary in Madagascar writes: "As one of our brave soldiers said the other day: 'Protestantism is a complete failure here.' Yet to make the Catholic religion triumph, there was no need of decree, or force, but simply true liberty granted by General Gallieni to all religious bodies. From the first dawn of this liberty, there was a movement among the natives towards the Church, and this is on the increase. The most eloquent proof is the constantly growing number of our pupils. Formerly we had in all Madagascar scarcely 26,729 pupils, while at the end of last year we counted 65,103, though many schools have not yet been reorganized. At this rate, we shall soon have three times as many as before the war."

Besides the Catholics of Oriental rite incidentally mentioned in the MESSENGER (May, 1897), as residing in the United States, we learn that there are fifty thousand or sixty thousand Greco-Ruthenians ministered to by some eighteen or twenty priests of the Ruthenian rite in this country, mostly from Hungary. Like other Slavs of the Oriental rite, the Ruthenians use the Greek liturgy, translated into their own language.

There will be a pilgrimage under the auspices of the Queen's Daughters of St. Louis, during the month of May to the Shrine in the Visitation Convent, in Cabanne Street. Archbishop Kain, who is the Spiritual Director of the Association, will be present and will consecrate seven hundred children of the Industrial Schools under the supervision of the Queen's Daughters to the Sacred Heart. This excellent association has for its object the performance of spiritual and corporal works of mercy. Its chief work is the Saturday Sewing and Industrial School. Several of these have been established in St. Louis. The members teach poor children how to sew and make clothes, while at the same time they impart to them lessons in the faith. These are called the Self-helpful Bands. The children of well-to-do parents form the Guardian Angel Bands to meet the poorer children and encourage them by kindness and sympathy to take interest in this work. They also make garments for distribution to their less fortunate companions, especially for those who are to make their First Communion. The Sewing Guilds consist of members who meet at each others homes to make and collect clothing for the deserving poor.

An Episcopalian minister, who is contributing to the *Churchman*, "Sketches of Foreign Churches," in a paper on Switzerland, while admitting that the type of Christianity which appeals most strongly to him is the Old Catholic, is obliged to confess that "he was disappointed and chilled by the apparent apathy of the people." He instances the small attendance at either high or low Mass, says "the devotion of the people is not conspicuous, and that many depart after the sermon. Evidently the early enthusiasm of the movement has faded away." He assigns the true reason for this in that "the revolt against the Vatican decrees was professional, and not popular." Mark well his next reason: "Furthermore, the ground of separation was a negation, and a negation is an unsubstantial foundation for a corporation of any character." Strange it is that this Protestant writer does not see that the same *unsubstantial foundation of negation* is the one on which the Protestant sect to which he belongs is founded. Throughout his article he always denotes Catholics as Romanists. "Swiss Romanism," he says "differs in no apparent respect from that of the neighboring countries, being just as devout, just as formal, and just as superstitious." We used to think that formalism was opposed to devotion, but it seems that the Swiss Romanists combine the uncombinable, perhaps welded together by their superstitions, which would appear to be chiefly, according to this writer, in their love for our Lady, and their manifestation of piety by "the plenty of crucifixes and wayside shrines." We might fitly remark here that the Catholic churches which had been unjustly given over to the Old Catholics in four places have lately been restored to the Catholics, inasmuch as there were no Old Catholic congregations any longer to use them.

Conferring the Badge.

Easter week is always marked by an increased activity in League Centres. Things that could not be attended to while Lenten and Holy Week services were engaging the attention of Directors become urgent after Easter, and preparations must be made for the devotions to be held in May and June. Perhaps the notable sign of this activity during the past month was the frequent call for Badges of the League to be conferred publicly on Associates who have been admitted during the past few months. The ceremony for conferring the Badge is a simple one, and it never fails to bring an increase of members.

Conversions by Prayer.

The ever timely intention recommended in our May MESSENGER, for the conversion of souls in our own country has moved a number of our readers to send us lists of names of people for whose conversions they are praying. Of course, we cannot publish these lists; but we commend every person mentioned in them to the prayers of our Associates, and we trust that many conversions will speedily follow. The mere writing down of these names makes those who are praying say their prayers with more fervor and constancy, and prayer of this kind is sure to be heard. It is noticeable in our intentions that the number of petitions for conversions has been of late double of what it used to be, and our thanksgiving pages also tell of more conversions, some of them very remarkable.

A Practical Intention.

The General Intention designated for the month of June will be very acceptable to all our Local Directors. Priests and people in the United States are devoted to the interests of the Holy See and are naturally desirous of seeing the Catholics of all nations bowing in filial submission to His Holiness. The practice of the 2d Degree is for his welfare and for the monthly Intentions he faithfully recommends to us. It would be very proper, therefore, to multiply our 2d Degree offerings to our Lady, in behalf of this Intention which closely concerns his welfare and his influence for the good of the Church.

Directors in June.

The office of a League Director in June reminds us forcibly of many things that our Lord asked Blessed Margaret Mary to do in honor of His Sacred Heart. She is surely the model for our Directors at all times, but especially in June. It is the month consecrated to the Sacred Heart; it is the month in which falls the feast of the Sacred Heart, established in accordance with our Lord's own request; it is also the month during which we commemorate His first great revelation to Blessed Margaret Mary, and in which the Church first set the seal of its approbation on the establishment of the feast of the Sacred Heart. The will of Him who directed the first Apostle of this devotion is plain for us who are striving to direct others in its practices; and Margaret Mary's compliance with His will, in her efforts to have His great feast observed, is evidently our model in our work for June. Preparation cannot be made too soon nor too elaborately. Promoters and Associates are but too eager to do their share; it rests with us to take the initiative and direct their piety and zeal.

Available Sources.

All this is to be done in accordance with the Statutes of our Apostleship, not only because we have engaged so to do it, but also because our peculiar manner of practising devotion to the Sacred Heart has been found most practical and salutary for millions of souls. Hence it is that we recommend Father Ramière's *Apostleship of Prayer* as the very best book for Promoters who wish to master by knowledge and practice this great devotion as cultivated by our pious association. For a knowledge of the history and dogma of the devotion the books by Cardinal Manning and Father Dalgairns of the Oratory are excellent, and sufficiently popular in style and treatment, but Father Gallifet's *Adorable Heart of Jesus* is acknowledged by all to be the most thorough and satisfactory treatise on this matter. Father Suau's book on the Sacred Heart, just published in English, and noticed in our present number, is one that every Promoter and Associate should read. With sources like these at hand no Promoter need be at a loss for a thorough knowledge of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

A Jubilee Offering.

In view of the magnificent festivities held lately in Philadelphia to commemorate the twenty-fifth year of the Archbishop's episcopal consecration, it may seem too trifling to mention that the Promoters of the Cathedral Centre in that city had their Associates make up a spiritual bouquet to offer him on that occasion, consisting of:

Masses heard and said . .	3,015
Holy Communions . . .	1,000
Beads	9,500
Stations of the Cross . . .	1,165
Angelus	3,661
Spiritual Communions . .	698
Prayers	62,407

No doubt it was due to these and the other fervent prayers offered by his devout people that the jubilee celebration was so successful. The Cathedral Centre of Philadelphia is one of the most active in the United States. Its Promoters are at present engaged in organizing a kindergarten, and we trust their efforts may be blessed as they deserve.

For Promoters.

Promoters' Own Month.

June is a Promoters' own month. The rest of the year may go by with little or no effort on the Promoter's part to advance devotion to the Heart of Jesus, but June cannot fail to be a time of compunction for such negligence and of reparation for it also. Promoters are not alone in experiencing such sentiments in June, because every good Catholic must wish to make the month fruitful for the devotion to which it has been, by common opinion, consecrated for over sixty years. "Promoters," the Statutes read, "should endeavor, by every means, to advance daily more and more. . . the worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus according to the Statutes of the Apostleship." This, at all times: how can they do so, especially in June?

General Means.

First of all, there is no end of the devotions, private and public, in which they can take part, and to which they should invite others, particularly their Associates, in June; morning or evening devotions in the church; daily Mass or Benediction; novenas or triduums; frequent Communion and visits to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Then there are the special observances of Corpus Christi, of the Feast of the Sacred Heart and of the days intervening between these two great feasts. The close of the Easter season, too, offers a splendid opportunity for zeal in inducing one's Associates or friends to be sure of making their Easter duties. All these are some of the means in the power of Promoters to advance the worship of the Heart of Jesus, and most excellent means they are; but they are not the only means, nor are they so salutary as the one we would suggest as most proper for Promoters in June.

Special Means.

For the very reason that this month of the Sacred Heart usually arouses in Promoters sentiments of compunction for past negligence of their duties, and of desire to repair the loss caused by such negligence to themselves and others, it would seem that they should begin at once to cultivate devotion to the Sacred Heart in such a way that they would be disposed to continue practising it, not merely during June, or for a short while after, but for the entire coming year and for all their lives after. For this purpose they should read and study, and, in their own way, meditate upon the meaning, the origin, the history, the fruits, the object of this great devotion of our times; and they should pray so to acquire it by these means as to acquire also a facility for promoting it in others.

The Apostleship Abroad and at Home.

Denmark.—The beautiful chimes of the newly erected Sacred Heart Church of the Jesuit Fathers at Copenhagen are famous all over the city. Last Christmas, for the first time since 1536, their peculiarly sweet and clear tones called the faithful to Catholic worship. When they ring out the Angelus far and wide through the city the inhabitants listen in surprise and admiration, and become aware that the long proscribed Church of Rome has once more sprung into ac-

tive and vigorous life in their midst. The church edifice is rather small, but richly and tastefully adorned; it is of brick, in the purest Gothic style. As it is not centrally situated, however, it is the intention to build shortly a magnificent Cathedral in the most fashionable quarter of the city; the ground for it is already purchased.

ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY, ST. CLOUD, MINN.—Our local branch of the Apostleship, which has been in existence here since last October, is doing excellent work. Seven Promoters received their well-merited Crosses and Diplomas on Easter Sunday.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Our Centre is growing more and more interested in their work lately. We fill out the blank space on our *Monthly Calendar*, which is kept on the Sacred Heart altar, and the Associates seem to make more use of the Intention Box. The number of monthly communicants has increased greatly since the League was established here. It promises to grow to be a great benefit to the parish.

ST. JOSEPH'S CENTRE, MINONKA, PA.—The League here is, I am glad to say, in a flourishing condition. The work is carried on quietly, but systematically, with most excellent results.

ST. MARY HELP OF CHRISTIANS, BRIGGSVILLE, WIS.—A reception of six Promoters was held here on Easter Sunday. Our Centre is fervent and happy. It is most wonderful what blessings are being bestowed upon our good people.

ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL, VANCOUVER, WASH.—Our League is increasing very rapidly. At the last meeting of our Promoters, fifty new names were handed in for registration. We have already over four hundred members. Our Promoters are zealous and all anxious to get their Diplomas and Crosses, which we hope to have the pleasure of asking in two or three months.

ST. MARY'S CENTRE, PATERSON, N. J.—On Low Sunday the Apostleship of Prayer was started here by one of the Fathers from the Central Office, New York City, who addressed the congregation at all the Masses, and at Vespers, and held a Promoters' meeting at four o'clock, P.M. The success was all that could be desired. About thirty Promoters presented themselves, and set out at once upon their apostolic work. The Sisters of St. Dominic, who are in charge of the Parochial school, have organized the children's League. It is expected that the whole congregation will shortly be enrolled.

A DIRECTOR FROM WISCONSIN WRITES: The Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the instrumentality of the League, continues to go about in this locality doing good. To my knowledge one person, not a member, absent several years returned to the fountains of life eternal—the Sacraments. Another person, a member, has almost completely recovered from a dangerous disease. With each returning First Friday the number of communicants continues to increase. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus rule the world.

ANOTHER DIRECTOR FROM WEST VIRGINIA WRITES: Thanks be to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I am doing very well among my flock since I started the League. Nearly one hundred persons have joined and others will follow their example.

OBITUARY.

Miss Anna A. Mahoney, Cathedral Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mary Buckley, Mrs. Mary C. McMeeser, St. Mary's Centre, South Dakota; Sister Mary Stanislas Riani, Convent of Mercy, Sacramento, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Reynolds, Duquesne, Pa.; Francis Carlin, St. Patrick's Centre, N. Y. City; Mrs. Anne Coleman, Boston, Mass.; Cornelius O'Sullivan, Troy, N. Y.

Our Apostleship.

The name Apostle is so sacred that it is usually reserved for the members of the College of the Apostles, and for the few saintly missionaries, who, like them, opened up new countries for the preaching of the gospel.

So entirely and exclusively were the first twelve and the more modern apostles devoted to their vocation, that we speak of all they did as their apostleship; for all was inspired by zeal, all was sanctified by their virtue, and all was made fruitful by prayer. On first thoughts, therefore, it seems presumptuous on our part to speak of our Apostleship. Who are we, and what can we do that any effort on our part should be dignified by this name?

Still, we can all be apostles in some degree. The great Apostles, SS. Peter and Paul, invite us constantly in their letters to do things that the Apostles did, and for which they obtained their name. Hear St. Peter: "As every man hath received grace, ministering the same one to another: as good stewards of the manifold grace of God. If any man speak, let him speak the word of God. If any man minister let him do it as of the power which God administereth: that in all things God may be honored through Jesus Christ."

And St Paul: "I desire, therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings, be made for all men. . . . For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth."

This is why our Statutes speak of our apostolic duties, and why we call our association by the name Apostleship. Hence we need have no misgivings about the propriety of our name. The only occasion for such misgivings would be any failure on our part to infuse an apostolic spirit into all we do.

Now this apostolic spirit may be cultivated without following what is known as an apostolic career. The Apostles themselves were never without this spirit, whether actively engaged in their career or not. We cannot conceive a St. Francis Xavier without it, even when he was buried in the solitude of a retreat, or journeying over the lonely mountain passes on his way to Italy, with no chance for an external exercise of zeal. The missionaries who leave their seminary or monastery for the first time to preach the gospel to distant nations do not become there and then apostles by the mere fact that they are journeying with a view to beginning an active ministry. Unless they have been cultivating the spirit of apostles during all the time of their preparation for the ministry, it is more than likely that they will become mere ramblers, or explorers, now and then engaging in the ministry.

It was to cultivate this apostolic spirit among young men preparing for the missions that our Apostleship was first founded. Their mental and religious formation kept them secluded from every object of their zeal. They might incite one another to piety and devotion, but they had no incentive to an apostolic interest in the welfare of the heathen and heretical nations to whom they were to preach the gospel in after years. They still yearned for an active ministry, so much so, that it became imperative on their superiors to show them how they might become apostles even within their seminary walls. Our Apostleship was suggested to them, and from their cloisters it has spread throughout the world. For over fifty years it has helped to cultivate the apostolic spirit in candidates for the priestly ministry, and it has also obtained from God a singular efficacy for the labors of those who are actively engaged in saving souls.

An apostleship, in our sense, is any pious occupation or series of occupations performed with the motive of glorifying God and saving souls. It may be prayer, or it may be labor or suffering piously offered in prayer, with the intention that God's glory may be increased, and souls saved. God can derive glory from all we do, whether we think of Him or not, but it rests with us to give Him the glory of our actions, by acknowledging that He is the author of all we have, and by so serving Him as to help others to recognize His excellence from the goodness of His creatures. To help them in this way is already to bring them near to God, and to put them on the way to salvation To honor God and to help men constantly in this way, and with this motive, is the simple object of our Apostleship.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 235,311.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v, 18).

Special Thanksgiving:—"In the city of B——, a short time ago, a lady met with an accident which resulted in a broken hip joint, together with many lesser injuries. In a few days she was reduced to a state of utter prostration, not alone from the agony endured from the injured limb, but from the more alarming fact that her already frail constitution had been totally shattered by the shock: nothing—not even a drop of water could be retained on the stomach. The physician could give no further hope—death seemed inevitable. At this crisis, a Protestant attendant, who had been a witness of the marvellous effects of the Sacred Heart Badge, on a previous occasion, suggested that it be tried now. Accordingly a Badge was placed on the sufferer's stomach, and the same instant vomiting ceased, relief and rest were obtained, and the following day solid food was relished and retained. From that date, contrary to all expectations, the patient improved constantly and rapidly."

"My husband has been sick for ten months, and was despaired of by the best doctors in the country, who pronounced him an incurable consumptive. Not despairing, I put a Badge on him and began a novena to the Sacred Heart. The day after it was finished, he began to emit matter that showed the existence of an internal abscess. Though the doctors more than ever despaired of his recovery, we kept on praying, so that he was enabled to submit to a successful operation. He is now improving, and we know it was our prayers to the Sacred Heart that did it."

A woman who had been troubled for twelve years with running sores on one of her limbs, and who in all that time had only slept when exhausted with pain, or under the influence of a narcotic, was sent some oil from a lamp burning before a statue of the Sacred Heart in a convent. She applied the oil, setting aside the useless remedies of science, and at the same time joined the nuns in a novena to the Sacred Heart. Her limb is painless now and is entirely cured.

"For several months my health had been in a very bad condition. I made several novenas in honor of our Blessed Mother, and on the day before the close of the last one, I again visited my physician, and was told that an operation was necessary before my health would be improved. For my children's sake, more than for any other reason, I went to the hospital, and then promised that if the Sacred Heart would spare my life, through the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes, I would have five Masses of thanksgiving offered, and the favor published in the MESSENGER and the *Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes*. For several weeks after the operation my life was despaired of, and I feel confident my recovery was granted through the many prayers offered to our Blessed Mother in my behalf. It is four months since the operation and I am gaining strength every day and hope in time to be well and strong again. Through the kindness of a Sister, I obtained several bottles of Lourdes water, which I used during my illness. I have been a Promoter of the League for some years."

"A novice, upon whom a successful surgical operation had been performed, being permitted by the surgeon to return to the novitiate, met with an accident which reopened the wound. It bled freely, but the doctors failed to stop the bleeding. We began a novena for the First Friday for her; at the end she was better but not well. We then began another with our little orphans; at the end she was perfectly cured."

"I desire to return most heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a young Sister who was, as we supposed, dying. The doctors attending her concluded that nothing but a very serious surgical operation could save her life. As the operation was very critical we hesitated to have it performed. Novenas were begun in our orphanage and by the community; also by other religious. We had six Masses celebrated for the souls in purgatory, and promised to publish in the MESSENGER if it was a success. The morn-

ing before the operation two Masses were celebrated for her. The operation was a complete success and her speedy recovery astonished all."

Spiritual Favors:—A wonderful religious vocation obtained after a novena to the Sacred Heart, in honor of St. Benedict; conversion of a person who had been remiss for twenty-two years; return of a brother to his religious duties after ten years of neglect; conversion on his deathbed, through a novena, of one who had for years repudiated religion; conversion of a man, through the intercession of St. Anthony, who had not received the Sacraments for forty-eight years; conversion of a woman after fifteen years of neglect; a convert whose faith had been shaken, recently lost his employment, but secured it again after a novena had been begun to the Blessed Virgin and three Masses had been promised for the suffering souls: he has now returned to the practice of his religion; the gift of faith for a friend; a brother's conversion after years of indifference, he has just made his Easter duty; return of a father to the Sacraments after many years of neglect; conversion of an intemperate woman, who had given great scandal and had almost ruined her family, after the promise of Masses; many other conversions, and returns to temperate life.

Temporal Favors:—Employment secured for many persons; miraculous cure of a woman whom the doctors failed to help, by wearing the Father Jogues' medal and making a novena and two Communions for the holy souls in purgatory; protection from a severe cyclone; unexpected success of a lawsuit; the miraculous protection from violent death of one who had been threatened and pursued by a murderous desperado for weeks; for friendly assistance to one in a strange land and much in need of help; position secured in a Catholic choir by a young lady who had been, for pecuniary reasons, compelled to sing in a Protestant church; cure of a blacksmith whose limb was so severely injured, as, according to doctors, to necessitate amputation, which was happily averted through prayer to St. Benedict; a like favor, the cure through prayer to St. Benedict of a suppurating shoulder, injured accidentally; the honorable and speedy settlement of grave business troubles through the intercession of St. Anthony and the promise of Masses for the suffering souls; relief from a financial difficulty after promise of ten Masses for the souls in purgatory, in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes, to whom at the same time a novena was made, publication having also been promised; the unexpectedly advantageous sale of property after promise of saying the rosary for a year and of having Masses and novenas offered; recovery of a woman who was at the point of death from a virulent disease; recovery of a pastor from severe illness; reconciliation of husband and wife; the speedy recovery, after her parents had promised a Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart, of a little girl, whom the doctors had given up; a successful examination; relief of financial distress and settlement of business difficulties after novenas to St. Joseph; an invalid husband's health restored and business prosperity; another husband's recovery from long-standing asthma; miraculous preservation of life in circumstances of extreme peril; the prevention of a lawsuit.

Favors through the Badge and Promoter's Cross:—Recovery of a young mother after a dangerous operation. She wore the Promoter's Cross during her illness; another Promoter's sore eyes cured by application of the Cross; also a facial blemish, a case of pleurisy, and a violent case of pneumonia; two remarkable cures through the Promoter's Cross—one of a woman, seemingly incurable, who wore the Badge and Cross through a dangerous operation, the other of a child seriously ill. A woman who had been suffering from heart trouble recently lost the use of her right side from a paralytic stroke. The Badge was applied, and a Novena begun to the Sacred Heart, with promise of publication. In a few days she was well; cure, through applying the Badge, of an apparently incurable running sore. A little girl had lost her voice for two weeks through a dangerous illness, but regained it immediately on application of the Badge. Conversion, through wearing the Badge, of a young man who had been remiss for eighteen years; miraculous cure of a young married woman who ruptured a blood-vessel and contracted blood-poisoning; many other cures of measles, mumps, heart trouble, pneumonia, typhoid fever, sores, evils, earaches, grippe, diphtheria, neuralgia.

THE·READER·

WE receive with regret the notice that the publication of the *Catholic School and Home Magazine* has to be discontinued. The important duties of its founder, proprietor, and editor, Dr. Conaty, now rector of the Catholic University at Washington, have caused this step. For five years it has been welcomed by some thousands of people throughout the country, although it was originally only a parish organ of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass. The *Young Catholic*, published by the Paulist Fathers of New York, has promised to embody some of the departments which were characteristic of the *Catholic School and Home Magazine*, and will be its substitute.

* * *

A few months ago we protested against the libels on Nuns, of which so-called Catholic authors were guilty. Again we have to protest. A secular magazine of large circulation, whose proprietor and editor is a Catholic, puts before the public, in two numbers, a story by a Catholic authoress, in which once more the nun is a heroine. To make it more objectionable the plot turns on a revelation of the secrets of the confessional, which is supposed to be simply an *inadvertence*. A priest is made to say in public that his first penitent was a murderer. The confession took place immediately after the murder. It was easy, then, to fix the guilt, especially, as some one declared that he was the first to confess to the Abbé, his former commanding officer in the army. Of course this some one falls in love with the murdered man's sister, and naturally she questions the Abbé, and he falls into the trap, and apparently admits the fact. Thereupon the lovers are parted, but their love is undying. Of course, all nuns (according to fiction) are women disappointed in love. We must, therefore, find this interesting love-lorn maiden in the guise of a Sister of Charity, although the authoress calls her a Sister of Mercy while describing the costume of a Daughter of St. Vincent de Paul. After many years the whilome lovers meet (the usual way in novels), he as a general of the army on the battlefield, she as a nursing Sister. In the meanwhile the Abbé has called upon Sister Claire and informed her that he had made a mistake about his first penitent and that her lover was not really the first. This is an immense relief to the faithful heart of Sister Claire, who shrewdly fixes the first penitentship on the villain of the plot. The finale of all is that the General presents to the Sister a splendid decoration for her services to the sick and wounded on the battlefield. "She looked up into his eyes. Each understood the other. Their love had lasted through more than thirty years, and in that time it had become so purified and ennobled that it was not unworthy of the angels themselves." They exchange "very proper" letters, according to the Mother Superior. After the receipt of the General's letter "Heaven seemed very near" to Sister Claire. As for the General, while he looked toward the white-walled convent which held Sister Claire, his eyes were full of tears for the broken hearts of their youth, but he said to himself, "I would not have it different now." This is the end. What can be the motive for a Catholic to write such a story? A travesty of most sacred things, calculated to give most false impressions, a confirmation for non-Catholics of their false ideas of a religious vocation; this it is and nothing more.

* * *

Time was when non-Catholics gloried in the name of *Protestant*. Apparently this time is no more. A recent issue of the New York *Independent* contains an appeal for a corporate union of the sects like the confederation of the free churches of Great Britain. It says:

The division of our American Christendom is its sad reproach. Our Roman Catholic brethren never tire of declaring that they are Catholic, and that we who have inherited the *unfortunate* name *Protestant* are split into a hundred competing and conflicting sects."

The name Protestant is just as applicable now as it ever was, for has their protest against the distinctive doctrines of the Catholic Church, singled out by the Reformers, ceased? The unfortunateness is not in the *name*, but in the *spirit—Protestant*. Let them cultivate the Catholic spirit, and the names will follow suit. Christ prayed not for *confederation* among those who should believe in His name, but for *unity*. External union will follow internal unity of faith. The agreeing upon certain articles of the Creed, and the waiving of others, will never produce the oneness which is the mark of the true Church.

* * *

"Menace from the Religious Congregations" is the title of a series of articles in the French *Review of Primary Education*, which is a free-thinking organ. What to the free-thinkers seems a *menace* is really the *hope* of Christianity in France, namely, the multiplication and prosperity of free Catholic schools.

The *Review* admits that, after fifteen years of laicization, in *one-third of the departments* of France, the *majority* of girl pupils is still in the hands of their adversaries, *i.e.*, the Catholics. For the boys, the situation is the same. In two thousand six hundred communes, usually in the most important centres, and often among the people considered the most anti-clerical, these Catholic primary schools have been founded.

In some ten departments the State schools have lost eighteen thousand, while the Catholics gained twenty-nine thousand scholars; in eight others the State is at a disadvantage by its losses; in thirty others the success of the Catholics, *although real*, is not alarming, so says the *Review*. But what will become of the State schools when everywhere they will be opposed by religious ones? it asks. The answer is simple enough. They will be closed by the common verdict of the fathers and mothers, who, enjoying liberty of conscience, wish their children to receive a true education which includes morality and religion.

A remarkable conference was given in Lyons, a few weeks ago, by M. Georges Thiébaud, to an audience of three thousand people, on what he calls the *Protestant Menace in France*.

First he gave statistics admitted by Protestants. There are in France thirty-seven millions of Catholics by birth; six hundred and fifty thousand Protestants, of whom five hundred and sixty thousand are Calvinists, eighty thousand Lutherans, ten thousand Huguenots of various sects, and one hundred and forty thousand Jews.

There is in France a deputy for every seventy-five thousand group of inhabitants. Imagine, then, that there are *seventy-one* Protestant deputiès in the Chamber. In the public instruction, *seven out of ten* are Protestants. The director of primary instruction, M. Buisson, is a Protestant. The director-general of secondary instruction, M. Rabier, is a Protestant. The director of higher instruction, M. Liard, is a Protestant. At the head of the normal schools are Protestants. With the Jews the Protestants control the finances. In Paris, out of two hundred and fifty banks, two-thirds are in the hands of Protestants. M. Thiébaud referred to the way in which French Protestants in Madagascar had played into the hands of the English to the detriment of the interests of France.

He proposed to the Assembly the following resolution: "That the political influence of Protestants and of Jews in the republic should be reduced to the just and legitimate proportion assigned to it by the number of their adherents in the population of France."

* * *

The Grand Orient of France has lately published its official report for 1896. It declares that the *formation* in moral virtues given in the State schools is *absolutely defective*. The following is the translation of the exact words:

"Whereas the course of moral prescribed by the law of 1882, to be given every day in the schools, is only given in a *very imperfect* way, and produces *but little or no effect* on the children and young people of both sexes.

"Whereas the object of this course, is to form manly, polished, Republican youth, and that, instead of this, the *largest part* of the children become more and more disagreeable and ill-bred (*mal élevés*) . . . that, when these genera-

tions shall come to the age of voting, we cannot but ask ourselves anxiously what sort of voters will they make.

"Whereas *this deplorable* state of instruction comes from the fact that this important teaching and these manuals composed by from eight to ten different authors are left to the discretion of the teachers; while with our adversaries it is quite the contrary, where there is unity of book and of moral teaching from the college to the lowest school; the same is not the case with us where the pupils, in changing classes and schools, are liable also to find a change in the handbook of moral and the manner of teaching it; this absence of unity of moral instruction is *very hurtful* to Republican education, and *one of the most fatal things* to the Republic, etc., etc."

Here we have the evil clearly stated: The product of the State irreligious schools, their advocates admit, are young people, becoming more and more disagreeable and ill-bred. The courts and criminal statistics bear a strong testimony to the evil results of such education. What remedies does the Grand Orient, the highest Masonic body, propose? "A competition for a handbook of moral for the use of primary schools," and "the *suppression of all mention of duties to God* in the programmes of studies, exactly conformed to the law of 1882, on neutrality (in religion)," which really means the absence, or, rather, the crushing out of all religion. No wonder the future voters thus trained are to be feared when they reach the age when their votes will decide the affairs of France. *Mutatis mutandis*, let the United States consider this object lesson.

BOOK NOTICES.

De Religione Revelata Libri Quinque.—Auctore Gulielmo Wilmers, S.J. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1897. Large 8vo. Pages 686.

This is the first instalment of a truly monumental work, in three volumes, on Fundamental Theology. The learned author is favorably known to English readers by his *Handbook of the Christian Religion*, which is widely circulated, and has been adopted as a text book on religion in many of our colleges and higher schools. He is also the author of a very learned and popular work, in four large volumes, entitled *Lehrbuch der Religion*, a scientific exposition of the Christian doctrine, and a history of Religion (*Geschichte der Religion*) in two volumes. The editing and re-editing of these works, which have gone through various editions, has occupied most of Father Wilmers' leisure for the last thirty years, so that he was obliged to defer the publication of this last work, on which his fame will chiefly rest, till his eightieth year.

This long delay has turned out greatly to the advantage of the work, as the author had ample time to revise it thoroughly and bring it completely up to date. The most recent works have been consulted, and utilized or refuted, as the case required.

The present volume, as the title indicates, treats of Divine Revelation in five books. The first book handles Religion and Revelation in general—the necessity of religion; the possibility, the necessity, and the criteria of revelation. In the second book, the Primitive Revelation to our first parents, the Patriarchal and the Mosaic Revelations, as a preparation to the Christian, are established. In the third, the Divinity of the Christian religion is proved from the miracles and prophecies, and from the testimony of Christ as a divine envoy. The fourth book develops the proof from the preaching of the Apostles, the rapid spread of Christianity, the testimony of the martyrs, and the effects of the Christian religion upon mankind. The fifth book evolves the fifth and last evidence of the divinity of Christianity—the marvellous sanctity, vitality, unity, and indestructibility displayed in the Catholic Church throughout the ages.

Father Wilmers, in this treatise, supposes the student to have gone through a full course of philosophy. Such questions as the existence of God and His attributes, the possibility and knowableness of miracles, the existence of a moral law, and the like are not treated except incidentally. He supposes also the genuineness and authenticity of the Sacred Books as historical documents of unquestioned authority. His argument is a mere historical and philosophical one. His thesis is: The facts of history show that God revealed a positive religion—the Christian religion—which is, therefore, a divine religion. Every argument is brought to bear on this proposition.

The book is remarkable for extensive

and accurate erudition, close reasoning, and lucidity and precision of expression. The Latinity is unpretentious, but surpasses in purity most even of our best Latin theological and philosophical literature. The work, when completed, will supersede by a long way, anything of its kind in our theological literature. No serious student of theology can afford to dispense with its use. We look for the second volume, *De Christi Ecclesia*, at an early date; and we trust that God will spare the veteran theologian to crown the work with the third volume, *De fide fideique regulis*. By this present volume he has put us under a deep obligation.

His Divine Majesty; or, The Living God. By William Humphrey, S.J. London: Thomas Baker. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Crown 8vo. Pages 441.

This is the title of a comprehensive treatise on the one true God (de Deo Uno) and God the Creator (de Deo Creante). The title has been suggested by the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, where it occurs no less than twenty-four times to express the Saint's great reverence and homage to the Supreme Being. It comprises in twelve chapters what revelation teaches on the existence, essence, attributes, properties, knowledge, will, creative action, and inner life of God. The author has freely used the lectures of Cardinal Franzelin and Father Palmieri, both of whom were at one time his professors at the Roman College. Like the many other works by which Father Humphrey has enriched our theological literature, this volume is distinguished by solidity and accuracy of doctrine. This work is by no means light reading, but this defect, if defect it may be called, is inherent in the subject and is more than compensated by the author's depth and width of grasp. The book will prove valuable to the clergy and to the educated laity who are eager to get an insight into some of the most profound truths and mysteries of our holy faith.

The Formation of Christendom. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S G. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Third edition. Three volumes. 8vo. Pages 328, 410, 419.

It is a gratifying sign of the times that a third edition of this truly great work has been called for within the short space of three years after the second edition was published, while it took nearly twenty years to exhaust the first edition. The present edition is, moreover, in handy and cheap form, such as will make it accessible to the greatest possible number of readers. It is hardly needful for us to say anything in praise of this work, as it is universally acknowledged to be one of the first works of the age. Suffice it to quote a few lines from a letter of Cardinal Vaughan. His Eminence says: "It is one of the noblest historical works I have ever read. Now that its price has placed it within the reach of all, I earnestly pray that it may become widely known and appreciatively studied. We have nothing like it in the English language. It meets a need which becomes greater daily with the increase of mental culture and spread of education."

We trust that American Catholics will show their appreciation of this work themselves and also bring it to the knowledge of as many as possible of their Protestant acquaintances.

The Church and Modern Society. By John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul. Second edition. Chicago and New York: D. H. McBride & Co. 1897. 8vo. Pages 415.

It would be impossible to give in the brief space of a book notice, any adequate account of this book, whose every chapter invites some comment and suggests some useful practice. The fact that it has already reached its second edition, proves that there is an eager and widespread interest in the utterances of the Archbishop of St. Paul, and that he, at least, has succeeded in what he urges so earnestly upon us all, in commanding the attention of men of every creed, as well as of those who have no creed at all, to the influence of the Church in the history of modern civilization. Throughout this collection of lectures and addresses, His Grace is ever mindful of the purpose which first and last inspires them, as he expresses it in the introduction to this volume, to show how the Church "must continue to hallow all the relations of man with the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, and bring to bear upon the world the vivifying energy of the Christian idea." His Grace is more concerned with principles than with methods; but he presents his principles in such an earnest manner as to incite others to practical effort.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus. By Rev. Pierre Suau, S.J. Translated from the French by Marie Clotilde Redfern. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co. 1897. 16 mo. Pages 134. Price 25 cents.

The very best recommendation of this work is that it answers perfectly to its sub-titles: WHAT the Sacred Heart is, WHAT it demands, and WHAT it gives Our readers will remember that we have already praised and recommended the original of this work, and we are, therefore, much pleased that it is now accessible to all in English, the more so that the translation is well done, well edited, and neatly printed in good type, in narrow lines, on broad margined pages. The binding is also very attractive, and the publishers deserve praise for the reasonable price they put on such a tasteful production. The book bears the *imprimatur* of His Grace, the Archbishop of Philadelphia. It is eminently a book for June, and every Associate would do well to read it.

The Falcon of Langéac. By Isabel Whiteley. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1897. Pages 227. Price $1.50. Cloth.

It is refreshing to find a Catholic novelist breaking loose from the old tradition of controversy and converts. This is what Mrs. Whiteley has done in the *Falcon of Langéac*—a romance of France in the time of Francis I. The story, which is told with the simplicity and ease of literary genius, has its full quota of hairbreadth escapes and moving accidents by flood and field. Its action and interest are intense, and its characters well drawn and artistically contrasted. Between graphic glimpses of the political and social conditions of the day, we catch a powerful picture of the beneficent influence of the mediæval Church as the nurse of chivalrous manhood, the guardian angel of winsome womanhood, the rebuker of violence in high places as in low, the asylum of the wretched and oppressed, the foster-mother of morality. Notably fine is the description of monastic life—refined without luxury, hospitable without prodigality, by precept and example ennobling and elevating—as practised at Mont St. Michel, where the greater part of the action centres. From a minute topographical knowledge of the scenes depicted, from a close study of history, from diligent archæological research, evident to the initiated, and with the seemingly "unpremeditated art" that is the essence of true art, Mrs. Whiteley has given us a story that not only marks a distinct departure in American Catholic literature, but heralds for the author a distinguished career in the world of letters.

Companion to the Encyclical "Satis Cognitum." With a reply to the Bishop of Stepney. By Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1896. 12mo. Pages 129. Price 1s.

This volume contains (1) an English translation of the Encyclical *Satis Cognitum*, on the unity of the Church, which has the authoritative approval of the Pope; (2) an analysis with a running commentary by the author; (3) a reply to some strictures published by the Bishop of Stepney, misrepresenting the teaching of the Scriptures and the Fathers on Christian unity. "This [the Bishop's] compilation," says Father Smith, "is in reality of a very worthless character, but, nevertheless, is drawn up with a certain effectiveness calculated to mislead persons unable to test the compiler's statements for themselves. Accordingly, in the present work, some observations on its comments have been made." This book will prove very handy and useful for those who wish to make themselves familiar with the Church's teaching on Christian unity, and the answers to the chief objections of Anglicans against the Pope's teaching.

Purcell's "Manning" Refuted. By Francis De Pressensé. Translated from the French by Francis T. Furey, A.M. Philadelphia: John Jos. McVey. 1897. Pages 203. Price $1.00. Cloth.

Had the author of the book refuted and its refuter exchanged places the works would have seemed more natural. It is certainly remarkable to have a French Protestant champion the memory of a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Catholic Church against a Catholic who undertook to write the life of this Prince of the Church.

M. De Pressensé divides his work into three parts. The first, which he calls "Introductory," is the formal refutation of Purcell's conception of Manning's life and character. The second and third parts treat respectively, Manning as a Protestant and as a Catholic.

Those, then, who have read Purcell's version of Manning would do well to see the statement of the defendant, and then judge for themselves which is the true limner of the man who played so distinguished a part in Church history in the nineteenth century. M. De Pressensé has presented an extremely interesting book.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS AND PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, April 1 to 30, 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date
Baltimore	Abingdon, Md.	St. Francis de Sales' Church	Apr. 5
"	Upper Falls, Md.	St. Stephen's "	Apr. 5
Belleville	Madonnaville, Ill.	Immaculate Conception. "	Apr. 15
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N Y.	St. Finbar's "	Apr. 5
Brownsville (V. A.)	Corpus Christi, Tex.	St. Patrick's "	Apr. 15
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Joachim's "	Apr. 15
Cincinnati	Springfield, O.	St. Raphael's "	Apr. 15
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	St. Joseph's Convent	Apr. 15
Dubuque	Dubuque, Iowa	Presentation "	Apr. 20
Green Bay	Antigo, Wis	St. John's Church	Apr. 20
Kansas City, Kans.	Tonganoxie, Kans.	Sacred Heart "	Apr. 15
Kansas City, Mo.	Holden, Mo.	St. Patrick's "	Apr. 29
Louisville	Louisville, Ky.	St. Charles' "	Apr 20
Nesqually	Alma, Wash.	St. Mary's Mission	Apr. 15
"	Chehalis, Wash.	St. John's Church	Apr. 26
Newark	Paterson, N. J.	St. Mary's "	Apr. 21
Ogdensburg	Malone, N. Y.	St. Joseph's "	Apr. 5
Springfield	Pittsfield, Mass.	Notre Dame "	Apr. 5
Trenton	Trenton, N. J.	Immaculate Conception "	Apr. 15

Aggregations, 19; churches, 16; convents, 2; mission, 1.

Promoters' Diplomas and Crosses have been sent to the following Local Centres, April 1 to 30, 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Number
Albany	Herkimer, N. Y.	St. Francis de Sales Church	33
Alton	Altamont, Ill.	St. Clares' "	6
"	Decatur, "	St. Patrick's "	5
"	Mo risonville, Ill.	St. Maurice's "	13
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Benedict's "	5
Belleville	Waterloo, Ill	SS. Peter and Paul's "	3
Boston	Hopkinton, Mass.	St. John the Evangelist's "	1
"	Roxbury, Boston, Mass.	St. Francis' Orphanage	1
Brooklyn	Morris Park, N. Y.	St. Benedict Joseph's Church	2
"	Brooklyn, "	St. Brigid's "	6
Buffalo	East Aurora, "	Immaculate Conception "	1
"	Lockport, "	St. Joseph's Academy	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Holy Rosary Church	5
Cincinnati	Dayton, Ohio	Sacred Heart "	10
"	Kenton, "	Immaculate Conception "	1
Cleveland	Niles, "	St. Stephen's "	12
"	South Brooklyn, Ohio	Sacred Heart of Mary "	8
Dallas	Dallas, Texas	Sacred Heart "	1
Detroit	Mendon (Bronson) Mich	St Edward's "	6
Dubuque	Dubuque, Ia.	Presentation Convent	3
"	Monona, "	St. Patrick's Church	1
Erie	Erie, Pa.	St. Ann's "	3
Galveston	Orange, (Liberty) Texas	St. Vitalis' "	3
Green Bay	Briggsville, Wis.	St. Mary, Help of Christians "	6
Harrisburg	Lancaster, Pa.	St. Mary's "	2
Kansas City, Mo.	Kansas City. Mo.	St. Aloysius "	2
Lincoln	Lincoln, Nebr.	Holy Child Convent	2
Louisville	Louisville, Ky.	Sacred Heart Home	7
Milwaukee	Oconomowoc, Wis.	St. Jerome's Church	12
"	Watertown, Wis.	St. Bernard's "	3
Newark	Butler, N. J.	St. Anthony of Padua "	9
"	Orange, "	St. John's "	1
"	West Hoboken, N. J.	St. Michael's Monastery	2
New Orleans	Grand Coteau, La.	Sacred Heart Convent	4
"	" "	St. Charles' College and Church	5
"	New Orleans, "	St. Joseph's Academy	2
New York	New York City	St Boniface's Church	4
"	" "	St. Alphonsus' "	25
"	" "	St. Francis Xavier's "	1
"	" "	St. Ignatius Loyola's "	3
"	" "	St. Patrick's Cathedral	1
Ogdensburg	Antwerp, N. Y.	St Michael's Church	4
Peoria	Streator, Ill.	Immaculate Conception "	4
St. Cloud	Collegeville, Minn.	St. John's University	7
St. Joseph	Brunswick, Mo.	St. Boniface Church	2
"	Indian Grove, "	St. Raphael's "	4
St. Louis	De Soto, "	St. Rose of Lima's "	3
"	St. Louis "	Sacred Heart Academy	7
"	" "	St. Louis' Cathedral Chapel	5
"	" "	St. Rose's Church	7
St. Paul	Kilkenny, Minn.	St. Canices' "	9
Santa Fé	Las Vegas, N. Mex.	Nuestra Senora de los Dolores' "	1
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal.	Notre Dame Convent	31
"	" "	St. Ignatius Loyola's Church	8
"	Santa Rosa "	St. Rose's "	9
"	San Francisco, "	St. Ignatius' "	4
Savannah	Macon, Ga	St. Stanislas' Novitiate	2
Scranton	Great Bend, Pa.	St. Lawrence's Church	3
"	Hazleton, Pa.	St. Gabriel's "	1
"	Little Meadows, Pa.	St. Thomas Aquinas' "	10

Total number of Receptions, 60.

Number of Diplomas, 342.

CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, JUNE, 1897.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for **Filial Submission to the Sovereign Pontiff,** for the intentions of the Apostleship throughout the world, and for these particular intentions recommended by the American Associates.

1	*T.*	St. Ronan, Bp. (VI. Century).	Love retirement.	235,311 thanksgivings.
2	*W.*	B. Mary Ann of Jesus (1645).—SS. Marcellin and Comp., MM. (304).	Practise self-denial.	80,607 in affliction.
3	*Th.*	Octave of Ascension. — St. Clotilde, Q (France, 545).—Pr. H. H.	Pray for soldiers.	90,230 sick, infirm.
4	*F.*	**First Friday.**—St. Francis Caracciolo, F. (1608). —1st D., A.C.	Heed holy inspirations	90,883 dead Associates.
5	*S.*	Vigil.—St. Boniface, Bp. M. (754).	Pray for Germany.	79,062 League Centres.
6	**S.**	**Whitsunday.**—Pentecost.—A.I.. B.M.	Honor the Holy Ghost.	59,021 Directors.
7	*M.*	Whit-Monday.—St. Robert, Ab. (1139).	Spirit of faith.	53 721 Promoters.
8	*T.*	Whit-Tuesday.—St. Medard, Bp. (545).	Spirit of thanksgiving.	222,150 departed.
9	*W.*	Ember Day. — SS. Primus and Felician, BB., MM. (286).	Spirit of joy.	159,013 perseverance.
10	*Th.*	St. Margaret, W. Q. (Scotland, 1093).—H.H.	Spirit of simplicity.	334,686 young persons.
11	*F.*	Ember Day.	Console the afflicted.	88,406 First Communions.
12	*S.*	Ember Day.—St. John Facundus (O.S.A., 1479).	Reparation.	113,383 parents.
13	**S.**	**Trinity Sunday.**—St. Anthony of Padua (O.S.F., 1231).—A.I., B.M.	Honor the Trinity.	134,564 families.
14	*M.*	St. Basil, Bp. D. (379).	Zeal for the faith.	95,546 reconciliations.
15	*T.*	St. Barnabas, Ap.(61).—June 11.)—Our Lady of the Way (S.J.)	Patience in trials.	142,682 work, means.
16	*W.*	St. John Francis Regis (S.J., 1640).	Pray for the ignorant.	234,818 clergy.
17	*Th.*	**Corpus Christi.**—St. Botolph, Ab. (655).—A.I., B.M., H.H.	Repair sacrileges.	192,800 religious.
18	*F.*	SS. Mark and Marcellian, Brothers, MM. (286).	Guard the senses.	197,421 seminarists, novices.
19	*S.*	St. Juliana Falconieri, V. (1340).	Visit the B. Sacrament.	109,744 vocations
20	**S.**	**2d after Pentecost.** — BB. Pacheco and Comp., S.J., M.M. (1626).—C.R.	Confidence in God.	47,017 parishes.
21	*M.*	St. Aloysius, Patron of Youth, (S.J., 1591).	Love of purity.	93,006 schools.
22	*T.*	St. Paulinus, Bp. (353).—St Alban, M. (303).	Guard the heart.	92,537 superiors.
23	*W.*	St. Etheldreda, Q. (679).	Despise the world.	83,010 missions, retreats.
24	*Th.*	Nativity of St. John Baptist.—Octave of Corpus Christi —A.I., B.M., H.H.	Spirit of penance.	61,324 societies, works.
25	*F.*	**Sacred Heart of Jesus.**—St. William, Ab. (1142 . 1st D., A.C.	Apostolic spirit.	453,681 conversions, sinners.
26	*S.*	SS. John and Paul, Brothers, MM. (352).	Fraternal union,	159,712 intemperate.
27	**S.**	**3d after Pentecost.**—St. Ladislas, K. (Hungary, 1095).	Pray for happy death.	166,837 spiritual favors.
28	*M.*	St. Irenæus, Bp. M. (Lyons, 205).	Pray for France.	147,698 temporal favors.
29	*T.*	SS. Peter and Paul, App. (67).—Pr., A.I., A.S., A.C., B.M.	Obey Christ's Vicar.	228,870 special, various.
30	*W.*	Commemoration of St. Paul, Apostle.	Live for Christ.	MESSENGER readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship.* (D.—*Degrees,* Pr.—*Promoters,* C. R.—*Communion of Reparation,* H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A. C.—*Archconfraternity;* S.—*Sodality;* B. M.—*Bona Mors;* A. I.—*Apostolic Indulgence;* A. S.—*Apostleship of Study;* S. S.—*St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society;* B. I.—*Bridgettine Indulgence.*

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	93,546	11. Masses heard	212,321
2. Beads	447,091	12. Mortifications	230,749
3. Way of the Cross	97,367	13. Works of Mercy	116,892
4. Holy Communions	77,136	14. Works of Zeal	193,822
5. Spiritual Communions	451,828	15. Prayers	5,468,134
6. Examens of Conscience	177,715	16. Kindly Conversation	73,105
7. Hours of Labor	870,773	17. Sufferings, Afflictions	58,379
8. Hours of Silence	246,832	18. Self-conquest	143,328
9. Pious Reading	122,613	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	2,225,059
10. Masses read	11,022	20. Various Good Works	1,012,354

Special Thanksgivings, 1,556; Total, 12,330,622.

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar,* MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

"To love God, and to love nothing but Him; or, if we love something else, it must be loved only in Him and for Him. It is this which constitutes the felicity of the saints in heaven, and it must also be the merit of those who strive to be such on earth. However slight our attachment to creatures may be, it slackens the cord which binds us to God; we withdraw from the latter what we give to the former. This great God owns no sympathy with a divided heart; He seeks to possess without division and without reserve."—ST. JOHN BERCHMANS.

ST. JOHN BERCHMANS,
Patron of Youth.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXII. AUGUST, 1897. No. 8.

BALLADE OF OUR LADY'S MANTLE.

By Joseph J. Keating, S.J.

FAINT blue, far blue, blue of the braes,
In the early twilight, limpid, cold;
Hill-top tints in the autumn days;
Light that the violet's leaves enfold;
Hyacinth-glimmer in wood and wold,
Or the shade, mid-deep, in the opal seen,
Azure, the fairest that earth doth hold—
May it vie with thy mantle, Mother and Queen?

Dark blue, blue of the ocean bays,
In the headland's shadow, sheer and bold,
Or the fleeting tinge in the mid-sea's blaze,
When a cloud-drift dark o'er the sun hath rolled;
The mere that the feet of the mountains mould,
Lit in each curve with a glancing sheen,
Or the fringe of the rainbow sky-enscrolled—
May it vie with thy mantle, Mother and Queen?

Pale blue, setting for Hesper's rays
In the west, or ever the eve is old;
Ultramarine, which the light inlays
Of a million midnight points of gold;
Blue air-channels of depth untold,
The noon-lit islands of cloud between;
The hue where night into dawn hath shoaled—
May it vie with thy mantle, Mother and Queen?

ENVOI.

O thou with the star-light aureoled!
Nought in creation's wide demesne,
Search we ever so longing-souled
May vie with thy mantle, Mother and Queen?

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THE LANDING OF ST. AUGUSTIN IN ENGLAND.

By Rev. Father Felix, O.S.B.

(*Continued.*)

THE first encouragement received by St. Augustin for his unvarying labors was the conversion of King Ethelbert. The event was brought about through the pious example of Bertha, the queen-spouse, in conjunction with the spotless lives and the earnest entreaties of Augustin and his companions, and the prayers of the saintly pontiff in the Eternal City. Ethelbert was baptized with great solemnity in St. Martin's Church, near Canterbury.

Almost three hundred years had elapsed since Pope Sylvester baptized Constantine, who restored peace and religious liberty to Christ's followers, exalted God's Church, and trampled Roman idolatry and paganism in the dust. Similar to that of the great emperor was the conversion of Clovis, who, through the divine assistance, conquered the Alemanni beyond the Rhine, and, faithful to his vow, received the waters of regeneration with thousands of Franks from the hands of Bishop Remigius, at Rheims, one hundred years before Ethelbert's baptism, thus laying the foundation of Christianity in France, and acquiring for that land the enviable distinction of being the "eldest daughter of the Church."

The Saxon King's conversion and its influence upon the Anglo-Saxon tribes of the Heptarchy, since he was its Bretwalda, cannot be overestimated. Accustomed to bestow almost divine honors upon their rulers, the Saxons, in great numbers, flocked to the ministers of the Gospel, and eagerly opened their hearts to the influence of truth and grace, in pious imitation of their sovereign. Thus was the infant Church planted, and, in an incredibly short period, she had grown and spread her branches, sheltering all those who came to her.

While the work of Christianizing was being promoted and advanced by his associates, Augustin recrossed the channel to receive the episcopal consecration from Virginius the Bishop of Arles, the former Abbot of Lerins. Arles was at that time the seat of the Primate of all France. This may have been the reason why Augustin travelled such a distance to be elevated to the episcopacy.

On his return to England, his heart was gladdened by the promising harvest which the faithful monks had begun to reap. On Christmas Day, 597, more than ten thousand Saxons received the sacrament of Baptism in the Swale, the channel which divides the Isle of Sheppey from the mainland. Augustin himself vigorously centralized his energy in the city of Canterbury, the established ecclesiastical metropolis of England. In this city, besides the ancient Christian church of St. Martin, near the royal residence, were the remains of a Roman basilica. The latter was given to Augustin, and converted by him into a monastery, and near the former he erected the famous cathedral, and, as if to leave the Bishop the same isolated dignity in Canterbury as the Pope held in Rome, Ethelbert built himself a new palace at the old Roman fortress of Reguldium, at the northern entrance of the Wantsume channel. Dean Stanley has pointed out this grant of house and land to Augustin as a step of immense importance in English history, because it was the first instance in England of an endowment by the State.

The present cathedral of Canterbury is in the hands of the Anglican sectarians,

and was constructed by Lanfranc in the eleventh century, upon the site granted by Ethelbert. This sanctuary yet bears traces of the Catholic era, and the chair of St. Augustin, still preserved (see illustration in May number), was occupied by men renowned for learning and sanctity. With the exception of the Papal See, no other in all Europe can enumerate a greater number of saints and scholars than the metropolitan See of Canterbury.

dation for the present scholastic system of philosophy and theology (1093–1109), St. Thomas Becket, the martyr (1162–1170), Stephen Langton (1207–1228), St. Bradwardin, the *doctor profundus* (1349).

Ethelbert presented also to Augustin a pagan temple which bore traces of once having been a Christian church. He consecrated it to St. Pancras, since the Roman boy saint was dear to the Italian monks, for the monastery of St. Andrew on Mount Coelius in Rome was

OLD CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTIN, NOW CHAPTER HOUSE—OBSERVATORY, ABBEY OF ST. AUGUSTIN.

Cardinal Reginald Pole was the last of the seventy successors of Augustin, and with him died the Catholic era. The remaining twenty-five to the present incumbent belong to Protestant times Let me mention a few of the illustrious pontiffs, and their names will suggest the height of learning and piety achieved even in the "Dark Ages." St. Mellitus (619–624), St. Justus (624–630), St. Theodore (668–690), St. Dunstan (959–988), Lanfranc (1070–1089), St. Anselm, the learned philosopher, who laid the foun-

previously in possession of the Saint's family, and, subsequently, as already stated, was purchased by Gordian, the father of St. Gregory, who, in turn, gave it to the monks at Monte Cassino. Upon this place Augustin then built the famous Benedictine Abbey, one of the most opulent and venerated sanctuaries in all Christendom, which later was to bear his own name, St. Augustin.

Only a few remaining ruins, a beautiful gateway, the Abbot's hall, and a few scattered pillars from the church attest

the former grandeur of this institution. Like other monastic homes in England, the abbey fell a prey to the lustful and avaricious King Henry VIII. In the ages of prosperity it had exercised a powerful influence over the whole of Europe. It was the cradle of saints, great bishops and doctors. Pope Leo IX., in 1055, conferred upon the Abbot of Canterbury the privilege of sitting in the first place after the Abbot of Monte Cassino in General Council.

From the banks of the Tiber, the Common Father of Christianity was watching the progress of his spiritual sons in the British Isle. The joy of his heart was intense when he heard the glad tidings of the beginning of conversions, and, in a vast correspondence, which he has left us, he gives a most perfect and faithful image of his mind and life. To Augustin he writes: "Glory be to God in the highest; glory to that God who would not reign alone in heaven, whose death is our life, whose weakness is our strength, whose suffering cures our sufferings, whose love sends us to seek even in the Island of Britain for brothers whom we knew not, whose goodness causes us to find those whom we sought for, while yet we knew them not! Who can express the exultation of all faithful hearts now that the English nation, through the grace of God and thy brotherly labor, is illumined by the divine light and tramples under foot the idols which it ignorantly worshipped, in order that it may now bow down before the true God?" He then conveys into the East the happy news which reached him from the extreme West. He writes to the Patriarch of Alexandria: "You announced to me the conversion of your heretics—the concord of your faithful people. . . . I make you a return in kind, because I know you will rejoice in my joy and that you have aided me with your prayers. Know then, that the nation of the *Angles*, situated at the extreme *angle* of the world, had, till now, continued in idolatry, worshipping stocks and stones. God inspired me to send thither a monk of my monastery here, to preach the Gospel to them. This monk, whom I caused to be ordained bishop by the Frankish bishops, has penetrated to this nation at the uttermost ends of the earth, and I have now received tidings of the happy success of his enterprise. He and his companions have wrought miracles that seem to come near to those of the Apostles themselves, and more than ten thousand Angles have been baptized by them at more than one time."

The two monks, Lawrence and Peter, were subsequently sent to Rome by St. Augustin. They related to the great Pontiff the marvellous virtues of Queen Bertha; her maternal love for the missionaries, and her apostolic zeal in propagating the faith. St. Gregory directed most affectionate words to her, comparing her to glorious Helena, the mother of Constantine, and pointed out to the world how much Christian women might co-operate in the spread of the Gospel. "We bless the Almighty," he writes to Bertha, "who has reserved for you the conversion of England;" and then the great Pontiff adds words which even to-day many a Catholic woman may take to heart, and which may rouse her to her duties as wife and mother: "Already for a long time it must have been your endeavor to turn, with the prudence of a true Christian, the heart of your husband towards the faith, that you profess, for his own well-being and for that of his kingdom. Well instructed and pious as you are, this duty must not have been to you either tedious or difficult. Strengthen in the mind of your noble husband his devotion to the Christian faith; pour into his heart the love of God; inflame him with zeal for the complete conversion of his subjects, so that he may make an offering to Almighty God by your love and your devotion. I pray God that the completion of your work may make the angels

ST. AUGUSTIN'S, RAMSGATE—FROM CEMETERY, FACING SOUTH.

in heaven feel the same joy which I already owe to you on earth." Only one more quotation from his exposition of the book of Job: "Look at that Britain whose tongue has uttered only savage sounds, but now echoes the hallelujah of the Hebrews! Behold the furious sea; it gently smoothes itself beneath the feet of the saints! These savage clans that the princes of the earth could not subdue by the sword, see them enchained by the simple word of the priest! That people which, while yet pagan, defied undauntedly the arms and renown of our soldiers, trembles at the speech of the humble and weak. It knows fear now, but it is the fear of sin, and all its desires are centered on glory everlasting."

As a vigilant father, St. Gregory gave most careful instructions how to govern the pagans. He directs the missionaries that the temples of the idols are by no means to be destroyed, but purified by holy water and fitted up as churches, and that the heathen sacrifices of oxen should be converted into feasts in honor of saints and martyrs. "To the end that, by having some outward joys continued to them, they may more easily agree to accept the true inward joys. For assuredly it is impossible to cut away all things at once from minds hardened by evil customs, just as the man who strives to reach the summit of perfection climbs by steps and paces, not by leaps and bounds." Many traces of this policy are still apparent in the ideas and customs that survive in England, and in the very language of the Church which calls its greatest festival by the name of a goddess of the heathen Anglo-Saxons, Easter, for Eastro, a goddess whose festival was in April.

The faith which St. Augustin brought to the island is plain from Venerable Bede's ecclesiastical history, which says that those monks imitated the lives of the apostles in frequent prayers, fastings and watching, serving God and preaching the word of life with diligence. They taught religious vows, the excel-

lence of perpetual chastity; confession of sins to a priest, the precept of fasting on Fridays and in Lent, the veneration of relics, which was confirmed by God by divers miracles; the invocation of the saints, purgatory, praying for the dead, holy water and holy oil, both recommended by miracles; altars of stone, chalices, altar cloths, the sacrifice of the Mass, a number of lights burning day and night at saints' shrines, pictures of our Saviour, of our Lady, crosses of gold and silver, the Holy Eucharist reserved, and called the true Body of Christ; exorcism, blessing with the sign of the cross, the supremacy of the Pope, to whom all the greater causes were referred, by whose authority bishops were to preach to heathens, and whom Bede calls the Bishop of the whole world. How does the Anglican faith of to-day compare with this?

The last commission of the Pope to Augustin seems to have been to confer with the British bishops of Wales and to urge them on, that they might unite in the common work of evangelizing the heathen. Through the influence of Ethelbert he met them in conference at a place called Augustin's Oak. From the demands of St. Augustin upon the British Christians, it is evident that their faith was one with the faith which he brought from Rome. He demanded of them only three things: Charity towards the English, and conformity in two points of discipline. Any difference of faith would undoubtedly have been mentioned by Augustin at once. It has been historically proven, to the enlightenment of our separated brethren, that the Britons confessed that the faith of Augustin was truth itself. They, themselves, had lived in perpetual intercourse and communion with the churches of Gaul and Rome. This is evident from the Council of Arles. Pope Celestine had sent Palladius to preach to the Scots and St. Patrick to the Irish. St. Ninian, a Briton, studied at Rome before he preached in his own country, where he died in 432. We must also bear in

LODGE CHAPEL OF ST. AUGUSTIN'S CHURCH.

mind that the primitive Christians were watchful and jealous in preserving the purity of faith derived from Christ and His apostles. The dispute which arose between St. Augustin and them was, consequently, not concerning the primacy of the Pope, as some foolish minds think, but the celebration of Easter, in which they obstinately preferred their own traditions to the judgment of all the churches, and Augustin, thereupon, proposed to appeal to God by the test of a miracle. A blind man, having been brought before the British bishops, without result, was restored to sight by the prayers of Augustin. The Britons confessed that Augustin was the preacher of truth, but they insisted upon a second conference, at which learned men from the great monastery of Bangor-in-the-Wood, near Chester, were present. At this second conference Augustin said that he would tolerate all other customs, provided they would accept the Catholic usages of Easter and Baptism and join him in preaching the Gospel. Relying upon the superstitious saying of an old hermit, they refused all these things and even to receive him as their Bishop.

Augustin thereupon assumed a threatening tone and foretold that, if they would not have peace with their brethren, God would send them war with their enemies, and if they would not preach the way of life to the English they would suffer death by their hands. And so it happened. A few years later Adelfrid, King of Northumbria, overthrew the Britons with great slaughter near Chester and massacred the monks of Bangor who were praying on the field of battle.

The fact that the Britons refused aid in the conversion of the Saxon tribes did not discourage Augustin. It would be difficult to assign any other reason for that strange conduct of theirs than, perhaps, national pride or ambition or, possibly, fear of the bold Teutonic invaders. Though an Archbishop, Augustin continued the noble work begun. Travelling from place to place, from town to town, he instructed, baptized and confirmed the pagans in the true faith; but his life's career was now drawing to a close. Feeling that he soon would have to render an account before the Eternal Judge, and not wishing to leave his followers orphans, he conferred upon the monk Lawrence the episcopal consecration and appointed him his successor to the metropolitan See of Canterbury. In the year 604 he died. Some historians assert that in the same year Pope Gregory went to his reward. Thus two great men had passed away, to whom all England, in fact all English-speaking nations, now scattered over the entire globe, should render eternal thanks. Their lives, actions, precepts are perpetuated in the English character, and whatsoever good may be possessed by the Anglican sectarian in his separation from God's Church, he is indebted for it to Gregory and Augustin.

Is it not surprising to find malignant tongues slandering the saintly character of Augustin? We concede he was inferior to the powerful genius of Gregory, yet he was an obedient disciple and son of his, executing all mandates to the letter. If he did not succeed in uniting the British Christians to the Anglo-Saxons in his lifetime, the fault was not his, but far be it from us to argue, as Protestant historians delight to do, that "the Briton did not wish to bend his neck under the Roman yoke," and that they did not desire to acknowledge the Papal authority. Again I assert that there was no difference in faith, but difference in discipline and nationality only.

Augustin was buried in the abbey he built, but later his sacred remains were removed to Christ's Cathedral at Canterbury, in which were also venerated the relics of numerous saints, bishops, abbots, doctors, as SS. Anselm, Dunstan, Thomas Becket, up to the time of dissolution when the sacred

ashes and tombs were profaned, stripped of their ornaments of gold and jewels, and, as worthless, thrown to the winds.

After Augustin's death the noble work of conversion continued. The great Northern Kingdom of Northumbria under Edwin was converted in 627 by Paulinus, one of Augustin's comrades, who was appointed first Archbishop of York. Whilst Edwin was Bretwalda, East Anglia was also converted in 632. New missionaries from Rome converted the West Saxons in 636. Mercia, whose heathen King, Penda, had slain in battle two Northumbrian Bretwaldas and three Christian Kings of East Anglia, but who was defeated and slain in turn by Oswald's brother Oswy in 655, became Christian under Peada, the son of Penda. It was from Northumbria also that Christianity was carried to the South Saxons, and their conversion was completed by Wilfrid, Bishop of York, in 680. Thus all the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms had become Christian within a hundred years of the landing of Augustin; and, in the early years of the eighth century, English Christianity was fully organized, and its results were felt throughout society and the state.

It is not my scope to give a history of Catholicism in England, yet I may point to the immortal work which the Church has accomplished in that great nation. From the ages of faith date the grand cathedrals of Canterbury, Durham, Winchester, Carlisle, Ely, Norwich, Rochester, and the monastic buildings still extant at Bristol, Chester, Gloucester, Oxford and Peterborough, and the grand Westminster Abbey, the tomb of the great men of England. These still point to Catholic times, and though now no longer in the hands of the sons of the true faith, still their memories are sweet. The greatest schools, colleges, academies, universities—as at Cambridge, Oxford—are Catholic, at least in their noble founders. Yes, the very occupant of the throne of England, if true to the national traditions, should bear the Papal title, "Defender of the Faith."

What the ancient missionaries and monks accomplished in England is better told by others. Let me only quote the opinion of Kemble: "Far from giving themselves only to prayer and manual labor, they cultivated and propagated all the sciences and literature which the world, up to their times, possessed. Their first abodes were soon changed by force of things into cathedrals, cities, rural, and urban colonies, destined to be the centres of schools, libraries and workshops, and strongholds for the newly converted families and tribes. Around these monastic cathedrals and principal monasteries, cities were soon formed which stand to this day, and in which were seen to spring up those municipal liberties whose vital guarantees are yet bound up with the names of magistrates delegated to defend and use them. The monasteries were then the centres whence missionaries went forth to the rural stations in order to baptize, preach, and celebrate all the rites of worship, and they returned to them in order to refresh themselves in study and prayer."

From these powerful fountains of divine grace the Anglo-Saxon monks, when they had no longer a field of their own for conversion, sought the lands beyond the sea. As once their Saxon forefathers invaded with sword and fire the British Isle, so they in turn invaded the Teutonic homes of their ancestors with the cross and the word of God. Thus it came about, through the mercy of God, that many lands owe their conversion to the Anglo-Saxon missionaries—a St. Werenfrid preached in Friesland and St. Willibrord is venerated as the Apostle of that land. In Holland we find St. Engelmund, and St. Lebwin, preaching the Gospel. Gregory II. deputed Boniface, formerly called Winfrid, to the apostolate of Germany, though before him many other monks had crossed from England to the Continent to bring the

light of the Gospel to that Germanic nation from which the torrent of barbarians called the Goths, Vandals, Rugi, Heruli and others, once rushed upon the provinces of the Roman Empire. Yet amongst these missionaries towered Boniface, the greatest of them all.

From the nunneries of England came St. Lioba, St. Walburga, St. Thecla, whose virtues and sanctity bestowed a brilliant light upon the newly founded Church in Germany. Such, then, was the effect of the great work begun by St. Augustin.

"Let us then," says Montalembert "preserve intact our admiration and our gratitude for the first missionary—the first bishop and abbot of the English people. Let us give our meed of applause to that council which a century and a half after his death decreed that his name should be always invoked in the litanies after that of Gregory, because it is he who, sent by our Father Gregory, first carried to the English nation the Sacrament of Baptism and the knowledge of the heavenly country."

JEANNE D'ARC.

FROM ROUEN TO ROME.

By John A. Mooney, LL.D.

(*Continued.*)

"WE have burned a saint; we are ruined!" So spake Jean Thiessart to one, to another—to all who would listen—as, pensively, he made his way through the crowd, that, satiated, or sickened, with the odor of the Maid's burning flesh, hurried out of the market-place of Rouen into the neighboring streets. No common man was Jean Thiessart, but, indeed, the secretary of the King of England.

On the morrow, among courtiers, soldiers, clerics and townfolk, there were whisperings about other strange sayings and doings. It was reported, and the story was true, that, as Jean was riding to the scaffold, Loiseleur—the miserable fellow who, conspiring against her life, had lied to her—jumped on the moving car. Overcome by remorse, he sought the pardon of her whom he had so gravely injured; but the guards cast him off, and, as he lay on the ground, buffeted him, and, were it not for the officers, would have killed him. Why should he, who had endeavored, by the vilest means, to convict the girl of heresy and of sorcery, kneel at her feet, imploring? Did he know her to be innocent? Perhaps Jean Thiessart was right, and they had burned a saint.

The story of the executioner, every one knew. Wherever he turned, he saw a bleeding heart. The waters of the Seine had not hidden the heart from his view. Quaking, he had presented himself to the clergy. "God will never pardon me," he cried, and cried again, as he told how the oil and the sulphur had failed, and how he found the Maid's heart, sound and whole. Could it be that they had burned a saint! Would ruin follow!

During the process, Jeanne had spoken words which no one who heard them, or who heard of them, could forget. On February 24, at the third public session, turning to Cauchon, she thus addressed him: "You say you are my judge; beware of what you do, for, verily, I am sent by God, and you are putting yourself in great danger." At the solemn session of May 2, when, in the presence of sixty-three consultors, the Bishop of Beauvais tried to force a plea of guilty from her, threatening her with punishment by fire, the Maid warned him once again: "If you do to

me what you say, beware! for evil shall come to your body and to your soul." And on the last day of her life, as Cauchon, visiting her in the jail, tried to extort from her a renunciation of her claim to a heavenly mission, her answer was a refusal and a summons: "Bishop, through you I die. I appeal from you to God!" If they had burned a saint, Cauchon and his abettors might well feel anxious as they recalled the Maid's admonitions and her fearless appeal to the divine Seat of Justice.

Neither Cauchon, nor his criminal tools, had greater cause for alarm than had their cruel masters, the English deputies of the boy king, Henry VI. Warning her wicked judge, menacing him with the vengeance of God, the Maid had also prophesied the ruination of the invaders of her fatherland. During the fifth public interrogatory, on March 1, 1431, enthused by the memory of the letter she addressed to the English king and his regent, two years earlier, on the eve of her departure from Blois to rescue Orleans, she uttered these ominous words: "Before seven years have passed, the English shall pay a forfeit much larger than that of Orleans. They will suffer a loss greater than any they have suffered in France; and this loss will come to them through a grand victory which God will send to the French." "How do you know this?" asked Cauchon; to whom the Maid answered: "I know it by revelation. This shall happen within seven years, and I should regret its not happening long before the expiration of that time." Cauchon plied her with questions, and again he demanded: "How do you know these things will happen?" Whereupon she replied: "I know these things through SS. Catharine and Margaret."

Seventeen days later, when the judges commanded her to deny the reality of her heavenly visions and voices, the Maid prophesied once more, with these words: "As to the good deeds I have done, and as to my mission, I leave them to the King of Heaven, who sent me to Charles, son of Charles, King of France, who shall be King of France. You shall see the French gain a great advantage, soon; so great that almost the whole kingdom will be wondrously commoved. I say this, in order that when it happens, men may remember that I said it." Were these vain words? Or were they inspired by heaven—messages to a saint from SS. Catharine and Margaret? If Jean Thiessart, witnessing the Maid's death, formed a just conclusion, then, well may the English be troubled about the future.

As Jeanne said, so it happened. Six months after her murder, desiring to tone up the waning courage of his army and to impress upon the French people the might and resolve of England, the Duke of Bedford challenged once more the right of Charles to the French throne. Pompously, Henry VI. was anointed and crowned King of France, at Paris, on December 17, 1431, by the Cardinal of Winchester. The effect of this ceremonious display in the capital did not equal their hopes, and the English leaders began to lose faith in the success of their cause. Could they have made terms with the French king, they would have done so, gladly. Charles, however, showed unusual firmness. He fought the enemy at every point; and though he did not fight incessantly, with might and main, as Jeanne always counselled, still he fought; now winning, now losing, a battle, but constantly gaining ground. At length he had determined that the foreigner should be driven out of the whole of France.

Not alone in the field did the English suffer reverses. Philip of Burgundy turned against Bedford, a year after the crowning of Henry VI. at Paris. Patriotism was not the motive that influenced Philip. Interest prompted him to abandon the English, but he did not join hands with Charles. He was not averse to forming a union with his old enemy,

provided he could have the best of the bargain. The King negotiated with the Duke, while delaying an agreement in the hope that, showing no anxiety, Burgundy might be induced to lessen his demands. In time the pressure from friends in France and outside of France, compelled Charles to yield; and in September, 1435, the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy buried their enmities before the altar of the Church of St. Wast, at Arras. A week earlier, death had deprived the English of their great leader, Bedford. The loss of their powerful ally, the Duke of Burgundy, was only the beginning of the end. Seven months later they paid a forfeit much larger than that of Orleans, and suffered a loss greater than any they had suffered in France. On April 13, 1436, Paris surrendered to the forces of Charles VII., and amid cries of: "Long live the King"—"Accursed be the English!" the French entered the capital which had been held by the enemies of the Crown during eighteen long years. Thus was the prophecy of Jeanne in part fulfilled. The term of seven years had not closed—indeed the sixth year had barely opened, counting from the day on which she foretold the grand victory that God would send to the French. And when it happened as she said, there were men who remembered the Maid's words; and among these, not a few recalled the saying of Jean Thiessart: "We have burned a saint; we are ruined."

Over the capture of Paris, the whole kingdom was "wondrously commoved." The King put on a new manhood; he grew firmer, bolder, more energetic. At the head of his army, he charged with a spirit like unto that of the young peasant maiden of Domremy. Less subservient to the royal Council, he directed the affairs of his kingdom, and, while pushing back the invader, reorganized his forces. Eight years after the taking of the capital, he consented, at Tours, to sign a truce with the English. From 1444 to 1449, he labored, seriously and wisely, to undo the evil effects of the long wars, consolidating his power, securing to his subjects the benefits of orderly government, encouraging agriculture and the industries that can flourish only where peace reigns. When, on March 24, 1449, the English broke the truce of Tours, they had a new France to cope with.

Into the stronghold of the usurpers, Normandy, the French army marched, Charles himself commanding. Fortress after fortress surrendered. From siege to siege, the King advanced, victory ever accompanying him. On the sixth of October he summoned Rouen to open its gates. The inhabitants accepted the terms offered them, but the Duke of Somerset, who had succeeded Bedford as Lieutenant of Henry VI., made a show of defending the city. On the hill of St. Catharine it was that, on the nineteenth of the month, Charles planted his artillery. Ten days later Somerset capitulated. Regardless of snow and of biting frosts, the King besieged Harfleur. A month afterwards, the English surrendered. In the Spring of 1450, reinforcements came from England, but they availed nothing. Each month, increasing the conquests, increased also the courage and the enthusiasm of the French army. On June 5, they invested Caen, the second great city of Normandy. The Duke of Somerset, here, as at Rouen, defended as best he could; but the French attack was irresistible, and, on the nineteenth day of the siege, he was compelled to capitulate once again. Cherbourg fell on the twelfth of August—a date that marks the ruin of the English in Normandy.

A province, ample and rich, Guyenne, still acknowledged, as, ever since Philip the Fair's imprudently generous concession, it had acknowledged, the dominion of the English. Faithful to his purpose of driving the invader out of the whole of France, Charles, within a month after the capture of Cherbourg, sent a goodly force into Guyenne, under skilful leaders. Before Winter had set in, many towns were freed from English rule. In

the Spring of 1451, the French re-opened the campaign and vanquished all opposition. On the twelfth of June, Bordeaux submitted; on the twentieth of August, Bayonne ceased to resist. Thus Guyenne, too, was freed from the yoke of the foreigner. However, this conquest was not final. Resenting the unreasonable exactions of certain French officials, the inhabitants of Bordeaux secretly agreed with the English, in 1452, to betray the city into their hands. A considerable force sailed from England, and, on October 22, entered Bordeaux. Though they recovered several towns in the neighborhood, Charles held the English in check until the June following, when, at the head of his army, he put the invader on the defensive. At Castillon, where, on July 17, 1453, they lost their leader, Lord Talbot, the English suffered an irremediable defeat. Bordeaux still held out; but, besieged by land and sea, it submitted for the second, and last time, on the ninth of October.

"Do SS. Catharine and Margaret hate the English?" was a question asked of the Maid by her wily judge, during the trial at Rouen. Very simply she answered: "They love what our Lord loves, and hate what He hates" A question no less artful followed: "Does God hate the English?" The Maid's response we may fitly recall now: "Of God's love or hate of the English, and of what He does with their souls, I know nothing whatsoever, but well do I know that they will be expelled from France—except those who shall die on its soil." Twenty-two years and six months have run by. The English have been expelled from France—all of them, except only those who died on its soil. They are ruined, as Jean Thiessart lamented they would be, on the day he declared they had burned a saint. And Charles, son of Charles, King of France, to whom the Maid was sent, "by the King of Heaven," with the promise that he should be King of France, *is*, at length, the King of France—united France.

As Jeanne foretold, beginning with the first day on which she publicly announced her mission from heaven, so it befell the English invader. How fared it with Cauchon and his abettors who maligned her, persecuted her, burned her? Did evil come to them, as she warned them that evil would? Hearing the facts, each listener may form his own judgment. While she stood on the scaffold, in the market-place at Rouen, Master Nicolas Midi preached at her, using language ill-befitting the moment, or the person of the innocent girl. Master Midi was a luminary of the University of Paris. A henchman of Cauchon, he had been among the first of those chosen by the Bishop to contrive the process and to secure the conviction of the Maid. Gossips had not ceased talking over the incidents of her execution, when Nicholas Midi was stricken with leprosy. We have seen Loiseleur on the ground, beside the executioner's car, and the English soldiers beating him. They would have killed him rather than that he should obtain from the Maid the pardon he asked for. Loiseleur's was a base soul. Not only had he deceived Jeanne, conspiring with Cauchon to make her conviction sure, but when the inhuman Bishop would have tortured the girl, he was one of a cowardly three who voted: Aye. At Bâle, Loiseleur's life was snuffed out, like a candle flame in the whirl of the wind. Cauchon's chief agent, Jean d'Estivet, canon of the diocese of Beauvais, the merciless prosecutor and persecutor of the Maid, from the day she fell under his heavy hand until the hour in which the fagots were lighted beneath her girlish body—Jean d' Estivet's corpse was found—not in the Seine, but in a sewer. When Paris was captured by the French, the infamous Cauchon—traitor as well as murderer—was there, a witness to the fulfilment of his saintly victim's prophecy. How he schemed to get the Maid away from the Burgundians we know. Then and afterwards, every act of his

was inspired by an unholy ambition. When Jeanne revived the patriotism of the French people, the inhabitants of Beauvais took the King's side; and as Cauchon, then Bishop of Beauvais, supported the cause of the foreign invader, his flock refused him, not only obedience, but even a home in the city. In England, he found a patron: the Cardinal of Winchester. The archiepiscopal See of Rouen was vacant. With the English cardinal's influence, Cauchon hoped to obtain this valuable prize. To make sure of this influence, he violated all law, unjustly trying and unjustly executing Jeanne d' Arc. Thus effecting what the English cardinal, as well as the military leaders, desired, he had good reason for thinking that he had earned a right to their favor. Of petty honors, his patron was not chary; but his ambition to rule the See of an archbishop was never gratified. Six years after the taking of Paris, ruin came to him. While in the act of shaving, incontinently his soul parted from his body, at the summons of the Judge to whose justice Jeanne appealed, as against the injustice of the Bishop of Beauvais. As Cauchon fell to the ground, well might it be that he heard a voice, repeating, as during the years a voice had often repeated, the parting words of the Maid: "Bishop, through you I die; I appeal from you to God."

The Cardinal of Winchester, the political prelate who ordered that the ashes of the bones of Jeanne d'Arc, as well as her bleeding heart, should be cast into the Seine, died in his bed. Those who stood nigh to him on the morning of the Maid's execution, related that, as she prayed aloud, he could not hold back his tears. Many a time after that sad day, the Cardinal had cause for weeping. Through the enmity of his own nephew, the Duke of Gloucester, he was practically exiled from England during two whole years. His wealth, and his willingness to loan money to the King, as often as it was demanded, preserved him from misfortunes greater than the loss of influence at Court. On his deathbed —so it was reported—the patron of Cauchon, the man who incited him to deprive a chaste and generous heroine of her life, and who looked on while the flames consumed her—all save her heart —that man, losing life, "lamented that money could not purchase life."

Henry VI. of England, in whose name were perpetrated all the wrongs Jeanne the Maid suffered, had not completed his tenth year when she was burned in the fish market of Rouen. Ruined in France, as we have seen, Henry was afterwards more completely ruined at home. In the same year that Charles conquered Guyenne, and thus constituted the kingdom Jeanne was commissioned to found, Henry lost his mind; and he recovered it only to lose his liberty. Twice imprisoned by rebellious subjects, denounced by Parliament as an usurper, his crown declared forfeited, compelled to sue for aid from the French, whose country he had assailed, coveting its crown —an outcast, heartbroken by the murder of his son and heir, Henry VI. met death at the hand of an assassin. Ruin like unto this even Jean Thiessart cannot have foreseen.

On account of the obstacles they placed in her way from the day she first entered Chinon until her capture at Compiègne, we shall do the royal Council no injustice if we number its members among the Maid's enemies. Against the Council's will, I dare maintain that Jeanne d'Arc saved the kingdom of France. Seeking to discredit her while she led them from victory to victory, they deserted her when she was captured. Abandoned by the men whom she had made great, the Maid died friendless at Rouen. They seemed to ratify the verdict of Cauchon, and with the English, to denounce her as a heretic, a sorceress, and a deceiver. Chiefest among these cowards, if not criminals, was the first minister of the King, Georges de la Trémoille, baron of Sully, a false heart, who, neither un-

friendly to the Burgundians, nor wholly inimical to the English, had controlled the policy and, indeed, the person of Charles. Envy, greed and ambition had impelled La Trémoille to oppose the Maid's plans. Evil came to his gross body, and, of all places, at Chinon, in the very castle where Jeanne first met the Dauphin. There, at the end of June, 1433, a crowd of conspiring nobles attacked the baron while he lay abed. They slashed his head, stabbed him in the belly, and then jailed him. He was permitted to purchase his life, but Charles banished him from the Court. Though the King had no knowledge of the plot against his first minister he could not regret the incident which relieved him of a tyrannical master. The Council that replaced La Trémoille's neither sought nor obtained control of the King. As the events we have recorded plainly show, with a new Council, France gained a new Charles.

If the Council proved false, was not Charles true to the Maid? Surely he, to whom she brought the succor of the King of Heaven; he, whom she anointed and crowned at Rheims; he, to whom she gave a kingdom, an army, subjects, as well as a crown; he, for whom she risked her life and shed her blood, did not abandon her! The truth is not always flattering to human nature, and, if the truth must be told, even Charles abandoned the heroic girl to whom he owed a debt incalculable. In vain have historians searched for the proofs of his gratitude or of his justice to his heroic benefactor. Not one single shred of evidence, favoring him, has been discovered. To ransom her from the English he made no effort; against her unjust trial he entered no protest. Of indignation or grief there is no sign. And yet, to the last, she was true to her King. Often during the trial she spoke of him reverently. Her saints had revealed to her knowledge that would rejoice him, and she longed for an opportunity to make him the partner of her secrets. Not once did she complain of his neglect. Of patriotism and loyalty, never has there been a nobler, loftier, manlier exemplar than Jeanne the Maid. On the twenty-fourth of May, 1431, the day on which Cauchon's agents cheated her by the substitution of a false "confession," as she stood facing the crowd in the cemetery of St. Ouen, Guillaume Érard, doctor of the University, the preacher selected to expose, correct and censure her errors, denounced her King as a heretic and a schismatic. To emphasize his words he addressed the Maid directly: "Jeanne, it is to you I speak," and here he pointed his finger at her. "To you I say that your King is a heretic and a schismatic." Jeanne did not permit him to proceed, but, interrupting him, before the vast assembly, she exclaimed loudly: "By my faith, and with due reverence, I dare to say to you, and to swear it on my life, that he is the most noble Christian of all Christians, and the one who most loves the faith and the Church, and he is in no wise what you say." Six days later, when, before mounting the pyre, she kneeled on the ground, beseeching our Saviour and the angels and saints to have pity on her, the Maid did not forget the King: "Let not my King be accused," she prayed, sobbing. "In what I did, he was not involved, and should I have done wrong, he is innocent." If the Cardinal of Winchester shed tears—and it was rumored that he did—while listening to these expressions of tender, hearty loyalty, need we be astonished! Had even Cauchon wept I should not wonder.

Nineteen years after Jeanne's pathetic manifestation of chivalrous fidelity, the King of France showed the first sign of gratitude to his benefactor, and of abiding faith in her heavenly mission. Perhaps, entering Rouen, and looking upon the place where her uncorrupted body was consumed as a punishment for great service rendered to him, the memories of her unselfish, her noble deeds, awakened

remorse in his soul. Perhaps, too, he learned then, for the first time, from eye-witnesses, how foully she had been abused, and how shamefully the forms of law had been violated in order to insure her conviction as an infamous criminal. Whether moved by regret, pride, sympathy, or by a sense of duty. the fact is that, on the fifteenth day of February, 1450, three months after the capture of Rouen, Charles commissioned Guillaume Bouillé, dean of the chapter of Rouen, and a former rector of the University of Paris, to inquire how and why Jeanne the Maid was tried and condemned.

"Whereas, some time ago," thus wrote King Charles, "Jeanne the Maid was captured and seized by our ancient enemies and adversaries, the English, and was brought into the city of Rouen, and by certain persons to this end deputed, an action was entered against her; and whereas, during the trial of the said action, many faults and abuses were by those persons done and committed; and, whereas, finally, on account of the great hate our aforesaid enemies bore her, iniquitously and unreasonably, and most cruelly, they put her to death; and because we desire to know the truth concerning the aforesaid process; we order, command, and expressly enjoin that you shall well and diligently inform yourself about the aforesaid matter." To this end Guillaume Bouillé was authorized to take possession of the documents relating to the trial, and to use all legal means to obtain the said documents from those who held them, and to call upon all the King's officials and subjects to aid in acquiring the said documents.

The former rector of the University of Paris discovered in Rouen seven of those who had taken part in the trial of Jeanne the Maid, or who had assisted at her execution in the fish market. Their testimony he reported in due form to the King, who submitted it to a number of theologians and canonists. By these experts he was advised that the Maid, having been tried by a tribunal which pretended to be ecclesiastical, and having been adjudged guilty of an ecclesiastical offence, he could not right the wrong done to her, if, as appeared, wrong had been done. Only at Rome could justice be sought, in the Court of Appeal of which the Pope is the deciding judge.

In 1452 Cardinal d'Estouteville, as legate of Pope Nicholas V., exercised a special authority in France. To examine into the case of Jeanne d'Arc, he had no mandate. Still, at the King's request, the Cardinal opened an inquiry, unofficial though none the less formal and comprehensive. Through a delegate, twenty witnesses were interrogated, and their testimony having been sifted and weighed by doctors of approved learning, not only in France but also at Rome, a petition was presented to the Holy See, asking for a juridical review of the Maid's process.

This request placed the Pope in a delicate position. Cardinal d'Estouteville having acted at the request of the King of France, the Cardinal's inquiry could not be accepted at Rome except as the King's inquiry. Pleading, as a King, Charles appeared to be the accuser of the King of England, Henry VI., by whose order the Maid had been tried, and with whose consent and, indeed, by whose command she had been burned at the stake. Condemned under the forms of ecclesiastical law, Jeanne had been burned in pursuance of an ordinance of the English law. The King of England could not be expected to submit to a decision unfavorable to himself, without attempting to influence the Holy See. Threats of reprisal, or even of schism, were not improbable. Thus, instead of settling a judicial question, there was danger of the Pope's being involved in a political quarrel. Charles recognized his error and withdrew from the case. Thereupon. the Maid's venerable mother Isabelle, and the Maid's brothers, Pierre and Jean, and a number of their relatives, petitioned the Holy See to appoint

a commission, before whom they might produce legal evidence proving that Jeanne had been wickedly condemned. Honor is dearer than life; wherefore, they desired to recover the Maid's honor, of which the English had robbed her. The mark of infamy unjustly stamped upon themselves, her family wished also to remove. In support of their petition, they charged that the Maid was not tried according to the regular forms of law; that the testimony adduced against her did not warrant a conviction; that she was denied her right of appeal to the Apostolic See; and that the whole process was null, and the sentence iniquitous.

To Calixtus III., the petition of Jeanne's mother and brothers was duly presented, and on June 11, 1455, just two months and three days after his election to the Papal chair, this illustrious Pontiff, in a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Rheims, and to the Bishops of Paris and of Coutances, nominated a commission to review Jeanne's process. These ecclesiastics were empowered and ordered, citing witnesses, to hear both sides of the case; and, having procured and considered all the requisite testimony, to render a final sentence, binding under pain of ecclesiastical censures.

The last cry of the Maid: "Jesu! Jesu!" was heard in paradise, by the King who entrusted her with a glorious mission—the one King who never deserts a loyal friend. "Shed no tears for the Maid," I said as the tongues of fire lapped her flesh on the pyre at Rouen, "believe firmly that the God of heaven will aid her still." In His court justice has already been done to her. At Rome, in the court of the Vicar of Christ, justice shall be done to her. There, the honor of the dead is esteemed as highly as the honor of the living. There, if the mark of infamy has been unjustly stamped upon any Christian through the abuse of the sacred law of the Church, the shameful mark will be effaced; there, the calumniators will be censured; and honor, priceless honor, will be restored for all time and in all lands. The awful wrongs inflicted at Rouen upon the "child of God," Jeanne the Maid, will surely be righted at Rome.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

By J. Marié.

IT is a most quaint little cottage in a quaint Canadian village. Honeysuckle and violet, wild and sweet, cluster round the rough-hewn porch as though glad to linger there, conscious that this primitive home is the home of love and so their proper resting place, for, should not flowers always bloom where love abides?

Seated at the piano in the square, low-ceiled parlor, dressed in a plain stuff gown and check apron is the young housewife, her soft dark eyes half laughing, half serious as her fingers fly deftly over the keys—quite as deftly as they kneaded bread an hour or two before. At her side, still in his overalls, stands her husband, violin in hand, his rough face softened with the light of tenderness as he touches caressingly the strings of his instrument, ever and anon murmuring words of encouragement and praise to his young wife.

On a cot (which, by the way, answers the purpose of a divan during the day—it is never by any possibility called by the prosaic name of sofa) lies a fair-haired little lassie about six years of age. The cot is in a large sitting room just off the parlor. There is no curtain

between, so the light of the big lamp by the piano falls with flickering ray upon the sweet face of the child, who has fallen asleep with a bunch of honeysuckle in her tiny hand

It is a picture worthy of any artist who truly loves the quaint and single and pure in life, and what true artist does not?

The music—well, perhaps the less said about that the better, though it, too, has a peculiar charm of mingled pathos and brightness, all its own.

"How sunny our life is, Jeannette; how thankful we should be for our many blessings," exclaims Pierre as the last strains of his violin die away.

"Yes, indeed, Pierre; but," she adds, a frightened look crossing her face which a moment before had been so merry, "I sometimes fear it cannot last! It seems almost too blessed for earth. We have scarcely a shadow upon our lives, my Pierre."

"Joy is God's as well as sorrow, Jeannette."

"Yes, I know; in one sense even more so, for God is joy. He wished creation to be simply the reflection of the infinite home destined for His creatures; but oh, I wonder if it is because we were meant to live ever in sunshine that we shrink from shadow so!"

"Why, what an April spirit you are to-night, wife dear, one moment all smiles, the next—"

"Wait a minute, Jules, just wait," interrupts a sleepy childish voice. "I'm only a little girl, and ———" but the words die away in slumber.

"Just listen," exclaims Jeannette, "there is Jeanne talking again in her sleep," and she hurries to the cot, her face bright once more with tender amusement.

"My merry little lassie," murmurs Pierre as he joins his wife bending over their child, "so you are dreaming of your play even in your slumbers, pet."

"Hush, do not wake her, dear," whispers the mother, "she often talks in her sleep. Bless her little heart! She had a most exciting time to-day playing hide-and-go-seek with her little playmates. She and Jules—Mme Fernet's boy, you know—were looking for the others, and he, boy-like, was running from place to place, poor Jeanne getting quite out of breath trying to keep up with him. 'Wait a minute, Jules, I'm only a little girl,' she would say pathetically, 'but I'm comin', I'm comin'.' It was so cunning I could not help laughing though all alone."

"Be careful of that hill," her husband replies, placing his arm affectionately around her as he leads her back to the piano, "Jeanne is too little to rush down so steep a hill—even with Jules," he adds laughing, "especially as he certainly does not appear to be much of a protector. It seems to me our young daughter is beginning rather young to dream of young gentlemen. I fear we will have our hands full when she grows up; eh, little mother?"

Dear Jeannette and Pierre! how happy you are to-night; how unconscious that the shadow which the mother dimly fears is so soon to cross the threshold of your home, only to blight, it would seem, the fairest flower there, but in reality to crush it, only that it may yield sweeter fragrance than before.

* * *

Anxious faces flit to and fro in the sweet brier cottage by the lake. Jeanne has met with an accident. In the heedlessness of play she has fallen, striking her head against a large stone at the foot of the hill, and now she lies, white and unconscious, upon the bed. Weary days and weary nights come and go, and still Jeanne lies moaning with fever and pain. But a morning dawns when the little sufferer is better—better in every way, save one.

Very softly Jeannette steals to the bed where she lies asleep, one arm thrown above her head close to the auburn curls which lie rumpled across the pillow, her lips parted in the beautiful

smile one sees so often in slumbering children, as if angels were whispering to them secrets which only such pure little hearts can comprehend. The dark lashes sweep softly the white cheeks which have grown thinner, making the childish face oval instead of round.

"Is that you, mamma?" she asks, stirring uneasily.

"Yes, my darling, what is it you want?"

"Nothing; I just like to feel you are there, my own mamma;" and the tiny fingers feel, with touch that has grown strangely delicate, the face of the mother she cannot see—Jeanne is blind!

* * *

Not a leaf is stirring; the water rushing softly along makes scarcely a ripple upon the calm surface of the lake. All is quiet as a prayer, as Jeannette slips noiselessly out of the cottage at twilight, and, hastening, soon reaches the village chapel where so many humble hearts find rest. The rough stone-door stands ever ajar as if to invite all who pass by to enter in.

"O Thou who biddest the weary and heavy-laden to come to Thee, help me, comfort me!" she prays, as she kneels at the foot of the altar, the light of the Sanctuary lamp shining like a star of hope above her bowed head.

Over the altar is a beautiful painting of the Presentation in the Temple. The figure of the venerable Simeon is full of dignity, the face expressive of such mingled pathos and awe that it has often seemed to Jeannette as though she could almost hear the words of fearful prediction which tell the Virgin Mother of the future sufferings of her Child. "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce."

The words have new meaning, added depth, to the mother shrinking at the vision of her own little one's affliction.

"Sinless, yet human; a broken-hearted human mother like me," she murmurs, "yet her peace unshaken even as she offers her Son, her God to suffer all."

And thus as she kneels humbly before Him in His silent Tabernacle, the divine Son Himself teaches her, from the example of His own blessed Mother, the lesson she so much needs, that even purely human hearts—even a mother's heart—when strengthened by Him, have courage to accept suffering, not alone for themselves, but what is far harder, for those they love most—nay more—strength even to *offer* them if need be to the sword of keenest sorrow.

* * *

It is two years later, and noon of an October day. The sun shines brightly upon the fields where harvesters are gathered reaping the hay. The tall, angular forms of the New England women in their straight-up-and-down print calicos, and large, untrimmed straw hats shading their rather hard yet not unkind faces, flit to and fro among the tender, dark-eyed French women in their picturesque half-peasant costume, their not unmusical patois interspersed with broken English, mingling with the peculiar twang of their Yankee sisters. The long grass and colored leaves of the trees swaying in the light, cool breeze, the bleating of the sheep, and soft "moo, moo" of the cows make the scene a strikingly quaint and pretty, as well as characteristic one.

A group of merry children is near the harvesters, their blithe voices and cheery laughter making one happy only to hear them. In the midst stands a little girl dressed in pink gingham and sunbonnet of white, her curls shining like gold in the sun—the brightest, merriest, prettiest little lassie of all. It is Jeanne.

"Now we will play blind-man's buff," she cries, "someone will lead me, and Belle can be 'It.'" "No, no," she says as several rush forward at once to claim her hand. "One at a time, you know; come Jules," and, giving her hand to a bright-looking boy, some years her senior, she manages to scramble about deftly, if a little uncertainly, the others

careful not to knock against the little blind favorite everyone loves.

"You will not have to blindfold me, will you?" she says, laughing.

It is pathetic to hear her make, whenever she can, a joke of the affliction which even those who loved her best feared would still forever the winning merriment so characteristic of her bright nature. But Jeanne is still merry, only she is a thoughtful little Jeanne, too. One sees no trace of the thoughtlessness which had been so marked, even in her earliest years, as to cause her mother anxiety.

"It might hurt God's feelings if I got cross over it, might it not, mamma?" she said one day. And Jeannette, smiling tenderly at the quaint question, thought that if only grown people would have a little thought about "God's feelings," how much better and happier the world would be.

"It would be just as if I called you—you, my own mamma—horrid," continued the child as though following a train of thought which had been puzzling her, "when you put the drops in my eyes that smart so much that I cry sometimes. I do try very hard not to," she interrupted pleadingly, "though I know all the time, it is just to make me better, and that you would rather be hurt, oh, ten billion times more yourself, my own dear mamma! and our dearest Lord did get a great deal more hurted, didn't He?" she softly added.

"Waal, that's what I call a sarmon," thought old Jane Cruikshanks—"the Grumbler" she is commonly called—who had reached the piazza just in time to overhear this child-view of suffering. "It kinder makes you feel queer, Jane, doesn't it," she soliloquized, "guess you think yourself superior to the Almighty, Jane Cruikshanks, specially when you have the rheumatiz. If I was Him—no disrespect meant," she added, suddenly conscious that this way of thinking might not be altogether reverent, "if I was Him, I kinder think I'd just blow us presumshus creeturs right up instead of waitin' and gettin' jest wounded like."

"Good morning, Miss Cruikshanks," said Jeanne in her courteous way, "won't you come in?"

"Marcy me! Whatever am I standin' here fur," exclaimed Jane. "Beg pardon, Mrs. Lee Brune—(Le Brun is the name). I was ——"

"Oh, that's all right, Jane," interrupted Jeannette. "Jeanne recognized your steps at once. Is your rheumatism better?"

"Yes, thank ye kindly ma'am, so I jest stopped over with these pansies. I know the little one likes the smell of 'em."

"Yes indeed," exclaimed the child, "are they the yellow or the purple pansies, mamma?" and as she buried her little face in the bouquet and Jane noted how like in color to the deep violet of the pansies are the beautiful sightless eyes that in spite of their pathetic, vacant look brighten with the light of welcome whenever she—yes, even she, poor grumbling Jane Cruikshanks whom no one but the blind child ever welcomes—comes to see her, the hard face grew wonderfully soft, and, taking out the large check handkerchief which is just as much part of her daily costume as the neat white kerchief around her neck, she surreptitiously wiped her eyes.

"Why the Lord afflicts a sweet innocent like you," she began, but stopped abashed by the quick look of reproach and surprise which crossed the child's face. "I beg your pardon, Miss," she stammered, "I forgot that your—your God has feelins!" and she stumbled awkwardly out of the room, "too uncomfortable like to stay another live instant," as she confidentially confessed later.

"That babe has more sense in her small head than all the theological gentlemin I ever seen," she informed her neighbors that afternoon.

And even Betsy Ann, Jane's greatest enemy was forced to admit that "somethin' must have come over Cruikshanks,

for she sartainly is gettin' more agreeabler like."

* * *

"Good morning, Monsieur le Curé," says Pierre one morning, as the tall form of a venerable looking man enters the garden gate. "Jeannette has gone up stairs with Jeanne but will be down in a moment. Ah, here she is now."

"Just in time to welcome you, mon Père," says Jeannette as, coming forward, she bids him be seated.

"I just stopped in for a moment," answers the Curé. "I have a great favor to ask. You know Philip Jackson, do you not?"

"Philip Jackson," exclaimed Jeannette and Pierre simultaneously, "that hardened character! Yes, indeed! I imagine he has made himself pretty well known to every one around this village. What of him?"

"He is dying," replies the priest very quietly.

"Dying!"

"Yes. He met with an accident a few days ago and though the doctor says there is no immediate danger, he may die at any time."

"Have you seen him?" asked Pierre.

The old priest shakes his head sadly

"No; and there seems slight chance of my ever doing so. The mere mention of my name, the doctor tells me, angers and excites him. 'I tell you I won't see him,' he said, 'what do I want with those meddling priests? I tell you I don't believe and what is more I don't want to.' Listen Jeannette. Do you remember how you asked me the time your great trouble came why the good God afflicted your innocent little one so terribly, and I told you to wait and see; that light would surely come out of this darkness, else God would never have permitted it; that to those who love Him trials are not chastisements but graces?"

"I remember, I remember," murmurs Jeannette, "each detail of those terrible days seems graven upon my mind in letters of fire."

And she tells him of that evening when she knelt alone before the altar, the words of Simeon ringing through her own broken heart: "Thy own soul a sword shall pierce that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed. Ah, I understood those words as I never did before, mon Père, and—I think I know what it is you wish. You want our angel child to go—to that hardened sinner."

"You have guessed rightly, my daughter. The example of your patient, afflicted little child has done more to spiritualize the homely lives of our villagers than all the labors and preaching of my years of service have done," he humbly added. "Take the example of poor old Jane Cruikshanks I declare it is wonderful to see how softened and how considerate of others she has become. 'Mon-sur,' she said to me one evening. 'Mon-sur, I'd jest like to be the faith of that ere child; the religion that can make her what she is must be worth somethin', no matter what folkes say.'

"Then, there is that unfortunate François who had taken to drink. He told me he had never been so ashamed in his life as the day he came to see you, Pierre, and you spoke sternly to him about meeting him intoxicated again, and Jeanne, whose presence for the moment you had quite forgotten, interrupted.—'Oh, I am sure he will not do so again, papa. You forgot yesterday, did you not, François? for, of course, you wouldn't hurt the good God's feelings if you had stopped to think a moment. It wouldn't be polite, you know. But do think, François, do think, and you will go to-day, this very day, to Monsieur le Curé, will you not, François?'

"'What could a man do, I would like to know,' he said to me afterwards, 'with those wonderful eyes looking straight at him as though they could see right inside of his wicked old heart and know all that is going on in there, for all they are so blind—as blind as my poor soul has been, mon Père,' he added, pathetically. Ah, my good Jeannette,"

says the Curé, as he rose to go, "you are not to grieve too much over your little one's darkness, for out of it is coming much light; out of many hearts

The solemn words, the beautiful light in the priest's face, awe both Jeannette and Pierre. "And a little child shall lead them," Pierre quotes a little brok-

'MY GOD! DON'T; I'M NOT FIT, I'M NOT FIT," HE CRIES.

thoughts are being indeed revealed; the deep inner thoughts which lie hidden in every human soul, however hardened, but which so often seem to wait the touch of a little child, to waken from the slumber threatening to numb forever the conscience, the immortal soul!"

enly. "Jeanne shall see Philip to-morrow, to-day, if you like."

* * *

A broken staircase, in a hut not far from the cottage, leads to a poverty-stricken room at the top of the miserable abode.

"It is no use, I tell you," cries an angry voice, "you see to my body, will you? Leave my soul to take care of itself. There is no God, no heaven, no hell."

Jeanne shrinks at the angry tones which reach her, though the words do not, as she and her mother climb the rickety stairs. But it is only for a moment.

"He won't mind just me, will he, mamma?"

"No, no, my darling," murmurs Jeannette, but her heart sinks a little as she knocks timidly at the door, still leading Jeanne by the hand.

"Why, Mrs. Le Brun," exclaims the doctor in genuine astonishment, the greater as he sees her little blind daughter is with her. "Ah, this is the work of that sly old Curé," thinks this big-hearted country doctor, chuckling to himself in silent glee. "He certainly does beat the devil all to pieces, that Curé of ours. I'll be hanged if he hasn't struck the right chord this time," and he watches curiously but with eyes which are not quite dry (for the heart of this rough country doctor is softer far than his words) the little scene by the straw bed Jeanne is already beside the sick man, her fear and everything else forgotten in her tender sympathy.

"Oh, I am so sorry you are so sick," she says in her simple way. "We heard you had met with an accident and were afraid you might be lonely, you know. I met with an accident once, oh, a long time ago," and she touches her eyes by way of explanation. "That is why," putting her small fingers on his face, "I must do this; it is my way of getting to know people, is it not, mamma?" and before he had had time to recover from his surprise, Philip feels the delicate touch of the little white fingers which seem like a caress upon his hardened countenance—that countenance upon which are traced lines marked by sin, but which, perhaps, has never known before the pure touch of a little child. Who can tell?

"My God! don't; I'm not fit, I'm not fit," he cries, in the first moment of utter astonishment unconsciously uttering the name of the one whose existence he had, only a few moments before, denied. "Is she an angel, doctor?" he asks in a bewildered sort of way, and the doctor smiles, for he sees that in spite of all his braggadocio, this poor sinner, in his inmost heart, knows that there is a God, and angels, and heaven.

* * *

Day after day, Jeannette and Jeanne call to see Philip, and the sick man learns to watch for their visit as the prisoner watches for the gleam of sunlight in his darkened cell.

"I am going to give you a surprise this afternoon," announces Jeanne one morning, in her sweet imperious way.

"A surprise? What kind of a surprise?" asks the invalid smiling—yes, actually smiling, though his voice is very weak to-day.

"Ah, that would be telling, you know; wait and see."

He had not long to wait. Early that afternoon she and her mother return to the hut, but this time they are not alone, for Monsieur le Curé accompanies them—it is Jeanne's surprise. Never once has it occurred to the child that it can be anything else but a delightful one; that God's own priest can be ought else but welcome. And is not every one glad to see the kind Curé who is so good to everybody and who, the villagers know, gives gladly his own meal, if necessary, to some one more needy than he?

Is it that the unsuspiciousness of the child touches Philip, or is it merely that the sweet influence of all these days has been slowly but surely preparing him for this moment?

I only know that as the priest enters the room he stretches his worn hand humbly out as if to welcome him.

"I am glad to see you," he says simply; "I'm a great sinner, I——" but the words die away in tears—tears over which the angels rejoice in heaven.

Truly, "A little child shall lead them."

* * *

Merrily the kettle boils on the kitchen fire, the unceasing "chirp, chirp," of the cricket making a sort of accompaniment as Jeannette bustles around preparing the evening meal. Jeanne does what she can to help her mother, moving about in the gentle, gliding way which somehow speaks pathetically of the blindness which has afflicted her all these years. It is twelve years since the accident and all hope of her sight being restored has long since died, even in the hopeful hearts of Jeannette and Pierre. Jeanne's fair, delicate beauty of eighteen more than fulfils the promise of her childhood. She is of medium height, slender and very graceful, the rich auburn of her hair making lovely contrast with the deep violet and dark lashes of the sightless eyes which, in spite of their blindness, seem to reflect the light of the pure soul within. His stars, her father calls them. They shine with subdued happiness and excitement to-night, and in the cottage all is bustle and eager anticipation, for Jules Fernet, Jeanne's old playmate, has just returned from Germany where he has been studying medicine for the past five years, and is expected for supper.

"I wonder if he has changed very much, mamma, or if we will find him just the same—"

"Big-hearted, honest Jules as ever," exclaims Pierre, who enters the room just in time to hear the girl's wistful words.

"Oh, papa, have you seen him?" she cried.

"Yes, indeed, and a handsomer, more stalwart looking fellow than our young medical student would be difficult to imagine. I declare I feel as proud as if it were my own boy who had graduated with the highest medical honors at twenty-three years of age; only twenty-three, just think of it!" exclaims Pierre enthusiastically. "Bless him!"

"Dear Jules," murmurs Jeanne softly. "He always blamed himself for my accident, poor boy. 'If I had held your hand that day, Jeanne,' he once said to me, 'you would never have met with that terrible fall.' And yet," she adds, more to herself than to them, "I scarcely regret it. Good, much good, the dear Curé tells me, has come from it."

"Do you know, I have always thought that was the reason why he suddenly decided to study medicine," says Pierre, not catching Jeanne's last words. "He has made special study of the eyes, you know, and ——." But Jeannette makes him a warning gesture.

Why disturb her with possible hopes which for years they have felt would be impossible ever to be realized?

"He will be here very shortly, Jeanne, darling," he says somewhat abruptly, looking at the large, old-fashioned clock over the mantel.

"Hark! I hear the sound of wheels now," exclaims the girl, and in another instant the door is thrown wide open and her little hands are clasped in the warm grasp of the big brown ones which close tenderly over them.

"Jeanne!"

"Jules!"

Neither can speak for a moment; Jeanne because an unaccountable something in her heart makes further speech impossible just then; Jules because the sight of the blind eyes lighted with that wonderful look of welcome almost unmans him.

"I am so glad to see you once more, my dear, dear boy," murmurs Jeannette, as she takes him right into her dear motherly arms. "Doctor, I suppose we will have to call you now, Jules," she adds, laughing.

What a merry, happy meal that is to-night! And Pierre notices how Jules watches with the keen glance of a physician now, the sightless eyes that turn eagerly toward him as he tells of his travels, his studies, but never, strange to say, of any future plans. But Jeannette, with the quick perception of a mother, notes that the dear eyes have a pecu-

ALBANIA AND THE SACRED HEART.

By Rev. C. Ghezzi, S.J.

II.

IT is time for us to accompany the missionaries to the Albanian mountains, there to see verified once more the promises made by our Saviour for the welfare of those who honor His Sacred Heart. One or two fathers, a lay brother, and a catechist, all mounted on old hackney horses, a guide also mounted, a packhorse carrying the portable altars and other mission furniture, make up each flying column of the "missione volante," as it is called.

In former years each of the travelling party took with him his little scrip, *i. e.*, some provision of dry figs and beans, but now this has been done away with, and divine Providence is the missionary's ever well furnished wallet. The Fathers are the guests of their spiritual children, and the mountaineers, to enjoy the longed-for happiness of having the Holy Sacrifice said in their own huts, vie with each other to entertain one or two Fathers, some days each in turn. Thus the missionary, if sometimes regaled with a somewhat better fare in the house of those who are in easier circumstances, shares also very often the scanty meal with the poorest in their humble lodgings.

The poverty of the people, however, is so great that the Fathers make it a point to reward their kind hosts with some alms. Foremost among the mission articles are the pictures. The Aristotelian aphorism, that nothing is in the intellect that has not been first in the senses, is palpably illustrated among the Albanian mountain tribes. To bring home to them the eternal truths, the Fathers exhibit some large oil pictures vividly representing the mysteries of our faith. These paintings are usually exposed at the opening of the mission to attract and entice the people to the Church, at other times some one of them is produced on a sudden during the sermon, while the missionary, pointing to it, describes it to the gaping audience in glowing words and always with great effect. "I was resolved not to go to confession," said a Komanian to the Fathers, "but when I saw and heard you explain your pictures I could not resist, and right glad am I to have yielded to grace." In the same village an old woman, who could not stand on her feet through illness, having heard her people extol the pictures, was so anxious to see them, that she had to be carried to the church, and there left to enjoy the fascinating sight.

One of these paintings represents the Sacred Heart surrounded by a motley crowd of blind, lame, and sick, of every description, who throng around their all powerful physician for cure. How many a sinful and afflicted soul found pardon and consolation before this hope-inspiring picture!

A poor woman, writes a parish priest to the Albanian *Messenger*, was dangerously ill, and utterly helpless for a long time. Sick in mind and body, she was dragging out her existence in tears and sorrow. One day she was told that the missionary, who had come to the parish, had exhibited a picture of the Sacred Heart encompassed by poor and miserable people like herself, and that in the afternoon the Father would bless all the people and consecrate them to that divine Heart. "At this news I felt," she relates, "a voice within me bidding me to have recourse to the Sacred Heart for a cure. When the bell rang for Benediction, I got up from bed and, though shivering all over with fever and tottering, I went to the church. Oh, what were my feelings at the sight of that

touching picture! I knelt before it and prayed the divine Physician to have pity on me too. Immediately the deep melancholy, that for a long time had been oppressing me, vanished and was succeeded by a great peace of mind, and when I got up from prayer I was perfectly cured.—Praise be to the Sweet Heart of Jesus! "

Another of these pictures represents a person tormented in the tongue by the devils for licentious and uncharitable talking. This image unveiled during the sermon on obscene conversations and songs at the mission given at Scutari last October, produced the salutary effect of making many of the bystanders join together in the form of a guild for the purpose of rooting out this evil. Many an Albanian minstrel, who used to entertain the people at nuptial feasts with objectionable lays, has since joined the pious league.—May they, in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, find the strength needed to act up to their promise! But to return to our missionary band.

The parishes of Ibalia, Berisha and Fira were the terminus of their first apostolic excursion. They lie in the diocese of Sapa, one of the most needy in upper Albania; its villages are scattered and perched on mountain-tops, perhaps the highest in the country and are entirely cut off from city-life, owing to their poverty and want of communication. The Christians labor here under all the disadvantages we have mentioned above. Their distance from the church, while preventing them from attending the divine service, is a great obstacle for the otherwise zealous pastor to tender his flock those spiritual ministrations they stand so much in need of. This drawback is, of course, greatly enhanced when, as it is often the case in this diocese, one priest must carry on by himself the administration of two and even three parishes.

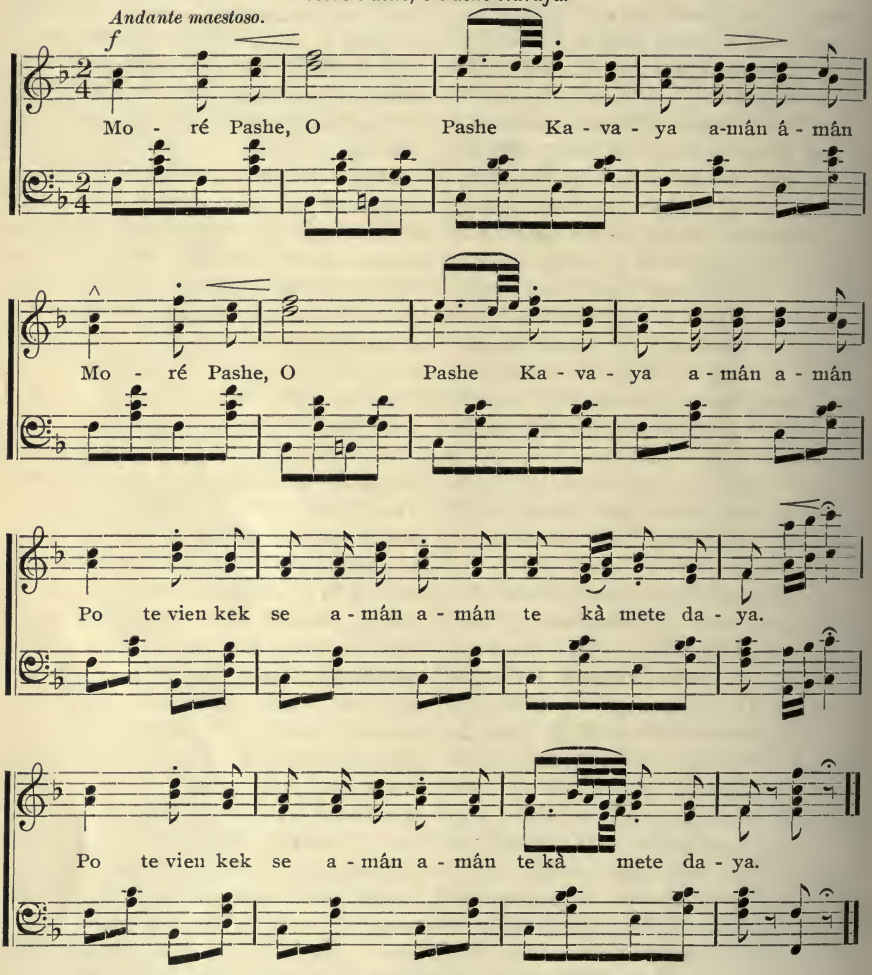
Ibalia stands on a very high peak in a charming semi-circular rocky cove, which contains the one hundred houses that make up the village. A mountain torrent runs through it and a number of silvery springs water it on all sides, a precious boon to the ground during the hot season. It is encircled by mountains and hills so variously shaped as to present a most delightful prospect to the spectator. But the moral state of its inhabitants is in great contrast with the picturesqueness of the view. Their spiritual destitution, in fact, was extreme. Poor things! They wanted religious instruction more than food. An old highlander, looking one day at the mission pictures, when he came to that of our Lord on the Cross: "Pray, tell me, Father," said he, "who is this Saint, for he seems to be the finest of the lot." "Don't you know Him? He is Jesus Christ." "Oh! Jesus Christ! But why is He on the Cross?"

Obviously Christian knowledge was here at its lowest ebb, a thing that the missionaries unhappily realized in many other places too. At Shakola, for instance, they found eight Christian families—the family on the Albanian mountains is of a patriarchal type numbering twenty persons or so—whose members knew nothing beyond the *Our Father* and the *Hail Mary*, and these, too, full of blunders. And from whom had they learned them? An old renegade one day had asked some of them whether they knew any prayer. "None," was the answer. "Well," rejoined the apostate, "I will teach you what I myself learned from my elders, and has been handed down amongst us from our ancestors." So he taught them these prayers, which they kept reciting ever since, without much understanding their meaning. Likewise at Bukemire, an old man, on being told of the arrival of the missionaries, exclaimed in his wonder: "This cannot be! 'Tis four hundred years that *we grew up utterly ignorant*, and no one has come to teach us. Will now God work a miracle in our behalf?" But let us overtake our missionaries visiting Ibalia.

The mission was begun by teaching

Albanian National Air.

"Moré Pashe, o Pashe Kavaya."


Andante maestoso.
f
Mo - ré Pashe, O Pashe Ka - va - ya a-mân á - mân
Mo - ré Pashe, O Pashe Ka - va - ya a - mân a - mân
Po te vien kek se a - mán a - mán te kà mete da - ya.
Po te vien kek se a - mán a - mán te kà mete da - ya.

Two stanzas of the War-National Song to Mahmud Pashà.

INTRODUCTION.

Moré Pashe, O Pashe Kavaya
Po te vien kek se te kà mete daya.

1.

Nuk me vien kek se me kà mete daya
Por me vien kek se u ndex kalaya.

2.

Bini yu, Merditas more
Persé Pashe met ner vorhe.

TRANSLATION.

O Pasha, Pasha of Kavaja
Are you sorry for your Uncle's death?

1. ANSWER.

No, I am not sorry for my Uncle's death
But sorry am I that they have burnt the [fortress.
2. [negrians)
Fight along, Mirditians, fight (the Monte-
Because their Pasha is dead and buried.

the Christian doctrine to the children, and this proved a most effectual means of drawing their elders to the mission-service. Allured by the hope of a medal, a rosary or a picture (rarest objects among them), the little ones flocked around the Fathers, and very soon such an emulation was roused amongst them, that they seemed never tired of learning both the doctrine and the prayers—of these the favorite one was the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, which the missionaries taught them to sing (as they are very fond of singing). They knew some sort of *Litany of Loretto*, handed down by oral tradition, but the titles were so corrupted as to be hardly recognizable, and provoked laughter. To mention some titles only, they called our Lady: Mater poilza, Mater demi-grata, Mater Moamelis, Mater sabelis, Virgo predichina, Bunia siburia.

"The Children's Mission" is the name under which this first mission has ever since been known, as their prayers and example were the instruments, in God's hands, for the conversion of their elders. To come to some brief particulars: The habit of swearing was rampant among the Ibalians. A pious league, under the name of the "League of the Sacred Heart against swearing" was started among the children for its extirpation, and, thanks to the divine Heart, their juvenile efforts were crowned with the happiest results. Other wicked practices, too, such as that of selling their maidens to the Turks and contracting unlawful marriages obtained amongst them, occasioned, no doubt, by the long contact with their Mussulman neighbors; but the Sacred Heart moved them to take vigorous measures for the rooting out of the evil. Thus the village chiefs entered into this important engagement, that: "Thenceforward no one of them would make unlawful marriages, under pain of one thousand piastres (two hundred francs) fine, of having the house burnt, and of being driven from the village until he should have dismissed his unlawful wife; and as for those who were already thus united, two months' respite was allowed them, which, being passed, the unrepenting would be outlawed and as such excluded from national gatherings, mourning, dinners, etc." Similar to this is the resolution passed by the village-chiefs of Dharda (a neighboring village on the east of Ibalia): "We, the undersigned, bind ourselves, to make ourselves responsible, that no Christian of this village shall ever promise or give his daughter in marriage to Turks. Should any one of us (which God forefend) break his plighted faith, we will have his house burnt, confiscate his lands and livestock, and drive him out of the village as a perpetual outlaw." Dharda, November, 30, 1888. Signed: The Village Chiefs.

Nor did the Sacred Heart fail to assist them to carry out such important resolutions. Soon after this an Ibalian, contrary to the promise, had taken home a woman in illegitimate wedlock. The chiefs, prevailed upon by intercession and by party-spirit, were loath to outlaw him, nay, they were on the point of foregoing their Easter duties. The missionary grieved at this news, offered up a Mass to the Sacred Heart, who, true to the promise to Blessed Margaret Mary, "gave him the power of touching those hard hearts" and shortly the evil was remedied, the criminal being publicly segregated from the rest and the repenting Ibalians receiving the Holy Sacraments.

Under such happy auspices the *Missione volante* was begun, and under the same it continues to flourish. This was the first seed, as it were, which, having fallen on good ground, moistened by the dew of heaven, and vivified by the sun of justice, keeps growing steadily into the evangelical tree, on which the birds of the air build their nests. The Sacred Heart is the true missioner of Albania.

As we have mentioned the fervor of the children for Christian instruction, we rejoice to say that this holy enthusiasm on their part has been one of the

characteristic features of every mission ever since. Our divine Master who said: "Let little children come to me, for of *them* is the kingdom of heaven," has, in His mercy, shown a love of predilection for the Albanian little ones.

"You cannot imagine," said Mgr. Troksci, Archbishop of Prizrend, to the missionaries, "how pleased I was as I traversed the country on my way to Scutari, to hear, all along the way, the little shepherds singing prayers on the mountain slopes, as if they were in the church." If the Mission had only produced among them this love for prayer, the missioners ought to consider all their labors abundantly repaid, for, as the saying of the Fathers goes: "he who prays shall be saved; he who does not pray shall be damned." The favorite prayers, however, are everywhere the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, and the Corona Aurea of the Sacred Heart. That ejaculation: "Jesus, meek and humble of Heart, make my heart like unto Thine," repeatedly said by them, seems to have a wonderful efficacy in subduing the savage feelings of the Albanian highlanders. And this is wherein the Sacred Heart principally displays His divine power, I mean in the pacifications, which are brought about at every Mission. These are the more marvellous, as each of them implies a victory over national prejudice, inveterate habit, and pride. Peace and the Christian spirit of forgiveness had nearly deserted these mountain homes; they now come back in the wake of the image of the Sacred Heart, which passes among them heralding a happy new era. We will give a few gleanings only of this plentiful harvest.

The diocese of Pulati is entrusted to the Franciscan Fathers, who, with admirable self-sacrifice and active zeal, have been working here for many centuries; so that it is, after God, due to them alone, that the faith was kept alive in this diocese, which has no secular clergy. Unhappily, their number did not always correspond to the immense needs of parishes so vast as these.

At Planti, in this part of the country, there was a Christian whose friend had been killed. Being a good-natured man, he shrank from bloodshed at first, but the shame of being reputed mean-spirited had made him resolve on taking vengeance. The reader is well acquainted with the Albanian code of honor, which brands, as a coward, him who leaves his wronged relatives and friends unavenged. The parish priest of Pulati had tried his best to induce this man to pardon, but in vain. During the Mission the stubborn man had gone to the missioner and asked to have his confession heard, but he resisted all the latter's entreaties, saying: "Honor is worth the soul." The sermon on forgiveness came. This is usually the Mission-closing sermon, and it is followed by the touching ceremony of kissing the crucifix. After a vehement peroration, the preacher, taking up the crucifix, invites all the congregation to come up to the altar and put all the wrongs they may have received and all their uncharitable thoughts into the wound of the Sacred Heart. The scenes that follow are such as to move even the most insensible to tears. They are scenes of a very strong and simple faith. All the people take part in them with a naïveté, which may astonish the reader who lives in a country where culture and refinement moderate even one's behavior in the church. The Albanian mountaineer, when moved by the sermon, does not hesitate to break out in a loud voice: "God have mercy on us! Father, we will do what you say. For the love of the Sacred Heart I will not steal any more." So in the ceremony of the crucifix, as each one nears the altar-steps, the missionary puts the question: "What sayest thou to thy crucified Lord?" "I pardon the murderer of my father," says one, and then he kisses the Sacred Side, and all the congregation repeat aloud after the Father: "Be thou forgiven, as thou dost

A MIRDITI WOMAN.

forgive! Be thou honored!" Then another follows bearing, perhaps, the scars of fresh wounds: "What sayest thou to thy Jesus nailed on the Cross for love of thee?" "I pardon my enemy, who has wounded me, burnt my house, etc." Again, all the people: "Be thou honored, be thou pardoned, etc." But, to resume our narrative. During the sermon the man was asked to forgive his friend's death for the love of the Sacred Heart, but he, shrugging his shoulders, answered: "I could pardon my father's death, but I cannot pardon the death of my friend." The missionary redoubled his entreaties, but the man, with big tears in his eyes, prepared to go out of the church. Then the parish priest and all the people joined their exhortations. The man wept like a child, but was inflexible: "I cannot, I cannot," he roared out. The preacher then, no doubt by God's inspiration, went up to him, put down the crucifix at his feet, and said: "There will I leave Him until thou shalt take it up and kiss it, as a sign of the granted pardon." Such an act caused a great sensation among the audience, and all said: "Do take up the crucifix, kiss Him, pardon for Christ's sake." The Sacred Heart had triumphed; the poor man, all bathed in tears, lifted up the crucifix, kissed it, and forgave. After this ceremony the procession was started to set up the cross of the mission. On the way the Rosary of the Sacred Heart was sung. Some people were seen crying for joy, and said they had never in their life witnessed the like.

At Pogu, a section of Planti, a young man of about twenty-five, whose parents had been murdered on the same day, had steeled his heart against the Father's pressing solicitations and even refused to grant a short truce to a poor cripple, an uncle to his foe. Meanwhile fervent prayers were offered up to the Sacred Heart and our Immaculate Mother for that blinded soul. At the sermon, therefore, when Father Pasi asked his hearers whether there was any one amongst them who wished to put all his grievances into the open Heart of his Saviour, the youth, reasonably suspecting that the preacher

CHRISTIAN LADY AT HOME.

A CHRISTIAN LADY IN SUMMER.

would turn to him as he stood just in front, hastily got up to leave the chapel. Then the Father seizing him by the arm, with his right hand, whilst holding the crucifix in the left, entreated him to kiss it. The young man refused, and was trying to break loose, but the missionary: "No, my child, I won't let go of thee until thou kiss thy Redeemer." The congregation were all up on their feet; some wept, others said aloud: "Forgive, forgive, for Christ's sake, kiss the crucifix." Others on the contrary: "Let him go, Father; the dogged fellow will never give in." But the young man had been most assiduous at the Mission and diligent in learning his prayers. He had repeated scores of times: "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, meek and humble of Heart, make my heart like unto Thine." The Sacred Heart answered that very prayer. At last he said: "For the love of Jesus, I do forgive the murderers of my parents." It was an unexpected triumph of grace!

At Giovagni, during the sermon on forgiveness, the preacher had made all grant a general pardon: then he went on to question his audience in particular, whether among them there was any one, who planned in his heart any bloody scheme against his brother. He had waited a few seconds for an answer, when he saw, within the sanctuary, close to the communion rail, a lad of eighteen, whose father had been murdered, and who, he knew, had not yet pardoned the murderer. Thereupon, the Father came down from the altar, and, crucifix in hand, begged him to pardon for the love of his Lord. The young man, proud and fiery as he was, doggedly replied: "No, Father, you do not know our customs, I cannot. I do not mind giving him one year's truce for the love of Christ, but never will I forgive him." Meanwhile all the people had stood up; some urged the young man to meekness, others, and among them his mother and other relatives, told the Father to let their kinsman go, that he would not, and should not, grant forgiveness. The contest lasted ten minutes more, until the Sacred Heart of Jesus softened that hard heart, and he yielded to grace and kissed the crucifix. After which he knelt for the blessing of

A CHRISTIAN LADY IN WINTER.

the missionary and again kissed the crucifix. Whereupon some one said: "But then, Father, you must heap the heaviest curse on the head of those who will chaff him for not having taken the blood." —"Let them chaff and mock me," was the young man's prompt and spirited reply. "I don't mind it, for I haven't pardoned for the sake of any man, but only for the sake of Jesus Christ."

not once, but ten times for the love of Jesus Christ; but the rogue, you ask me to forgive, is a Turk, who does not understand what it is to forego the pleasure of vengeance for Jesus Christ's sake: nay, he will undervalue my act, and take me for a coward to boot." The missionary, resorting to the expedient, which had proved so successful at other times, placed the crucifix at his feet and said:

ALBANIAN BEGGARS FED DAILY AT THE JESUIT COLLEGE GATE, SCUTARI.

The following fact still better illustrates the victories gained by the Sacred Heart over the rude Albanian mountaineers.

During the Mission of Gumsice, the missioner invited a mountaineer "to pardon the blood" of his nephew killed by the Turks. He surlily replied: "Father, if it were a question to pardon my Christian comrades, as all others have done, I too, would not be loath to forgive, "Look here, this is the last trial I make with thee: see thy Saviour, who implores thee, not only from the Cross, but at thy very feet: do what thou pleasest, leave Him on the ground or take Him up and kiss Him." The young man was wonder-struck, while all the others thronged around, beseeching him to pardon, so that he could resist no longer, and lifting up the crucifix, kissed Him, giving thereby generous forgiveness to his enemy.

Here, too, a woman came up to the altar and said: "They have bereft me of my husband, and left me to die in the gutter with my children; but I forgive them for the sake of Jesus Christ." Then came a heart-rending scene. Her eldest son, twelve years old, followed her to the altar, all flushed in the face and weeping; and said to his Lord nailed on the Cross: "They have brought ruin on my house but I forgive them for your sake, O my Jesus."

The next fact is given in the very words of the missionary, who related it:

We had just ended the Mission at Kalivari, and had passed on to Ciafamalit, when some Kalivarians arrived to call back their parish priest, who had come along with us. "Father," said they, "do come back with us or a good deal of the fruit of the Mission is about to be marred." What was the matter? An old man during that Mission had generously forgiven "the blood" of his friend. Now the old man's son, who had been away from home, and had returned two days after the close of the Mission, on being apprised of what his father had done, grew furious and swore he would take it upon himself alone, to do his duty towards the murdered friend. In vain had the village chiefs tried to bring him to better sentiments; he had not heard those eternal truths, which, during the Mission, change men's hearts. The good villagers then sent for the parish priest. "With him I, too, went back," writes the missionary, "having taken with me the crucifix given by His Holiness, the Pope, to our Superior. We reached Kalivari at about sunset, and next morning, accompanied by two influential persons, went to see the young man. The village chiefs, having heard of our arrival, had gathered in his house and were engaged in a friendly talk, when we reached the door. It was like an apparition. The youth colored and dared not speak. After the usual compliments the parish priest called him aside and I went after him. We began to exhort him to pardon, but in vain: we brought up to bear against him a full battery of holy considerations, but to no purpose. He drily retorted: 'I cannot, I won't forgive.' Then his old father joined us, and said: 'Look here, my son, the whole village is with Christ, thou alone art with Satan. Pardon and confess thy sins.' It was all lost on the obstinate fellow. Thereupon I," says the missionary, "remembering what Father Pasi had done in Pulati on a like occasion, took out the crucifix, put it into his hands and began reminding him of the passion of our Lord. He seemed to be moved. Then I went on: 'Well, say with me: 'I believe, O Jesus, that Thou hast died for me; I believe, that those who sin are of the devil and I have sinned so much. . . . ' He repeated this slowly two or three times. Then I prayed with him five or six times: 'O Jesus, meek and humble of Heart, make my heart like unto Thine.' This done, he was quite another man; the Sacred Heart had won the day, and the desired pardon was granted, to the common joy of all who witnessed this change at the hand of the Almighty. He confessed, and passed the night at the Presbytery, where, having met an old acquaintance, his accomplice in several desperate enterprises, who had likewise been converted during the Mission, for over one hour they kept singing prayers, which they interrupted from time to time to express their grateful wonder at the marvellous way in which the Sacred Heart had brought them to bay and conquered."

The annals of the Albanian *Missione volante* are an uninterrupted series of such favors of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Although there is some sameness in their circumstances, we think the reader will not object if we subjoin some few more from the latest accounts.

The Sceldians showed from the very first a great devotion to the Sacred Heart by offering candles and other gifts to His picture. Most fruitful was the sermon

on forgiveness. A woman, whose husband had been killed, and who had, besides, been treated with blows for demanding compensation of the damages done to her livestock, walked up to the altar and, her voice shaking with tears, kissed the crucifix and pardoned her offenders. She carried in her arms her little child, who, after having kissed the Cross, lisped out that "He, too, forgave the church, saying: "Pardon me." "But be thou pardoned." Never before, they remarked with visible emotion, had they passed such a happy day.

At Renzi a boy of ten, on being questioned what he said to the Sacred Heart: "I pardon my father's blood" he replied, his eyes streaming with big tears. Then the missionary said to him: "Dost thou pardon heartily?" "Most heartily," he

SCUTARI BEGGARS FED DAILY AT JESUIT COLLEGE GATE.

for the sake of the Sacred Heart of Jesus" and promised that when grown up he would not bear them any grudge. Also her eldest son came to the altar, and, though a little wayward at first, he, too, granted a hearty pardon to his father's murderers.

All, without exception, forgave each other and how moving it was, when the bell of "forgiveness" was tolled to see them embracing one another as they left

replied, "only for the love of Jesus Christ." "Wilt thou remember these thy words, when thou shalt be grown up and able to use a gun?" "I will, from now I give my 'bessa' (word) to Jesus." Thereupon all the audience unanimously applauded: "Be thou honored, etc."

A woman had lost her son, who had been treacherously shot, while sleeping. When kissing the Sacred Wounds she said: "I had yearned to revenge my dear

child with my own hands, but now I forgive for the love of Jesus alone;" so saying she sobbed for joy.

At Blinischi, twenty-two feuds were pacified, which for many years had been the ruin of the souls, bodies and property of those villagers. One day a mountaineer called the Father aside and said to him: "Father, am I really bound to forgive my enemy?" "First of all tell me what harm has he done thee?" "He stole my gun, and then beat me half dead." "And why? Hadst thou perhaps gone to steal anything from him?" "No, Father, he did it merely on suspicion that I had slighted him. If he had killed my brother I could pardon him 'the blood,' but this outrage cannot be forgiven, for I could never again show myself without being the jest and the butt of all, as a coward who does not know how to take revenge; now this stings me to the quick." The missionary recalled to him the example of Jesus Christ and of the saints. He listened with great attention and sobbed; then he promised he would come to the Mission. He was true to his word. During the sermon on the love of the enemies the Sacred Heart moved him; before kissing the crucifix he said aloud: "For the sake of no man would I forgive this insult, but I cannot resist Jesus Christ. I will bear patiently all the gibes and taunts that they will offer me on account of this my act, which I perform with all my heart." His example aroused two others who had remained insensible to all entreaties up to that time, to follow him.

In the Gumsice Mission the Father had tried to induce some other people to pardon, but these had kept away from the church. Among them there was one, whom we may call Paul, whose nephew had been shot. The Father had been able to have a talk with him, but, at the very mention of pardon, he flew into a rage and said he would sooner become a Turk. After the procession to set up the Mission-cross, a little crucifix and a picture of the Holy Family were distributed, one to each family. Meanwhile, Paul was nursing his rage sitting by the fire under a shed. On the one hand he wanted to have his grievances redressed by arms, on the other he felt inwardly grieved at being thus separated from the rest in the Mission service. This over, many people gathered around the fire, and endeavored to soothe the anger of Paul, but he broke out in most violent language and would not listen to them.

That afternoon, however, he went to see the missionary and the Bishop, hoping they would give him, too, the parting blessing, the little crucifix and the picture. Indeed, his heart told him he had not deserved a blessing, but he silenced its remorse by saying to himself, "how could I forgive my nephew's blood?" Both the Father and the Bishop tried once again to win him over, and at last they extorted this answer from him: that, for the love of Jesus Christ, he granted forgiveness to the father of the murderers, to these, however, only a truce, until the parish feast, next May. This partial pardon, of course, was not accepted. Meanwhile, many had come round, and one of them said to Father Pasi: "Give him the crucifix," alluding to what the Father had done at other times. Father Pasi then went unobserved to the Church to fetch the crucifix of the Mission, and, returning, placed it suddenly on the lap of Paul, saying: "It is not the Bishop, nor the missionary, who asks thee to pardon, but it is Christ Himself. I do not think thou wilt give a refusal to Jesus Christ;" whereupon cries of "kiss Him, kiss Him, forgive," arose on all sides. Paul wept. At length he rose, gave the kiss, and "the blood was forgiven." He feared, however, that the mother of the murdered youth would not consent to this pacification, but the Sacred Heart completed the favor.

The missionary had laid himself down to rest, much worn out by the day's

A TURKISH LADY IN VISITING DRESS.

work, when he was suddenly called up. It was the old woman, who had come to speak to him, led by her daughter-in-law, as she was half blind. She had come to declare her hearty pardon, and to obtain a blessing also on her family. What was her consolation when she came to know that Paul, too, had pardoned, too. Pacifications of this kind are exceedingly difficult, but the Sacred Heart inspires such generous feelings in those who make a sacrifice to Him of their affections.

Poor mountaineers! Over four hundred years, that is, since the Ottoman occupation, they have lived in the worst condition a nation could be in. Destitute of laws, and without a proper administration of justice on the part of the government, it is no wonder if, in their daily strifes and quarrels, they let themselves be guided by mutual enmities and passion. Being without priests, without churches, and therefore without religious instruction, it is nothing short of a miracle that they have not entirely lost their faith, and it is but natural they should be in the most pitiful ignorance. The scarcity of clergy is, perhaps, one of the most urgent needs of Albania, the poverty of some churches is also very great. Meanwhile the Sacred Heart has come Himself to the rescue, inspiring the members of the "*Missione volante*," with self-sacrificing zeal for the good of this sadly benighted nation.

In this way the Sacred Heart is little by little regenerating Albania. The Albanian character is gradually softened, and thirst for vengeance gives way to the milder feelings of Christian charity. As each Mission is commenced under the patronage of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of Our Lady of Lourdes, so it ends with the consecration of all the families to the Sacred Heart and to the Holy Family. The Badge of the Sacred Heart is largely distributed among them, each family is presented with the beads of our Lady, many are aggregated to the Apostleship of Prayer, the organ of which, the *Elcija* (or Albanian *Messenger*), has already entered on its seventh year. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, it is to be hoped, will carry to perfection the work of evangelization He has so well

TURKISH LADY AT HOME.

SCUTARI TURK IN GALA DRESS.

begun. He will continue His abundant help to the missionaries to overcome the difficulties with which this Mission is beset. Passing over the hard life which both the secular and the regular clergy must necessarily live among these pastoral tribes, the devil has many a time brought to play all his machinery to put an end to the "*Missione volante.*" Thus, in April, 1895, while the Fathers were working in the Mirdizia, a peremptory order from Scutari reached the Kaimakan of the Mirditi, that the Mission should be stopped and the Fathers sent back to Scutari. The evil one had prepossessed the minds of the Turks to misconstrue the pacifications achieved in the missions, and give them a political significance. The reader knows already how the follower of the Prophet finds his advantage in the anarchy and misrule that distinguish its government. But the Sacred Heart assisted the Fathers, and through the interposition of the Austro-Hungarian consul, the legal patron of Catholic communities in Albania, the order of Osman Nouri, Governor of Scutari, has been repealed. Whatever furthers the spread of the Catholic faith must necessarily be an eyesore to the Turk, the natural enemy of the Christian name, which he would gladly see stamped out of the world. Hence his deadly hatred of the missionaries. So, for instance, in 1895, when passing through Ipek, the latter were told of an ambush laid for some of them by the Turks the previous Spring: the Christians had got wind of it too late and wondered how the Fathers had come off unscathed.

Even now, while we are writing, a menacing storm is brooding on the Albanian horizon, but let us confidently hope, the Sacred Heart will very soon bid the raging elements be still. May He, too, inspire the kind readers of these articles to pray for and help with alms this mission, whose great poverty has been among the hardest obstacles the evangelical workmen have had to cope with. Finally, let us raise a hymn of praise to the loving Heart of Jesus, who gives to the missionaries the gift of touching the hard hearts of the Albanian highlanders and blesses those mountain homes where His image is exposed and honored.

A CHIEFTAIN'S WIFE IN GALA DRESS.

THE PLAGUE IN INDIA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

By Rev. Stanislas Boswing, S.J.

A peste, fame, et bello, libera nos, Domine!

THIS sacred formula embodies the thoughts, and fears, and hopes of millions of distressed minds in and about Bombay at the present hour. It is the common text of sermons, the subject of pastoral encyclicals, the topic of conversation in and out of season, the one prayer of all those, at least, that have any sense of religion left. Indeed, ears and eyes are sated with the associations of one of the most dreaded forms of death. Under such circumstances, you understand, it is no pleasurable task for a correspondent to devote a chance hour of leisure to the anatomy of the melancholy subject. Yet I shall do it, for the general reason that the interest our distant brethren take in us demands it, and for the particular one that they will, in their charity, extend to us with special fervor, the help of their prayers.

In this account I confine myself to the matter of the plague, for that is the one great calamity that is absorbing our attention at present. In fact, it is strange in some way what little thought the people of Bombay are just now giving to the other scourge, the famine, which is extending its havoc close up to their own gates. It would seem somewhat selfish, but, after all, if you are engaged in putting out a fire in your own house, you may, in good conscience, leave the burning house of your neighbor to the next man. So it is with Bombay. With this bubonic plague upon its hands, with its trade and commerce paralyzed, its finances crippled for years to come, its own inhabitants falling fast before the skeleton Reaper, it can do no more than satisfy that prime moral duty of *cura domesticorum*. And if she were only to do that! But of late the presidency, and in part the Indian government, had to come to her aid—not, however, in pecuniary respects, but by legislative enactments and by taking over from the hands of the municipal bodies the direction and enforcement of stringent sanitary measures.

Let us here discontinue these general reflections and come to facts and figures. And surely the first thing one wants to know is the exact number of the victims of the plague. Wildly differing numbers have been given even officially by the authorities as well in England as here at home. The former, in their statistics, have taken their cue from the official Bombay municipality reports. But this latter body has endeavored, from the beginning, to minimize the number in the interest of its foreign commerce. Even now, while its cooked reports are the laughing-stock of the town, it will not give in, and, as it seems, from a perverse sense of consistency, goes on playing the juggler with its plague returns. Now, the plain truth is, that up to March 24, 21,500 have died of the bubonic plague in the city of Bombay alone. The method of calculation, fully reliable and universally accepted here, is the following. The excess of mortality above the average has been taken weekly since the outbreak last September, and the sum total of such excess is the true mortuary report of the plague.

Now the average weekly mortality is less than 500 among a population of 820,000, while during the epidemic the weekly figure rose above 1900, almost the quadruple of the average. These figures, therefore, would yield in proportion one death for every forty inhabitants. But to arrive at the true proportion we must take into consideration the

enormous extent to which emigration has drained the city of its population. It is admitted on all hands that for at least six weeks fully one-half (400,000) had quitted Bombay; some newspaper authorities place the number even as high as five-eighths (500,000). If, then, we take these 300,000 to 400,000 resident inhabitants for our basis of calculation, the rate of the plague mortality will not be less than one death to every thirty persons during the space of six months. Here follows a detailed list of statistics, (from the *Bombay Times*, of India, Friday, March 5, 1897), giving an idea of the weekly inroads made by the disease:

Date	Total Mortality	Plague Mortality
29 Dec.	1853	1484
5 Jan.	1711	1217
12 "	1638	1154
19 "	1758	1257
26 "	1721	1203
2 Feb.	1648	1119
9 "	1911	1371
16 "	1728	
23 "	1650	

Of the 21,500 victims up to date, the vast majority were Hindoos, forming about two-thirds of the whole. Next come the Mahometans, representing about one-fourth. The Parsees and native Christians account for the rest. The losses of the 16,000 Europeans in Bombay are soon told; only 20 to 25 died of the plague, and of these all but four were born in India of European parents. This immunity is accounted for by their habits of cleanliness and their constitutional powers of resistance. As to the natives, certain shortcomings of their character have come to light in the most glaring manner, which will, for many years to come, prove to the world that the masses of them cannot claim even the proverbial "skin-deep" civilization. For filthiness the Hindoos certainly take the palm, and the Mahometans are a good second.

It had long been known to the European public that there were in Bombay—"the Beautiful," as it has been called of late years—numerous slums in a shocking state of filth, although this unfriendly opinion did not rest upon stronger evidence than that furnished by the nose and often gathered a considerable distance away from its object of exploration. But what was once only a region of smells has now become a panorama thrown open to the wondering eye as well. The General Sanitary Committee have condemned hundreds of huts and houses unfit for human habitation, and are daily at work in destroying them by fire or axe. Shades of Hastings and Wellington, return to us and behold your glorious progeny of civil servants and red-jackets storm these strongholds of pestilence! Judge whether the British soldier and official ever had to encounter more ghastly scenes than in the present house-to-house inspection of Bombay! But there they are, the valiant crowbar brigade, thinking less of those departed leaders than of their one rupee extra daily pay, ready to begin operations. Posting a cordon around the square of buildings, and leaving within call before the house a battery of fire-extinguishers, chemical disinfecting apparatus, and the like, they try the door. It may be well secured, but this is no proof that everything is in order within. They effect an opening, and enter in with lanterns in broad daylight. In a number of cases they find that the inmates had locked themselves in to escape the inspection. But trusting to their own wit for their guidance, the search party see that no plague-patient nor dead body is kept concealed in the house. They pass along lines of rooms, each serving for at least one family, and that without any opening but the door for light and ventilation, with the earth as a floor, sleeping, eating, living-room all in one, in this corner the inevitable fireplace formed of a few loose stones put together, in another a few tattered blankets, rolled up in the daytime, and spread upon the damp ground for beds at night—no

chairs or tables, but a wealth of kettles, rags and rubbish adorning the walls, and last of all, not an uncommon fixture at all, a broad sewer or latrine pipe opening into the room, and serving the whole year round for all the necessities of kitchen sink, bath-room and privy.

Veritably, these are human dwellings in which a European would refuse to lodge his cattle, and a greater pity it is that there have been so many of them. But, thanks to God for the plague in this respect, they have finally been unearthed, or rather, Lord Sandhurst, the noble-minded and energetic governor, has given the municipal corporation (mostly controlled by natives) to understand that this reproach to "Bombay the Beautiful," and to humanity, shall be removed. But our inspectors push bravely on, and make new discoveries. In uninhabited houses it has happened a number of times that they found abandoned corpses. The number of plague patients they find thus is very large. When, then, any of these is conveyed either in a palanquin or ambulance wagon to the hospital for rational and scientific treatment, there ensues, in most cases, a scene of lamentation among the relatives over the doom awaiting the stricken person at the hands of the hospital doctors not belonging to their caste.

In fact, the caste prejudices revealed during the plague have been something phenomenal. Some of the objections of the Hindoos to hospital treatment are the following. Their caste people could not keep the caste observances; they would have to take objectionable food, and food generally not preferred by their particular caste; some of the hospital attendants are of lower caste than themselves and their touch would be pollution; the corpses would be borne to the place of cremation by non-caste men. These are not casual instances of inhuman bigotry. They are shared in by the mass of the Hindoos, and largely also by the Mahometans. Here follows an abstract of a speech by a Mahometan Cazi (priest), delivered at a large public meeting of Mussulmans on March 13, as reported in the *Times* of India, March 16. "Cries were now being raised from the four corners of Bombay of Fire, Destroy, Break, Get away, Go out [alluding to the government measures for disinfection and segregation]. It was true that the new activity prevailed for the good of the people, but then the point was that it prevailed at a time when most of the houses in Bombay had become so many abodes of lamentation. It was not right, at this juncture, to carry off the sick from the midst of their families, and the vehicle employed to carry patients to the hospital was no more than a hearse brought to the door of one s house to take away the dead. Mothers would become frantic and take away their lives. Men's frenzy would turn them into fanatics; they would lose control over themselves. How could a husband be expected to tolerate the sight of his wife's hand being in the hand of another man (*i. e.*, the doctor's)? The 'purdah' (family harem) system would be upset, the four months and ten days of undisturbed seclusion enjoined on widows as the time of mourning and sorrow for departed husbands could hardly be observed; on the death of her husband a woman would be immediately taken away to the segregation quarters. In the hospital one could not say his prayers so and so many times a day; one would be made to drink spirits. A petition should, therefore, be presented to the government, and a copy of it forwarded to General Gatacre's Plague Committee." Thereupon a committee was appointed to draw up this petition to the government of the Presidency against the compulsory segregation of Mahometans.

All this is as much as to say: Rather let this whole city become a prey to the plague than one of our precious number be forced to break one caste observance. And still, some of the very adherents of this principle will, on other occasions,

when it serves their selfish ends of politics or the like, pour forth from public platforms the most eloquent effusions on fellow-feeling, humanity, and universal brotherhood. A system of a more ingrained egotism, a spirit more opposed to that of our Saviour, it will be hard to find in any part of the world. Such non-Christian hordes St. Paul must have had before his mind when he characterized the pagan world as foolish, dissolute, without affection, without fidelity, without mercy." Rom. i, 31. And such, too, are the millions whom the missionary has to confront with the divine command of Christian love. Well might he despair if he did not know that God does not set His Church impossible tasks, and that, as in the case of individuals, His long-suffering extends to years, so with nations He does not consider it too long to wait whole centuries for their conversion.

If we now turn our attention briefly to the history of the plague in this city, we cannot help noting some peculiar facts. It is public opinion that the authorities had not taken the slightest notice of what havoc this same plague was making in Hong Kong a short year before its outbreak here. That lesson that could have been taken, so to say, at other people's cost, and the warning that the nearness of the calamity conveyed, were all lost upon Bombay. When the first case of the disease actually occurred in our midst, no one shall ever know. As a matter of fact the first note of alarm was publicly sounded by a Catholic native Doctor, Mr. Viegas, when on September 26 he declared, in the municipal meeting, that in his practice he had met with the Hong Kong bubonic fever. Whatever the men of light and leading in the corporation and the public executive departments had heard or remembered of the symptoms, diagnosis, or fatality of the Hong Kong plague, sure it is that a number of voices put down Dr. Viegas as an alarmist, and when his cry of alarm did not cease, and while the fell disease was daily invading new quarters, these wiseacres deigned to give the subject so much thought as to discuss with much more verbiage than learning, and with more leisure than both, the preliminary question whether the identity between the Hong Kong and the Bombay fever had been scientifically established. With them, also, the wish was the father to the thought. The plague was a disagreeable customer; to the corporation at large it meant enormous expenditure; to the landlord interest represented among the city fathers a serious fall in the value of house property; to the tradespeople, cessation of business; and, if it should become known in Europe, it was sure to make fearful inroads upon the commerce of "*Urbs prima in Indis.*" So the plague was a consummation devoutly not to be wished, and accordingly our wiseacres decreed the non-existence of it. As late as the second of November or thereabout, when it had been upon us some two months, *The Times* of India, the leading local paper, devoted (9) nine whole *lines* to its daily report on the plague. In this happy-go-lucky manner Bombay, as a whole, went trudging on for another month. The only general commotion of spirits it caused during the month of November among the average European section of citizens was the greater and rather pleasant tickle of curiosity with which they awaited the morning paper, just to see how each day the number of victims would slightly leap up or down, much in the same way as during the monsoon they would muse on the readings of the rain gauge. If he was of a scientific turn, he could further regale his mind with the newspaper controversy on the burning question of the hour, whether the disease was to be designated bubonic *fever* or bubonic *plague*—on which momentous question at least one of the leading dailies, the Bombay *Gazette*, expended a prodigal amount of valuable ink. But the awakening was now at hand. December 1st brings on the end of the scholastic year.

We of St. Xavier's closed too, one or two days later, and that under circumstances of festivity that were, if anything, more grand than in preceding years. His excellency the Governor, Lord Sandhurst, had come to witness the exhibition ceremonies. He expressed himself pleased with everything, and especially so with the splendid manner in which the students, all natives, had gone through a dramatic representation of Shakespeare's "King John." With such good auguries for the next school year we broke up, and without any special thought about the plague entered retreat two days later, only that, in the last moment, we heard of the death by plague of one of our boys who had been present at the exhibition, and of the attack of another. But after the retreat we saw that Bombay had at last awakened indeed. Even the Health Department had now to admit, instead of a dozen, fifty and upwards to be the daily number of plague deaths, though this was not half the number. The weekly mortality went up by leaps of 300, so that in three or four weeks the figures rose from 700 to 1800. A little before Christmas a general panic among the natives set in and lasted to the middle of February. An extra railway service had to be arranged on both the great lines. Crowds beleaguered the railway stations for several days before their turn came to board a train. By sea the exodus was proportionately as great. Not only the chief steamship companies, like the "British India" and "Shepherd's" carried the fullest complement of passengers, but the poorer class of people entrusted themselves, in what looked like a stampede, but for the immense area of Bombay, to any native ship that came along. The statistics (official) of this exodus are as follows:

Total of excess of outward passengers by sea and land in November and December - -	171,400
Total of excess of outward passengers by sea and land in January - - - - - -	178,600
Grand total, Nov., Dec., Jan. -	350,000

Even now, a month after the great scare, one need not go far in Bombay for evidence of the depopulation of the city. Here and there in our own house, and indeed, in any orderly house, you will notice that the maintenance of the former state of cleanliness, for instance, is too much for the few and shifting servants that we were able to secure even for extra wages. The ill-condition of our little garden too, tells you that it has several times of late experienced a change of master. Of four men in the kitchen only one has remained, the other three have had to be replaced. We hear of other private European parties in town faring far worse. Think of a comfortable gentleman, just ready to drive to office, hearing that his coachman and grooms have left him to look after his horses himself, at least for that day. Or take another that comes down in the morning and finds no breakfast on the table. He calls for the waiter and no waiter answers. He goes to the kitchen and to his horror finds things there precisely in the same condition in which they had left the supper table the night before—with not the soul of a cook remaining to tell the reason why. And what shall a poor fellow do if his tailor or his barber suddenly decamps, or if, on the death of his "dhobie" (washerman) the linen is detained for disinfection or even burnt? But these, after all, are the less serious considerations. It is sadder to think that most branches of business are paralyzed. The shops that are closed are numbered by the thousand; so the houses. The foreign commerce has suffered severely; hence reduced hours of labor in the docks, and the suspension of work in some of the mills. The tramway company has curtailed its service. Labor has become considerably dearer all round and the price of food risen.

Such was in general the state of affairs in December, and the responsible authorities in the Municipal Corporation let things drift on from bad to worse till about the middle of February, when Lord Sandhurst, as the head of the Presidency

government, took the management of affairs out of their hands. But it must be said in extenuation of the remissness of the municipality that in the most important point, that of segregation, their hands were bound. They had at their disposal only the police force of which only relatively few are Europeans, and to ask this mere handful of men to challenge all the caste prejudice and fanaticism of the Bombay semi-savages by the systematic enforcement of strict sanitary measures would have been the signal for rioting and bloodshed. Everyone, however, regrets that the government stepped in only at the eleventh hour. For by the middle of February the plague has scoured every single ward of the city, rich and poor quarters alike. The question now was, not to protect one ward against another within the island, but in the superior wisdom of Lord Sandhurst, who most likely took his cue from vice-regal government, to protect the outside world against Bombay herself. Here, too, they locked the stable when the steed was stolen. In Kurrachee and Poona the plague was in full blaze already. Nevertheless, bands of medical inspectors were stationed at numerous railway junctions outside the city, who faithfully saw that not a single plague case escaped outward. For the direction of this and all the other sanitary measures the Governor appointed a committee of four, answerable only to himself. At its head he placed one of the military, no less a soldier than General Gatacre who had, a couple of years ago, so successfully conducted the campaign of Chitral and whose word, to the mind of the stolid natives, meant command. The good man evidently brought to his task an unbounded trust in the credit of the municipal treasure, and with a magnificent lavishment of its funds, which no one but the aldermen regret, he is giving the taxpayers their money back in the shape of startingly new hygienic improvements.

Thus about ten (10) new hospitals have suddenly sprung up to meet the caste prejudices of the ignorant masses, the costs of which, however, are in part defrayed by the respective communities themselves; the dumping place has been ordered to be instantly removed some five miles further away; better arrangements for the burying and cremating of the corpses have been made; a systematic house-to-house inspection is being carried out, and scores of landlords made to tremble for the fate awaiting their tumble-down plague nurseries, hitherto called human habitations. God bless General Gatacre!

Next in order let me say a few words about the causes, nature and treatment of the epidemic. It is admitted by all to be a *filth* disease, and the only question open to discussion is as to the insanitary conditions of the city that propagated the bacillus peculiar to the plague. No one here believes any more in its importation from Hong Kong. It originated in the foul subsoil water of Bombay. Now you must recall Bombay to your mind as the island that it is, measuring roughly two to four miles in breadth and ten miles long from north to south, and containing, in the southern half of its area, the compact part of the city. Now, formerly this inhabited area used to be drained of its subsoil water partly by overground channels and partly by favorable underground strata. But unfortunately, on the harbor side, the communication of these strata with the sea was cut off by the long line of piers, dock walls, and harbor embankments, all of solid stone; and on the opposite side, on the low grounds skirting the city on the west, the city sweepings and refuse have, for quite a number of years, been deposited just across the natural line of drainage. Inquiries made into that matter have lately (see *Times of India*, March 11, 1897) led to the discovery "that the refuse underneath the recent deposits had not yet been decomposed." Yet the mass of the subsoil water, standing underneath the city proper, has either percolated through that foul organic

matter or is, at least, in communication with it. All this infected water, as I have already said, finds no ready outlet to the sea, and is gradually rising higher and spreading over wider areas. Add to this the fact that a large proportion of the pure water brought into the city by the costly water works of Bombay finds its way into the ground instead of into the drains, since one of the many delectable habits of cleanliness of the natives is that of using gutters and drains for solids, and any other part of the earth's surface, in or out of doors, for liquid sewerage. Long before the plague appeared an alarming increase of deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs was noticed without satisfactory explanation of its cause. But it has all been cleared up now. The whole plague, with its mysterious antecedents, of disease and death, is now attributed, in the first place, to the want of proper drainage for the subsoil underlying the city proper.

Concerning the symptoms and course of the disease, I shall here set down what I have gathered from eye-witnesses. My chief authority is one of the Fathers of the Society that are appointed to the service of the plague stricken. I may add that the heroic men have to live apart from the rest of us, and occupy a separate building which we have to consider as being in quarantine. This being the case, I can only account it a piece of double good luck that I lately had a good hour's interview with one of them. Now the plague, as every one knows, is a febrile disease. It announces itself by shivers, pains in the limbs coming on suddenly, a peculiar distress of mind, which at times is stamped on the face, strong headache. Some of these symptoms may precede the attack from a couple of hours to two to three days. The attack is almost always signalized by high fever, the temperature rising to one hundred and five degrees and more. In the generality of cases the bubo in the groin, armpit, neck or face appears. I have been told of one particular case where this swelling in the face of the patient made his head appear double its size. In one-fourth of the cases the bubo does not appear. The eyeballs redden; the pulse and respiration become irregular.

Vomiting, of a bilious kind, is a usual accompaniment; so also constipation at the same time, though diarrhœa, is also met with. Great thirst is experienced. Above all, the characteristic comatose condition of the patient sets in. The confessor is satisfied if he can extract one conscious answer from the patient at any one visit. The disease is further described as a very painful one, especially so the agony. Some patients toss with pain and writhe themselves into a ball. In the Bombay visitation that peculiar, and, perhaps, most frightful feature of hemorrhage has occurred, that is considered the distinctive mark of the *Black Death*, and which forces the blood to flow from the mouth, nose, ears, and eyes of the patient while alive and discolors the skin of the body, either altogether, or in part, into a ghastly livid hue.

The attack often lasted two to three days before it reached its critical point, but it was often simultaneous with death in case it at once affected the action of the heart. People have been found dead in railway carriages, in their business shops or offices; some dropped dead while alighting at railway stations, others while walking in the streets. The plague assumes a very treacherous character when the bacillus does not form buboes, but does its fatal work, especially under cover of acute respiratory diseases. An extraordinarily large number of such cases have occurred here without their ever having been recorded. A notable instance of the recorded cases of this insidious kind of attack is that of the late European, Dr. Manser, the examination of whose spittle led to the discovery of the plague bacillus shortly before his death. In

about one-fourth of the cases no buboes were formed.

It is said that sixty-nine per cent. of the attacks have proved fatal; Dr. Yersin puts it down at eighty per cent.; in Kurrachee it was for two months over ninety per cent. At this moment, while the plague is diminishing in extent, it is increasing in virulence.

A number of European countries have sent scientific missions to study the plague. Also America is represented by no less a scientist than Mr. Julian Hawthorne. He has been received with becoming attentions on the part of the authorities, more, perhaps, in consideration of his literary than medical attainments. However, the story goes—which I give for what it is worth—that at the City Customs House he was charged Rs. 200 for certain anti-toxic preparations, but which the officials declared liquor. He is the only one of the members of the foreign medical mission that is said to have independently treated any plague case, and that successfully. In this connection it certainly strikes one that the two doctors that have brought the latest results of scientific medical research to bear on the plague are foreigners, Dr. Haffkine, a Russian Jew, and Dr. Yersin, a Swiss Huguenot, naturalized in France. Dr. Haffkine employs a prophylactic serum, with which he inoculates the healthy, and by which he effects the same immunity from the plague as vaccination does in respect of small-pox. By all accounts this seems to be a success. Thousands have submitted themselves to his treatment in Bombay, and a number of other stricken towns have sent him petitions to come to their help, also. The success of Dr. Yersin is not so settled a matter. But it must be remembered that he has set himself a more difficult task. His treatment purports to be a curative one. He had been for a time on the scene of the Hong Kong epidemic; of the twenty-three cases that he there treated twenty-one were cured (*Annales de l'Institut de Pasteur.*) He obtains his serum by inoculating horses with the plague poison, and he himself declares it an expensive process, as the yield of each horse is very small. Hence it came that the supply he brought on his arrival, some five weeks ago, is already exhausted. While here he has effected cures enough for Bombay to be forever thankful to him, although he has also met with some disappointing failures. But he is a thoroughly upright man, and never claimed greater merit for his cure than it really possesses. On the contrary, he publicly declared its particular deficiencies. Thus he desired it to be widely known by the friends of persons attacked, that, unless patients could be treated by him within forty-eight hours of attack their recovery, through the toxic serum, could not be speedy or sure. However this may be, he deserves the thanks of Bombay for the lives he has already saved, and possibly this, his more or less tentative process, is the first step to the eventual discovery of the master cure.

Lastly, there remains something to be said about the relations of the plague to religion and education.

In his Lenten Pastoral, dated February 21, His Grace the Archbishop of Bombay, Theodore Dalhoff, S.J., touches upon the inroads the epidemic has made upon the Catholic flock, although it must be remembered that more than half of the Goanese, that is, about one-third of the whole number of Catholics, have fled from the city. The Pastoral says: "Indeed, with the present plague, trying days have come upon us. Sadness, mourning, anxiety and fear prevail. Amongst the great number that have been snatched away by death, we have also to mourn over the loss of many fellow-Christians. In some cases entire families have been taken away in the space of a few days. And though we hope and pray daily for a speedy delivery from the affliction, we do not yet see any signs of a decrease in its severity." The chief pastor also bears

witness to the significant fact that the great visitation has brought men nearer to God. To quote his words: "Sufferings lead us also to humility and confidence in God. Do we not see in these days of afflicton how men humble themselves before Almighty God, knowing full well that human power and wisdom are unable to stem the tide of the growing evil? Now they pray frequently and fervently; assist at the adorable sacrifice of Mass, approach with a contrite heart the tribunal of penance, and receive with devotion the sacred Body of Christ." By the counsel of the Archbishop the nuns of the two congregations of the Daughters of the Holy Cross and of Jesus and Mary offered their services in behalf of the plague-stricken to the municipal commissioner. The latter, in the name of the whole town, accepted the offer with gratitude and admiration, and at once made arrangements to have the nursing work of three public plague hospitals divided among the fourteen to sixteen Sisters that came forward. I need not go into details about the exemplary fervor with which they devote themselves to their heroic work. It is enough for us to know they are Catholic Sisters true to their divine calling. But I will not pass over a public testimony given to their edifying work of charity by a wealthy Mahometan gentleman, who spoke as the representative of a committee of his co-religionists before General Gatacre in a conference about the establishment of another hospital. He said (see *Times* of India, March 11): "They had gone round the different wards, and they were much pleased to observe that the persons suffering from plague and those who were convalescent were happy and contented. They had not the slightest idea before they had visited the hospital that such tender and motherly care was taken by the nurses (Sisters) and the medical attendants. It was a mistake to call these nurses only Sisters of Mercy, because from what they had themselves seen, they were more than mothers to the sick. He assured the gallant general that, even if members of his community were to spend hundreds of rupees a day for the treatment of their sick in their own houses, they would not be able to receive a tenth part of the kind and affectionate treatment which the patient received at the hospital."

His Grace, the Archbishop, has also directed special public devotions to be held, and made particular arrangements, in certain cases, for the burying places of the plague victims. The St. Vincent's Society of the Archdiocese is also making special and strenuous endeavors towards mitigating the sufferings of the poor. The Society, besides, extends its work of charity to Poona, where His Lordship, Bishop Beiderlinden, S.J., made an urgent appeal in his Lenten Pastoral for help in feeding the *famine-stricken* neophytes from Hindooism in the numerous missionary stations of our Fathers. One of the Fathers, Father Weishaupt writes to me: "We are not yet at the height of the famine. How will it look in three to four months from now? Grain is many times dearer than it was one year ago. All maintain that many of our people will die this year in consequence of the famine. Many have even now but *one* meal a day, and these consider themselves happy; others get one meal about every second day. Of course, I cannot allow myself the usual meals, when seeing others starving. Thus I reduced my expenses and my meals to a minimum in order to save a few rupees a month for alms." I shall conclude my letter with a few statistical references to the working of the schools during the plague. Of the dozen or so of native High Schools only two have, so far, withstood the shock of the plague, and they are the Government High School and our own St. Xavier's. But it must be noted that the former, whose two divisions numbered last year over 1,200 pupils, is working now with not more than seventy boys all told on the roll, and govern-

ment refuse to close it out of policy, lest thereby they should increase the scare. Our own High School numbers at present 230 out of the 1,264 of last year. Among the closed native High Schools there are at least three that usually had each from 1,000 to 1,500 pupils, and this year could by far not reclaim 100 of them. Of the European High Schools the Cathedral (Anglican) dissolved its boarding establishment, and works with 110 day scholars in place of its former 200. St. Peter's (Protestant) has been transferred to Nasik on the Deccan. The Byculla (Protestant orphanage) had a few cases of plague among its pupils, and was ordered by the municipality to disband the day school, keeping only its boarders. The Scotch Orphanage Boarding School is the only one remaining unaffected, as it is situated in an isolated position outside the city limits, and receives only orphans. Our own St. Mary's High School (for European boarders and Christian day scholars of all classes) has divided itself into two establishments, continuing its day school in Bombay, and transferring the boarding department to Khandalla, seventy-five miles away in the Ghaut Mountains, with 135 attendants in the former, 115 in the latter, numbering together 250 out of the former total of 550 pupils. Of the three University Colleges of the city the Government College has only 60 students, and is forced to continue lectures for the same reason as the Government High School. The Wilson College (Presbyterian missionary) was dissolved in January, and then began work again on the second of March, with only 40 students. St. Xavier's College maintained from the beginning of the term, in January, a steady 110, with slight fluctuations above and below, its last year's total having been 262. Taking together the present attendance of St. Xavier's in school and college we get a total of 340 as against the grand total of 1526 of last year. On the whole, therefore, we consider that we have plenty to thank Almighty God for, as by His favor we are passing through the ordeal with the least losses. But with regard to all the other trials, to which God has subjected us by His scourges of plague and famine, we must, in love and thankfulness, adore the hand that is chastising us. "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of God."

TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

SOME very devout lines bearing the above title were printed in the *Handbook of the Confraternity of the Servants of the Holy Ghost* by a very holy priest, the Rev. Dr. Rawes, one of the Oblates of St. Charles, Bayswater, London, who died some ten years ago. I had some years previously wished to join these with other Eucharistic Verses, and I wrote to crave Dr. Rawe's permission. For a reason which will presently appear, I give his answer:

ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS,
BAYSWATER, February 10, 1879.

DEAR REV. FATHER:—The lady, to whose prayers, under God, the Confraternity of the Servants of the Holy Ghost is due, gave me about thirty lines "to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament." I left some out and altered others, and added about as much more. It is therefore only partly mine. If you put it in your book you could put after it, "From the Handbook of the Confraternity of the Servants of the Holy Ghost." I should be glad also if you would append the following little note, that this lady may have her own.

Yours faithfully.
H. A. RAWES.

Note.—The idea and form and about half the lines of this little canticle are due to the lady by whose prayers was brought about, as I believe, the establishment of the Confraternity of the Servants of the Holy Ghost. I altered some lines, rearranged some and added nearly a half. This is how the canticle came to the light. H. A. R.

Before giving either of the two versions of this canticle, a word may be said about the form of it, the credit of which Dr. Rawes shows himself so anxious to give to the lady whom we shall name presently. Each line consists of ten syllables, like ordinary blank verse, but instead of ending with rhyming syllables, all the lines of each stanza end with the same word. We may first exemplify this by an extract from Dr. Rawes' adaptation of the metre to his own favorite devotion :

O Paraclete, whom Jesus sent to me,
Who, one with Him, didst give Thyself to me,
Thou Love of God most High, who lovest me,
Thou King and Lord who sweetly drawest me,
For life, and light, and love I come to Thee.
My soul is dark and hopeless without Thee,
My heart is weak and withered without Thee;
My life is burnt, like stubble, without Thee;
I cannot say, "My Jesus," without Thee:
O, Loved One, pour Thy living light on me.

It seems to be agreed amongst critics that, when there are two forms of the same piece, the more extended form is sure to be the latest. The second comer is more likely to expand than to condense. It is so, at least, in the present instance. Instead of printing what his pious friend had given to him Dr. Rawes has himself told us that he expanded it as follows, addressing our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist :

1.

O Jesus, hidden God, I cry to Thee ;
O Jesus, hidden Light, I turn to Thee ;
O Jesus, hidden Love, I run to Thee ;
With all the strength I have I worship Thee ;
With all the love I have I cling to Thee ;
With all my soul I long to be with Thee,
And fear no more to fail, or fall from Thee.

2.

O Jesus, deathless Love, who seekest me,
Thou who didst die for longing love of me,
Thou King in all Thy beauty, come to me,
White-robed, blood-sprinkled, Jesus, come to me,
And go no more, dear Lord away from me,

3.

O God, most beautiful, most priceless One ;
O God, most glorious, Uncreated One ;
O God, Eternal, Beatific One ;
O God, O Infinite and Hidden One ;
O God, Immense, O God, the Living One ;
Thou Wisdom of the Everlasting One ;
Thou ever-loved, and ever-loving One.

4.

Make me, O holy God, Thy treasured one ;
Make me, O glorious Love, Thy precious one;
Make me, O highest Good, Thy longing one;
Make me, O blessed Light, Thy chosen one ;
Make me forever more Thy loving one.

5.

My soul is dark away from Thee, my own ;
My eyes are dim in seeking Thee, my own ;
My flesh doth pine away for Thee, my own ;
My heart leaps up with joy to Thee, my own;
My spirit faints receiving Thee, my own.

6.

Where in the height of heaven is light like Thee?
Where in the breadth of heaven is bliss like Thee?
Where in the depth of heaven is peace like Thee?
Where in the Home of love is love like Thee?
With all my heart I give myself to Thee,
And waiting wait, O King and Spouse, for Thee,
Till I am one for evermore with Thee.

7.

O sweetest Jesus, bring me home to Thee ;
Free me, O dearest God, from all but Thee,
And break all chains that keep me back from Thee:
Call me, O thrilling Love, I follow Thee:
Thou art my all, and I love nought but Thee.

8.

O hidden Love, who now art loving me;
O wounded Love, who once wast dead for me;
O sun-crowned Love, who art alive for me;
O patient Love, who weariest not of me—
Alone of all, Thou weariest not of me—
O bear with me till I am lost in Thee;
O bear with me till I am found in Thee.

I am not sure that these lines, pious as they undoubtedly are, were, in the foregoing form, quite satisfactory to the pious taste of Mrs. Emily Mary Shapcote, although, in printing afterwards her original verses, she speaks of them as having been "lengthened and beautified" by the late Rev. H. A. Rawes, D.D. Lengthened they certainly were, for Mrs. Shapcote's stanzas consist each of four lines, while those of Dr. Rawes have generally seven. In a very devout volume, entitled *Eucharistic Hours*, published by Mr. Washburne, of London, and dedicated * to the Irish South African Bishop, Dr. Rickards, Mrs. Shapcote, author of *Legends of the Blessed Sacrament* gives thus at page 112 her Eucharistic Canticle under the title prefixed to this paper.

O Jesus, dearest Lord, I cry to Thee;
With all the strength I have I worship Thee;
With all my soul, I long to be with Thee;
And never fear to fail nor fall from Thee.

O Jesus, sweetest Love, come Thou to me;
Come down in all Thy beauty unto me;
Thou who didst die for longing love of me;
And never, never more depart from me.

O God, most beautiful, most treasured One!
O God, most glorious uncreated One!
O God eternal, beatific One!
For ever loving! ever gracious One!

Oh, melts my heart receiving Thee, my own;
My eyes are dim for lack of Thee, my own;
My flesh doth hunger, needing Thee, my own;
My soul doth faint apart from Thee, my own.

Where in the height of heaven is light like Thee?
Where in the deep abyss is strength like Thee?
Where in creation is there bliss like Thee?
Where among creatures is there love like Thee?

Free me, O beauteous God, from all but Thee;
Sever the chain that holds me back from Thee;
Call me, O tender Love, I cry to Thee;
Thou art my all! O bind me close to Thee.

O suffering Love, that hast so lovèd me;
O patient Love, that weariest not of me;
Alone, O Love! thou weariest not of me;
Ah! weary not till I am lost in Thee;
Nay, weary not till I am found in Thee.

Having now sufficiently vindicated Mrs. Shapcote's claims to any original merit that this poem may possess, let us, in conclusion, suggest that the peculiar metrical effect produced by these identical line-endings, as distinguished from the merely similar endings of ordinary rhyme, had already been used with admirable skill by Cardinal Newman in his marvellous *Dream of Gerontius*. E. M. S. attaches to her poem the date "Clapham, 1879," to show that she was before Dr. Rawes; but 1865 is the date of the dedication of "Gerontius," in which poem the great Angel of the Agony, who strengthened our divine Redeemer

. . . "What time He knelt
Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood"—

pleads thus for the dying and the dead:—

"Jesus! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;
Jesus! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee;
Jesus! by that pang of heart which thrilled in Thee;
Jesus! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee;
Jesus! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;
Jesus! by that innocence which girdled Thee;
Jesus! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee;
Jesus! by that Godhead which was one with Thee;
Jesus! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee;
Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee;
Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee;
To that glorious Home, where they shall ever gaze on Thee."

This is the precise scheme of the metre of the lines "To Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament," except that the Oratorian Cardinal adds a syllable to the beginning of each line. May all the holy words that these three holy souls have here spoken to us, sink into our hearts, even if we care little for the slight discussion that has woven them together.

* She says that her book (dated 1886) was published through the Bishop's bounty; and she mentions that twenty years before, her husband, an Anglican missionary clergyman, had been driven from the Orange Free State for preaching the doctrine of the Real Presence.

FIESOLE AND ITS SANCTUARIES.

By Rev. P. I. Chandlery, S.J.

PART II.

VI.—SAN GIROLAMO.
BLESSED CARLO DE CONTI GUIDI.
HERMITS OF SAN GIROLAMO.

A PROMINENT member of the Italian legislature is reported to have said that the most beautiful city of Italy was Florence, that the most beautiful part of the neighborhood of Florence was Fiesole, and that the most charming site in Fiesole was San Girolamo. Certainly San Girolamo, apart from its religious associations, has special attractions that make it a delightful residence.

The view from the gardens and front of the house may thus be described in the words of Shelley. "You see below, Florence, a smokeless city, its domes and spires occupying the vale; and, beyond, a range of the Apennines, whose base extends even to the walls. The green valleys of these mountains, which gently unfold themselves upon the plain, and the intervening hills covered with vineyards and olive plantations, are occupied by the villas, which are, as it were, another city—a city of palaces and gardens. In the midst of the picture rolls the Arno, through woods, and bounded by the aerial snow and summits of the Lucchese Apennines."

Another writer says: "The hills that border the valley of the Arno are very pleasing and striking to look upon; and the view of the rich plain, glimmering away into blue distance, covered with an endless web of villages and country-houses, is one of the most delightful images of human well-being I have ever seen."

But besides its beautiful scenery, San Girolamo has an interesting history rich with holy and venerable traditions.

Here, already, in the tenth century stood a chapel dedicated to St. Jerome, partly hollowed in the rock, and close to it a grotto, which at different periods served as a hermitage and a shelter for pilgrims.

At the foot of the steps leading up to the chapel and grotto, stood the much venerated *Martyrs' stone*, on which St. Romulus' companions are said to have been beheaded. The stone is still in the same position, but pilgrims no longer press their lips to it, as of old.

In 1360 a distinguished pilgrim, B. Carlo de Conti Gudi, who had renounced the military profession, a noble estate, and an ample fortune in order to consecrate himself wholly to the service of God, came to lead a hermit's life in the grotto beside St. Jerome's chapel.

Two Florentine youths, B. Redo and B. Walter soon followed him, and begged to be allowed to share his solitude and become his disciples. These formed the nucleus of a religious order, the *Hermits of St. Jerome*,* of which B. Carlo was the father and founder.

The object of the new foundation was to pray for the restoration of peace and union to the Church, then in the throes of the Great Western Schism, and to atone for the luxury and licentiousness of the age by a life of unceasing prayer and penance. Their austerities rivalled those of the anchorets of old—their holy example won the admiration of popes and bishops—and their theological learning made them respected in all the universities of Italy.

San Girolamo soon became the resort of saints. St. Bernardine of Sienna is said to have visited San Girolamo to discourse with B. Carlo and his community on the glories of the Holy Name of Jesus.

**Note.* Not the hermits of St. Augustin as stated by mistake in the June MESSENGER, p. 492.

St. Antoninus and B. Giovanni di Domenico frequently came to assist B. Carlo in the foundation and direction of a lay confraternity, known as the *Buca di San Girolamo*, or "St. Jerome's Cave."

Those were the days of faith, and frequently, on Saturday evenings, fervent bands of youths and merchants might be seen wending their way up the shady slopes from Florence to San Girolamo, there to spend Saturday night in prayer and holy vigil as a preparation for Holy Communion next morning. This confraternity, some three centuries later, was transferred to Florence, and still flourishes, having its chapel in the Piazza dell' Annunziada. Among its treasures is the head of B. Carlo in a richly gilt shrine, and those who have examined this relic say he must have been a man of noble and commanding appearance.

Cosmo de' Medici, the ruler of Florence, 1428 to 1464, is said, when a youth (about 1410), to have chosen B. Carlo as his spiritual director, and built a palatial residence (the Villa Medici) near San Girolamo, in order to profit by the counsels of so holy a confessor and the example of his saintly community. He frequently expressed his wish to build a worthy monastery for the order, not inferior in magnificence to the Badia, but B. Carlo would not listen to the proposal, as conflicting with the rigid poverty they professed.*

The Brethren of San Girolamo soon spread throughout Italy, gaining great renown for learning and piety. Before long they had founded some forty monasteries, of which San Girolamo was the mother house and novitiate.

In the evil days of the Great Schism many were the prayers and penances offered up at San Girolamo for the termination of a crisis so calamitous to the Church. It is said that B. Carlo contemplated a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to intercede for the Church, but the close of the Schism at the Council of Constance, A.D., 1413, altered his plans, and he decided to return to San Girolamo. He died soon after at Venice, where his body is still held in veneration.

His successor at San Girolamo and in the government of the Order was Padre Pietro da Genova, a man of extraordinary ability, the trusted counsellor of Popes Martin V. and Eugenius IV. Unfortunately, as time went on, the favor of dukes and princes chilled the first fervor of religious observance at San Girolamo and in its dependent monasteries: relaxations of rule gradually crept in, Pope Eugenius IV. consenting, at the entreaty of the religious, to temper somewhat the austerity of their poverty and penance, and allow them more time for study. The necessity of living upon the chance alms of the faithful was dispensed with, the Dukes of Florence paying a monthly allowance for each religious out of their private purse.

In 1668 the Order was found to have so far departed from its original spirit, that it no longer seemed to serve any distinct purpose, and it was judged expedient to suppress it. Its revenues were devoted to the relief of Candia, then besieged by the Turks.

Brocchi, writing some forty years after the suppression, says he knew a priest in Florence who had been a member of the community at San Girolamo at the time of the suppression. From him he learned the following particulars. On the arrival of the Papal messenger with the Brief of Suppression, the community, who had just finished vespers, were hastily assembled in the choir of the church, and there received the sad intelligence of the extinction of their Order. No words can describe the painful scene that followed. All the religious burst into tears, and the novices, sixteen in number, sobbed aloud.

Next morning they left San Girolamo and entered Florence in the dress of

* The present buildings were erected by Cosimo Vecchio, Duke of Florence, after the death of B. Carlo, the old chapel and monastic cells being preserved. The church, designed by Michelozzi, is admired for its elegant proportions.

secular priests, carrying with them the head of B. Carlo. Much sympathy was shown them in their trial, and the secular clergy and religious orders offered them shelter. Many of their number joined other religious orders; some few became secular priests, serving God with great zeal and edification.

* * *

The remains of B. Redo and B. Walter are believed to be in the basement story of San Girolamo, where the old chapel was long preserved. The cells of the three Beati may still be seen, much as they were at the beginning of the fifteenth century, small, inconvenient, with tiny windows overlooking the beautiful city of Florence.

San Girolamo, as we have stated, about 1700 was sold to the Bardi family who used it as a villa residence, preserving, however, its conventual features. In 1820 it was purchased by the Ricasollis who again sold it in 1871 to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Some beautiful frescoes in the refectory, overlaid with several coats of whitewash, have recently been discovered. The views from the garden terraces are exquisite, and the eye never tires of gazing on the lovely scenery spread below, where nearly every house, every road, every field recalls some religious or historical event of importance. The garden occupies a portion of the ancient Etruscan acropolis of Fiesole, and traces of Etruscan masonry are distinctly noticeable, huge masses of masonry, that seem to have been the work of Titans.

It reaches up to the Franciscan Monastery on the crest of the hill, and just outside the garden wall, where a steep incline leads up to San Francesco, there is a terrace called Belvedere, with a magnificent view of Florence, which nearly every visitor to Florence comes to see. Many stay over night to watch the sunrise from this spot, when the thousand villas sprinkled over the valley, and the fair city of Florence, with its clustering towers and spires and its glorious belfry of Giotto, shine white as ivory in the soft silvery light. Nearly every evening, too, a number of visitors gather on this terrace to watch the violet or crimson glow that flashes across the valley at the hour of sunset.

The garden terraces, shaded by ancient cypresses, are much as the old monks left them ages ago, judging from an old map, or plan, in the corridor. Near the summit is a grove of cypresses, which is a delightful retreat in the heat of summer.

One avenue is flanked by a hedge of rose bushes, which seem to be perpetually in bloom. Many of these trees were planted by the Very Rev. Father Anderledy, General of the Society of Jesus, and are prized on his account.

VII.—CONVENTO DI SAN FRANCESCO. ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENNA.

The Franciscan Monastery, on the crest of the hill, occupies the site of the ancient fortress of Fiesole, which was destroyed by the Florentines in 1125. Amid the scattered ruins the nuns of Santa Maria del Fiore built their convent, the chapel of which still exists, but in 1407 they migrated to Florence for greater security. The sons of St. Francis then established themselves on the rock of Fiesole, and, except for a short period when driven from their home by the Italian revolution, in 1860, they have continued to occupy this lofty and solitary retreat ever since.

This monastery of St. Francis is famous and became, soon after its foundation, a real nursery of saints.

It was once the home of St. Bernardine of Sienna, who was guardian for a time of the community. His room may still be seen, unchanged, except for the position of the window; together with the rooms of B. Tommaso Bellaci da Redi, B Bastiano, Martyr of Chastity, and the rooms of some ten or twelve other Blessed.

The chapel where St. Bernardine used to pray, may still be visited; the banner with the Holy Name of Jesus embroidered in letters of gold, which he bore

with him on his missions and carried into the pulpit, is preserved in his room; and the old church, the poor galleries, the ancient cloister, the garden are just as they were in his day.

Everything at San Francesco reminds us of St. Bernardine, and of his wonderful devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus. His sermons stirred all Italy to the very heart; wonderful results followed; miraculous conversions, miraculous reconciliations, heroic examples of virtues, were the fruits of his preaching of the Holy Name. That Name, carved in stone, he caused to be fixed at the very apex of the façade of the Church of Santa Croce, that it might overlook and bless all Florence. It is a subject of regret that, in the recent restoration of the façade, the stone of the Holy Name was removed, and placed inside the Church over the entrance.

Of the other saintly sons of St. Francis who lived at Fiesole, beautiful stories are told in the Annals of the Convent, for which we have no space here.

The monastery and its community are as poor, as humble and as retired from the world as St. Francis could wish his children and their home to be, yet the situation is beautiful, on a breezy height, encircled by shady woods and rejoicing in the purest air in Tuscany. So the property did not escape the rapacity of the Italian government, who, in 1860, turned the religious adrift and put up their ancient home for sale. It is gratifying to note that an English Protestant gentleman, Mr. Crawford of Villa Palmieri, helped the religious to repurchase their monastery from the marauders who had seized it.

The only artistic treasure it ever possessed was a painting of St. Francis on the high altar, which was carried off to the museum in Florence.

In an old gray belfry are three very musical bells, whose silvery voices have called the religious to choir since the days of St. Bernardine.

VIII.—S. ALESSANDRO DI FIESOLE.

As we leave San Francesco, we notice, still on the summit of the hill, a remarkable church which is regarded as one of the gems of Tuscan architecture. It is said that two of the greatest lights of the renaissance, Brunelleschi and d'Alberti, came to study its proportions, and were struck by its admirable combination of elegance and simplicity.

It was originally built by the Goths under Theodoric in the sixth century, out of the materials of a pagan temple. The form is that of a Basilica, the first ever built in Tuscany, and the richness of its materials is itself a revelation of the greatness and importance of Fiesole fourteen centuries ago. The nave is divided from the aisles by two rows of magnificent columns of Eubaean, or Cipollino marble, and above the high altar is a shrine of costly marble containing the body of St. Alexander, the Patron of the Church. Its original founders had named it St. Peter in Jerusalem, but in A. D. 582, when St. Alexander's remains were enshrined here, it received the title it has borne ever since.

St Alexander was Bishop of Fiesole in the sixth century, and, like another, St. Thomas of Canterbury, the glorious champion of the Church's right and property against usurping kings and nobles. His recovery of the ecclesiastical property that had been seized, excited the hatred of the nobles, who hired assassins to murder him, and cast his body into the river Reno, near Bologna. He is justly accounted a Martyr, and his tomb has been a place of pilgrimage since the sixth century. In 966 Zenobius II., Bishop of Fiesole, made a foundation for a community of priests to serve this church, which, because of the distance of the Cathedral (the Badia) served as the parish church of Fiesole. It is now used only by the confraternity of the Misericordia.

As we descend the steep road from San Francesco to the piazza of Fiesole, hav-

ing the garden wall of San Girolamo on our right, we notice, in the gardener's house, an arched entrance, now walled up, which led to the little chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, much frequented by pilgrims in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. When the enthusiasm of the crusades had cooled, and the power of the Turks had been broken at Lepanto, the little chapel was less resorted to and it now lies in a neglected and untidy state, its altar having been long since taken away. It contains some remarkable frescoes of the Giotto school, badly injured by neglect.

The cathedral is a basilica in form with narrow aisles, and a raised chancel or Presbyterium approached by steps at the end of each aisle. Under the Presbyterium is the crypt containing the shrines of SS. Romulus and Donatus, and of St. Romulus' companions, SS. Dulcissimus, Carissimus, Crescentius and Marcitianus.

The style of the building is severely simple, and seems to need frescoes to give it color, warmth and brightness: it is, however, unique as marking an epoch in ecclesiastical architecture.

In a niche in the left aisle is preserved

CATHEDRAL AND PIAZZA OF FIESOLE.

IX.—CATHEDRAL OF FIESOLE.

ST. ANDREW CORSINI.

As previously stated, the present cathedral was built in 1028 by Bishop Jacopo Bavaro, St. Henry II. of Germany defraying most of the expenses. The old deed of Bishop Bavaro (still preserved) states the reason of the translation of the Episcopal See from the Badia: "Erat enim Episcopatus longe a prædicto oppido (Fesulis), atque difficultate itineris per devexi montis latus raro a Clericis frequentabatur."

the episcopal throne of St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop of Fiesole from 1349 to 1373. In the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, to the right of the choir, is a beautiful painting by Ghirlandaio of the martyrdom of St. Romulus and his companions, and some exquisite frescoes in the vault are by Botticelli.

The Cathedral has a slender crenellated tower, which is a conspicuous landmark, and imparts a touch of beauty to an otherwise severely plain exterior.

As the monastery of San Francesco is

hallowed by the memory of St. Bernardine, so Fiesole and its cathedral are full of holy reminiscences of St. Andrew Corsini, one of the most illustrious of its long line of bishops.

He was of a noble Florentine family, his father being Marquis de' Corsini. In 1318 he entered the Carmelite Order, being then sixteen years of age, and it was evident, from the first, that he had entered religious life in order to become a saint.

On the death of the Bishop of Fiesole in 1349, the cathedral Chapter met to elect his successor, and with one voice they chose Father Andrew Corsini, the Carmelite, as the most worthy of all the clergy in Florence and Fiesole to be promoted to the vacant See. St. Andrew's humility was alarmed, and he fled secretly from Florence, and hid himself in the Certosa, or Carthusian monastery, some three or four miles from the city. Messengers were dispatched in every direction to search for the fugitive, but all in vain; he seemed to have vanished suddenly from the earth. Disconcerted at his loss, the Chapter again met in the cathedral to proceed to a fresh election, when the shrill voice of a child of tender years was heard exclaiming. "God has chosen Andrew for His Bishop. Lo! he is at the Certosa praying. There you will find him."

Amazed and overjoyed at this revelation, they set out for the Certosa Meanwhile an angel had warned Andrew to accept the dignity, and not to resist the divine Will.

Great were the rejoicings at Fiesole when St. Andrew was consecrated, and a long cortège of prelates, ecclesiastics and nobles escorted him from Florence to Maino, and thence up the hill to Fiesole. In the Episcopal palace he was still the same holy, mortified religious as in his Carmelite home in Florence; nay, he added to his austerities, and constantly wore an iron girdle and a rough hair shirt, sleeping only on the floor, on a bed composed of vine branches. Prayer, meditation, holy reading were the only recreations he would allow himself. His great characteristic was extreme tenderness for the poor. What Villari says of St. Antoninus of Florence, may be repeated of St. Andrew of Corsini, namely, that it would be difficult to find in history an example of self-denial more constant, of charity more active, of love for our neighbor more truly evangelical than in this great saint.

Like St. Antoninus, St. Andrew was constantly seen going about among the homes of the poor distributing bread, and clothes and relief of every kind, with more than paternal affection. He sat down by the poor in their wretched homes, he listened to their tale of suffering, he wept over them, noted down all their names in his book, and made them feel that they were his favored children. Every Thursday he washed the feet of several poor men, and, on one occasion, as a poor cripple resisted, saying that his feet were sore with ulcers, the Saint kissed them and they were instantly healed. Never was a poor man allowed to leave his door without relief. In a time of great scarcity the famishing people flocked round the episcopal residence, and when his clergy told him that all the provisions had been given away except one loaf which they needed for themselves, the Saint bade them bring it, blessed it, and it was multiplied miraculously in their hands, so that the wants of the poor and their own were abundantly supplied.

The room which the Saint occupied in the Episcopal palace at Fiesole is still shown, and it was here that his happy soul took its flight to God on January 6, 1373, under circumstances we shall presently describe.

St. Andrew has left the impress of his spirit on the bishops and clergy of Fiesole, who are characterized by their tenderness for the poor, their devotion to our Blessed Lady, and their loving attachment to the holy See. It would be hard to find an Ecclesiastical Seminary in Italy where the students are more fer-

vent, more earnest, and more deeply impressed with the religious spirit. These Seminarists, about one hundred in number, are arranged in three divisions, placed respectively under the patronage of SS. Aloysius, Berchmans, Stanislas. The Jesuit Fathers of Florence and San Girolamo are their spiritual directors, and they have all the happy simplicity and fervor of novices in a religious order. They wear a bright purple cincture, which gives them a smart appearance, and they certainly look picturesque when seen walking or seated among the rocks and woods of Fiesole.

X.—CHAPEL OF THE PRIMERANA.

The piazza, or large square of Fiesole, has the cathedral on its northern side, the episcopal palace and seminary on the west, and the post office, museum and a little church called *Primerana* on the east.

This little church is perhaps the most venerated of all the sanctuaries in Fiesole. It contains a miraculous painting of our Lady and the Holy Child, said to have come originally from the East, and which, it is thought, was brought to Fiesole in the ninth or tenth century. The chapel has some beautiful terra cotta figures by the Robbias, a crucifix said to be by Giotto, frescoes of the thirteenth century, and carved stalls of the fourteenth. Every feast of our Lady there is a great outpouring of devotion in this little sanctuary, and every Sunday it is frequented nearly the whole day through.

The miraculous picture of our Lady is screened by a veil and is seldom exposed, except on occasions of public distress or calamity.

St. Andrew Corsini had a tender devotion to this miraculous picture of our Lady and spent most of his free time here in prayer.

There is a tradition at Fiesole that on Christmas eve, 1372, our Lady appeared to him in the Primerana and bade him prepare for his approaching death on the Epiphany. Surius says the warning came to him at midnight Mass in the cathedral. Whichever it was, he was

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

suddenly taken ill after midnight Mass, and, as the fever increased, his fervor and rapture increased with it till, on the day foretold him by our Lady, *i. e.*, the feast of the Epiphany, 1373, he gave up his blessed soul to God. He had stated in his will that he wished to be buried amid his brethren, the Carmelites at Florence: but the good people of Fiesole refused to part with the body of their Saint. One dark night, however, the body was stolen away and conveyed to Florence, and has remained ever since in the Church of the Carmelities. After his canonization by Urban VIII. a splendid shrine was erected in the north transept of the church to receive his remains, a portion of his relics being given to the Cathedral of Fiesole.

XI.—MONTE SENARIO—FONTE LUCENTE.

At the northwest corner of the cathedral, near the episcopal palace, is the residence of the canons, and behind this, but screened from view by a curtain of cypress trees, is the *Campo Santo* or Cemetery of Fiesole. This is the last resting place of many a holy soul, for Fiesole has its modern saints, whose lives were a faithful reflection of the virtues of the Church's canonized children. We may be allowed to mention one great soul that passed to its reward a few years ago, and whose body lies in the Campo Santo of Fiesole, namely, the Very Reverend ANTONIO MARIA ANDERLEDY, General of the Society of Jesus. The sweetness of his charity, the fervor of his devotion, the heroic spirit of self-sacrifice which he ever displayed, made those who were privileged to live near him, revere him as a saint. He died peacefully at San Girolamo, on January 18, 1892, and his remains, followed by his weeping brethren, were borne by the confraternity of the Misericordia, first to the cathedral for the absolutions, then to the Campo Santo, where he lies near the graves of several other Fathers and Brothers of the Society.

From the Campo Santo we can see the whole stretch of the valley behind Fiesole, terminating in Monte Senario, some seven or eight miles distant, with its summit crowned by a large conventual building rising in the heart of a noble forest of oak and pine trees. This is the cradle of the *Servite Order:* here its first canonized saint, St. Philip Benizi, led a life of great austerity, and was favored with celestial visions; here the seven founders of the Servite Order, all canonized saints, made the wilderness to flourish as the lily, and passed to their reward amid the songs of angels.

Following the road at the back of the Cathedral, past the entrance to the Campo Santo, then turning to the left by an old wall that may have belonged to ancient fortifications of the Acropolis, we come to a deep gorge through which flows the river Mugnone. Picking our steps carefully down a steep path along the edge of a precipice, we reach an isolated church called *Fonte Lucente*, containing a miraculous Crucifix, and, at the side of the church a fountain of crystal water which gives its name to the spot. This crucifix is said to have been seen radiant with supernatural light: and once in a time of great drought a luminous cross was seen shining near the sanctuary, while a stream of pure water was found to have burst miraculously from the rock.

Previously this part of Fiesole, with its dark woods and frowning precipices, was believed to be haunted, and few could summon courage enough to venture near it after sunset. Now it is a hallowed spot to which pilgrims from Florence and the surrounding country resort on feast days.

Right above the church the road passes along a steep rocky ledge, being protected on the side overhanging the gorge by a low wall. Here the young Dominican novices from San Domenico may be seen at times resting in their walk; and a pretty sight they form, their white habit contrasting with the stern surroundings

of the scenery and making them appear like a vision of angels.

As we look back at them, we think of St. Antoninus and B. Fra Angelico who, in their novice days, must frequently have rambled along these same paths.

The road takes us round by the Villa degli Angeli, once a house of the Carthusians, now owned by a Protestant clergyman—past the entrance to San Girolamo—and back to the piazza of Fiesole. Here a group of children flock round us crying out '*Un Santino! Un Santino!*' ("a little saint"). It is their way of asking for a pious picture. Italian children are not easily disconcerted by refusal; they follow after us, and repeat the attack with a number of fresh requests: *un crocifisso*, *un librettino*, *una coroncina*, *una medaglietta*, *un centesimino*, etc., anything they can get, for here children seem to be born with an itching palm. We get rid of them as best we can by promising to bring a pocketful of medals another day.

XII.—SAN MARTINO NEAR MAIANO.

ST. ANDREW OF IRELAND AND HIS SISTER, ST. BRIGID.

If, instead of returning to Florence by San Domenico, we choose the less direct road of Maiano, we shall find another sanctuary well worth visiting, especially as it is associated with an Irish saint.

At Maiano itself once an aristocratic suburb of Florence, now almost a deserted village, there is little to notice, except

CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO, SHOWING ST. BERNARDINE'S ROOM.

the old church recently restored. Adjoining the church is a convent, once famous in the ecclesiastical annals of Fiesole, but long since closed.

About five minutes walk from Maiano brings us to the Church of *San Martino* situated amid pleasant vineyards, overlooking Settignano, the birthplace of Michel Angelo. The church, picturesque in appearance, crowns a little hill, which slopes gently down to the banks of the stream Mensola, and flanking it is a monastic building associated with St. Andrew

of Ireland. His body is preserved in a rich shrine under the high altar, and the good people of the neighborhood are fond of repeating the story of him and his sister Brigid.

It will be remembered that St. Donatus, at the time of his miraculous elevation to the See of Fiesole, was accompanied by a young monk named Andrew, formerly his pupil and now his faithful attendant who had followed him on his pilgrimage to Rome from his convent home in Ireland. On Donatus' promotion to the vacant episcopate, Andrew decided to remain with his master at Fiesole, renouncing all thoughts of return to Ireland. St. Donatus made him his arch deacon, and he rendered valuable assistance in the administration of the diocese. By his charity he won all hearts, and by his fervor and unflagging zeal he effected quite a reformation in the diocese of Fiesole.

SAN GIROLAMO.

Still he longed for a life of greater retirement, with more leisure for prayer, and often spoke of this desire to Donatus. One day, as they strolled together in the direction of Maiano, speaking as only saints can, of the things of God, they came upon the ruins of a sanctuary, probably destroyed in one of the many wars of which Italy has been the theatre. St. Andrew expressed his wish to Donatus to rebuild the ruined church, and add to it a cell for himself, where he could resume, on the slopes of the Apennines, the peaceful monastic exercises of his home in Iniscaltra. St Donatus, though he could ill spare the services of Andrew, recognized that it was a call of God, and gave his consent. So the ruined church was soon restored, and many priests of Fiesole begged leave to join Andrew in his life of solitude and prayer. Thus St. Andrew became the founder of a society of priests leading a monastic life, but without the obligation of vows. The foundation continued for a period after the Saint's death, till at length the church and monastery were annexed to the Benedictine Abbey of Settignano.

Before his death he prayed that he might see once more his sister Brigid* from whom he had parted fifty years before on the banks of the Shannon. St. Brigid, too, was inspired with a similar desire, and, setting out on the long journey to Italy, she is said to have been miraculously transported a good portion of the way by angels. She reached her brother in time to assist at his holy

*Note. This Saint is not the St. Brigid of Kildare, patroness of Ireland.

death, and from a desire to be near his grave, renounced all idea of returning to her native land. Thenceforth she led the life of a solitary in a grotto on Mount Fanna, near Fiesole. The scenery around Mount Fanna, which is to the North of Fiesole, in the direction of Monte Senario, is thus described by Ruskin:

"The traveller passes the Fiesolan ridge, and all is changed. The country is on a sudden lonely. Here and there, indeed, are seen the scattered houses of a farm grouped gracefully upon the hill-sides, here and there a fragment of a tower upon a distant rock; but neither gardens nor flowers, nor glittering palace walls, only a grey extent of mountain ground, tufted irregularly with ilex and olive." Here St. Brigid died and was buried, probably near her brother, in the Church of San Martino.

* * *

How beautiful, Fiesole, encircled by palaces, gardens, and vineyards, where artists come to study Nature under its sunniest aspect!

How holy, Fiesole, hallowed by the presence, the memory and the relics of so many saints!

How good its people ought to be! Yet the evil leaven of continental liberalism has infected the minds of many with an irreligious spirit, estranging them from the Church, and making them disloyal to the Vicar of Christ. There is a movement on foot to erect a statue to Garibaldi, in the Cathedral piazza, and a statue to Victor Emmanuel on the Belvedere, overlooking San Girolamo, by way of rejoinder to the Catholic Congress held at Fiesole in September, 1896. The thought is saddening, and we leave Fiesole praying that its many saints may protect it from the intended desecration.

MUSEUM—CHURCH OF ST. MARY.

DEDICATION OF THE MONTH OF JUNE TO THE SACRED HEART.

By Ellis Schreiber.

THE custom of dedicating the month of June to the Sacred Heart of Jesus has now become almost universal in the Church. How this pious and salutary practice originated is not as generally known.

The religious of the Order of Notre Dame, who enjoy a high reputation on account of the solid instruction and excellent training their pupils receive, have a celebrated convent school in the Rue de Sèvres, Paris. The house had belonged to a lady whose fancy it had been to fill her house and grounds with birds of every description. Hence the house had acquired the name of *Les Oiseaux*. Louis Veuillot, two of whose daughters were educated there, used to speak of it as his beloved aviary. The convent church, opened in 1839, is one of the first public churches in France erected in honor of, and dedicated to, the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

One of the priests, who at that time most frequently gave instructions and heard the confessions of the pupils in that school, was Father Ronsin, S.J. The chief aim of his labors, his prayers, his mortifications, his sermons, was to spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart. This formed the theme of his conferences to the community at *Les Oiseaux*, and of his addresses to their scholars.

The influence exercised by this good priest did not pass away when he was removed from Paris. The devotion he propagated so zealously took root and flourished there; many of the girls, who had given their teachers no little trouble, learned to be meek and humble of heart. Among these, Ernestine d'Augustin had become a changed character. She it was, who, with one of her school-fellows, first suggested the method of honoring the Heart of Jesus by setting apart a month for this devotion.

"One morning, whilst making my thanksgiving after Holy Communion," says Angèle de Ste. Croix, "the thought occurred to me that there might just as well be a month of the Sacred Heart as a month of Mary. The first thing needed was a manual; why should not one be compiled in the school?"

This idea was carried out. It was not a difficult matter to compile a small volume from the works of the best writers on the subject.

On May 29, 1833, the Archbishop of Paris celebrated Mass in the Chapel of the Children of Mary, and afterwards went over the school. So favorable an opportunity for proffering their request was not to be neglected by the girls: Angèle de Ste. Croix was spokesman, and the venerable Prelate listened most kindly to her petition. He approved highly of the suggestion: "We will offer this new month," he said, "for the conversion of sinners and the salvation of our country; but in order to avoid innovation we will conform to the custom already established of honoring by thirty-three days of prayer the thirty-three years of our Lord's life." He ordered that the new devotion should be practised in the community and amongst the pupils in the convent during the following month. Later on, the little volume, *The Month of the Sacred Heart*, having received the episcopal sanction, was published; and, shortly after, a letter from the Archbishop recommended the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese to practise, each year, during the month of June, a special devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Such was the commencement of a practice which has gradually been adopted throughout Christendom.

GENERAL INTENTION, AUGUST, 1897.

Approved and blessed by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF GOOD EXAMPLE.

WHY should we pray that all Christians, and, particularly, our Associates, should exercise an apostleship among their fellow-men by giving them good example? Why not pray simply that all men may lead good lives without minding whether others profit by their example or not? If it be an apostle's work to glorify God and save souls, cannot each one do his share of this by attending to himself, and by attaching more importance to good deeds than to good example?

It is true that a good life is all important and that good deeds are the very source of the influence of all good example; but it is also true that in our outward actions, good example is as important as any good deed required of us and that it is an integral part of the duty we owe to God and to our fellow-man. Did Christians generally appreciate the importance of good example, and estimate rightly the part it plays in glorifying God, saving souls, there would be no need of special prayers for the Intention we are now explaining; but, unfortunately, too many belittle the importance of good example, and by one specious pretext or another, induce others to disregard it, to the neglect of God's honor and to the injury, if not positive scandal, of many souls.

Thus, many who seem to serve God interiorly affect a disregard for all the external acts of self-restraint which are usually comprised under the virtue of modesty; others will say it is enough or a great deal, not to give bad example and some will even deem it a merit to keep concealed from the public eye the gravity of their hidden disorders. Many again will pretend that it is only the weak-minded who profit or lose by another's example, and, since good deeds are often misconstrued, they will complain that the influence of our example does not depend upon us but on others who may, according to their dispositions and prejudices, be harmed as often as they are benefitted by it. Many who cultivate a virtuous exterior with the motive of advancing their good reputation among their neighbors will not do one good action with the motive of advancing a neighbor's virtue. Finally, some are very careful of their conduct at certain times and with certain persons, but careless with those to whom they owe true Christian edification. Difficult as the self-restraint needed to edify our neighbor is under any circumstances, it becomes ten times more difficult when these and similar pretexts confuse and blind our intellects and prevent us from seeing clearly the grounds of our obligation to give good example, and, apart from any obligation in the matter, our interest in doing so for its

very benefits to ourselves as well as to others.

It is well that the will of God has been so clearly manifested on this point. Throughout the Old Testament the influence of good example appears as one of the chief agencies by which the Almighty directs the world for man's welfare. Not content with setting before us the heroic loyalty and patience of Job and Tobias, we are actually told that "this trial was permitted to him [Tobias] that an example might be given to posterity of his patience, as also of holy Job."—(Tobias ii, 12). The fine instance of Eleazar, the martyr for good example's sake, inspired as he was to die for this cause, and to profess it as his chief motive in suffering, is beautifully told in the second Book of Machabees vi, 18. His executioners would have been satisfied had he merely pretended to eat the forbidden meats offered him, doing him this courtesy for the sake of their friendship with the old man. "But he began to consider the dignity of his age, and his ancient years, and the inbred honor of his gray head, and his good life and conversation from a child, and he answered without delay, according to the ordinances of the holy law made by God, that he would rather be sent into the other world. For it doth not become our age, said he, to dissemble, whereby many young persons might think that Eleazar, at the age of fourscore and ten years, was gone over to the life of the heathens: and so they, through my dissimulation, and for a little time of corruptible life, should be deceived and hereby I should bring a stain and a curse upon my old age. For though for the present time, I should be delivered from the punishments of men, yet should I not escape the hand of the Almighty, neither alive nor dead. Wherefore, by departing manfully out of this life, I shall show myself worthy of my old age: and I shall leave an example of fortitude to young men, if with a ready mind and constancy I suffer an honorable death for the most venerable and holy laws." Inspired as he was with God's view of the importance of good example, even in the face of death no plausible pretext could obscure his vision.

The paramount importance of good example is manifest again in the Son of God assuming our nature and living in the flesh to be our model. He is the pattern on the mount on whom we are to look and whom we are to imitate. So great a part of Christ's mission was it to give us good example, that some of the sects have mistaken it for His entire or chief office in our regard. He Himself did not magnify its importance above all other things; but He left no room for doubt about the regard in which He held it, by enjoining it on us so clearly as to silence completely the quibblers who strive to justify, by any words of His, their aversion to the restraints required for good example. The maledictions pronounced upon scandal givers are surely an implicit recommendation of the good example we owe our neighbor. The exhortation to let our light shine before men so that they may see our good works and glorify our Father who is in heaven, is an express call to all men to join in the apostleship of good example. The very example of Christ, and His own plain appeal to it, show how much He valued edification for its own sake. "For I have given you an example that, as I have done to you, so you do also." Dwelling with men as He did to be their example when leaving this earth, He meant that Christians should perpetuate His example, and that their lives should be, as Tertullian testifies they were in his time, "A compendium of the gospel."

Obedient to the will of their Master, in season and out of season, the Apostles insisted on the importance of giving good example. "Be thou an example of the faithful," writes St. Paul to Timothy (i, 4, 12), "in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in chastity."

And again to Titus (ii, 7): "In all things shew thyself an example of good works, in doctrine, in integrity, in gravity." "Comfort one another; and edify one another" (Thessalonians v, 11); "keep the things that are of edification one towards another" (Romans xiv, 17); "let no evil speech proceed from your mouth: but that which is good to the edification of faith, that it may minister grace to the hearers" (Ephesians iv, 29)—are some of his many reminders on this point. His motive, it will be observed, is the apostolic one of "ministering grace to the hearers." St. Peter urges the same motive: "Having your conversation good among the gentiles: that whereas they speak against you as evil doers, they may, by the good works which they shall behold in you, glorify God in the day of visitation" (I. Peter ii, 12). And the reason for every form of good example we gather from the same Apostle: "because Christ also suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow His steps" (Ibid. 21). How well the Apostles labored for the flock is clear from St. Peter's word to their disciples, reminding them that they are "a pattern of the flock from the heart" (Ibid. v, 12); and from St. Paul's: "be ye imitators of me as I am of Christ" (I Cor. iv, 16).

It is God's will, therefore, clearly revealed to us in Holy Writ, that every man should help, or, to use the inspired phrase, build up his neighbor by giving him good example. It is clearly one of the economies of divine Providence that men should exercise a salutary influence on one another by letting the light of their virtue shine before men. This obligation of mutual edification is, after all, only one of the obligations arising out of God's great law of charity. In commanding us to love one another, He means that we are to help one another in soul as well as in body. Now good example is the simplest and most efficacious means of doing good to other souls, and one that is always in our power. Like a light to the eye is every good deed to the souls of those who witness it, enlightening the ignorant, arousing the slothful, reanimating the feeble, reassuring the downcast and sustaining the struggling. What one man does, another can imitate; when one leads the way, it is easier to follow; with good models every task grows less difficult, even the trials annexed to the practice of virtue are less formidable when we are in the company of those who have already borne them.

When explaining the General Intention for April, of this year, we had occasion to speak of the influence of the good examples left us by the saints and narrated in their lives. If the memory of their good deeds was so powerful, what must have been the immediate influence of the deeds themselves! How often the mere sight of Christian martyrs, dying for the fai[illegible] made lukewarm Christians, and even [illegible]ans, offer themselves, like Boniface t[illegible] martyr, for the same glorious end! By the sweet influence of their example St. Vincent de Paul, St. Charles Borromeo and St. Francis de Sales converted souls whom their words could not reach nor move. When Alaric pillaged Rome many of his fierce soldiers were won over to the Church by the patience and meekness of their Christian victims. St. Augustin in England, St. Dominic among the Albigenses, SS. Francis Assisi and Leonard of Port Maurice, in the towns of Italy, St. Ignatius and his companions everywhere in Europe preached as much by their conduct, it is said, as by their words. "Indeed," writes the eminent spiritual writer LeGaudier, "this example has been the usual means employed by Providence from the very foundation of the Church, when the ways of men are obscured by ignorance, corrupted by malice, or dulled by sloth, to send from above new forces and new lights, and inspire some with new ways of well doing, in order to spread abroad a wholesome knowledge of faith and

morals, and cleanse the hearts and move the wills of men." And, writing as he was, shortly after the Council of Trent, he goes on to thank God for the singular benefit of living in an age when so many holy men and religious communities were saving Christendom from apostasy by the influence of their holy example.

The advantages of giving good example cannot be rightly appreciated unless we consider the evils consequent on bad example. Even the prophet David complained that "a fainting hath taken hold of me because of the wicked that forsake thy law"—(Psalm cxviii, 53); and our Lord, Himself, said, "because iniquity hath abounded the charity of many shall grow cold." To save ourselves, then, from this coldness and discouragement, we should crave from others the good example we are bound to show them. What a support it would be to our faith as our charity if, instead of seven or eight millions, we could count ten times that number of Catholics in the United States! What renewed vigor our souls would feel could we behold even our comparatively small number of Catholics giving outward proof of the Christian life that animates them by approaching the Sacraments and living as real members of the Church! If it be true to say that we are less practical as Catholics because we live in a heretical and irreligious atmosphere, it is also true that many of our fellow-countrymen remain in heresy and infidelity because our lives do not give them the most convincing of all arguments in favor of our holy faith. The word of God is preached to them and they hear the truth, but they wait to see it verified in our lives. "More potent is the testimony of one's life than of one's tongue," says St. Cyprian. They might see miracles and still doubt; but they could not long resist our example, since, according to St. Chrysostom, "works of virtue are more convincing than miracles." If we feel the drawback of living in evil times, with all the forces of sectarian prejudice, unprincipled newspapers, a corrupt stage, an immoral literature, and godless educators arrayed against us, let us stop to consider that we ourselves owe the influence of our best example as Catholics to those about us, first, to our fellow-Catholics, who are as sorely tried as we are by the evil surroundings, and then to all our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen, who deplore with us the evil influences at work and who are without our safeguards or remedies against the same. Nay, more, we owe it to the very promoters of evil to let them know that Christianity is not to blame for all the disorders of its disciples, and that it is holier, at least in some of its members, than they admit; that if some be immodest, many are chaste; if some be revengeful, others are meek; if some worship wealth, others adore God in spirit and in truth. We owe it to them to check their impiety by our devotion, their dishonesty by our integrity, their lust by our modesty, their deceit by our sincerity, their pride by our humility; in a word, their vices by our virtues, and their scandals by our good example.

The man who does not appreciate and feel the harm done by sin to his neighbor's soul, has no true appreciation of the harm done by sin in his own soul; and the man who will not do a good action for the help it would be to the soul of another, will scarcely do a virtuous act for the good it would do him. It is singular how good people will blind themselves in this matter. To evade their manifest obligation of giving good example, they will appeal against the manifest sense of Scripture and the interpretation of the Fathers as well as of all holy writers, and they will quote our Lord's counsel not to do our good works for the applause of men. Father Coleridge dismisses their difficulty with a fine retort. After giving the usual answer of the commentators, that our intention must necessarily be directed in secret to God our Lord, though our

outward actions must be visible to men, he warns these quibblers that: "The applause of the world is not the only or the most serious danger to those who desire to serve God in the practice of good works. They are often more in peril from cowardice than from the approbation of men. Men are ordinarily on the side, if not of actual worldliness, at least of a very large moderation in the practice of virtue." Before we claim that we wish to keep our good deeds secret, we might ask ourselves whether it would not be a good thing to brave human respect, whether we fear the applause as much as we dread the contempt of worldlings; whether we do not feel inclined to do our good works in secret, because we are ashamed to profess our faith and our piety openly before men.

Since men attach so little importance to good example; since so many permit themselves to be deceived and to adopt every miserable pretext for ignoring its importance; since some even affect to discover an injunction against it in the very Scriptures that reveal it so clearly as one of our obligations, prayer, and very fervent prayer, is necessary that all Christians and particularly our Associates in the League may be right-minded in this matter, and, by their mutual edification, extend to one another the excellent advantages that God means them to obtain in this way.

GOING HOME.

A FACT.

By D. Gresham.

IT did seem a shame. Coming South for the first time and this the greeting!

A day in February, and the Asheville train was driving in and out through the bare woods, dashing around curves, pounding over North Carolina "branches," and at last, soberly and cautiously, laboring up the wild mountain road. The clouds above were sullen and sultry, the long-looked-for views of the famous route, gorge, and pass, and torrent were wrapt in gloom. Nothing to look at but dim distances, not a peak even to gratify or rejoice the eager eyes from the train windows.

The "sleeper" was crowded, for the season had opened and, alas! the Asheville train has ever its goodly number of consumptives. They were there now in all stages of the dread disease, and the well known cough falls ominously on the ear, jangling discordantly with the light laugh of the society girl who has run down from New York for a few weeks' rest during Lent. Two sisters in mourning were gazing drearily through the windows, amazed and dismayed at the fine snow that had begun to fall. Is this the South that was to do so much for them?

The younger is a teacher in a New England village, who is bringing her sister South, a frail, delicate worn-out woman suffering from nervous prostration. Behind them a party of Canadians, an Ontario Queen's Consul, with a delicate wife and a merry daughter, who has kept up a steady chatter since the train left Salisbury. A rail at the sunny South and its inconsistencies, a would-be sigh for all the dear delights of her lost winter carnival, a jest at everything they passed, and, under all, a bright, joyous spirit overflowing with mischief, with the double object of cheering her weary mother through this unexpectedly trying scene. She tried to fall in with her daughter's merry mood, knowing so well of old for whose benefit the jokes

were made. She was so much better off than the other invalids around her; indeed, some of the faces made her heart ache. Young and old, the wealthy surrounded by every luxury to beguile the sufferer into momentary forgetfulness; the hard-worked clerk, the struggling farmer, who had, perhaps, mortgaged his few acres to bring his child to Asheville in the vain hope of saving the young life that was so surely drifting away. Such sweet, sad faces, some, but at the end of the sleeper all alone, weary and dejected, was one that the mother's eyes fell on with peculiar interest and sympathy. A mere lad, tucked away in a corner, his head thrown back against the cushion, his eyes closed, and so still and white that death seemed to have stolen unawares on him as he reached the longed-for mountains.

"What a handsome lad," said the lawyer softly, to his wife, following the direction of her earnest gaze.

"Yes, and where *is* his mother? If she is living how could she let him go from her in that state? I should not be surprised if he were to die to-night. I cannot think of anything else since I first saw him this morning. How proud any woman would be of such a son; even with his health as it is; what a splendid figure and air he has. I wish we could do something for him, but he seems as if he wanted to keep to himself; he is not a person to invite intimacy."

"No," replied her husband, "once or twice I felt an impulse to speak to him, but somehow I thought it cowardly to bore a fellow with attentions when he was too wretched and weak to fight one off."

At this moment the train stopped at "Round Knob," and the more adventurous spirits sallied forth to see the abandoned hotel and the fountain. The water shot up frozen and sparkling, but though shorn of half its charms by the absence of sunshine, was not unpicturesque nor unlovely.

"Renéé, take care of your mother until I return, I am longing for a tramp," and the energetic Canadian joined the few strong spirits who were anxious to brave the mountain blasts and the flying snowflakes.

"How do you feel, mother? Let me wrap your cloak around you; it seems chilly since they opened the door, though I am so glad to get a breath of fresh air. The sharpness seems homelike," and the young girl drew the furs around her mother with a protecting, comforting air that made one warm to see.

The lawyer came hurrying back, fresh and rosy; looking down at his wife with an encouraging smile, he said, "Two months from now, Marie, you will enjoy all this, there is something in the air up here that puts new life into one."

The sun made a feeble effort to steal out, and threw a faint brightness on the mountains, the train moved out and began its steep winding climb round and round the last stiff ascent of the wonderful road into Asheville. Renéé was watching with eager eyes the railway cutting down below they had just passed over, and was growing more and more excited.

"Will you please tell me how soon we will reach Asheville?" said a timid voice over her shoulder.

The girl turned round hastily to meet the tired, honest eyes of the New England teacher; touched with compassion she jumped up, and drew her interlocutor down beside her. "I will be most happy to help you in any way. I have been in Asheville three winters and may be of some assistance to you."

"You are very kind, but we wrote to a friend from Boston who has a boarding-house, and she will meet us and take us to her place."

"Excellent; that will make matters comfortable; arriving in Asheville in such weather is not pleasant, especially if one is ill. It will not last long down here; to-morrow or the next day you will be in hay."

"Is not this very unusual?" asked the teacher, sadly.

"Well no, not very," with a droll look, "shall I tell you?"

The merry expression of the girl's sunny face cast its shadow on the New England woman, and soon she was laughing at Renéé's icy tales of Southern winters.

"You forget you are in the mountains, and they do not build houses in the South, as they do with us. When the few cold days, or sometimes weeks, come on, the suffering is really pathetic. You will scarcely believe me that I have bathed beside the fire, and as the drops of water fell to the floor they were frozen solid! You must not be frightened away if you have to endure a little of that for a few days. I do hope you will have a little nip if only to give you a standing joke at the sunny South," ended the girl with a roguish smile.

The evening was closing in, the end of the journey was at hand, and all further conversation was cut short for the present.

Rushing along by the Swannanoa the train swung around a projecting ridge and then Asheville. A hurried goodbye from Renéé to her new friend, confusion, bustle, a hoarse shouting of hotels from the eager, excited, colored porters and Jehus in a solid wall at the gate, and the tall figure of the Canadian made his way through the crowd to find a carriage before bringing his wife out in the sharp air. Hurrying back through the snow and slush he found his daughter standing impatiently at the waiting-room door.

"Oh! Father," she cried, "that poor boy has had a hemorrhage; mother is so unhappy about him."

With a few impatient strides the lawyer was beside his wife. "Where is the lad?" he ejaculated "is he dying?"

"I cannot say; they carried him into one of those rooms. Do see about him, poor boy, and Renéé and I will go up to the hotel at once."

The carriage was waiting and, seeing his wife and daughter safely tucked away, he reached the baggage room only to find the boy lying on the floor, a negro supporting his head. Kneeling down beside him he looked searchingly into the still face and spoke very softly: "The worst is over now, do you think you could come with me?"

"Yes," faintly, then as if he remembered, added:

"Where am I?"

"Never mind, I will take care of you now."

The boy opened his eyes and gazed earnestly into the strange, strong, kindly face bending over him, and seeing, he trusted. "You are very kind and you will find a letter in my pocket from my doctor, read, and see what he says." It was addressed to the head of the sanitarium for consumptives, and thither the Canadian decided to take him. There was little said during the long slow drive up into the town; the snow was still falling, the steep-mountain roads, deep in mud, and only the measured breathing of the invalid showed that he still lived. Arrived at the sanitarium they entered the hall redolent with disinfectants, and looked around sadly at this house of death and suffering. The manager received them and having read the doctor's letter, handed it to the Canadian. It was very brief; only, "Take this patient in charge, his father can pay all expenses." The invalid was taken to his room, and the lawyer promised to return early on the morrow.

Tramping along the slushy streets, he pushed on upwards to his hotel; once he stood near the top of the hill and looked back on the town where he had left the boy, then he burst out fiercely: "I would lose the best case of my life if I could only thrash the fellow who sent that poor lad down here to die in such a place." Then he set his face sternly towards his destination; not another sound, but a vicious drive of his stick into the soft melting snow, and a

tight closing of his lips as if he could say fearful things; but now was not the time to talk, but to act. A cold, clear, frosty night, and the sun came up from behind the mountains with a radiant smile to make up for the gloom of the past two days. It sparkled on the snow, gave it a few hours' grace, then drove it triumphantly before it. Asheville aroused from its torpor and demoralization, awoke to its old sprightliness and charm. The wonderful air had an added vim with the wintry sharpness and braced the system, until men felt like schoolboys and tired mothers were as joyous as their children. Weary consumptives took heart again, and, going out into the sunshine, thought life worth the struggle. The Canadian left the hotel soon after breakfast and entered the sanitarium in a more amiable mood than when he first saw it last evening. Sunshine is the great brightener of the heart, as in the home. He found the invalid listless and limp; a colored bell boy kept watch in a corner of the room, and, as the visitor entered, with his bright wholesome face, the sick lad looked up with a wan smile of welcome.

"Well, lad, the sun is up, take courage; *that*, you know, is half the battle," was the Canadian's cheery greeting. "Come, Sambo, you can run out and play," with a droll twinkle. "I will take your place for a time now."

"Yes, sah," and the grinning nurse vanished with alacrity.

"I am glad you came," murmured the invalid faintly, putting out his wasted hand. "Sit down here by me; I want to talk to you about things that are worrying me. I lay awake the greater part of the night and I made up my mind to tell you all if I lived until today. I feel better now, and oh! I want to live to see my mother. Don't you think I will?" wistfully looking into the Canadian's honest tell-tale face.

It was only as the boy so pathetically appealed to him that he saw it was now but a question of days. "God knows best, and we know He always does what is the kindest for us all."

A deep sigh was the boy's only sign that he understood. For fully five minutes not a word was said, then slowly the lad began: "I said I wanted to tell you something, and I think I shall feel better when you know it. My father is ————, and I am his eldest son," he paused as the Canadian started. The name was one of the best known among the legal lights of the American bar; a man rare in these days of politics and corruption. A Brutus to the heart's core. "He taught us that honesty and truth were the one heritage he hoped to leave us, the best and noblest road to fame and fortune. I admired, respected, but feared him. I fell in with a fast set, my allowance fell short of my expenditure, I dreaded to tell him, and, in a wild moment, helped myself from his open safe! He discovered it at once and sent for me; I could not face him, I was crushed and, no doubt, a coward. I left a note saying he could not feel worse than I, that I would go out West and work until I had earned what I had taken and then hope for his pardon. It is three years since, and, of course, my life has been hard and unhappy. If only I could have heard from my mother, but I would not let them know where I was. Six months ago I was doing well; fortune seemed to smile on me at last, when I caught a severe cold and it settled on my lungs. The physician whom I consulted sent me to my native climate. I reached home—but not my home. A great bustling absorbed city, not the one I loved when life was one long summer day. No one knew me as I was; that night I staggered to the old house, only God knows how I wanted my mother's love and help and sympathy at that moment. Twice I touched the bell, I felt I must go to her. I scarce had strength to go another step, but I thought how scornfully he would look at me and my pride would not stand that. Almost broken-hearted I dragged

myself away through the midnight darkness, determined more than ever that I must live to pay that money. I saw a doctor next morning who said Asheville might pull me up. 'Could I go?' I was obliged to say I was not wealthy, that my travelling expenses would swallow up my little all. Then I asked him for a letter to some physician down here, and gave my father's name as reference. He looked surprised, then after some hesitation wrote the note you saw. He was busy, took his fee, hoped I would have a pleasant journey, and I left. You know the rest, finished the lad; are you sorry you had anything to do with me?"

The Canadian said not a word but looked down with deep pity on the dying boy. "Poor mother, poor mother, if we could only get her here," he murmured as if to himself. Then his natural hopefulness returning, he jerked out excitedly: "Sorry? no, glad, very glad, I ran across you. Your punishment has been severe, all that remains now is to tell your father how you feel."

"Oh!" wailed the invalid, "if he were only like you."

"None of that," cried the Canadian sternly. "Would there were more like him. Old Thomas à Kempis says: 'Circumstances do not alter a man; they do but show what he is.' Let us look it squarely in the face; you have done wrong, disappointed an honorable man, and now ask the good God to pardon you. Your father must come at once, and before another word I will telegraph for him." At last the culprit consented to that proposition, and the Canadian disappeared with a twofold object. The doleful message sent flying northward, another Father must be found at once. The lad's soul needed strength and food as does the poor frail body. He hailed a porter and ordered him to telephone for the priest.

"Jest making his rounds, sah, will send him to your room right away."

"Good," exclaimed the Canadian with satisfaction, "there is no time to delay."

On his return the invalid seemed brighter; after all these years some one shared his sorrow. He talked of his mother constantly; to see her again would, he knew, put new life into him. The sunlight fell across the bed, touching with gentle radiance the wasted fingers lying on the coverlet.

"Ah," he sighed, "how beautiful it would be to be out once more and able to tramp the mountains. Now I want to live, how different I will try to be." A knock at the door interrupted the boy's soliloquy, and the Canadian went forward cordially, to welcome the young priest who came in with a bright smile.

"So glad you have come, Father, you will have much to say to my young friend here; you can do more for him than any one. I will leave you together, and return in an hour if you will be ready for me."

The boy's eyes were full of tears and the Canadian quietly left the room. . . . The old story of human weakness was told, the wonderful words of absolution were said, and the young priest looked down with a pitying tenderness on his boyish penitent.

"You have made me so happy, Father, my conscience feels lighter and I feel I can go home now."

"Yes, my child, and may it be a glad home-coming, with a contrite heart, and a bright simple trust in the Father who knows your weakness and misery."

"I want to see my mother, and then I think I could die more reconciled. If I could only tell her how I have grieved, and missed, and longed for her."

"Yes, it would be a comfort, and that is just the last sacrifice God may ask of you. Be a man now, and tell Him, with me, that you will receive, as your sentence, all His just designs for you. To live or to die when and how He ordains."

The boy thought a moment, then said brokenly: "You will help me, Father?" stretching out his poor, wasted hand in his helplessness.

The priest knelt by the bed and to-

gether they offered up the young life; twice the strong earnest voice broke as he called on the God of love and mercy, to witness that the sinner had come back, and gave up all in atonement.

Some hours later a little table arranged as an altar, with its white cloth and solitary candle, was drawn near the sick bed. The priest was kneeling in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, the tall reverent figure of the Canadian near the dying lad, on whose face there shone a new and happy light. The prayers began, the brilliant lawyer and man of the world was an acolyte once more making the responses. With bowed head, in deep heartfelt tones, he began the *Confiteor;* the dying boy following with great earnestness and fervor. Peacefully, calmly, lovingly, he received the Bread of Angels, and a sad solemn hush fell on that little room.

The following afternoon Renéé and her father had been out for a long gallop, and were returning from one of their old haunts in the mountains. On by a lonely bye road, through the woods, they came out at the railway station, where the first arrivals were gathering for the northern train. The horses turned off and were dashing towards the town, when they pulled up suddenly before the black van, with the very black horses, and the solemn driver so well known in Asheville. That dreary looking vehicle from the undertaker's always on the road to the railway, with the latest victim of consumption. The Canadian reverently bared his head, while the girl murmured "one more unfortunate." They rode on; the scene was too familiar to excite more than a passing sigh. Only another broken heart, only another blighted hope, only another silenced step in the far off northern home, where the merry laugh and the loving word will echo no more at the winter fireside, or ring through the yellow cornfields among the lone New England hills. Father and daughter journeyed along in silence, lost in thought, but as they turned in at the hotel grounds, the Canadian stopped suddenly, and, wheeling his horse around, said:

"Renéé I believe I will go down and see that lad, his father should have been in on that afternoon train, and he and the boy have had time to talk things over by now. I can have no peace until I see him off with his father. Ride on and tell your mother I have gone to inquire."

In less than ten minutes the impetuous man was mounting the steps of the sanitarium; as he entered the hall with his light, buoyant step, he met the priest coming out, and he burst out eagerly: "Father, how is the patient this evening?"

"You have not heard the news?" with a sad look at the excited man. "The boy's father has come and gone; stayed just two hours."

"What!" cried the Canadian indignantly.

"Yes, he has taken his son with him," continued the priest quietly, "taken him in his coffin."

A mist came before his eyes, and there was an ominous silence for a time; when the Canadian spoke it was in a subdued tone.

"When did he die?" was all he said.

"This morning at daybreak. He seemed stronger when we left him yesterday, and last night he told the nurse he was going home to-morrow. Towards morning they saw a change and sent for me. I knew at once he was going, and told him. He was resigned, and said you had said to him: 'God was good and He knew best.' I said I was going home to-day, and I am." He answered all the prayers and was conscious to the last. Just before the end he drew me down towards him, and he said to give you his best thanks for all your kindness, that he would remember you in heaven, and would ask God to bless you, and make your boy like his father. Then his last words

were for his own dear father and mother. Poor fellow! it was more than I could stand, his hopeless craving for their forgiveness. As I gave the last absolution he looked at me with such a sunny, beautiful smile that brought joy and hope, and comfort with it, and he was gone.

"When the father came the lad was in his coffin; I brought him in and left them together. When he came out you would not have known him for the same man; he was crushed. 'I will take him back with me,' was his only remark. There was just time to catch the train. I wish you had met him, he seemed a remarkable man. I gave him your address and he is to write to you. His gratitude was touching."

Sadly the priest and lawyer went down into the street. "Gone home, poor fellow," the Canadian murmured, "and the father to meet him thus, after all those years of pain, and shame, and loss!"

The sun went slowly down the mountains, the lights from the city came out one by one, and with bent head, but peace in his soul, the warm-hearted man thought of the black van he had passed but one hour before, bearing the once merry innocent lad—home!

A LESSON.

By F. de S. Howle, S.J.

A silvery streamlet that danced o'er the plain,
Was merrily singing a wild mountain strain;
It caught the bright smiles of the new blushing day,
And laughingly scattered its diamonds of spray.

It toyed in the meadow where little lambs toss,
Where shepherds pipe on the green velvet moss,
Where lilies and bluebells swing in the breeze,
And poems are sung by the wide-spreading trees.

I asked the dear rill, if a lesson it taught,
And faint was the murmur: "Be lowly of heart."
I've been to the spot where the rill used to flow,
And violets sweet in its hollow now blow.

EDITORIAL.

"THE NEW COLLECT."

THE "new collect," used in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in commemoration of the thirteenth hundreth anniversary of the baptism of King Ethelbert by St. Augustin on the eve of Pentecost, has proved a bone of contention for Anglicans. For it reads: "O God, who, through the preaching of Thy blessed servant Augustin, didst first bring the English race out of darkness and error into the clear light and true knowledge of Thee, and of Thy Son . . ." This might seem to imply, on the part of its author, that, before the coming of the Roman Benedictine monk, Britain was destitute of Christianity and this affects the British Church continuity myth held by some Anglicans. Perhaps the use of *English* instead of British was intentional, to prevent such a construction. Strange it is, that, with so many eye-openers to the truth of the Catholic position, intelligent Protestants, who have some idea of a church, should remain blind to the absurdity of their pretended succession.

WHICH IS THE MORE IGNORANT?

Though living in a glass house, the *Churchman* throws stones at the Church Association, representatives, both of them, of the Anglican communion. It says: "The Church Association, while it is terribly in earnest, lacks the sense of humor, while its view of history and historic perspective is plainly distorted. The president, secretary and other officers of the C. A. are snorting with rage at the Ethelbert celebration, and especially the landing on English shores of Augustin. They actually petitioned the War Office not to detail any of her Majesty's soldiers to do duty at Canterbury Cathedral on July 3, in order to give *éclat* to a public commemoration of the coming of Augustin, the Monk, to England!" As the *Churchman* sapiently remarks: "This little incident only shows the odd ignorance of the history of their own religion which prevails among Associationists." (We might add and Churchmanites.) "Christianity was not buried about the time of the Apostles, to spring into fresh life in the Reformation of the sixteenth century. And, indeed, these 'monks' and missionaries of the so-called dark ages had something to do with preserving in the world, and certainly in England, the faith once delivered to the saints." This is the *Churchman* in the rôle of Balaam.

COMMON RACE AND FAITH.

The preposterous assertion has been publicly made, and that, too, in a public prayer, read in all the Protestant Episcopal Churches of a certain Episcopal Diocese, that Americans and Englishmen were of common race and common faith. As to the common race, it is estimated that not ten per cent. of the seventy millions of our population are of English descent. As to the common faith, not over two per cent. claim to be members of the Protestant Episcopal Church which is in communion with the Church of England. Statistics are the best argument against the Anglomaniac claims on the right of England and her rulers to the filial love

and devotion of Americans. The exhibition of snobbery on the part of some of our countrymen at the late jubilee is enough to make us wish that they would take up their permanent abode in their "mother country," where an occasional glimpse of royalty may gratify their wholly unrepublican hearts.

A STRANGE MEMORIAL WINDOW.

Among the various strange outcomes of Queen Victoria's Jubilee is a memorial window in the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. John the Evangelist in New York. It is the gift of the St. George's Society, and given to this church because the Anglo-American free church of St. George the Martyr holds its services there. As a work of decorative art we doubt not its excellence; as an adornment for a church we wonder at its selection. There are four panels. The two lower ones contain, respectively, portraits on glass of Queen Victoria and Sebastian Cabot. Under the Queen's is a representation of the White Star steamship "Majestic," emblematical of our international commerce, supported on one side by the arms of Great Britain, and on the other by a page of Bradford's History, called "The Log of the Mayflower." The upper panel contains the arms of the Empire. Beneath Sebastian Cabot's portrait is a ship of ancient time, supported by the shield of the United States and the arms of the City of Bristol, England, whence he sailed in 1497. In the upper panel are the arms of St. George. The motto under the Queen's portrait reads: "United States and Great Britain—Two States and One People." To this we decidedly object. If we except language, we are in no sense one people with the English. Nor has the log of the Mayflower any connection with Sebastian Cabot, who was a Catholic, and an explorer for a Catholic King, Henry VII. The whole conception is, in our judgment, inappropriate.

ADVANCE OF RITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

The High Church Union, in its annual report, claims that the daily Eucharist is celebrated in 500 churches, that incense is used in 372, and that ritualistic vestments are worn in 1,032. A large advance is reported in the use of the confessional, but regret is expressed that prayers for the dead and extreme unction are not making the headway that could be wished. These items are quoted by Harold Frederic, London correspondent of the *New York Times*, who is spoken of as a very keen observer. We give an instance of his keenness. He saw at an early morning service in an English parish church "twenty nun-clad women of a Church of England Order who, during prayers, *bowed* at the name of Jesus, but *knelt* at the mention of the Virgin Mary." Of all the changes wrought in the Victorian era, he considered this the most curious and unexpected! No wonder. But, alas! for his critical acumen. Doubtless the kneeling was at the *incarnatus est* in the Nicene Creed, and the honor being for our Lord and not for His Virgin Mother. This is a sample of professional criticism. The advance claimed for ritualism is, as we see, true to the spirit of Protestantism—private judgment. The Church's preparation for death by extreme unction and her piety toward the faithful departed by suffrages "are not making the headway that could be wished." The use of incense is increasing! Just as if that were an essential in religion! We might say the same of vestments, except so far as they are employed to represent sacerdotal functions. However, "the assimilation of Roman forms," which Mr. Frederic remarks in the Established Church, is a step Romeward, even if it be only in the fact that "the new Bishop of London recently displayed a mitre, the first one seen in St. Paul's since the Reformation." He forgets, perhaps, that the present St. Paul's never was Catholic, being the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and was not completed until 1710. So the "display" of the mitre was a novelty in St. Paul's.

REVIVAL OF MYSTERY PLAYS.

One is not much surprised at any novelty in vogue at Paris, the mother of novelties, but it is, indeed, surprising that the Parisian stage should be the scene of the revival of mysteries and Passion Plays. That such is the case we need only enumerate some of the recent productions, such as the "Nativité," by M. Jouin; the "Enfant Jésus," by M. Grandmongin; the "Christ," by the Abbé Delamaise; the "Samaritaine," by M. Rostand; the "Redemption," by M. C. Vincent, and the "Chemin de la Croix," by Armand Sylvestre, whose name is connected with anything but savory literature.

As most of these plays have recently been presented, with all the latest stage effects, and as theatrical managers usually gauge the taste of their patrons, they must have discovered that the religious play would be palatable. Is this a hopeful sign that even the Parisian theatre-goer has become surfeited with the unwholesome food provided and craves for something elevating and spiritual? Let us hope so. But what of the actors who are to delineate the most sacred parts. The awful incongruity of a Sarah Bernhardt, essaying to portray the Blessed Virgin Mary, is too palpable. Yet she undertook it in the "Passion" produced on Good Friday at the Porte St. Martin Theatre.

It might be possible to imagine her as the "Samaritaine," another of her rôles. But if the religious drama is to be revived as an ally of religion, the lives of the actors must be in conformity with Catholic principles. The Passion Play at Oberammergau, and the rules regarding its *dramatis personæ*, should be taken as models. Is not this revival a suggestion to those in charge of our colleges and schools? In them there is no lack of the pure and innocent of life, on whose lips the most sacred words would not be unseemly.

A CHAMPION OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

On May 28, took place the solemn canonization of St. Peter Fourier, Curé of Mattaincourt, a village of Lorraine. Born in the year 1565, this great servant of God showed himself a model of every virtue, and an indefatigable laborer for the salvation of souls, until his death in 1636. France owes him the establishment of schools for girls, a thing almost exceptional before his time. How this bold champion of Christian education would have looked upon our modern system of divorcing religious from secular teaching, may be concluded from the rules and counsels given by him to the renowned sisterhood of which he is the founder. "An hour or two of catechism taught outside the schoolroom," he was wont to say, "may indeed be of use in acquainting the child with a certain amount of Christian doctrine, and interesting its mind for a time; but such teaching will not take hold of its will, nor sink deep into its heart, and hence will be of no efficacy in influencing and directing its life. For the simple and the unlearned, it is absolutely necessary that over and above the preaching and instructions given publicly by the pastors, there should be other persons explaining to them familiarly, in close intercourse, and frequently, what pertains to their salvation."

A PROTESTANT TESTIMONY TO RELIGIOUS EDUCATORS.

In one of our smaller cities there is a Catholic High School which is a formidable rival to a well equipped State High School. In fact in many points the former is acknowledged to be superior even by the Principal of the latter. He even assigns the reasons. In his own institution he has a corps of efficient instructors, but, as he says, they are working for their salary. The women hope sooner or later, by marriage, to be able to give up the drudgery of teaching All, both men and women, feel that when they have taught their class for the day, the rest of the time is theirs for recreation. This often takes the shape of some fatiguing exercise, or some entertainment, which while amusing, dissipates the mind, or, at

least, puts away all thoughts of their pupils. Social gatherings, harmless in themselves, are often prolonged until late at night, or even till morning. How can the teacher participate and be strong in body and fresh in mind for the day's work? On the other hand, the teachers of the rival institution are members of a religious congregation. Teaching is their vocation, and to it their lives are devoted. They have their recreation, it is true, but it is never of such a character as to unfit them for their duties in the class-room. At fixed hours they rise and retire. Everything is done from a religious motive, and the welfare of the scholars under their charge is their zealous ambition. They are not working for a salary but for God. Hence their undoubted influence and success. This is high commendation coming from the source which it does. Its truth must be evident.

SUMMER SCHOOLS.

There are now various kinds of summer schools in vogue. The Champlain Assembly and the Western one at Madison, Wisconsin, are the summer schools *par excellence*, but perhaps the humbler ones may have more practical effects on those who attend them. We refer to those attended by members of religious teaching congregations. It is but a new proof of their interest in education, that those, who spend over nine months a year in the class-room as teachers, should be willing, even eager, to avail themselves of opportunities for improving themselves in what might otherwise be vacation months, and patiently sit upon the benches themselves to learn the better how to teach in the next session. Of course the cloistered orders are debarred from this advantage, but might they not obviate the disadvantage by inviting special lecturers to give courses in some central convent to which the sisters could resort. It would tend not only to put fresh life into the teachers, but, by the contact with many others engaged in the same line, it would broaden their views and stimulate greater intellectual activity.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

The proof of a good thing is its demand. Judged by this criterion, the Catholic Summer School is decidedly a good thing. Not only has interest not flagged, but it has steadily increased. The many difficulties that beset such an enterprise have not been wanting, but the overcoming of them shows the value of the enterprise. Nor is it as a pleasurable way of spending a few weeks that the Summer School attracts. The demand for an extension of time and an increase of lectures proves that the educational advantages are those which attract. Accordingly, the Sixth Session will last seven weeks, from July 11 to August 29. The eminent lecturers will provide an intellectual treat in their various lines. But, apart from the culture to be derived from lectures, there is another culture which comes from association, and this, too, is to be found at Plattsburg. Living as Catholics do in a mixed society, it is a boon for them to spend some weeks, months would be better, in an entirely Catholic atmosphere, surrounded by persons who are accustomed to apply Catholic principles to all the affairs of life, small and great. As some one has said in this regard: "When they pass one-quarter of their lives in a community like that, where everyone is happy and proud to be a Catholic, it will be impossible for them to be ashamed of their religion. For this, more than for the intellectual part; for the moral and unconsciously educational, rather than for technical instruction, even from our able and brilliant Catholic lecturers and teachers, do I make my Summer home in Plattsburg."

An international Eucharistic Congress will be held at Paray-le-Monial, from the twentieth to the twenty-fifth of September. The idea of Eucharistic congresses dates back to the year 1879, and was greeted as an inspiration from heaven by Monsignor De Ségur of pious memory. They have since become very popular in many countries of Europe, in Asia and in the United States, producing much good everywhere. International congresses, attended by delegates from the whole Catholic world, take place every two or three years, the most successful in the past, being those of Avignon, Fribourg, Jerusalem and Rheims. That of Paray-le-Monial, surrounded by so many memorials of the Saviour's love for men, will surely yield to none in ardor and enthusiasm. It will insist more particularly on advocating and promoting social homage to the Blessed Eucharist.

The giant work of constructing and decorating the basilica of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre is going on without interruption. Four of the smaller domes are nearing completion, and a multitude of workmen are busy on the large dome. With regard to church furniture, some fine pieces have already replaced their temporary substitutes. The chapel of the Blessed Virgin has received an addition to its many beauties, a set of splendid candelabra, Byzantine in style, of purest bronze and enamel. They are fair specimens of the general style of decoration which has been adopted for the whole basilica. The chapel of the navy has been presented with a magnificent lamp of the most delicate workmanship. The belfry for the great bell "La Savoyarde" is not yet built, nor the main altar, though the plan of the latter is finished, and accepted by Cardinal Richard.

The Golden Jubilee of the apparition of our Lady at La Salette, will be solemnly celebrated this Summer by numerous pilgrimages from France and other countries, and by religious manifestations of unusual splendor. The apparition having taken place in 1846, the Jubilee should have been held last year, but was postponed on account of the great national festivities of the fourteenth centenary of the baptism of King Clovis and the conversion of France to Christianity. His Holiness the Pope has granted a plenary indulgence to all those who shall visit the basilica of La Salette on the occasion of the jubilee.

In Catholic France religious processions and manifestations outside the church walls are forbidden and punished; in Protestant England they meet with favor and success. The Reverend Father Amigo, who has charge of the mission of St. Mary and St. Michael, Commercial Road, London, has adopted the plan of preaching the word of God in the street, whenever he judges the audience within the church too insignificant. Thanks to this step, the Catholic religion has become quite popular in the districts of Wapping and Whitechapel, the most ill-famed of the city. Not long ago he organized a solemn procession through the narrow streets in the neighborhood of his mission. More than twenty priests accepted the invitation, and marched in the procession vested in their sacerdotal vestments. The statue of the Blessed Virgin was borne along in triumph, the faithful singing pious hymns in praise of their Queen, while an enthusiastic multitude of spectators, many of whom were Protestants, openly expressed their admiration and showered flowers on the statue.

The little Republic of Ecuador is just now the scene of a religious persecution surpassing in malice and cruelty anything witnessed in our modern times, even among barbarian nations President Alfaro and his government, com-

posed of members of secret societies, have sworn to root out the Catholic religion from the land of Garcia Moreno. No measure is considered too unscrupulous or desperate, provided it helps them to accomplish their end. Many religious orders and congregations are being banished from the country, under pretext of insurrection and plotting against the government. The Archbishop and clergy are openly and grossly insulted, many priests are thrown into prison, where they suffer the greatest hardships. Honest and peaceful citizens, who are unwilling to sympathize with the revolutionary ideas of the day, are fined, imprisoned and ill-treated. Commerce and industry are almost dead, and agriculture is crippled with exorbitant taxes and burdens. An odious system of blackmail reigns everywhere, while assassinations and robberies are multiplying in an alarming manner, justice being either an accomplice or powerless to interfere.

The members of the Academy of the Arcades, a famous Roman literary society, have just been celebrating the sixty-fifth anniversary of the enrolling among their number of Pope Leo XIII., under the name of Heracleus Neander. The happy event was commemorated with much splendor and enthusiasm, and attracted a large concourse of distinguished guests, conspicuous among whom were their Eminences Cardinals Satolli, Ferrata and Prisco. Under the same assumed name of Heracleus Neander the Sovereign Pontiff has sent to his associates a graceful greeting in the following lines:

Haec Heraclea dictus de gente Neander
Nuncupat Arcadibus vota suprema Senex.

The Duke d'Aumale, recently deceased, was as fervent a Christian as he was a great soldier and a distinguished writer. As general, he never failed to assist at Mass on Sundays, and his regularity and religious demeanor were such as to edify all who saw him. When one of his household fell ill he would prepare him for the coming of the priest, whom he immediately sent for. During a sudden attack of illness in December, 1896, he ordered both the priest and the physician to be called, "but the priest first!" he energetically added. He was often surprised reciting the *Hail Mary* and then he would explain saying: "Yes, I have all my life had great love for the Blessed Virgin."

The law banishing religious orders from Norway, has been partially abrogated by the Storthing or National Assembly. The Jesuits alone are still excluded, a motion to admit them also being defeated by a vote of sixty-three against forty-eight.

In a recent letter, His Eminence, the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, approved in the Pope's name, the union of the four distinct families of the Franciscan Order, under Father Louis de Parma as Minister General. The four branches thus united are: The Conventual Franciscans, the Franciscans of the Observance, those of the Strict Observance or Reformed, and the Capuchins.

Leo XIII., in view of the present influx of convert Anglican ministers who desire to prepare for the priesthood, has decided to reopen what was formerly the Collegio Pio. It will not, however, bear that name, nor that of the Collegio Leonino as has been suggested, but will be called St. Bede's. The Holy Father does this to honor England and her saints, and as a proof of his admiration for the Venerable Bede. Several distinguished converts have begun their course of preparation.

The founder of the Basilica on Montmartre, the late Cardinal Guibert, O.M.I., will be immortalized by a beautiful white marble statue. He is represented kneeling and holding in both hands the model of the votive church which he offers to the Sacred Heart. It has been placed temporarily in front of the altar in the Lady Chapel, but will eventually stand at the entrance to the nave.

Among those who have given time and thought to the work of our Sunday-schools there is an oft-repeated desire that some general system of classification and grading might be introduced. For years our parochial schools were in the same condition, and for that reason did not gain the esteem and affection which they should have won.

But the workings of the Diocesan School Boards, for some years back, have done much for the advancement of the schools, for better system and greater order have been adopted, which have raised our parochial school system to be a proud boast of the Church.

The parochial schools, however, con-

tain only a minority of our Catholic children. For the majority, then, of our children, there is need of systematic education in the doctrines of their faith. For these "lambs of the flock" there can be no doubt that every pastor labors earnestly, according to his ability, to perfect his Sunday-school, and has adopted the best methods available.

But all have felt the need of some general system which would mark out and classify the children according to their wants. It is true a step has been taken by the general adoption of the two numbers of the Baltimore Catechism. But text-books, even if these were complete for all classes, are not sufficient. To call attention to the want in this respect, to show the need and the method of proper grading, conferences are to be given at the Catholic Summer School during the first week in August, and it is hoped that these important matters will call together a very large number of priests and teachers.

The establishment of a system, even with graded text-books, is not enough, for system is only the line upon which knowledge is to be gained.

To obtain the best results from the execution of the system there must be periodical examinations by others than the local authorities.

———, Illinois, June 23, 1897.

Rev. Dear Father:—Last January I had a sick call, a child about fifteen years of age; the illness was St. Vitus' dance, and so bad was the case that I had no hesitation in believing and telling the parents that the child would die, or, if restored to health, it would be a miracle. The doctor attended the child daily for about two months previously, promising a cure, but the case became worse, and so much worse that she was in bed and could not leave it except when lifted out and put back in the same manner by her parents. Her nervous system was utterly unstrung, she had lost the use of speech, and she became so weak and exhausted from want of sleep, and from not being able to take any nourishment that, in my judgment, she must die, and I gave her the last Sacraments, expecting to hear of her death at any time. At that time the General Intention for the month was the glorification of Père Colombière, and it was stated by the League Director that there was need of evidence, and nothing but first-class miracles would do. I recommended the child's recovery to the good Père, if it was God's will, that through his intercession she might be restored to perfect health. The next or second day, with this object in view, I offered the Holy Sacrifice of Mass for the recovery of the child, intending to send an account of the case for the benefit of the good Père if the child was restored to health. Rapidly, recovery was accomplished. I may state that another physician was called in, but said he could not cure her; also that the child's father procured some patent medicine which he gave her. The child was restored to health, and is now in perfect health. And I may say, by way of parenthesis, that it was of some benefit to me, because the family previously did not come to Mass for over a year. Immediately after the recovery of the girl they rented a pew in church, received the Sacraments, and attend at Mass regularly every Sunday. There is little more that I have to add to this account except the child's name, Mary Glavin.

If this be of any use as evidence toward the Beatification of Père Colombière, I can have the fact attested before a notary public, by these two physicians who are regularly practising physicians of this city.

As far as I am concerned myself, I have no desire for notoriety and nothing could induce me to send you this statement of fact but my wish to "give credit where credit is due." It is my firm and abiding conviction, become stronger right along, that the child's recovery is due to the intercession of Père Colombière, and as I intended to give him credit I send you this account. If you think it may serve you for the purpose intended, please make it out in due form, send it to me and I will have it certified before a notary public. With kindest regards, I remain yours very truly,

J. S. G.

Since the first general reunion of the Association of Perpetual Adoration on January 25, 1897, the growth of the work has been most encouraging. To the six churches then in New York city, then represented as having introduced the work, have been added that of St. Lawrence, Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Barbara, West Brookfield, Ohio; the Tabernacle Society of Notre Dame, Cincinnati, and St. Patrick's Church, Huntington, L. I. The number of Associates whose names have been registered in Paris, exclusive

of the two latest aggregations, reaches 3100, of which 250 are men. To the various approbations already received is that of the Rev. Archbishop Ryan, who gives his blessing to the work of the Perpetual Adoration, and favors its introduction in his Archdiocese of Philadelphia, where, as in several other cities, there is already a demand for it. Letters of commendation have been received also from several eminent members of the Priests' Eucharistic League. The churches represent a very active membership, the largest being that of St. Francis Xavier's, with nearly 1,200 members, the Cathedral following closely with 1,000. The Thursday Conferences at the Cathedral have been largely attended during the entire season. One could scarcely present a more edifying report of the local work than that of the Jesuit Church of St. Lawrence, soon to assume its new title of St. Ignatius. "The Perpetual Adoration" was here introduced on the feast of St. Joseph, March 19, 1897, and was inaugurated by special exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. At the conclusion of the High Mass the Act of Consecration was read from the Manual, and 80 first members assumed the medal of the association, and made an hour's adoration in union. There were never less than 30 present at once during the day, and in the evening the teachers and those whose duties prevented an earlier visit came to adore their Lord and their King, 198 adorers being registered for that day. There are now 345 Associates, all of whom make an hour of adoration weekly, with the exception of four children of one family, who, having each made the half hour weekly, unite once in the month with their father and mother in making an hour's adoration in order to gain the Indulgences, the whole family kneeling together. Their bands have been placed under special patrons; one zelatrice brought 30 members, and one band is composed exclusively of young men. There are 18 zelatrices, and the meetings are held in the church on the second Sunday of each month.

The report of the little church of Huntington, L. I., mentions the devotion of the Associates, many walking three or four miles in all kinds of weather. The Convent of the Sacred Heart, Fifty-fourth street and Madison avenue, New York, notices the edifying fervor and perseverance of the children since the introduction of the work, on December 8, 1897, the pupils sacrificing their only recreation on the chosen day for this pious visit to the Blessed Sacrament. To-day, the special Feast of the Association, marks its affiliation to the work of the venerated Père Eymard, and has been solemnized by a General Communion of all the Associates, special exposition of the Blessed Sacrament all day in the Cathedral, the general head centre, and will conclude with a solemn procession, in which all the zelators and zelatrices will take part.

The following letter, in its English form, will interest the Associates:

"The Rev. Assistant General of the Congregation of the Most Blessed Sacrament is most happy to learn the admirable development of the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament among the faithful of New York City. He aggregates the Associates of the various Guards of Honor of that city to the Arch Association directed by the Congregation and renders them participants in all the merits, prayers and indulgences of the Congregation of the Aggregated Members in the whole world.

Given at Paris, in the Mother House, in the name of the Most Rev. Father General, June 4, 1897.

"A. TESNIÈRE, Assistant General."

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW.

Promoters' Roll Book.

It has been our custom to require the names of candidates for the Promoters' Diploma and Cross, not because we are obliged to do so, or because it is necessary to register their names for the validity of the indulgences granted to them but because we usually inscribe their names on the Diplomas as well as on our Promoters' Roll Book. In sending us the names some time in advance of the receptions, our Local Directors give us the best assurance that the candidates are well tried and fully deserving of the honor and privileges to be conferred on them. This year the demand for diplomas grew so numerous as the feast of the Sacred Heart approached that we were compelled to ask our Directors to have the names inscribed on them by their own secretaries. Directors will notice that we have been empowered to use the signature of Father Drive on Promoters' Diplomas instead of our own; but

Local Directors should still continue to sign them at the place marked for their signature.

The Work in June.

Not since June, 1895, have there been so many Promoters' Receptions as there were during the month of June just past. In two hundred and sixty-one Centres twenty-nine hundred and eighty-five Promoters were solemnly received, and about four hundred more Diplomas and Crosses were issued for those who were received privately or without any public ceremony. This is one of the best signs of the progress of our work. We have reason to believe that in every instance these Promoters were well chosen and well trained. In some cases they had been kept on probation for fully one year. That they had not been chosen at the last moment, merely for the purpose of having a ceremony is clear, from the fact that with almost every application made to us for their Diplomas and Crosses, the names of the candidates were sent at least one week, and sometimes fully a month, before the day of the ceremony.

In Memoriam.

By the deaths of Archbishop Janssens and Father Hewit, the Apostleship of Prayer loses two good friends and patrons of its work. The Most Reverend Archbishop never failed to add to his various official answers to our requests a word of encouragement and of commendation for the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Father Hewit often took the opportunity of writing to us and of expressing in detail the intentions he wanted us to recommend to the prayers of the League and his request was invariably accompanied with a desire that all Christians should take part in our union of prayer and zeal. Our Directors will repay our debt of gratitude to both of them by recommending them both at the altar and at the meetings of Promoters and Associates.

A Practical Application.

As a practical application of the General Intention for this month, we beg to call the attention of our Directors to the suggestions about the Treasury of Good Works made in the following columns, under the heading, "To Promoters." We might have addressed them directly to Local Directors themselves, and we have something special to say on this topic in the *League Director* for August. Still, our appeal to Promoters will have more weight here, since they, more than the Directors, need urging in this matter.

To Promoters.

Treasury of Good Works.

The Treasury reports for the month of June over 9,000,000 good works. Apparently, the Promoters exercised unusual zeal in obtaining that number, or Promoters and Associates both yielded a point of their usual modesty and consented to let some of their light shine before men because they felt they must do something special to honor the Sacred Heart, much as their humility revolts against doing their good works in public. The Treasury is the best means of making the General Intention for August a practical one; and when we call for prayers that all Christians, and particularly the members of the League, may recognize the importance of giving good example and correct the wrong notions they have on this point, we have in view chiefly the false modesty which makes many Promoters as well as Associates refuse to report their good works on the Treasury blanks that are sent us every month to be published for the consolation of all who take part in our work of prayer and zeal.

Objections to the Treasury.

We are constantly told: "God knows what good I am doing, and of what use is it to publish it? I am vain enough without indulging vanity in counting up my good deeds. Time is short enough to do what is good, without writing a history of it," etc., etc. The objection is put in a dozen other forms, but it always comes to the same, and it arises in all cases from a lack of positive knowledge of the obligation and advantages of giving good example, of edifying and encouraging others by letting them know that what they find hard is done everywhere and under all circumstances by thousands of people like themselves. Were the Treasury blanks signed, or if each good deed must have the name of its performer written after it, there might be some reason for protesting against such vanity. Were the good works themselves of an unusual, extraordinary, or heroic sort, we might be obliged, in humility, to conceal them; but they are all the common, ordinary good works that any Christian ought

to do regularly and constantly and still feel like an unprofitable servant.

Distributing the Blanks.

Promoters will do well, therefore, to make the General Intention for August a practical one by inducing their Associates to report their good works in the Treasury nor should they neglect the Intention Blanks, since it is a great help to the faith of every Associate to know that vast numbers of people are praying for the objects mentioned in those lists. Let each Promoter have at least the blank printed with the *Decade Leaflets*, or, let each Promoter distribute blanks among the Associates In due time these blanks can be collected and sent to us on the proper summary forms, and we shall publish them. When the Intention and Treasury lists for July and August appear in the MESSENGER, we feel confident they will prove that our Promoters have acted on our exhortation to use them to more effect, and thus spread the practice of giving good example by the faith and piety evidenced in the lists of intentions and good works.

Unusual Occurrences.

We received the other day a letter containing a bill for articles sent from this office, and with twice the amount of money to pay it. This being quite unusual, we wrote to inquire what it meant and got the following answer:

"DEAR REV. FATHER:

"Your postal was received yesterday and I think you will smile when you hear how the three dollars surplus money happened to reach you. Here is the account in full: I filled out a money order application; gave it to our gardener, Patrick K., and told him to get the order when he went to the office and to enclose it in the envelope addressed to the Apostleship of Prayer. Pat asked no questions, but thinking the money was sent to aid some charitable work, inclosed three dollars from his own purse, convinced that this was a golden opportunity afforded him of becoming an unknown benefactor in a noble cause. When he came home and related what he had done, all concerned were highly amused. However, Patrick desires me to say he is glad he made the mistake and he knows you will give him a remembrance at the altar."

A zealous League Director in Minnesota writes: "I have tried my best for the MESSENGER through the Promoters, but failed. I am now taking up the job myself and I hope to be successful in securing very soon a number of subscribers. I do believe the MESSENGER does wonders for the Sacred Heart. It is a real messenger of our Lord. I'll do all I can to have a MESSENGER in every house in my parish." The good will and appreciation expressed in this letter is most grateful and encouraging. May his example be catching!

THE APOSTLESHIP AT HOME.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., Notre Dame Church.—We are much pleased with the League in our Centre; new members are coming in all the time showing how zealous our Promoters are. Our Rev. Director is quite elated and urges on the good work as much as he can. We have the satisfaction of having a great many *men* in our Centre, which is saying a great deal.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Notre Dame Church.—We had a League social in June to give our Associates a chance to meet and get acquainted with one another. We have now about eleven hundred members.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., St. Alphonsus' Church.—Our June reception of Promoters was celebrated with great pomp and splendor. It made a lasting impression upon the thousands who had gathered to witness the unusual scene. The heat, ranging according to the thermometer between ninety-five and one hundred degrees, was powerless to keep back the eager throng.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Cathedral Centre.—On the evening of the feast of the Sacred Heart, Pontifical Vespers were celebrated by Archbishop Ryan. Rev. P. J. Dooley, S.J., delivered the sermon. The Archbishop made an address thanking the Associates of the League for the spiritual bouquet of communions and other religious acts which they offered for him on the occasion of his silver jubilee. He extolled the work of the League in the parish and blessed the Crosses and Diplomas which he afterwards conferred on the one hundred and twenty new Promoters. This Centre, was, a short time ago, estimated to have at least nine thousand members.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 291,007.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v, 18.)

Special Thanksgiving:—An Associate returns thanks for many favors obtained from the Sacred Heart through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help during the month of May. One in particular was the transfer by a father of all his property and business to his children for whom he had said that he would do nothing any more.

"I write in thanksgiving for the baptism of three children whose mother is a Catholic but whose father is not. I recommended them to the League, promising to acknowledge the favor if I obtained it. The father always refused his consent but some weeks ago the eldest little girl became ill with diphtheria. When he saw that she could not live he at last said she might be baptized, which was done about ten minutes before her death. He afterwards said the others might also be baptized and they were, on Ascension Thursday. We are all very grateful for this favor and wish to make it known through the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART."

"My little baby was sick since it was born on May 2, 1897. It kept getting worse all the time. On the eleventh of June it entirely lost its voice, and for three days we all thought it must die. On June 14, I promised to say a rosary a day for a week, moreover to join the League, to have a Mass said for the souls in purgatory and in case my baby recovered, to have it published in the MESSENGER. On the night of the fourteenth, he slept all night, has since been rapidly improving, so that to-day—feast of Sacred Heart—he is almost entirely well."

"My brother, a talented scenic artist with a wife and child to support, had been unemployed for a year. As we had prayed, apparently to no purpose, he seemed to lose all faith in prayer. However, he made another novena, together with his wife, in honor of Bishop Neumann; my mother made one in honor of the holy bishop to further the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and I made one to the holy bishop and another in honor of our Blessed Lady of Perpetual Help. Then my mother and his wife also said the thirty days' prayer and a few days after the novenas were finished, my brother received first one contract, then another, and then a third, until he had some trouble arranging the three satisfactorily to all parties."

"A young person, who had neglected her religion, was sick and deaf to the priest's entreaties. A Promoter proposed a novena to the Sacred Heart, that the patient might either recover long enough to learn her religion, or die fortified with the Sacraments. She is now well and has received the Sacraments of Penance, Holy Eucharist and Confirmation."

"Last Summer while in East Boston, and wishing to meet a friend before returning home, while visiting the Church of the Sacred Heart on Brook Street, kneeling before a statue of the Sacred Heart, I asked, as a very great favor, to meet the person I wanted to. The day wore on and it did not seem as if my prayer was to be answered. I left there about six o'clock, and had given up the hope, when, stepping from an electric car to enter the depot, I felt a hand touch my arm, and turning, came face to face with the person I desired to see. My prayer was answered, as is always the case where the Sacred Heart is invoked."

"While nursing a case of diphtheria I was threatened with the disease myself, having all the symptoms. I promised a Mass for the souls in purgatory and publication in the MESSENGER if the child recovered and I escaped the disease. The little boy is perfectly well again and neither myself nor any other member of the household took the diphtheria."

Spiritual Favors:—The return of a brother to the Sacraments after an absence of twenty years, his sister having worn a Badge of the Sacred Heart for his conversion: "a great favor granted to a lady seventy-three years old. She was baptized in infancy, but for reasons unknown fell away from the practice of her religion in early girlhood, though she never failed to hear Mass on Sundays. A great timidity and fear of her unworthiness prevented her from approaching the Blessed Sacrament. She joined the League of the Sacred Heart about four years ago, and on May 22

she made her First Communion"; the return to his Easter duty, after prayer and promised publication, of a young man who had been remiss for years; a daughter wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for the return to his religious duties of a father who had neglected them for five years; the conversion of a mother who had neglected her religious duties for many years, followed very soon by the conversion of her son who had been equally remiss; conversion of a father after years of neglect; a member of the League rid of scruples that kept him from the Sacraments over a year, after a novena and promise of publication; return of a prodigal son to his home and work; conversion to a temperate life of two brothers who had been intemperate for ten and two years respectively; also conversion of a father who had been intemperate for twenty years; conversion to temperance of the father of six children, who had long been intemperate; preservation from injury in an accident; restoration to health and employment of a young man afflicted with nervous prostration; conversion of a sister long estranged from her religion; "the return of a son after four years' absence from confession. He went to confession and is a better man."

Temporal Favors:—The almost immediate relief of an ailment that at times caused great mental anguish. A novena was begun to the Sacred Heart, through St. Ignatius Loyola, the water was used and relief experienced from the first day; a Visitation nun returns thanks to St. Joseph for the removal of a throat trouble, which, for more than fifteen years, prevented her from singing divine office. The favor was granted on the feast of St. Joseph, after publication had been promised; "My brother was out of employment for a long time. I made a novena to the Sacred Heart, abstaining from meat the nine days. On the eighth day he obtained work from a very unexpected source;" restoration to health of an insane brother after two Masses had been offered and two novenas made in honor of the Sacred Heart; a Promoter who was suffering from an illness for which an operation seemed necessary, was cured shortly after making a novena to St. Ignatius and using the Ignatius holy water; restoration to health, after a novena, of a husband who was pronounced hopelessly insane; complete cure of a chronic stomach affliction of a woman who had tried doctors and nostrums unavailingly for years. She asked a Promoter and his wife to join her in a novena to the Sacred Heart and to receive Holy Communion for her; recovery, after a novena had been begun, of a daughter who had been ill for more than a year; recovery, after a novena, of a sister in Denver, Col., who had been despaired of by physicians. Also recovery after a novena and promised publication of one who had been ill for months and pronounced incurable.

Favors through the Badge and Promoter's Cross:—An Associate of the League accidentally stepped upon a nail which penetrated the shoe and passed some distance into the foot. With great presence of mind she drew out the nail herself, and, hurrying to her room, applied Lourdes water to the wound, and later the Badge. Next day she was able to resume her duties; relief of severe chronic pain after application of the Badge; a lady cured of a severe pain after applying the Promoter's Cross; cure of a sister long demented; financial help for a church from a non-Catholic; a painful abscess of the ear, threatening permanent deafness, cured by applying the Badge; also relief from severe headache; a severe case of congestion of the lungs followed by congestion of the liver and violent inflammation of the stomach cured by applying the Badge at different times; a little grandchild cured of bronchitis after application of the Badge and promise of a Mass and publication, the doctor being unable to attend in time; inflammatory rheumatism averted by applying the Badge; a man who had neglected his duty for over twenty years had the Badge placed on him when attacked with fatal convulsions. A Mass, Communion and publication were also promised, and he lived long enough to receive the last Sacraments; impaired sight restored; also an invalid mother, a daughter who had been given up by the doctors, and a friend dangerously ill cured through the Badge; many cases of kidney trouble, abscesses, evils, injuries, neuralgia, croup, diphtheria, rheumatism, and other afflictions cured by applying the Badge.

Spiritual and temporal favors obtained through the intercession of our Lady under various titles, St. Joseph, St. Anne, St. Benedict, St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, St. Anthony of Padua, B. Rita, Ven. Claude de la Colombière and Bishop Neumann of Philadelphia.

THE·READER·

IN the last few years our readers must have been pleased and edified by some beautiful and devotional poems, which appeared from time to time in the MESSENGER and signed "St. Mary's of the Woods." It was the modest reserve of a young religious, a convert to the Faith, which prompted her to hide her own identity. Just a year ago she passed away, as we confidently trust, to see Him face to face, about whom she had so lovingly sung in her verses. Her superiors, having been urged to publish a selection of her poems, now offer them to the public. The impression they produced upon her bishop, Rt. Rev. F. S. Chatard, he himself tells in an introduction which he wrote for the volume: "'Charming, pure, fragrant as a lily' were the words that came as if spontaneously from our lips as we finished reading the poems of Sister Mary Genevieve, a few days after she had passed to the bourne for which her soul had yearned. It may be said that a minor tone pervades what she has written; but while she had her portions of sadness, and labored long under the malady that put an end to her young existence, there is a spiritual joy that shows itself in her realization of the union of her chosen soul with God here and hereafter, as she longed for her Beloved. Her days were not all sunless as she neared her goal. As it was our privilege to know her well and see her quite often, we could not but remark her joyous spirit, even in the midst of her trials. . . . The good she did (in the novitiate) by her example and by her poems was greater than she thought; and now she has been called from God's earthly garden, the fragrance remains, . . . and the legacy of her poems will exert a wholesome and elevating influence." Such words from so cultured a prelate are a sufficient *imprimatur* to make this volume welcome in every Catholic home. Besides poems it contains the "Week of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Divine Teacher in the Tabernacle" and a "Week for Children," based on the practices of the virtues of the Sacred Heart. Both these "Weeks" are full of devout and practical suggestions in scripture texts and original verse.

A few quotations from MESSENGER poems will help our readers to recall the gifted singer:

Abide with us! Thy presence sweet and holy,
Still let us see, O Fellow-Pilgrim fair!
All day we've journeyed; now our hospice lowly
We pray Thee share.

Then follow four verses, full of beauty, with this conclusion:

Abide with me! Life's ray is dimly sinking,
And sombre shades are falling thick and fast,
Dissolving death, each tie of earth unlinking,
Comes on at last.

Abide with me! The night is lone and dreary;
But safe with Thee upon Thy bosom blest
I'll lean and trust; till, like a child a-weary,
I sink to rest.

In a brighter, sprightlier vein she wrote:

Consider how the lilies grow;
Not an anxious care they know,
Nodding gaily to and fro
Through the summer hours,
Toiling never,
Trusting ever,
Happy, favored flowers.

Her last published poem, we believe, was the much admired one called "Life's Angelus," and the prayer in the last lines was soon after answered.

Ave Maria! Faint and fainter grows
The tuneful echo of the evening bells,
And, with the growing shadows of the wood,
A deeper silence o'er the spirit falls.
O pia Mater! sweetest, holiest,
From thy celestial dwellings, fondly now
Bend down and listen while we trusting breathe
Our evening prayer: "Oh, take us to thy rest!"

As she herself described in "At Close of Day:"

"Now I lay me." Pale and trembling
Are the claspéd hands to-night,
And the dim eyes fast are closing
Ever more upon earth's light;
One more tear for love and sorrow,
One more sigh so long and deep,
And within the Heart of Jesus,
She hath lain her down to sleep.

Besides poems in verse Sister Mary Genevieve has left some exquisite studies in prose; poems, too, they might be called, such as "Soul Pictures," the "Harp of Ireland," "Nazareth," and "The Temple of Providence." We heartily recommend the two volumes published by P. J. Kenedy for the Sisters of Providence of St. Mary of the Woods, Vigo Co., Indiana. Volumes, we say, because, although the same poems appear in both, one contains the "Weeks" we have mentioned, and the other has the prose studies.

* * *

THE ENCYCLICAL ON DEVOTION TO THE HOLY GHOST.

Leo XIII. is a man of inspirations; he understands how to grasp the needs of the hour. In our days when sectarian pulpits resound with denials of divine truths, His Holiness most opportunely insists upon their acceptance. If there ever was a time when we need to enkindle the spirit of faith or to foster it where it exists, it is now. Hence the Holy Father has sent forth to Christendom a message upon devotion to the Holy Ghost. As he says "we have been anxious that all the works undertaken and carried out by us during the already long course of our Pontificate, should tend to two main ends: First, the restoration of Christian life in civil and domestic society, among rulers as well as peoples, because there is no true life among men except that which flows from Christ; and, second, the reconciliation of all those who in faith or obedience are separated from the Church; since it was most assuredly the intention of Christ to reunite them all in one fold under one Shepherd."

The attaining of these two aims can only be accomplished through the Holy Ghost, and so Leo XIII. sketches in a masterly way the part which the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity plays in regard to man as a member of a fallen race and of a supernatural society. He puts clearly the teaching of the Church concerning the Holy Trinity as the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, showing how jealously she guards the unity of nature while holding the trinity of persons, and "appropriating" to each some particular function; for instance she attributes to the Father works characterized by power, to the Son those characterized by wisdom, and to the Holy Ghost those characterized by love, though, as St. Augustin says: "since the three divine Persons are inseparable, so, too, they work inseparably."

He next explains the part of the Holy Ghost in the Incarnation of the Second Person, whose natural human body was through Him conceived. Then the influence of the Holy Ghost on the mystical body of Christ, the Church, is treated, in its outpouring on the first Pentecost, then as the abiding spirit of truth and the constitutor of the hierarchy with the power to blot out sin. He contrasts the state of the just before and after Christ, and shows the abundance of the gifts vouchsafed to the latter. He describes the effects of the Sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation, that we may understand our dignity as adoptive sons of God and partakers of the divine nature. He enlarges on the dignity of man, even in his body, as the temple of the Holy Ghost, in consequence of which the whole Trinity deigns to come and abide in the just soul and bestow the most precious gifts. Our duty of gratitude necessarily flows from the realization of this immense bounty of the Holy Ghost, our Sanctifier, and this we should show by our obedience and devotion, zealously striving to know, love and invoke this Spirit.

That the faithful may not fail in this duty, preachers and directors of souls are exhorted to impart with more zeal and efficacy the teachings regarding the Holy Ghost, for our love for Him will increase with our knowledge of Him, but it should manifest itself in a promptness to act and to avoid sin, since it is this beneficent Spirit whom the sinner offends. Especially must we beware of that sin which is said to be against the Holy Ghost, and which consists in maliciously contradicting or turning away from the faith, inasmuch as He is the spirit of truth. Nor is it enough merely to avoid evil, but we must shine with the brightness of all the virtues, particularly purity and sanctity, which

are the characteristics becoming a temple, the violation of which is the subject of the awful threat "if any man violate the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

Finally we are bidden to invoke the Holy Ghost, "because there is no one who does not stand in the greatest need of His aid. In truth we are all without wisdom or strength, overwhelmed with temptations and inclined to evil; therefore should we all seek a refuge with Him, who is the eternal source of light, strength, consolation and holiness." The Church teaches us how we should address Him in the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, which the Pope here paraphrases.

Then comes the decree prescribing the yearly novena to be made before Pentecost in all the parish churches, and, if the ordinary deem it useful, in the other churches and sanctuaries throughout the world, with an imparting of rich indulgences, which may be gained even by those who make the novena in private. He concludes by begging the hierarchy to join with him in these prayers, and he says: Let all Catholic nations unite their voices with ours in engaging the intercession of the most powerful and ever blessed Virgin. You know the close and wonderful ties which unite her with the Holy Ghost, whose immaculate spouse she is called. Her prayer was most efficacious for the mystery of the Incarnation and for the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles. May she, by her gracious aid, fortify our common prayers, that the prodigies celebrated in the prophecies of David may be accomplished by the Holy Ghost for all who labor throughout the earth! "Thou shalt send forth thy spirit, and they shall be created; and thou shalt renew the face of the earth."

May this magnificent encyclical of Leo XIII. find a responsive echo in every Catholic heart, and may it arouse fervent devotion to the spirit of truth and of love!

BOOK NOTICES.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass worthily Celebrated. By Rev. Father Chaignon, S.J. From the French by Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. 8vo. Pages 295. Price $1.50.

The venerable Bishop of Burlington has made the English-speaking clergy his debtors by putting this excellent book into English. The best preparation and the best disposition for the celebration of the holy sacrifice of the Mass may be drawn from the consideration of that august sacrifice itself. This is precisely what the work before us offers to the priest. Combining piety with theological accuracy, Father Chaignon, first treats, for the benefit of the priest, of the nature of the holy sacrifice, the sanctity it requires in the priest, the means of sanctification it contains, and the preparation which should precede its celebration. He then proposes as so many subjects for consideration and meditation the preludes and the various parts of the Mass. This book supplies just that spiritual food which the priest needs for the well-being of his soul, as the devout celebration of the Mass is the life of his spiritual life. No priest will regret to make it his daily companion.

Bound Together. Six short plays for home and school. By Rosa Mulholland and Clara Mulholland. Baltimore: John Murphy and Company. 12mo. Paper. Price 50 cents.

The literary fame of the Mulholland sisters is a sufficient guarantee for the high merit of these plays. We warmly recommend them to school managers and amateurs.

The New Testament. Translated from the Latin Vulgate. With 100 illustrations. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. 16mo. Pages 443. Price 60 cents.

This handy little edition of the New Testament, which is published with the approval of His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, fills a long felt want. The print, though necessarily small, is very legible. The illustrations, which are well selected and finely executed, make the book quite attractive. We trust it will find a wide circulation among the laity who should be eager to make themselves familiar with the scriptures of the New Testament.

St. Joseph's Anthology. By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1897. 12mo. Pages 155.

As the compiler tells us, the title of this volume is taken from a Greek word which means "a gathering of flowers." The flowers which Father Russell has plucked are "poems in praise of the Foster Father, gathered from many

sources." To all clients of St. Joseph this choice collection of beautiful and devotional verse will prove most acceptable.

Explanation of the Our Father and the Hail Mary. With numerous examples, parables and interesting anecdotes from Holy Scripture, the Lives of the Saints, the doctors of the Church, and other sources. Adapted from the German by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. 16mo. Pages 202. Price 75 cents.

The title of this book fully sets forth its nature, character and scope. It offers excellent subject-matter for instruction, pious reading and meditation. The Scripture texts, extracts from the Fathers, and examples are generally well chosen; and the whole is put in good English dress. We heartily recommend it to our readers.

Jasper Thorn. By Maurice Francis Egan. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co. 1897. 12mo. Pages 304. Price 50 cents.

As Dr. Egan puts it in the sub-title, this is a story of New York life. The various boys introduced are varied in type and are used to throw in relief the sterling character of the hero, Jasper Thorn. The moral is excellent and the interest of the story never flags.

Three Indian Tales: Namameha and Watoimelka: By Alexander Baumgartner, S.J. **Tahko.** By A. V. B. **Father René's Last Journey.** By Anton Huonder, S.J. Translated from the German by Miss Helena Long. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1897. Pages 124. Price 45 cents.

Three simple and artless stories of mission experience among the American Indians. Though quite distinct, they have all the same finale—that an Indian boy becomes a priest and missionary.

The Blessed Sacrament Our God. By a child of St. Teresa. London: Burns & Oates New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Pages 52. Price 30 cents.

The sub-title explains that the object of this little book is to give some "Practical thoughts on the mystery of love." It considers the Blessed Sacrament in its abiding aspects, and so, passing over Mass and Holy Communion, it treats of "our visits," Benediction, and interior and exterior dispositions of soul and body. The advice is forcible and practical.

Immortelles of Catholic Columbian Literature. By M. Seraphine, O. St. U. Chicago—New York: D. N. McBride & Co. 1897. Pages 625.

The Ursuline Nuns of New York have made this excellent collection of choice selection from the writings, prose and verse, of our Catholic American women. A short biographical sketch of each authoress is given. We had no idea that the Church in this country had produced in this century sixty-three writers deserving of literary fame. It was compiled to serve as a "supplementary Reader," to be used in schools in any grade, as well as "to put before the young people what brain-workers we have, and what we hope for in the future." We cordially recommend it.

Letters of St. Alphonsus Liguori. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Pages 460. Price $1.25.

This is the fifth volume of the correspondence of this illustrious doctor of the Church, and the twenty-second and last volume of the complete ascetical works of St. Alphonsus, translated from the Italian and edited by Rev. Thomas W. Mullaney, C.SS.R.

Laughter and Tears. By Marion J. Brunowe. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1897. Pages 169.

This little volume contains eight short stories dealing chiefly with young people, whose ways the authoress seems to understand thoroughly. Each tale conveys an excellent lesson on which the point hinges, and is told in a lively and entertaining way.

A Summer at Woodville. By Anna T. Sadlier. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. 16mo. Pages 168. Price 50 cents. Cloth.

We naturally expect something good from the pen of the gifted Miss Sadlier, and we are sure that the boys and girls she writes for will pronounce this a capital book, full of incidents and adventures.

My Strange Friend. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Pages 70. Price 30 cents. Cloth.

This little volume contains two short stories, *My Strange Friend* and *Looking for Santa Claus.* That they come from the author is enough said.

The Boys in the Block. By Maurice Francis Egan. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Pages 85. Price 30 cents. Cloth.

A sketch of city boys, with race antipathy and the evils that flow from it, and from reading dime novels.

The Fatal Diamonds. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Pages 73. Price 30 cents. Cloth.

A startling little episode in the life of a young wife, conveying a warning against vanity and showing the desirability of staying at home.

A Little Book of Wisdom. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1897. Pages 297. Price 75 cents.

This is a "collection of great thoughts of many wise men and women," made by Lelia Hardin Bugg, and will prove useful for those who like to know what the wise thought and said, some in prose and some in verse, about matters of interest to all.

The Taming of Polly. By Ella Loraine Dorsey. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. 12mo. Pages 244. Price 85 cents.

This is a delightful book, full of interest from beginning to end. The story is laid in the West, and there is a fresh and invigorating tone about it, caught from the ranch. Polly is a most unconventional character, whose early education, while bringing out the best natural traits, entirely lacked everything supernatural. The taming is the work of the Sisters, who most judiciously encouraged what could be commended, and gradually unfolded to her the beauty of religion. We heartily recommend it as most enjoyable.

The Blissylvania Post Office.

Three Girls and Especially one. By Marion Ames Taggart. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. 16mo. Pages 152 and 168. 50 cents. Cloth.

These two books, by Miss Taggart, will prove acceptable to young readers, as they contain many suggestions in the way of amusement which could be adopted by them. The boys and girls represented are just the kind we meet, with childish ambitions, and bad as well as good traits. The conversations are natural and well sustained.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Catholic Truth Society: London. Price of each One Penny.

Remember Me. Daily Readings for Lent. 1897. Pages 51; **The Ember Days.** By Dom Columba Edmondo, O.S.B. Pages 20; **The Drunkard.** By Archbishop Ullathorne. Pages 16; **The Catholic's Library of Tales,** No. 24. Pages 22; Two Tales: **A Lucky Hamper.** By Margaret Merriman; **Unfaithful.** By Joseph Carmichael; **St. Stanislas Kostka.** Pages 20.

We are in receipt of a beautiful oleotint picture of the Sacred Heart. It is a very faithful copy of an altar-piece, by Tozetti, in a church in Munich. All who desire a handsome picture of the Sacred Heart, delicate and rich in coloring, tender and devout in expression, will find it in this picture, which we can heartily recommend. We are pleased to be able to recommend such a pleasing work of art to all who wish to share in our Lord's promise: "I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honored." Elegantly framed, this picture may be obtained from the Catholic Supply Company, 19 and 21 Quincy Street, Chicago, Illinois.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, June 1 to 30, 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date
Boston	Boston Mass.	Catholic Deaf Mute . . . . Mission	June 6
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary . . . . . Church	June 25
Buffalo	Randolph, N. Y.	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	June 25
Cleveland	Cleveland, O.	St. Casimir's . . . . . "	June 19
Dubuque	Dubuque, Ia.	St. Joseph's Mercy . . . . . Hospital	June 16
Erie	Clarion, Pa.	Immaculate Conception . . Church	June 16
"	Rasselas, Pa.	Holy Cross . . . . . "	June 16
"	Stoneboro, Pa.	St. Columbkille's . . . . "	June 19
Hartford	Bridgeport, Conn.	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	June 6
"	Hazardville, Conn.	St. Bernard's . . . . . "	June 25
Helena	Anaconda, Mont.	St Paul's . . . . . "	June 16
Marquette	Bessemer, Mich.	St. Sebastian's . . . . . "	June 16
Nesqually	Spokane Falls, Wash.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	June 16
Newark	South Orange, N. J.	Our Lady of Sorrows . . . "	June 25
Oregon City	Portland, Ore.	St. Vincent's . . . . . Hospital	June 6
Portland	Calais, Me.	Immacu'ate Conception . . Church	June 25
Springfield	Webster, Mass.	St. Louis' . . . . . "	June 20
Trenton	Hammonton, N. J.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	June 25
Vincennes	Brazil, Ind.	Annunciation . . . . . "	June 6

Aggregations, 19; churches, 16; institutions, 3.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Promoters' Diplomas and Crosses have been sent to the following Local Centres, June 1 to 30, 1897.

Diocese.	Place	Local Centre.	Number.
Albany	Albany, N. Y.	Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception	19
"	" "	St. Joseph's . . . . . Church	8
"	Rensselaer, N. Y.	St. John's . . . . . "	5
"	Troy, "	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	1
Alton	Decatur, Ill.	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	5
"	Effingham, Ill.	Sacred Heart . . . . . "	1
"	Pana, "	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	6
"	Quincy, "	St. Francis Solano's . . . . . "	2
"	Springfield, "	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	6
"	" "	St. Agnes' Church. . . . . "	2
"	" "	Immaculate Conception . . . . "	1
"	Taylorville, "	St. Mary's . . . . . "	30
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Bernard's . . . . . "	5
"	"	St. Ignatius' . . . . . "	37
"	Ilchester, "	Redemptorist . . . . . College	1
"	Washington, D. C.	St. Aloysius' . . . . . Church	34
"	" "	Georgetown . . . . . University	12
"	" "	St. Patrick's . . . . . Church	9
Belleville	Belleville, Ill.	St. Luke's . . . . . "	1
"	Chester, "	St. Mary of Help . . . . . "	5
"	Waterloo, "	SS. Peter and Paul's . . . . . "	2
Boston	Boston, Mass.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	17
"	" "	St. Margaret's . . . . . "	16
"	" "	St. Stephen's . . . . . "	18
"	" "	Immaculate Conception . . . . "	37
"	" "	St. Mary's . . . . . "	14
"	" " (Roxbury).	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	4
"	Brockton, "	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	6
"	Chelsea, "	St. Rose's . . . . . "	25
"	Lowell, "	Immaculate Conception . . . "	22
"	" "	St. Peter's . . . . . "	32
"	Malden, "	Immaculate Conception . . . "	88
"	North Chelmsford, Mass.	St. John's . . . . . "	8
"	Salem, Mass.	Immaculate Conception . . . "	7
"	" "	St. James' . . . . . "	50
"	Somerville, Mass.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	1
"	" "	St. Ann's . . . . . "	22
"	Stoneham, "	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	5
"	Waltham, "	St. Mary's . . . . . "	15
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	8
"	" "	St. Vincent de Paul's . . . . "	17
"	" "	Our Lady of Victory . . . . . "	4
"	" "	SS. Peter and Paul's . . . . . "	7
"	" "	Nativity of our Blessed Lord. . . "	14
"	" "	St. Ambrose's . . . . . "	6
"	" "	Blessed Sacrament . . . . . "	9
"	" "	St. John's . . . . . Home	2
"	" "	Mercy . . . . . Convent	18
"	" " (Flatbush)	Holy Cross . . . . . Church	30
"	Jamaica, L. I.	St. Monica's . . . . . "	3
"	Long Island City.	St. Raphael's . . . . . "	9
"	"	St. Mary's . . . . . "	21
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Convent	1
"	Lockport, "	St. Joseph's. . . . . Academy	1
"	Waverly, "	St. James' . . . . . Church	1
Charleston	Charleston, S. C.	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	7
"	Columbia, "	Ursuline . . . . . Convent	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Monica's . . . . . Church	1
"	" "	St. Malachy's . . . . . "	13
"	" "	St. Columbkille's . . . . . "	6
"	" "	Sacred Heart . . . . . Academy	7
"	" "	Mt. Carmel . . . . . "	4
"	" "	St. Joseph's . . . . . Home	5
"	" "	Ephpheta . . . . . School	5
Cincinnati	Urbana, Ohio	St. Mary's . . . . . Convent	5
Columbus	Nelsonville, Ohio	St. Andrew's Church. . . . . "	1
Covington	Bellevue, Ky.	St. Anthony's . . . . . "	13
"	Newport, "	Immaculate Conception . . . "	5
Dallas	El Paso, Tex.	Immaculate Conception . . . "	10
Davenport	Council Bluffs, Ia.	St. Bernard's . . . . . Hospital	1
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	Sacred Heart . . . . . Academy	5
"	Port Huron, Mich.	St. Stephen's . . . . . Church	8
Dubuque	Ballyclough, Ia.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	6
"	Dubuque, "	St. Raphael's . . . . . Cathedral	6
"	" "	St. Joseph's . . . . . College	4
"	" "	St. Patrick's . . . . . Church	12
"	Eagle Grove, "	St Mary's . . . . . "	2
Erie	Kane, Pa.	St. Calistus' . . . . . "	6
Fort Wayne	Elwood, Ind.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	11
"	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Immaculate Conception . . . Cathedral	15
"	Tipton, "	St. Joseph's . . . . . Convent	2
Galveston	Austin, Tex.	St. Mary's . . . . . Academy	1
"	" "	Immaculate Conception . . . . Church	1
"	Galveston, Tex.	Sacred Heart . . . . . "	3
Green Bay	Shawano, Wis.	Sacred Heart . . . . . "	9
Harrisburg	Harrisburg, Pa.	St. Patrick's . . . . . Cathedral	6
Hartford	Ansonia, Conn.	Assumption . . . . . Church	14

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Number
Hartford	Bridgeport, Conn.	Sacred Heart . . . . . Church	44
"	Broadbrook, "	St. Catherine's . . . . . "	1
"	Danbury, "	St. Peter's . . . . . "	17
"	Hartford, "	St. Joseph's . . . . . Cathedral	21
"	New Haven, "	St. John's . . . . . Church	9
"	Newtown, "	St. Rose's . . . . . "	3
"	New London, Conn.	St. Mary's . . . . . "	14
"	Stanford, Conn.	St. John's . . . . . "	8
Jamestown	Bismark, N. Dak.	St Mary's . . . . . "	2
"	Jamestown, N. Dak.	St. James' . . . . . Cathedral	1
"	Lidgerwood, "	St. John Nepomucene's . . . . Church	1
"	" "	St. Helena's . . . . . "	1
Kansas City, Mo.	Kansas City, Mo.	St. Aloysius' . . . . . "	10
"	Monett, Mo.	St Lawrence's . . . . . "	1
La Crosse	Chippewa Falls, Wis.	Notre Dame . . . . . "	4
"	Lyndon Station, "	St. Mary's . . . . . "	10
"	Manston, Wis.	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	2
"	Wauzeka, "	Sacred Heart . . . . . "	1
Little Rock	Fort Smith, Ark.	Immaculate Conception . . . . "	11
Louisville	Fancy Farm, Ky.	St. Jerome's . . . . . "	7
"	Knottsville, "	St. William's . . . . . "	1
"	Lebanon, "	St. Augustine's . . . . . "	17
"	Louisville, "	Assumption . . . . . Cathedral	4
"	Paducah, "	St. Francis de Sales' . . . . . Church	2
"	St. Joseph's, "	Mt. St. Joseph's . . . . . Academy	2
Manchester	Concord, N. H.	St. John's . . . . . Church	9
Marquette	Escanaba, Mich.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	23
Milwaukee	Kenosha, Wis.	St. James'	9
"	Watertown, "	St. Bernard's . . . . . "	3
Mobile	Mobile, Ala.	Immaculate Conception . . . . Cathedral	13
"	Springfield,	Springfield . . . . . College	4
Nashville	Nashville, Tenn.	Assumption . . . . . Church	3
Nesqually	Seattle, Wash.	Immaculate Conception . . . . "	1
"	Spokane, "	Gonzaga . . . . . College	1
Newark	Jersey City, N. J.	St. Paul of the Cross . . . . Church	5
"	" "	St. Michael's . . . . . "	8
"	" "	St. Peter's . . . . . "	14
"	Newark, "	St. Benedict's . . . . . College	5
"	" "	St. John's . . . . . Church	25
"	Ridgewood, "	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel . . . . "	9
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	St. Alphonsus . . . . . "	55
"	" "	St. Boniface's . . . . . "	7
"	" "	Sacred Heart . . . . . Convent	3
New York	Cornwall on Hudson, N. Y.	St. Thomas of Canterbury . . Church	1
"	Fishkill, "	St. John's . . . . . "	3
"	Kingston, "	St Joseph's . . . . . "	10
"	Mattewan, "	St. Joachim's . . . . . "	20
"	Middletown, "	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	9
"	Mt. Loretto, "	Immaculate Virgin . . . . . Mission	3
"	" "	St. Elizabeth's . . . . . Convent	1
"	Newburgh	St. Patrick's . . . . . Church	32
"	New York City	All Saints . . . . . "	7
"	" "	Annunciation . . . . . "	8
"	" "	St. Ann's . . . . . "	10
"	" "	St Bernard's . . . . . "	18
"	" "	St. Charles Borromeo . . . . . "	8
"	" "	St. Catherine's . . . . . "	7
"	" "	St. Columba's . . . . . "	15
"	" "	Epiphany . . . . . "	19
"	" "	Sacred Heart . . . . . Convent	12
"	" "	St. Gabriel's . . . . . Church	20
"	" "	Guardian Angel . . . . . "	24
"	" "	Holy Cross . . . . . "	16
"	" "	Holy Name . . . . . "	15
"	" "	Holy Rosary . . . . . "	7
"	" "	St. Ignatius Loyola . . . . . "	32
"	" "	St. Michael's . . . . . "	4
"	" "	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel . . . . "	4
"	" "	Our Lady of Good Counsel . . . "	1
"	" (Mulberry St.)	St. Patrick's . . . . . Cathedral	45
"	" "	St. Patrick's . . . . . Church	12
"	" "	St. Paul the Apostle . . . . . "	10
"	" "	St. Paul's . . . . . "	3
"	" "	St. Peter's . . . . . "	22
"	" "	St. Stephen's . . . . . "	12
"	" "	St. Teresa's . . . . . "	15
"	" (Riverdale)	St. Vincent Ferrer's . . . . . "	48
"	Pocantico Hills, N. Y.	Mt. St. Vincent . . . . . Convent	4
"	Port Richmond, "	Magdalene . . . . . Church	4
"	Poughkeepsie, "	St. Mary's . . . . . "	9
"	" "	St. Mary's . . . . . "	7
"	Sing Sing, N. Y.	St. Peter's . . . . . "	9
"	Sylvan Lake, N. Y.	St. Augustine's . . . . . "	10
"	Yonkers, N. Y.	St. Denis' . . . . . "	10
North Carolina	Charlotte, N. C.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Seminary	5
Ogdensburg	Port Henry, N. Y.	St. Peter's . . . . . Church	2
"	Watertown, "	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	8
Omaha	Omaha, Neb.	Notre Dame . . . . . "	1
		Holy Family . . . . . "	1

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Number
Oregon City	St. Paul, Ore.	St. Paul's . . . Church	2
Peoria	Utica, Ill.	St. Mary's "	10
Philadelphia	Allentown, Pa.	Immaculate Conception "	15
"	Ashland, Pa.	St. Joseph's "	5
"	Coaldale, "	St. Mary's "	14
"	Falls of Schuylkill, Phila.	St. Bridget's "	34
"	Nesquehoning, Pa.	Sacred Heart "	3
"	New Philadelphia, Pa.	Holy Family "	2
"	Norristown, Pa.	St. Patrick's "	7
"	Philadelphia, Pa	Assumption of the B. V. M "	12
"	"	St. Anthony's "	17
"	"	St. Charles' "	5
"	"	St. Edward's "	12
"	"	St. Elizabeth's "	25
"	"	St. Gregory's "	70
"	"	The Gesù "	1
"	"	Sacred Heart "	11
"	"	St. James' "	8
"	"	Our Lady of Lourdes "	6
"	"	Our Lady of Mercy "	8
"	"	SS. Peter and Paul . . . Cathedral	19
"	"	St. Peter's . . . Church	122
"	"	St. Stephen's "	9
"	"	St Vincent's . . . Seminary	2
"	South Easton, Pa	St. Joseph's . . . School	2
"	West Chester, Pa	St. Agnes' . . . Church	9
Pittsburg	Apollo, Pa.	St. James' "	6
"	Carrolltown, Pa	St. Joseph's "	5
"	Emsworth, Pa	"	3
"	Loretto, Pa.	St. Michael's "	8
"	Pittsburg, Pa	St. Bridget's "	5
"	"	St. Mary's "	2
"	"	St. Paul's . . . Cathedral	26
Portland	Portland, Me	Immaculate Conception . . . Church	11
Providence	Elmhurst, R. I.	Sacred Heart . . . Academy	4
"	Fall River, Mass	St. Mary's . . . Church	24
"	Providence, R. I.	Assumption "	7
"	"	Immaculate Conception "	18
"	"	St. Joseph's "	26
"	" "	St. Patrick's "	7
"	Valley Falls, R. I.	Sacred Heart "	8
"	Woonsocket, R. I.	St. Peter's . . . Cathedral	7
Richmond	Richmond, Va	St. Canice's . . . Church	9
Sacramento	Nevada City, Cal	St. Ferdinand's "	4
St. Louis	Florissant, Mo	St. Michael's "	11
"	Fredericktown, Mo	St. Mary's . . . Seminary	2
"	Perryville, Mo	St. Francis Xavier's . . . Church	1
"	St. Louis, Mo	Good Shepherd . . . Convent	8
"	"	Holy Innocents' . . . Church	5
"	"	Immaculate Conception "	15
"	"	St. John's "	9
"	"	St. Lawrence O'Toole's "	11
"	"	St. Michael's "	2
"	"	St. Paul's "	3
"	"	St. Vincent's "	33
"	St. Paul, Mo.	St. Paul's "	2
St. Paul	Fairfax, Minn.	St. Andrew's "	10
"	Minneapolis, Minn.	Holy Rosary "	25
San Antonio	Victorio, Tex.	St. Joseph's . . . College	1
San Francisco	Oakland, Cal.	St. Mary's . . . Church	36
"	San Francisco, Cal.	St. Brendan's "	4
"	Stockton, Cal.	St. Mary's "	10
Savannah	Atlanta, Ga.	Immaculate Conception "	10
Scranton	Ashley, Pa.	St. Leo's "	9
"	Jermyn, "	St. Mary's "	15
"	Scranton, Pa.	St. John the Evangelist's "	21
"	" "	St. Paul's "	12
"	Wilkesbarre, Pa.	St. Mary's "	22
Sioux Falls	Sioux Falls, S. D.	St. Michael's . . . Cathedral	2
"	Yankton, S. D.	Sacred Heart . . . Church	1
Springfield	Adams, Mass.	St. Thomas' "	5
"	Holyoke, Mass.	St. Jerome's "	20
"	Lee, Mass.	St. Joseph's . . . Convent	3
"	North Adams, Mass.	St. Francis . . . Church	27
"	Pittsfield, Mass.	St. Joseph's "	29
"	Worcester, "	Sacred Heart "	10
Syracuse	Camden, N. Y.	St. John's "	6
"	Oswego, "	St. John the Evangelist's "	29
"	Syracuse, "	Assumption . . . College	13
"	" "	St. Lucy's . . . Church	26
"	Utica, "	St. John's "	7
Vincennes	Indianapolis, Ind.	St. John's "	19
"	Navilleton, "	St. Mary's "	2
"	St. Mary's, Ind.	St. Mary's . . . Academy	5
Wilmington	Wilmington, Del.	St. Paul's . . . Church	38

Total number of Receptions, 261.

Number of Diplomas, 2,985.

CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, AUGUST, 1897.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for **The Apostleship of Good Example**, for the intentions of the Apostleship throughout the world, and for these particular intentions recommended by the American Associates.

1	S.	**8th after Pentecost.**—St. Peter's Chains.—Seven Machabees.—SS.	Devotion to Holy See.	376,131 thanksgivings.
2	*M.*	St. Alphonsus, Bp D.F. (C.SS.R., 1787).	Pray for bad Catholics.	105,113 in affliction.
3	*T.*	Finding of St. Stephen's Body (415).	Pray for persecutors.	100,481 sick, infirm.
4	*W.*	St. Dominic, F. (O.P., 1221).—Pr.	Daily Rosary.	125,854 dead Associates.
5	*Th.*	Our Lady of the Snow (366).—H.H.	Filial trust in Mary.	54,533 League Centres.
6	*F.*	**First Friday.**—The Transfiguration of our Lord.—1st D, A.C.	Renewal of spirit.	21,374 Directors.
7	*S.*	St. Cajetan, F. (Theatines, 1547).	Pray for doubters.	52,973 Promoters.
8	S.	**9th after Pentecost.**—B. Peter Faber (S.J., 1546).—S.S.	Devotion to angels.	276,517 departed.
9	*M.*	St. Romanus, M., Soldier (258).	Christian courage.	239,305 perseverance.
10	*T.*	St. Lawrence, M., Deacon (259).	Suffer for Christ.	400,027 young persons.
11	*W.*	SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, MM. (286-295).—St. Philomena, V.M. (300).	Confidence in saints.	133,873 First Communions.
12	*Th.*	St. Clara, V.F. (Poor Clares, 1257).—H.H.	Love of purity.	129,754 parents.
13	*F.*	St John Berchmans (S.J, Patron of Altar Boys, 1621).—S S.	Pray for altar-boys.	133,682 families.
14	*S.*	Vigil.—St. Eusebius (298).	Spirit of penance.	72,995 reconciliations.
15	S.	**10th after Pentecost.—Assumption B.V.M.** C.R., A.I., A.C., S., B.M.	Rejoice at Mary's joys.	162,922 work, means.
16	*M.*	St. Hyacinth (O P., 1257).—St. Roch (1327).	Pray for the afflicted.	166,022 clergy.
17	*T.*	Octave of St. Lawrence — SS. Liberatus and Comp. MM. (483).	Forget self.	212,069 religious.
18	*W.*	St. Agapitus, M. (274).	Perseverance.	101,630 seminarists, novices.
19	*Th.*	St. Helen, Empress (328).—H.H.	Love of the cross.	81,731 vocations.
20	*F.*	St. Bernard, Ab. D. (1153).	Love for Mary.	59,140 parishes.
21	*S.*	St. Jane Frances de Chantal, W.F. (Visitation Nuns, 1641).—Pr.	Pray for nuns.	142,719 schools.
22	S.	**11th after Pentecost.**—St. Joachim, Father B.V.M.	Pray for fathers.	58,634 superiors.
23	*M.*	St. Philip Benizi (Servite, 1258).	Love of peace.	51,607 missions, retreats.
24	*T.*	St. Bartholomew, Ap. (71).—A.I., B.M.	Virtue of patience.	49,958 societies, works.
25	*W.*	St. Louis, K. (1270).	Love of purity.	189,431 conversions.
26	*Th.*	St. Zephyrinus, P.M., (218).—H.H.	Respect priests.	960,327 sinners.
27	*F.*	St. Joseph Calasanctius, F. (Pious Schools, 1640).	Pray for children.	206,723 intemperate.
28	*S.*	St. Augustin, Bp. D. (430).—St. Hermes, M. (132).	Pray for bishops.	227,062 spiritual favors.
29	S.	**12th after Pentecost.**—Pure Heart B.V.M.—Beheading St. John Baptist.—2d D.	Avoid sinful occasions.	223,818 temporal favors.
30	*M.*	St. Rose of Lima, V. (O.S.D., 1617).	Pray for America.	204,696 special, various.
31	*T.*	St. Raymond Nonnatus (1240).	Pray for captives.	MESSENGER readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship.* (D.=*Degrees*, Pr.=*Promoters*, C. R.=*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.=*Holy Hour*); A. C.=*Archconfraternity*; S =*Sodality*; B. M.=*Bona Mors*; A. I.=*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.=*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.=*St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society*; B.I.=*Bridgettine Indulgence.*

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	291,007	11.	Masses heard	238,111
2.	Beads	484,200	12.	Mortifications	219,242
3.	Way of the Cross	67,037	13.	Works of Mercy	224,832
4.	Holy Communions	88,883	14.	Works of Zeal	87,033
5.	Spiritual Communions	415,904	15.	Prayers	4,300,611
6.	Examens of Conscience	383,070	16.	Kindly Conversation	58,733
7.	Hours of Labor	818,590	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	79,043
8.	Hours of Silence	280,964	18.	Self-conquest	132,202
9.	Pious Reading	166,557	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	572,001
10.	Masses read	6,286	20.	Various Good Works	307,145

Special Thanksgivings, 1,999; Total, 9,223,450.

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

BLESSED BERNARDINO REALINO.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXII. SEPTEMBER, 1897. No. 9.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AUSTRALASIA.

By Rev. M. Watson, S.J., Melbourne.

A RECENT event of importance in connection with Australian Catholicity is the long-expected publication of the "History of the Catholic Church in Australasia," from authentic sources, by Patrick Francis Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, New South Wales. This *magnum opus*, which contains over eleven hundred pages, and is profusely and splendidly illustrated, has been printed and published by the Oceanic Publishing Company, of Sydney and Wellington (New Zealand), and is in paper, type and binding, a very perfect specimen of the bookmaker's art.

The author, whose style is characterized by ease, grace and perfect literary finish, has arranged with masterly skill the great mass of materials, drawn from official and original documents and from hitherto unpublished papers belonging to the archives of Rome, Westminister, and Dublin. There is no straining after effect or attempt at fine writing; the narrative, which flows with the smoothness of a placid stream, possesses a singular charm and imparts an interest even to the driest statistical details. The history, doubtless, will be read with most pleasure by him who has known many of the men whose names appear in its pages, some of whom are still living, while others have passed from this visible scene—"precious friends hid in death's dateless night"; but even Catholics belonging to other quarters of the globe cannot fail, I think, to peruse with an accelerated pulse this glowing tale of the trials, the struggles and the victories of the Church beneath the Southern Cross. Here, in the South, thousands of miles from Europe and America, lies a great island-continent, with its sunny skies, its dry and healthy climate, its luxuriant vegetation, and its three and a half millions of energetic colonists. One hundred years ago the first settlers, landing on its eastern coast, discovered a capacious inlet of the sea, that formed a natural harbor of extraordinary beauty, and there, close to the bright, restless waters, they laid the foundations of the city of Sydney. A few years since, when Sydney celebrated with much public ceremonial and rejoicing the completion of her first cen-

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ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE.

tury of existence, the Catholic Church was represented on the auspicious occasion by an Australian Cardinal, and a great body of Australian Archbishops and Bishops, and much public attention was attracted to the important part which the Catholic Prelates took in the observance of the anniversary.

The readers of the MESSENGER, who have not seen the "History of the Catholic Church in Australasia," will be, perhaps, interested by the following sketch of the events which that work sets forth in detail and which have contributed to establish the Australian Church in her present assured position.

Australian Catholicity is the off-shoot of a vigorous tree, the ancient Church of Ireland. That Church seems to have been endowed by Providence with an indestructible vitality. The old faith has perished in other countries that were once highly favored; England and Denmark and Sweden and Prussia are no longer Catholic nations. But Ireland, despite unparalleled suffering, has clung to the purity of Catholic doctrine with the tenacity which springs from enthusiastic love; and to-day her children go forth to every quarter of the globe, bearing with them the pearl of great price, for which they proved themselves willing to sacrifice every earthly blessing. The chief founders of the churches of the United States, they have also succeeded in rapidly building up the Catholic Church in Australia.

The first Catholics who landed on Australian shores were insurgents who had taken part in the Irish Rebellion of 1798. They were accompanied by three Catholic priests who had been unjustly condemned to the same punishment. It was subsequently proved that those priests had nothing whatever to do with the insurrection. After some years two of them were set at liberty and returned to Europe. The third, the Rev. Father Dixon, became through the recommendation of the Home Government the first recognized Catholic chaplain in Australia. He discharged his duties with fortitude and zeal in the midst of much poverty and suffering, but persecution, excited by hatred and bigotry, soon deprived him of all power of doing good. By a despotic exercise of power the governor of the settlement forbade the cele-

bration of Mass and the administration of the sacraments. The priest, finding his position intolerable, requested permission to return to Ireland. Leave was readily given, and the year 1808 saw the Catholics deprived of all spiritual succor. The years immediately succeeding were full of gloom and sorrow. All dissenters were forced to attend the Church of England service. A refusal to do so was punished with twenty-five lashes; fifty lashes was the penalty for a repetition of the so-called offence; and the sentence pronounced on continued disobedience was confinement in heavy irons. Nearly ten years passed before help came. At length, in the beginning of November, 1817, the welcome news was spread among the Catholic population that the Very Rev. Archpriest O'Flinn had landed in Sydney. Before leaving Ireland this zealous priest had asked for the government approval of his mission, but he did not receive it

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE.
(Complete Design.)

previous to the sailing of the ship in which he had taken his passage. He requested a friend to send it after him and he set sail for Australia. His zeal not only greatly endeared him to his Sydney flock, but even won converts to the Catholic faith. This attracted the attention of the Colonial officials, who asked if he had obtained the requisite sanction from the Imperial authorities. Being unable to reply in the affirmative, he was at once seized and carried on board a homeward bound vessel which was about to return to Europe, May 15, 1818. Owing to the haste with which this arbitrary act was carried out, the Archpriest was unable to consume the Blessed Sacrament. The Sacred Species remained enclosed in their silver receptacle in the house of a Catholic in Sydney, and there the flock, so suddenly deprived of their pastor, assembled to mourn and to pray. That afflicted and kneeling crowd presented a touching spectacle. Bowed in adoration before the hidden God, they begged that light and strength might be given them in their desolation, and that the holy Sacrifice and Sacraments might be speedily restored to them once more. Their prayer was heard. The priest's expulsion created great indignation in Ireland, and a public protest was made in Parliament by one of the Irish representatives. Pressure was also brought to bear on the government and produced the happy result that salaries were assigned to regularly appointed chaplains for the Catholic part of the Australian convict population. Two Irish priests, the Rev. John Joseph Therry and the Rev. Philip Connolly zealously volunteered to devote themselves to the spiritual interests of their fellow-countrymen beneath the Southern Cross.

From the landing of Father Therry the commencement of Australian Church history may properly be dated. He has been very justly called the Apostle of Australia, for it was his energy, courage and self-sacrifice that laid the deep and lasting foundations of the Catholic religion in the "Great South Land." He gave himself from the outset with wholehearted devotion to the worthy discharge of his priestly duties. In addition to offering the Holy Sacrifice, preaching the Word of God, and administering the Sacraments, he was obliged by the peculiar circumstances of his position to become for the members of his flock a bulwark against injustice and oppression. According to the iniquitous law of the time all Catholic orphan children were instructed in the doctrines of the Church of England. As soon as Father Therry became aware of this regulation, he determined, cost what it might, to attack and destroy such a crying injustice. For this object he engaged in a prolonged and determined fight. Being a man of great strength of character, he was dismayed by no obstacle, he persevered despite great obloquy and persecution, and finally he gained a victory that enabled him to snatch from the jaws of heresy the tender lambs of his flock. Father Therry also built in Sydney a noble and spacious church, the foundation stone of which was laid by the English governor of the colony. This church was subsequently known as St. Mary's Cathedral.

I cannot delay even to summarize the facts of the interesting career of this devoted pastor, but the following instance of his zeal gives an insight into his character and explains the singular affection with which his people cherish his memory. He was once told that a convict, condemned to death, desired to see him before the execution of the sentence. The prison where the condemned man lay was far distant, and the time available for the journey was scanty indeed. Without hesitation, however, the priest sprang upon his horse and set out. It was the winter season and the rivers, swollen by the rains, had, in many instances, overflowed their banks and flooded wide tracts of country. He rode on as speedily as he could, wading

through the floods and swimming his horse through the swift and dangerous streams, until, as the day was drawing to a close, he reached a furious torrent, which his horse refused to enter. In his distress he shouted to a man on the opposite bank. A rope was thrown across. He bound it round his waist, and was dragged through the foaming water to the opposite side. Getting a horse he resumed his journey without a moment's delay, and arrived in time to prepare an immortal soul for its passage into eternity. Some years after the arrival of Father Therry large numbers of free immigrants from Great Britain and Ireland settled in New South Wales and began to make their influence felt. Thus a free state was gradually built up. As the stream of immigration continued unchecked, the colony advanced with rapidity in population and wealth, and became the parent of many similar settlements throughout the island-continent.

At this critical period Dr. Ullathorne (afterwards Bishop of Birmingham) was sent as Vicar-General to Sydney by the Bishop of Mauritius, who possessed jurisdiction over Australia and the South Sea Islands. A man of singular organizing ability, the Vicar-General saw at once the elements of greatness which Australia enjoyed and would soon fully develop, and he felt that the Catholic Church was destined to attain an important position in the country. His zealous and energetic efforts, inspired by this clear prevision, were crowned with the success he desired, and in 1835 the Right Rev. John Bede Polding, an English Benedictine, was appointed Vicar-Apostolic of New South Wales.

The new prelate brought with him from Europe a small band of evangelical laborers, but he took his full share himself in ordinary missionary work and set his priests an edifying and striking example of charity and zeal. He was obliged on one occasion to ride nearly a hundred miles to attend a sick call. On reaching his destination he found that the patient had regained his health. As the bishop was returning to Sydney, he came to a spot in the woods where a poor Irishman was felling trees. He was recognized as a priest by the woodman, whose

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE.

eyes glistened with joy. "Glory be to God, your reverence!" he said, "it is many a long year since I last saw a priest; often I wished to go to confession and couldn't do it." The bishop at once heard his confession and left him full of peace and consolation. It was a providential meeting, for a very few minutes after Dr. Polding resumed his journey a tree fell upon the man and killed him.

Year by year the Church increased in numbers and influence. A striking proof of its growth is supplied by the fact that while Dr. Polding was on a visit to Rome in April, 1842, he was named by the Sovereign Pontiff Archbishop of Sydney and Metropolitan of Australia. When the new Archbishop returned to his diocese, a great hubbub arose among the clergy of the Church of England. The Anglican Bishop read a public protest, standing on the north side of his altar. I give an extract from the document: "We do hereby publicly, explicitly and deliberately protest against, dissent from, and contradict any and every act of episcopal and metropolitan authority done or to be done at any time, or by any person whatever, by virtue of any right or title derived from assumed jurisdiction, power, superiority, or pre-eminence, or authority of the said Bishop of Rome, enabling him to institute any episcopal see or sees within the diocese or province hereinbefore named." The sonorous protest fell flat. Dr. Polding paid no attention to it, but devoted himself quietly to the duties of his office.

Shortly after his return from Europe several suffragan sees were created. The first bishop consecrated in Australia was the Right Rev. Francis Murphy, who had been chosen to rule the diocese of Adelaide, South Australia. The ceremony took place on September 8, 1844, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney. In the following year the diocese of Perth, Western Australia, was formed, and on the eighteenth of May its first bishop, Dr. Brady, was consecrated. Hobart Town had been made a bishopric in 1842, and the increasing importance of that part of Australia, which is now known as the Colony of Victoria, gained it a bishop in 1848. In that year, on the sixth of August, Dr. Polding, assisted by Dr. Murphy of Adelaide, consecrated the Rev. James Alipius Goold, O.S.A., Bishop of Melbourne, a see destined to become in a few years an archbishopric, holding sway over a new ecclesiastical province.

The discovery of gold in 1851 caused an enormous influx of population, and the progress of the Catholic Church kept pace with the astonishingly rapid growth of the colonies. Additional ecclesiastical districts were marked out; churches and presbyteries were built; and convents, colleges and schools arose on every side. Melbourne was made an archbishopric in 1874. When Dr. Polding died in 1877, he was succeeded by his coadjutor, Dr. Roger Bede Vaughan, whose short but brilliant career was terminated by sudden death in 1883. The Most Rev. Patrick Francis Moran, Bishop of Ossory, Ireland, became the third Archbishop of Sydney. On him the present illustrious occupant of the Chair of Peter, Leo XIII., bestowed the dignity of the Cardinalate in the year 1885. Dr. Goold died in 1886. His able and zealous successor, the most Rev. Thomas Joseph Carr, had been previously Bishop of Galway in Ireland. His translation to Melbourne was the cause of keen grief to his Irish flock, whose veneration and love no words could adequately express.

From the *Catholic Directory of Australasia* for 1897, I find that our ecclesiastical statistics may be thus summarized: 1 Cardinal Archbishop, 5 Archbishops, 26 Bishops and Vicars-Apostolic, 1046 priests, 532 religious Brothers, 3726 nuns, 4 ecclesiastical seminaries, 27 colleges for boys, 124 boarding schools for girls, 158 superior day schools, 896 primary schools, 77 charitable institu-

tions, 108,935 children in Catholic schools, and a Catholic population of over 850,000. There are 553 Ecclesiastical Districts and 1436 Churches.

This list may be regarded as giving the results of about sixty years of progress, for when Dr. Polding commenced his career in 1835 as Vicar-Apostolic of New South Wales there were in all Australia but eight priests and four ecclesiastical students.

This rapidity of growth can be aptly compared to that of our semi-tropical Australian vegetation. In the fertile valleys that are to be found among our mountains, the health-giving eucalyptus takes root by the running waters, grows quickly, and finally attains the mighty altitude of from four hundred to five hundred feet. So the Catholic Church has found in this land a rich and kindly soil; it has struck deep and wide-spreading roots; it has been blessed with abundant increase and even already it stretches out on every side branches laden with fruit for the healing of the poor.

MELBOURNE: ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

(STILL UNFINISHED.)

By Rev. M. Watson, S.J.

MINSTER fair! I see thee glorified:
For lo! 'mid stillness, peaceful and profound,
The moon with silver mantle wraps thee round;
Roof, window, buttress, cross, and arches wide—
All, all thy stately grace and strength and pride—
Are here with chaste and fitting splendor crowned.
O loveliest vision on our Austral ground!
How long, unfinished thus, shalt thou abide?
Too slowly grow shaft, pinnacle and tower:
May Faith and Hope and seraph Charity
Move, in the might of their transcendent power,
O'er human hearts, that all may vow to be
Thy builders,—then shall perfect beauty's dower
Be swiftly thine, be thine eternally.

O ye, whose toil and self-denial raise
This glorious pile, your mighty task complete!
For time, insatiable, doth slowly eat
Your passing years, your bright or gloomy days.
When ye are gone, this temple's hymn of praise,
To thrilling music wed by voices sweet,
Shall rise like incense to the mercy seat,
And solace hearts desponding in hard ways.
Here men shall lift oblations, pure and whole,
To God, their Lord, above earth's baleful crime;
And, though your names live not in history's scroll,
Your monument shall be this work sublime,
Whose sweet bells, pealing noon and eve and prime,
Proclaim your faith and love, while ages roll.

JEANNE D'ARC

ROME'S JUSTICE.

By John A. Mooney, LL.D.

(*Continued.*)

ON a November morning, 1455, the seventh of the month, a notable group of men and women entered the Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris. Perhaps they chose the portal to the right, St. Anne's, or the portal to the left, the Virgin's, though it pleases me to see the great central doors swing open and a feeble, white haired matron leading the clerics, lawyers, and common folk, as they pass under the "Last Judgment," sculptured by devout, skilful and strong hands, in the stone archivolt. A verger guides the assemblage through the aisles, halting where, formally disposed, three ecclesiastics expectantly await. At their feet, the venerable woman, foremost in the procession, prostrates herself, and, sobbing, exclaims: "Jeanne d'Arc was my daughter. I brought her up in the fear of God and in the traditions of the Church, according to her age and to her condition, as one who lived in the meadows and in the fields. She confessed and communicated every month, went to church frequently, and fasted as prescribed. Her enemies, nevertheless, without regard to her denials and appeals, falsely imputed crimes to her, at the risk of their souls. . . . Here, now that our Holy Father, defender of the truth and help of the oppressed, has graciously accorded me judges, I come to pour forth my plaint, long repressed; I come to demand justice." Thereupon, beseechingly, the mother of the Maid stretched forth a worn hand—two worn and rugged hands—in which she held the apostolic letter of Calixtus III.; proffering the document now to one, now to another, of the seated ecclesiastics.

Among those who entered with the venerable petitioner, a man spoke up: "Where Jeanne's accusers presumed crime," said he, "there is, instead, virtue; where they presumed heresy, there is religion; where they presumed a lie, there is truth; where they presumed shame, there is glory. I appeal to you, delegates of the Sovereign Pontiff, listen with compassionate benignity to the grievances of this woman who asks of you justice!" From the altars of the cathedral, worshippers had gathered around the kneeling matron. Out of the streets, the knowing and the curious had made their way. A goodly crowd followed the speaker's words, sympathetically. When he ceased, spontaneously and accordantly they shouted: "Justice! Justice!"

It was Jean Juvénal des Ursins, Archbishop of Rheims, who answered in behalf of himself and his co-delegates, Guillaume Chartier, Bishop of Paris, and Richard de Longueuil, Bishop of Coutances: "Examining carefully and equitably the grievances of the widow," the Archbishop of Rheims declared that he and his fellow-judges would be "merely obeying the will of the Holy See, the teachings of the Scripture, and the natural dictates of conscience." Prudently he counselled the Maid's mother to consult good advisers, lest, carried away by her feelings, she should only increase her sorrows. If the judgment already rendered were reaffirmed, and if another condemnation were added to the first, would she not, as long as she lived, regret her indiscreet zeal?

Isabelle's friends answered for her: "Confident in the equity of our cause, we demand a public trial, and we are ready to appear." The judges, having

deliberated, adjourned the case until the seventeenth of the month, and fixed the place of meeting in the episcopal court of Paris.

What may be fitly called the trial of Cauchon and of his criminal aids, was duly opened on November 17, 1455; it closed only on July 7, 1456. At the first session, pursuant to the Papal instruction, the delegates of the Holy See named Jean Bréhol, the inquisitor general of France, an associate of the court, and ordered him to expedite the inquiry in a manner strictly conformable with the law. To Jean Bréhol, to Simon Chapitaut, the promoter of the cause, and to Pierre Maugier and Guillaume Prévosteau, the legal representatives of Jeanne's mother, brothers, and relations of whatever degree, not alone the Maid's family, not alone France, but indeed the world is indebted; for the sacrilegious injustice done to the peasant girl, at Rouen, was an injustice done to universal humankind.

At Rouen, in December, 1455, and in May, 1456, nineteen witnesses were examined. During January and February, 1456, a commission, visiting the Maid's home at Domremy, and the scene of her first entrance into public life, Vaucouleurs, interrogated thirty-four men and women, gray heads or gray beards, who, as children, or grown-up folks, had known her familiarly. Forty-one testified at Orleans, in February and March of the same year, and no less than twenty at Paris, during April and May. Sworn on the Holy Gospels to tell the truth, giving ear neither to love nor to hate, neither to interest, fear, nor favor, these one hundred and fourteen witnesses have left a record unique among the legal reports of moderns or ancients—a record moving a reader, now with wonder, now with joy, now with love, admiration, enthusiasm; now with hot indignation, and, again and again, to compassionate tears. Telling the story of the Maid I have used this record, but here I shall more fully set forth details confirming Jeanne's virtues, mission, innocence, and the guile, the perfidy, the perjury, the profligacy, the atrocious villainy of those who conspired to take her life, and who did, sacrilegiously, murder her in the market-place at Rouen.

Opening the case on November 17, 1455, Pierre Maugier announced that his clients would make charges only against Cauchon and his chief assistants. The consultors who had voted for the Maid's condemnation he dismissed as dupes, or as cowards, who, fearing bodily chastisement, or exile, or a dungeon, or loss of place, or life, voted against their conscience to please the English. That many had reason to fear was proven beyond question. The Earl of Warwick, tutor of the boy King, Henry VI., was the Maid's jailor. To consummate the judicial murder of the girl who had vanquished the English on so many fields, Warwick organized a reign of terror in Rouen. Nicolas de Houppeville was summoned as a consultor. In conversation, he ventured to find fault with the method of procedure. Cauchon, not satisfied with refusing him admission to the court, imprisoned him. Guillaume de la Chambre signed the false record of the process, constrained and forced thereto by Cauchon. Because the friar, Isambard de la Pierre, the good soul who held up the crucifix before Jeanne, while the flames consumed her incorrupted body, endeavored to bring out the precise meaning of certain answers she made to insidious questions, he was silenced, Warwick threatening to fling him into the Seine. Masters Minier, de Grouchet and Pigalle received a public reprimand for interrogating the Maid in a way that would permit her to explain the true intent of her testimony. Jean de la Fontaine, fearing they would condemn the Maid to death, gained admittance to the jail, and advised her to offer to submit to the Church and to a general council. So violent were the threats of Cauchon and Warwick when they heard of de la Fontaine's charitable act, that, believing his life in danger, he

fled from the city. Jean de Chatillon, suspected of doubting the validity of the process, was ordered to absent himself from the sessions of the court. Doctor Jean Lohier, a canonist of repute, received an invitation from Cauchon, shortly after the opening of the trial, to review the evidence and to express an opinion thereon. Lohier, as honest as he was learned, pointing out the error and defects of the proceedings, declared them radically invalid. Not caring to die by drowning—they threatened him with the Seine—Lohier, like de la Fontaine, ran away. Pierre Migiet was summoned before the Cardinal of Winchester to answer an accusation of being favorable to the Maid. Fearing for his life, he excused himself, and was permitted to go free.

Justice at Rouen, there was none. In the presence of Lord Talbot some one dared to speak fairly of the Maid's career. Drawing his sword the English noble would have killed the rash man on the spot had he not taken flight. Talbot pursued him, and he owed his life only to his escape into a holy place where he could claim the right of sanctuary. It was this very Talbot that met a memorable death on the field at Chatillon twenty-two years later. Wounded in the thigh, he fell from his horse. A company of French bowmen surrounded him. He begged for his life, offering a ransom in gold. The French did not recognize him. They were giving no quarter. On the field of Chatillon there was no holy place, no right of sanctuary. On rushed the soldiers, each one anxious to have a hand in the execution of a public enemy of France; and as they willed, they did. Count his wounds—no man could.

Considering the many proofs of the tyranny exercised by Talbot, Warwick, Winchester and Cauchon, we cannot doubt the truth of the testimony of Guillaume Manchon, the chief clerk during the mock trial, who asserted there was not one among the consultors, chosen by the Bishop of Beauvais, that did not act through fear. Because they were evidently not free agents, the counsel for the Maid's mother and family declined to pursue the consultors legally, as we have seen; adding that, not only were they coerced but also duped. I have not hitherto fully exposed or duly reprobated the infamous methods of Cauchon and of his English masters. The story of how he duped learned and clever clerics, not excepting the doctors of the University of Paris, is almost incredible.

Besides Manchon, one Boisguillaume, and one Taquely, were appointed to report the testimony taken at the mock trial of the Maid. No person had accused her of any crime. There was not even ground for a suspicion of crime; nay, more, when the court was organized, there was good ground for believing her to be a thoroughly good, if not a saintly, woman. The commission despatched by Cauchon to Jeanne's home gathered no testimony that was not most favorable to her. Baulked in his effort thus to lay the foundation for charges against the Maid, Cauchon destroyed the evidence that should have freed her from jail, and so deprived the consultors of knowledge that should have been committed to them. Seventy-two articles of accusations, it will be remembered, were originally presented to the consultors for their consideration, and they were led to believe that these articles were based on the Maid's own testimony. Manchon, Boisguillaume and Taquely knew that these articles, and the twelve articles that were subsequently introduced, were a fraud upon the consultors as well as upon the accused. During the process, with Cauchon's connivance, and at the instigation of the English, a body of unofficial clerks, concealed in the embrasure of a window, behind curtains, made a special report. Their instructions were to record only such answers as could be construed unfavorably to Jeanne. The men who would consent to be parties to such a devilish injustice were not above forging answers which

the girl did not utter. Not satisfied with manufacturing these lying records, Cauchon insisted on falsifying the record which he pretended to recognize as official. Neither Manchon nor his assistants were permitted to set down the questions or answers truthfully. Cauchon controlled the text, ordering them to suppress whatsoever displeased him. Out of the forged text and the falsified text, Cauchon concocted the Twelve Articles. He knew they were fraudulent, for Manchon, comparing them with his own false record, noted in the margin many perversions. Though Cauchon read these corrections, he modified in nowise the lying text he had maliciously devised; and this lying indictment it was that, without ever reading it to the girl whose life depended on it, he submitted to the consultors at Rouen and elsewhere, and to the theologians of the University of Paris. How they could conscientiously give a verdict, not having in their hands a single word of the Maid's testimony, is not easily explained; but the fact is, that they convicted her solely on the forged and fraudulent articles purposely contrived to cheat them, and to ruin her.

As we stood in the market-place at Rouen, by the pyre, and looked upon the girl, all aflame, and prayed and wept as she pleaded: "Jesu! Jesu!" I pointed to the inscription that surmounted the stake. You have not forgotten it: "Jeanne, who named herself the Maid, a liar, a pernicious woman, a deceiver of the people, a sorceress, a superstitious woman, a blasphemer of God, a presumptuous woman, an unbeliever, a boaster, an idolatrous, a cruel, a dissolute woman, an invocatrix of devils, apostate, schismatic and heretic." After we had read this inscription, I denounced it as "a lie—every word a lie." Did I exaggerate? Nay, more, when denouncing the men who devised the iniquitous inscription, I branded them as "liars, pernicious men, deceivers of the people, presumptuous and cruel." Was I not most moderate in expression? As I develop the whole truth concerning the character and doings of Jeanne d'Arc, and further record the details of her inhuman persecution, I believe that you will, with one voice, declare that the authors of the foul inscription deserved, and deserve, the most solemn execration.

From the day that Jeanne first appeared at Orleans, the English had but one name for her; a shameful name, befitting only the woman Jeanne was pursuing when St. Catharine's sword broke in her hands. After they had the Maid in their power, one can guess how they vilified her. Nobles, and even such a cleric as Jean d'Estivet—whose corpse was found in a sewer—did not spare her. And yet Cauchon knew she was chaste. Twice had her virginity been juridically established at Chinon, and once again at Rouen. With malice he concealed his knowledge from the consultors. The testimony of the soldiers who fought alongside of her is beautiful to read. "All the men at arms looked upon Jeanne as a saint," said one, under oath. "I was inflamed by her words and by the divine love that was in her," Jean de Metz testified, one of the brave fellows that accompanied her on the road from Vaucouleurs to Chinon. Bertrand de Poulangy, another of the party, swore that, when she spoke, he felt himself enthused. "For me," he added, "she was a messenger from God. She inspired me with reverence." Need we quote the testimony of Pasquerel, the Maid's chaplain from her entrance into Blois until her capture, that "she was filled with all the virtues." Had the English done no worse than vilify a helpless girl, so godly, so stainless, it were shame enough; but they did worse. Cauchon persecuted her, as I have related, because she would not put off male apparel. Her reason for refusing to change her dress was evident. Why did she prefer to be deprived of the sacraments rather than do Cauchon's bid-

ding? He knew, as Warwick knew; for she had told them both, that, more than once, attempts had been made to despoil her of the virtue she so highly esteemed. The excuse for condemning the Maid to death was her resumption of the man's dress she had, most unwillingly, laid aside. Still, Cauchon, who reopened the case against her, and who hurried her conviction, had her word for it, that the violence of a brute of an English lord had compelled her to do as, prudently, she had done.

When I expressed my belief that you would, ere long, unanimously declare that the cowards who so belied Jeanne the Maid, deserved, and deserve the most solemn execration, I did not do justice to the feelings of disgust, of horror, of righteous hate, that now possess your soul. "Justice!" exclaimed the sobbing mother, as she knelt before Rome's delegates, in the Cathedral of Our Lady of Paris. Was ever Justice—divine Justice—more justifiably invoked! If "the immaculate blood of innocence oppressed cries out before the throne of the Lord," how loudly the mother's appeal: "Justice!" must have resounded, as, piercing the floor of heaven, it filled the court of the Most High God!

"She was good, simple, gentle; she was so good, and I loved her so much; everybody loved her:" thus three of Jeanne's girl playmates testified; and one related that their dear little friend "would gather in the poor, and lie down in the corner by the hearth so that they might sleep in her bed." "Everything that a good Christian should love, she loved," said a brave French nobleman, who had fought by her side; "she heard Mass every day that she could." Her page avouched that rarely did she eat more than twice in the day; "sometimes she ate but once, making a meal on a morsel of bread." "When she confessed, she wept," her chaplain testified, adding this beautiful trait: "she loved to go to communion with little children." And from another source we learn that, "at the sight of the body of Our Lord, she often wept with an abundance of tears." Do you wonder that the Maid's heart outlived the fiery flames?

The marvellous story of Jeanne's military career, I have scantily told. There are men, who, pretending to believe in some sort of a God, still decline to endow their Supreme Being with a provident omnipotence. These illogical intellects cannot deny, they cannot even question the truth as proven by witness after witness. What explanation shall they give of the astounding achievements of the Maid? Only those who court ridicule would fall back on the convenient, though overworked, theory of hysteria. Thus the more sensitive and cautious sophists must be content with acknowledging that they are face to face with the inexplicable. The brave Bastard of Orleans was in no such plight. He had fought many a hard fight before seeing Jeanne d'Arc. After her murder, he fought, north, south, east and west, until the English had all been driven out of France—all, except those who died on its soil. What intelligent leaders and bold, trained, men-at-arms could do, battling, the Bastard well knew. And yet, on his oath, he swore: "I believe that Jeanne was sent by God. . . . *In her deeds I saw the finger of God.*" The Duke d'Alençon, a warrior born, and whom no one dare charge with a lack of experience or of independence, asserted that "the bastilles of the enemy (at Orleans) were taken by a miracle rather than by the force of arms." . . . "It was a work from on high, not a human work." A soldier who stood by her, time and again, on the field of battle, the Chevalier d'Aulon, averred that "all the deeds of the Maid seemed to him divine and miraculous rather than otherwise, and that it was impossible that a maid so young could do such deeds without the will and the direction of Our Lord." This was the "sorcery" for which the Eng-

lish burned Jeanne d'Arc; the "sorcery" of victories, miraculous rather than human. And though the English were more cruel, they were not more unreasonable than are the sophists who close their eyes, lest they may see "the finger of God" directing the deeds of His child.

The defenders of the Maid's honor before the Papal Court charged Cauchon and his colleagues with not less than one hundred and one violations of law and of equity. To Jeanne the Bishop of Beauvais had denied the right of having counsel; now, not a soul would consent to plead the cause of his dishonored honor. The Promoter of the diocese of Beauvais, summoned by the court, responded that: "while it seemed to him incredible that Cauchon had made use of the iniquitous methods charged in the one hundred and one articles of accusation, whatever might be the case, he submitted to the wisdom of the tribunal, and declined to put in an appearance." Even the natural heirs of the unjust judge, though summoned, refused to attempt to palliate his guilt. Through counsel, they pleaded that the matter did not concern them; acknowledged that, from public report, they had good reasons for believing that Cauchon had acted as an English partisan; and they begged that whatever was done should not be to their prejudice, invoking the benefit of a certain armistice granted by the king after the conquest of Normandy.

To seek to extenuate Cauchon's guilt would have been vain. The list of his crimes is endless. By the canon law, the Maid, being a minor, should have been represented by a guardian. Of this right she was deprived. All the examinations in the case should have been public. Many of them, as we have seen, were secret, and therefore lawless. The report of the trial, the falsified report which Cauchon stamped as official—was edited and attested long after Jeanne's death. I say "attested," though, in fact, Manchon and his assistants refused their signatures to a portion of the document. Describing the sad scene in the market-place of Rouen, I narrated that, having formally excommunicated the Maid, Cauchon handed her over to the secular power. By law, she should, thereupon, have been sentenced to death by the English officials. As if, however, the devil had devised that, from first to last, injustice should triumph at Rouen, no civil sentence was pronounced upon Jeanne, but, incontinently, she was tied to the stake and burned. Tried without a legal indictment, by a judge who had no jurisdiction, upon charges that were based on no evidence, convicted by a jury whose members were either intimidated by threats, purchased by promises or money, or duped by a lying summary of a lying record; excommunicated sacrilegiously, and burned without even the form of a judicial sentence—such is the history of the infamous process, by means of which the English rid themselves of the young girl whom they hated and feared because of her glorious prowess, the gift of heaven and the reward of her virtue.

Some one has ventured to say that, excepting the iniquitous trial of the Redeemer of mankind, Jesus Christ, neither in any nation, nor at any time, has there been a trial so unrighteous, vicious, malevolent, so atrocious as that of Jeanne d'Arc. To disprove such a statement would be difficult, if not impossible. Still, however unrighteous the trial, and however atrocious the conviction and execution, the English were pleased with their work. Nine days after the Maid's execution, on the eighth of June, 1431, to wit, the royal Council of Henry VI., in the name of the King of England, addressed a letter: "To the Emperor, the kings, dukes, and other princes of the whole of Christendom," informing these personages that, under a judgment of the secular power, Jeanne had been burned at the stake, and that, seeing her end approach, she had confessed "that

the spirits she claimed to have converse with, were evil and deceitful spirits." To the lies of the record, a royal lie must be added. Jeanne had not disavowed her "voices." Cauchon, pretending that secretly, in his presence, she had done so, tacked on another falsehood to the record; but the clerks of the court refused their attestation to this unholy fiction. The royal Council, in the King's name, lied deliberately. Nor was the Council satisfied with a single public advertisement of its complicity in the murder at Rouen. Again, on the twenty-eighth of June, in the name of Henry VI., a second letter was despatched: "To the prelates of the Church, the dukes, counts, and to the other nobles, and cities of *his* Kingdom of France." In this letter, the shocking truths and the falsehoods of the first were reiterated. Of the judicial murder of any man, or of any woman except Jeanne the Maid, has any government, other than Henry's, heralded its guilt, before the whole of Christendom? Not one. Good or evil, some spirit inspired the Maid's murderers to commit themselves irrevocably. And so doing, they exposed their malice, from the day they paid almost twice the ransom of a king for the living body of the peasant girl of Domremy, until the day on which they flung the ashes of her bones, with her bleeding heart, into the river Seine.

The policy followed by the King's Council, after Jeanne's death, was one of pure bravado. Conscious of the fraud, the forgery, the usurpation, the unparalleled infractions of canon law, of civil law, of natural law, through which they had effected their wicked purpose; and fearing, not merely the indignation of all just men, but also the juridical annulment of the lawless process, they sought to stifle the voice of justice by putting forward the English nation as the champion of the crime of Rouen. Their sense of guilt, their anxiety, are still more apparent in the extraordinary letter issued in the name of Henry VI., three days after the first letter, and sixteen days before the second letter, to which we have already referred. Assuming the blustering air of a bully, the royal Council hoped to intimidate not only the temporal princes of Christendom, but also the Vicar of Christ. By the document dated June 12, 1431, the King of England guaranteed that "if any of the judges, doctors, masters, clerics, promoters, advocates, counsellors, notaries or others who had been occupied with and had listened to the process (of the Maid), should, on account of the said process, be put on trial before our Holy Father the Pope, the general council or the commissioners and delegates of the Holy Father, or of the general council, or before others, we will in court and *outside of it*, aid and defend, and provide aid and defence for, all the aforesaid judges, masters, clerics, etc., and each one of them, at our proper cost and expense." The bad faith of those who compassed the death of the Maid, this letter clinches. Had she been lawfully tried before a regularly constituted ecclesiastical court, why should the King of England guarantee to aid and defend the judges of that court against the Pope? Why promise aid not only in court, but also outside? Their threat is a confession of conscious guilt. The court they organized to convict Jeanne d'Arc was an English shambles, and in no wise a tribunal of the Church. Craftily and wickedly, they abused the forms of ecclesiastical law in order to take a life, which, under the forms of their civil law, might have escaped from even their vindictive hate.

Carefully and equitably the Papal delegates examined all this testimony. No less than eleven briefs of learned theologians and canonists, setting forth the facts of Jeanne's career or the irregularities of her trial, were presented to the court. From many experts, to whom all the evidence had been submitted, opinions were asked and received. Before deciding the case, Jean Bréhol was charged with the duty of exhibiting, in in an orderly fashion, all the questions

at issue, and of resolving them in accordance with the doctrine and canons of the Church. This charge Bréhol fulfilled, composing a masterly treatise of twenty-one chapters; a work of the most comprehensive and solid erudition. Having duly considered Bréhol's "*Récollection*," as the document is officially called, the Pontifical delegates met in Rouen, and there held a public session on the first of July, 1456. On the following day the counsel for Jeanne's mother asked the court, heeding both the law and the evidence, to proclaim, in the name of the Holy See, the iniquity and the nullity of the original process, and to repair, beseemingly, the wrongs done to the memory and the honor of the blameless victim of that process.

Adjourning the court until the seventh of the month, the delegates meantime held further consultation with a number of the resident theologians. On the morning of the seventh, in the great hall of the episcopal palace of Rouen, the court held a solemn session, at eight o'clock—the very hour fixed for Jeanne's appearance in the market-place twenty-five years before. Besides the Papal delegates, the Maid's brother Pierre was present; and, with these, the counsel for the Maid's mother, the court officers, and fourteen clerics, theologians, and lawyers, sworn to witness to the terms of the judgment.

It was the Archbishop of Rheims, Jean Juvénal des Ursins, that read the decision of the court, whose tenor, in substance, is here set forth: "Desiring that this, our judgment, should emanate from the face of God, who weighs the souls of men, and who is the sole perfect arbiter, the sole absolutely infallible judge of His revelations; who breathes where He wills, and who often chooses the feeblest to overturn the strongest, and who, in fine, abandons not, in the days of trial and tribulation, those who hope in Him. We having studiously deliberated, with men equally scrupulous, competent and experienced, on the records and conclusions of the process; and having acquainted ourselves with the solemn decisions of the learned men aforesaid, as formulated in treatises confirmed by references to many books, and in special *mémoires;* and having compared many spoken and written opinions dealing with the form as well as the matter of the process, ... do say, and, justice requiring, we do declare, *in the first place*, that the Articles beginning with these words: 'A certain woman, etc., etc.,' were and are viciously, deceitfully, calumniously, fraudulently and maliciously compiled from the confessions and the records of the trial of the deceased (Jeanne d'Arc); and we declare that the truth was suppressed, or misstated, so that, on essential points, those called as judges would be induced to hold an opinion contrary to that recorded; and we declare that many aggravating circumstances, that were not a part of the record, have been unlawfully added thereto, while, at the same time, many favorable and justificatory details have been omitted; and we say that the form of the expression was altered in a manner affecting the sense of the ideas."

"Wherefore, considering the aforesaid article to be tainted with falsity, deceit, calumny, and to be wholly at variance with the confessions from which a pretence was made of extracting them, we quash them, destroy them, annul them, and we ordain that, having been torn out of the aforesaid record, they shall be here judicially lacerated.*

And, *in the second place*, having diligently examined the other parts of the same record, and especially the two sentences therein contained; . . . . . and having most carefully measured the character of those who judged Jeanne, and of those by whom she was detained, and having seen the appeals and requests, often repeated, by which Jeanne declared

*The portions of the record here referred to were not destroyed; they were, however, "lacerated."

that she submitted herself and all her acts to the Holy Apostolic See, and demanded that the process be referred to the Sovereign Pontiff, and having examined an abjuration tainted with falsity and deceit; . . . . . and having considered the treatises composed by experts in sacred and human law; . . . and having given diligent attention to the whole and to each of the things that we had to see and to study, we, judges, sitting on our tribunal, and having God alone before our eyes, by this definitive sentence, which, and here we solemnly utter and formulate, do say, pronounce, decree, that the aforesaid processes and sentences, with the abjuration, their execution and all that follows, are manifestly stained with deceit, calumny, iniquity, inconsequence, and with errors of law and of fact; and we declare that they have been, are, and shall be null, void, without value or effect; and moreover, inasmuch as need be, and as reason commands, we quash them, annul them, destroy them, and make them absolutely void.

"And we pronounce that neither Jeanne, nor her relatives, have contracted or incurred any note or mark of infamy through the said process, and we declare them, in the present and for the future, freed and cleared absolutely from all consequences of the said process: ordaining that the solemn intimation and execution of this, our sentence, shall ensue forthwith in this very city, in two places, to-day in the *Place St. Ouen*, after a general procession and a public sermon, and to-morrow in the old market-place, *on the very spot where Jeanne was so cruelly and horribly smothered and burned.* There a solemn sermon shall be preached, and a cross shall be planted in perpetuation of the memory of that honest girl and to excite the faithful to pray for her salvation, and for the salvation of all the dead.

"To ourselves we reserve the right of publicly executing this sentence, in an impressive manner, and for the edification of future times, in the cities and other notable places of this Kingdom, as we shall judge expedient."

* * * * *

Gratefully, joyfully, I have listened to every word of the meet and equitable sentence pronounced by the Archbishop of Rheims. From the great hall I hasten, anxious to be among the first to reach the *Place St. Ouen*. On the way, I find myself repeating the words of Jean Thiessart: "We have burned a saint." I look upward, the skies open, and, with the eye of my spirit, I see into heaven. And there I behold, lovingly embraced, three beauteous figures. Surely I recognize them: Catharine and Margaret,—and Jeanne the Maid, armored with a heavenly armor. Then I remember the wise counsel of Catharine and Margaret on the eve of Compiègne: "Resignation to God's will, whatever come." A moment, and a new heaven opens, disclosing the archangel Michael; and I feel that his glory is more dazzling than it was on that summer day, when, in the garden, by the church wall, the Maid heard a mysterious word breathed on the glowing air. No longer do I see. But in my ears resounds, and ever will resound, a chorus, not plaintive, not merry, and yet glad, whose refrain is: "Jesu! Jesu! Jesu!"

"ECCE HOMO."

By D. Carroll.

A LETTER from an old friend and fellow artist in Florence brings tidings of the total destruction by fire of the Church of Santa Lucia, together with the priceless paintings and ornaments which had adorned this edifice; and the communication makes me sad, for the little church is intimately associated in my mind with the purest soul and the noblest man I ever met, Rafaello Amati, whose wonderful painting of the "Ecce Homo" had hung upon its wall and awakened the admiration and devotion of many souls who gazed upon it. With the destruction of this great work of art must come to light again the romance, if I may so call it, attached to the painting; and though it is familiar to many Italians, yet to you, I am sure, the story will be altogether new, albeit I shall prove a poor chronicler.

It must be at least twenty years ago that I first met Rafaello, while spending my time "copying," as he was, some gems in oil in the Academy. His great beauty first attracted me, for never before nor since have I seen a man so generously endowed, so physically perfect as he was. His eyes were the typical Italian, but his hair was a wonderful brown with strange golden lights in it, that curled closely about his small head, and presented a most pleasing contrast to his dark brows and olive complexion.

A few words, which he addressed to me in the purest English, yet with the slightest foreign accent (his mother was an Englishwoman, he afterwards told me) led to our becoming better acquainted; and it was not many months before we had decided, as we were both alone in the world, to rent a studio and share our good or evil fortune with each other. Rafaello had many friends, but to none of his fellow countrymen had he ever shown the strong liking that he evinced for me, whom the jealous-hearted Italians called "the stupid Englishman."

Our studio was a large airy place which we curtained off, thus making two apartments, one of which belonged to him and the other to myself. Here, day after day, we would labor upon some work which monopolized our whole attention; and though neither was obliged to work for his daily bread, yet the sale of a picture was hailed with as much joy as it would have been by any starving wielder of the brush. In the summer when the green fields lured us from our easels, we would seek some pleasant retreat to dream, and to pass away the hours in converse.

I remember as distinctly as though it had been but to-day, one afternoon we had spent in the valley. It was a glorious day, warm and beautiful, and Rafaello, lying prone upon the earth, had spoken of his dream, the one longing of his life—the desire to paint an Ecce Homo such as had never been painted since the days of the old masters.

The sun shone on his face as he spoke, and that face comes between me and the pages as I write, it was so full of light and resolution.

"No one at the present time has painted that divine face as it really looked when the time of His agony had come—when they led Him to be crucified. No one can, and yet—my God! we can only imagine what a divine being would suffer, for He was divine, the most perfect being that ever trod the earth. And how they mocked Him! How they scorned Him! How they crucified Him!"

Rafaello, when he spoke like this, was something to wonder at and admire, al-

though I knew he was most devout, and sometimes, to my slow imagination, rather an extremist in his religious tendencies.

He would often talk to me of the beauties of the Catholic belief, and try to persuade me, who acknowledged no church whatever, that this was the fold which I should enter. In those days I did not agree with him, although I never failed to accompany him to his devotions within the sacred portal.

The ceremonies, the ornaments, the rich vestments of gold, and white, and purple, the lights, the soft monotone of the officiating priest, all pleased my artistic sense; but I refused then to look at it in any other way than that all these embellishments were intended to appeal to the eyes and imaginations of the unwary, like the glittering candle-light which proves the funeral pyre of the deluded moth.

"The Catholic religion is all sentiment," I would say to my companion, and the eloquent words of denial would fall rapidly from his lips.

That afternoon he spoke of the "Ecce Homo," as I have said, and continued in the same strain as he had begun.

"You remember that statue of the Sacred Heart which you saw in the church? Do you think that looks like a divine being? I say no—no, it does not. The face is not what I would picture it to be. The sculptor who wrought that was Peronelli, the famed! the wonderful Peronelli—Peronelli, the man who never bent a knee in prayer; who never understood the story of the Via Crucis, and whom I have heard many a time blaspheme His name! But enough of Peronelli!"

"Peronelli is dead—let him rest in peace," I said, and Rafaello did not answer as he smoothed a spray of delicate iris lilies in his fingers. The sculptor whose work we were discussing had died shortly before my coming to Florence, but I had heard that there had been a slight difficulty between him and my friend, arising from an incident which happened at the church's very doors. Peronelli, blindly intoxicated, trying to force his way into the church, was ejected by Rafaello, during the religious service. Rafaello had never spoken of it to me, but I could imagine how shocked he was to see that reeling form in God's temple, and how gently and yet firmly he led him out.

"Did you ever wish," he continued, "but then you didn't, I am sure—but I have wished it many a time—that I had lived in those days when the Saviour walked the earth and taught and healed. How grand it would have been to have followed Him about, listening to his voice, and then"—here Rafaello sat upright, his beautiful, changing face shadowed by the intensity of his thoughts—"to have shared in that terrible journey to the Hill of Sacrifice; and those barbarians. I can see them all there, jeering Him with their foul tongues, striking Him with their leprous hands, and lastly nailing Him to that infamous gibbet! I can hear the thud of those fearful hammers driving the heavy nails through the delicate bones of His hands; and then, in a little while to hear Him, speaking in a voice full of anguish: 'My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?'"

"You rave," I said calmly and with cynicism; but I remember even now how my heart beat at my friend's words. His flashing eyes, the unearthly expression of his face which evinced such great love for his God, moved me against my will.

"Forgive me, I forget myself sometimes," he said gently, "and I must weary you, poor fellow."

Weary me? No, he did not weary me, for he was too much in earnest and I knew he spoke from his heart. He was gifted with extraordinary eloquence, and it was a positive delight to listen to the sound of his voice, which was soft, caressing and full of pathos, breathing of music; yet, strange to say, the gift of

"THERE WAS THE 'ECCE HOMO'—THERE WAS THE MASTERPIECE."

song was not his. It seemed odd to me at the time that he should love, should speak so tenderly of a person he had never seen, and be so filled with this great love of the Saviour, that all human affection was artificial beside it.

"I want to paint a picture of the thorn-crowned Head, one which will make men pause and think of all He suffered for them, and perhaps move them to make some reparation. I have wasted too much time already, so I shall begin to-morrow, and you will help me."

"Help *you*," I said, and Rafaello

laughed the liquid laugh of his race, as he linked his arm in mine and together we went home.

That evening we sat in the purple twilight, musing, while the soft tinkle of a mandolin and the echo of a man's voice singing an amorous Italian strain came to us, mellowed by the distance; and a crowd of merry-makers passing beneath our casement saw the face of Rafaello framed by the jasmine flowers and called to him; while a dusky-eyed creature flung up to him the pomegranate flower she had worn at her throat.

Rafaello smiled, a smile half scornful, half tender, and left the blossom lying neglected where it had fallen; for no woman's face or smile, among the beauful women of Florence, had ever moved his pure serenity of heart, though many admired him, and had plainly shown their admiration.

I spoke that night on this very subject, and I remember, he answered in his characteristic fashion.

"There is but one woman in this world that I have ever loved, and that woman, peerlessly beautiful with a fair English beauty, as pure as an Easter lily, was my mother. When she lay dying she commended me to the care of that other Mother, the Virgin Mary, and made me promise never to forget her, nor cease to love her, the Spotless One. I have not forgotten that promise, and prefer the divine love to that selfish, vain attachment which men call human love."

I have said before that he was very devout, and our conversation, no matter where or when it would take place, if we two were alone together, would inevitably turn upon religion. By some people my companion would have been deemed a fanatic, but every one who has come in contact with them knows that the Italians are an innately religious people.

To see Rafaello and myself, standing with uncovered heads (he insisted upon my complying) whilst the bells rang the Angelus hour might have, nay, would have caused comment in any other country, but passed unnoticed in Florence.

The days that followed were busy ones for him, and knowing that he wished to be undisturbed, I went quietly about my own affairs during working hours. Our evenings we would spend at church or reading, for my fellow artist would never work by artificial light, and laid aside his brushes and colors when the sun sank behind the hills.

In the still church, with its ruby lamp which swung before the tabernacle, I would feel strangely at rest, while he knelt before the small altar of the Sacred Heart, like a figure carved in stone, so still, so rapt was he.

Now at this distant date, now that the Church calls me her child, I believe that God designed our friendship as the means of turning me from the path of blindness, as the instrument of my conversion; and surely no man had a fairer example than had I in the life of my friend, a creature whose very gifts, had they not been united to so pure a soul, would have proved his own destruction.

One evening, when we came out of the shadowy church, Rafaello said:

"I will show you my work to-night. It is finished, but I am not satisfied."

He entered the studio first, and procured a light, then took up his brushes and tubes of paint.

"You may be able to suggest some improvement. Now look."

He lifted up the curtain which hung before it, and I stepped a little further back.

I was amazed.

There was the "Ecce Homo,"—there was the masterpiece, and to my eyes it seemed a marvellous thing. It shone out like some beautiful unset gem, a work far beyond what I had imagined it would be, and so I told Rafaello as he stood looking upon it, with a strange expression upon his face.

He did not answer. He poised the blender, heavy with burnt sienna, and

without warning, and before I could prevent the action, had swept it across that peerless picture, and a meaningless daub blotted out the sacred lineaments.

"Rafaello!" I cried, in horror.

He dropped the curtain over his work, and faced me. His own face was white beneath its olive tint, and the brushes snapped beneath the fierce grasp of his slender brown fingers.

"You mock me! The picture is a failure! I saw it all now! It is a daub—a daub! And *I* found fault with the face of Peronelli's statue!"

He laughed bitterly, a laugh full of self-scorn and humiliation, which was not pleasant to hear, and I saw a great despair in his eyes.

"It was fine," I affirmed, "and would have looked even better by daylight. That execrable light distorts outlines so."

This last, I saw as soon as I had spoken, was the most foolish remark I could have made, but men have always been credited with being tactless, and I was no exception to the rule.

I say this was a foolish remark, for by it my companion thought that I pitied him, and pity stings like a scorpion when one is in such a mood as he was at that moment.

"You knew it was a failure," he said, hotly, "you knew it, and you stood there laughing in your sleeve at the picture born of my mad dreams! *I was* mad! That—pointing to the draped picture—that is the artist's dream—Rafaello's dream!"

"My dear boy, you are so excited, you do not know what you are saying. The picture was a gem—a masterpiece. I told you the truth about it, and now you reproach me," I said, watching his face closely as I spoke. The flush of passion had faded and left him weary-looking, but the light of passion still burned in his eyes.

"Listen," he cried, springing up from the low couch where he had flung himself, and grasping me by the arm, "I will paint another which will not be a failure. The new picture, the new 'Ecce Homo,' shall hang above Peronelli's statue in the church, and then my work in the world will be complete. The picture will not fail, for I will pray with more fervor to Him, and He will help me!"

"My dear Rafaello, if the new picture surpasses the work you destroyed to-night, it will be divine."

"Divine! That is it. A mere mortal endeavoring to paint divine beauty, divine tenderness, and divine agony! Presumption! I am a fool and have been ungrateful to you, my best friend!"

That was our first and last quarrel. and the matter was never mentioned between us again. He began another "Ecce Homo," and, as before, I left him to his work, untrammelled by my society. Again the days fled away, but the time he gave to his employment was much longer than it had been before. We still frequented the church during leisure hours, and he always knelt before the Sacred Heart. Often I have imagined that I saw the "Ecce Homo" hanging there before him, and then it seemed strangely out of harmony to my mind for both to be there at the same time—the beautiful pictured face, and the creature who had blended those exquisite tints upon the canvas.

The memorable, long-awaited evening came at last.

It gives me pain to write this passage of the story, for it brings back painful remembrances. Again, as on that other night, we stood before the curtained picture. Rafaello was flushed and excited. With one nervous hand he brushed back the curtain, and I saw his work.

At this moment I feel again the choking sensation that rose in my throat, and I know my heart beat painfully.

"It speaks," I said huskily, and he gave a smothered, satisfied sigh.

We both stood gazing upon that wonderful work, silent, and then Rafaello spoke:

"I feel as if I had done my best, and I

"RAFAELLO SANK BACK INTO MY ARMS."

have worked hard upon it. I have tried to do it justice "

He went close to the picture, and as he turned his face toward me again I was struck by the great delicacy of his features. Rafaello looked worn, and there were deep shadows beneath his lustrous eyes ; but the painting drew my attention again, and I said nothing.

Such beautiful tenderness, such agony shone in that pictured face that I am not ashamed to own that something like tears dimmed my eyes. Every line was perfect, and the entire work was replete

with, and seemed to breathe forth, all the intensity, the passionate love which the young artist entertained for the divine original.

"It breathes," I whispered, "my dear Rafaello; you will be famous. Your dream has been realized. It is sublime, and I feel honored and happy to have been the first permitted to glance at that peerless face."

"You think I could not improve upon it?" he asked, wistfully.

"No. It is perfect, and I am proud to clasp the hand that executed it."

He gave my fingers a swift pressure, and I could see that he was moved by my scant words of praise. I did not tell him half of what I thought. I could not tell him how the expression of that face had shaken my composure; how the eyes followed and haunted me with their unspeakable agony.

Nothing remains of that beautiful work now but a memory which to me, at least, is most painfully vivid.

Rafaello had dropped upon one knee with an almost adoring look upon his face.

"Look at it, just once again," he cried, joyously, "and then we will go to His altar, and I shall thank Him there."

I looked, and then my friend let the curtain fall upon the "Ecce Homo." He caught up his hat, and we went out together.

How happy he was that evening. His beautiful face beamed with an almost heavenly light, and his dreamy eyes were lit with the same fire.

"We have worked together long weeks," he said, softly. "It will seem strange to you, dear Edgar, will it not, when I am no longer with you?"

"No longer with me?" I said, amazed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean this," he answered. "I would have told you before this, but you have laughed so much at my 'extreme views,' that I could not bring myself to confide my secret to you. It is this. I intend to become a religious—a priest. The world has no charm for me, and in that life devoted to God's service I shall find all earthly happiness."

"Rafaello, it is impossible! You—a priest! I can never believe that you are in earnest—never, never, never!"

I was conscious of suffering at that moment, conscious that I was about to lose the one creature to whom I was attached; and the days that I should spend alone in the old studio came to my mind like spectres in a dream. I knew Rafaello too well ever to suppose he would jest on such a subject. No, I knew full well, for I remembered many delicate hints he had thrown out, that he had made up his mind to don priestly robes. I pictured him clad in foamy, glistening vestments, exhorting the people to virtuous, pious practices. I could see his face, with its expression of purity and serenity, gazing down upon those devout worshippers.

I could have wept at the thought of losing him, but outwardly I was very calm.

"Then we shall no longer be 'David and Jonathan,'" I remarked, and Rafaello pressed my arm.

It was he who had given us the names one day, after he read to me the story of the two young men who loved each other with a love "passing that of woman."

"We shall always be the same, though our paths be different," Rafaello replied, and I saw that his eyes were dim with tears. "We shall always love each other—like David and Jonathan of old."

His voice trembled, and just as we reached the church door, he turned and faced me, grasping my hands in his, which were cold as ice. "Dear Edgar, I shall pray for you to-night—pray that you will embrace the faith, my best, my truest and sincerest friend."

We entered the dimly lit church, where there were but few worshippers, and he went to his usual place before the statue of the Sacred Heart, while I remained in the rear, enveloped in shadow.

I watched him as he knelt in prayer, his head bowed upon his hands which rested upon the narrow railing, and the sculptured fingers of the statue outstretched above his head, as if in the act of blessing the young devotee. From Rafaello, my eyes wandered to the main altar with its tall candles and sweeping draperies, and the flowers which filled the vases and made the air heavy with their sweetness.

From the vestry a black-robed priest noiselessly came forth, and he too knelt in voiceless prayer. I watched him idly, though I could not see his face until he looked toward the spot where my friend was kneeling motionless. I noticed how boyish-looking the clergyman was, and wondered how any one, so young as he appeared to be, could give up everything in the world and bury himself, as it were, just as life was opening for him. I followed his glance, and saw that Rafaello had not changed his position, and then my eyes returned to the priestly figure, who at that moment made the sign of the Cross, and stole away as silently and softly as he had come.

The moments had not seemed long to me, yet I intuitively knew that the hour had grown late and took out my watch to note the time. The obscurity prevented me from seeing the position of the hands, so I moved further toward the altar before which swung the gold lamp, and by the light of its red beaming saw that it was later than I had imagined.

I did not like to disturb Rafaello at his devotions, but I knew that he was worn out from his long labor and needed rest. I went up and gently touched him on the shoulder. He did not seem to feel the pressure of my fingers, so I pulled him gently by the sleeve.

He swayed slightly but did not relax the firm grasp of his hands upon the railing. I was growing impatient and shook him, this time a little roughly. The fingers slipped from their place, and, like a lily that falls to earth when its slender stem is broken, Rafaello sank back into my arms, mute—his countenance illumined with a smile of exquisite happiness, and his lustrous eyes wide and staring—dead.

I knew that it was death, his slender hands were so cold—a dreadful coldness which sent its chill shaft to my heart. My eyes burned, the blood rushed throbbingly to my brain, and there, with those unseeing eyes turned to mine, I, the stolid, the unimaginative Englishman, wept, as I have never wept since, as any woman might weep over her beloved dead.

* * *

Kindly hands assisted me in the work of preparation for burial. Rafaello's many friends heaped flowers upon his coffin, and their eyes grew dim when they rested upon his still form. On the day of his burial, the wonderful painting, the "Ecce Homo" for which he had given his life, hung above the altar of the Sacred Heart, where he had wished to see it; and dark-eyed women sobbed heart-breakingly, and men brushed the tears from eyes unused to weeping, as it shone down upon them from the wall.

Rafaello had died of heart failure, brought on by excessive and too close application to his work, which was too great a burden for his delicate constitution to bear.

When robing him for the grave I found resting upon his breast a small, golden heart, attached to a chain of Italian workmanship. Upon the trinket were engraved the words: "Cuore di Gesu"—the words which had been full of sweetness to him. The pendent heart, with its delicate chain, I now wear, and it has never been removed since that day, years ago, when the waters of Baptism were poured upon my head.

When the time comes for me to die I ask that it be left untouched.

This is the story which I set out to tell you; the story of a man who "was in the world, but not of the world," whose

love was all given to that Divine Heart, whose emblem he had worn.

The "Ecce Homo" had been all that Rafaello had dreamed, and I have knelt beneath it, and to me it has seemed to speak with those lips which let fall such golden truths in the days of His glorious mission upon earth.

Now that the flames have destroyed this unexcelled work of art, as time speeds on, Rafaello's name will be but seldom heard; but the object of this picture has been accomplished, for I know that many have been moved to repentance after having looked long upon and studied the "Ecce Homo."

It was not for fame nor gold that he had labored upon it, but rather from love of that divine Face, to which painters had never done justice.

The body of my companion, Rafaello Amati, has long since returned to dust, but the memory of his chaste and holy life, the remembrance of his beautiful personality, remain with me until death shall still the throbbing of my pulse. With these remembrances also remains with me that visible link binding me to the old days in Florence, the precious golden heart, bearing the words I had heard Rafaello breathe tenderly so many times—"Cuore di Gesu."

REFUGIUM PECCATORUM.

By Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J.

Heavy thine empire's care,
Queen of our souls, for lurk
Foul rebels in word and work
Deep in the darkness there.
Pride of the hardened will,
Hate with its brood of ill,
The flesh that is traitor still,
Betrayed, one with betrayer—
Natheless, 'midmost the fray,
Hope in our hearts lives on;
Thou, our Help in the day,
Our Light when the day is gone.

The quenchless fuel of these
Is the wayward sense of man,
Warped by the primal ban
From the spirit's high decrees,
Gross-fed on husks of swine,
Drowsed with the world's wine
To hold but self divine
And self alone to please.

Leagued with the foe within
This fragile soul-redoubt,
Massed are the foes without
By Satan, the Lord of Sin,
Who, writhing aneath thy heel,
Yet wars against our weal,
Unseen tho' the battle steel,
Unheard, the combat's din.

The heavens were under his feet.
He said, "I will mount yet higher"—
He lies in the lake of fire,
And thick in the smoke-pall beat
The wings of his rebel host,
Like-doomed as alike their boast,
Who bear to that burning coast
The sifted tares from the wheat.

The world he hath made his own;
Hath hidden the heart of dust
And the chains that fret and rust
With flowers from his poison zone;
Hath set in the barren waste
Sweet fruit that is death to taste,
And the sinner's sigh displaced
For laughter that ends in moan.

Queen, Queen, how may we fare
Unscathed thro' foes like these,
Frail barks on perilous seas,
Poor moths in Folly's glare?
Mother, our hearts make pure!
Make wav'ring wills endure
'Gainst force and specious lure,
Dear suasion and sweet snare!

Thou'rt by the Father dight
In robes of royal array;
The Son hath made thee sway
The sceptre of his might,
The unction of the spouse
Is brilliant on thy brows,
And every spirit bows
To own thy queenly right.

To thee we hasten, to thee,
Our refuge, solace and hope,
From whom cometh strength to cope,
Who givest us grace to flee;
The hours are flying fast
Like wild wings down the blast;
Life ends, sweet Queen, at last,
And Death shall set us free.

Still then, 'midmost the fray,
Hope in our hearts hath home—
Thou, our Help in the day,
Our Light when the shadows come.

WHERE OUR PROTOMARTYR LIES BURIED.

By Rev. George O'Connell, S.J.

I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ISLETA.

RISING like a white terrace on a gentle elevation in the midst of its reservation of one hundred and ten thousand acres, the Pueblo of Isleta has for more than ten decades been a striking feature in the country south of Albuquerque. After leaving the latter town, the traveller by rail is first borne through a pitiful-looking stretch of sand, to which even the rich alluvial deposits of the Rio Grande have given neither life nor beauty. Then suddenly, some twelve miles south, he finds himself in a region of fertile orchards, vineyards and farms. The country is transformed. A lovely green appears on every hand, and industry and plenty mark the scene; while the master of all appears in the brown, but handsome and muscular, town-dwelling Indian. Clad picturesquely in vari-colored turban, red print shirt, white *calzoncillos* or loose trousers, and maroon leggings and moccasins, his hair tied back in an Egyptian queue or *chongo*, as he calls it, he is as much at home with the plough and the pruning-knife as any bony-handed farmer of New England. Out of this vision of plenty, the well-built and well-preserved pueblo of twelve hundred souls stands forth proudly, as if to challenge comparison between the beauty, comfort and Christianity that centre round its adobe walls and vast two-towered church, and that more advanced and feverish civilization which claims the screaming locomotive as its emblem.

If only contentment be sought in this poor world, the Pueblo will ever possess the advantage. Drunkenness, theft and brawling are literally all but unknown in his town, poverty is absolutely so, family relations are the tenderest and truest, irrigation assures him of constant and plentiful harvests, the priest is always near to baptize, to shrive, to marry and to bury him, and to preach him the word of God every Sunday and holy day, and as for curiosity or envy of the outside world, he will not so much as turn his head to see the engine flying past. With only the utmost difficulty was he ever persuaded to let the iron rails be laid across his reservation. He feared the entering wedge which might one day split to fragments all his jealously guarded possessions, and when finally his consent was given it was with the stipulation that nothing but the bare necessities of the railway be allowed—two tracks, with a fair allowance of ground on either side, a water-tank, a telegraph office, and an agent's house and narrow patch of garden—nothing more.

He will sell the products of his farm and his oriental looking pottery and beaded trinkets to the white man of Albuquerque, and in fact of every town and ranch of New Mexico, but he gently declines the white man's civilization, and after a thousand years from now, if the angel of the seven plagues withhold the vials of his wrath so long, he will be a Pueblo still—proud, courteous and happy, but as independent as in the day of the undiscovered past, when first his ancestors built their homes in the fair valley of the Rio Grande.

II.

SOME ISLETEÑO HISTORY; FIRST DISCOVERY; REBELLION; FLIGHT AND RETURN.

Isleta of New Mexico is not to be confounded with the half-Indian, half-Mexican town of a similar name in Texas, fourteen miles or so to the east of El

Paso. The Indians of the Texas Isleta, though true Pueblos, as we shall see, have not that distinct and separate existence which marks their brethren of the North, but have become too intimately associated with their Mexican neighbors to be reckoned any longer in Pueblo statistics. The Moquis, in fact, in their lonely six rock-crowning villages in northwestern Arizona, are the only genuine Pueblo Indians outside the limits of New Mexico.

Our Isleta has been identified as the Tutahaco of Coronado. It was one of the eight Tigua towns which that gallant soldier found four leagues to the south of Tiguex when, in 1540, he left Zuñi and travelled for eleven days over the waterless waste and the freezing mountains south of Ácoma. A welcome sight its prosperous streets and the glorious river flowing at the foot of the bluff on which it stands must have been to the parched and shivering explorer. He lingered no longer, however, than to recruit himself and his 30 followers for their meeting with his full army, which had preceded him by another route to Tiguex, our modern Bernalillo. Of the eight towns which Coronado found, Isleta alone survives, though the ruins of four of the others are still vaguely traced.

During Coronado's first and second sojourn at Tiguex, it is more than probable that the ardent soul of Father de Padilla, who was one of his chaplains, led him to visit Isleta. Distance was as nothing to this tireless traveller of Christ, and he could scarcely have suffered these souls to remain in the darkness as long as his arms could hold aloft to them the light of the Gospel. He certainly must have visited the Pueblo after the explorer had returned to Mexico, and left Fray Juan and his few companions alone in the vast new territory; and it could only have been the assurance that his companion, Father de la Cruz, would labor in its interests that permitted him to start away on his fatal tramp across the buffalo plains to Quivira.

To this pious conjecture we may add another, that Isleta was visited also by Fathers Santa María and Lopez and Brother Rodriguez, after Chambuscado had left them at Tiguex in 1581. We know that these servants of God travelled considerably up and down the Rio Grande Valley before they, too, received the crown of martyrdom. Espejo, in the following year, probably rested there for a time, when, in company with Father Beltran, he went in search of the remains of those martyrs, journeying north through a pleasanter land than Coronado had met with, through the forests of mesquite, pine and cottonwood that adorned so profusely the valley of the Rio Grande. Near here, also, it was that the dashing and generous, but unappreciated, Castaño was arrested ten years later by Captain Morlete for having presumed to make his expedition without the royal sanction. Oñate passed it hurriedly in 1598, on his way to Apuruáy, where he found on the walls of one of the houses two life-sized portraits of Brother Rodriguez and Father Lopez, which the guilty inhabitants had vainly endeavored to efface. With his coming to New Mexico the real modern history of Isleta begins.

Among the many chieftains who assembled on his call at Caypa (or San Juan) on the memorable ninth of September, 1598, to submit to the Spanish conqueror and swear allegiance to King Philip II., were several representatives of the Tigua nations. To them the *padre custodio*, Martinez, in his first assignment of missionaries, sent Father Juan Claros. Father Claros was therefore the first priest of whom we have any definite record as laboring at Isleta. No less than sixty Pueblos are enumerated as belonging to his mission, but this number by no means implies such a population as might be supposed. They were all very small, and were, later on, gathered together to form a group of much larger and more powerful towns. Isleta was at first situated a little lower down the river than at present, and probably changed its location when the

general consolidation was made. At what time the church and convent were built cannot be told exactly, but it was certainly before the year 1630, for they were then enumerated in the list which Father Benavides drew up in his memorial to the King. Their building was by the venerable Father Juan de Salas.

The town grew rapidly in importance, and its fertile surroundings soon attracted Spanish settlers. The modest adobe town of Atrisco was founded some ten miles to the north in 1660 by Don Diego Antonio Duran de Chavez, a colonel in the Spanish army, and by 1680 six other *ranchos* were established much nearer, while the town itself contained two thousand souls and was the headquarters of caravans on their way west to Ácoma and Zuñi. The rebellion of Popé rudely disturbed this happy scene and threatened the town with extinction.

As soon as Governor Otermin's scouts arrived at San Felipe to announce the outbreak of hostilities, the Spaniards and faithful Indians of that and the lower pueblos saved their lives by flying to Isleta. Here they were hospitably received by Captain García and the natives, but on the fourteenth of August that officer, taking it for granted that all his friends in the north had been slaughtered, retreated south to Fra Cristóbal. Meantime Otermin in vain sent him an appeal for assistance, and was himself compelled to abandon Santa Fé a few days later As soon, however, as the appeal did reach him, García obediently set out on his return, and the two officers met at Alamillo. It was then too late to make a stand against the hordes of savages who were sweeping down the valley in a whirlwind of murder and pillage, and all continued their retreat to El Paso. Here the governor renewed his forces, and December 6, 1681, found him again at the walls of Isleta with an army of reconquest. During his absence, the fifteen hundred inhabitants had joined the rebels and now resisted his approach. A brief assault convinced them of their folly, and on the morrow they surrendered with every profession of penitence. They declared they had been forced into the rebellion by their brethren of the north, and when the Spaniards pointed to the walls of the church, which now only served as a corral for cattle, they stoutly asserted that the sacrilege was not theirs. To prove their sincerity, they renewed their allegiance to the King and brought many of their children to be baptized. Thereupon the Spaniards generously pardoned them without exacting any penalty, a rule which was invariably followed by Varcas in his reconquest.

The submission of the Isleteños was dishonest and short-lived. On Christmas Day, as soon as Otermin had withdrawn his forces to a point a little opposite their town, over one thousand of them fled north to join the rebels. Otermin was soon afterwards convinced that his ill-provided soldiery could not afford to meet the growing strength of Popé's infuriated army. He therefore bade the four hundred faithful natives join him, lest they should fall beneath the vengeance of their brethren, and then burned the town and returned to El Paso. Now it was that these four hundred founded the Texas town of Isleta, where their descendants reside to this day, faithful in all the practices of religion and distinguished in little from the Mexican population around them.

Isleta lay in ruins for twenty-eight years. Its re-establishment was due to the *Padre custodio* of the missions, Father Juan de la Peña. That sturdy priest, famous for his crusade against the scalp-dances and the pagan and immoral rites of the *estufa*, and for his courageous defence of his neophytes against the exactions of the civil and military authorities, set about collecting once more the scattered bands of the fugitive Tiguas. This was in the year 1709. Ill, indeed, had the poor people fared since the days of the rebellion. Their dearly bought liberty had meant

only ruin, and little persuasion was needed to make them occupy their abandoned pueblo and its smiling fields anew. The town of Albuquerque had meantime been founded in 1706 by Governor Cuervo with thirty Spanish families, receiving its name in honor of the second Mexican viceroy of that name. The colonists had returned to Atrisco and the surrounding *ranchos*, and prosperity on every hand invited the wanderers to resume their old industrious and happy lives. Their history since that day is only a record of how faithfully they have responded to the invitation.

Hence we see how wild the guesses are of photographers and others who have given the church of San Augustin an antiquity of more than three hundred years. In its present shape, it can scarcely lay claim to one hundred and eighty-six years, and even its original foundations and walls, if indeed they survived the fury of Popé and the fire of Otermin, date back, as we have seen, no further than 1630.

The last item of important history attaching to the pueblo is found in 1742. Father Charles Delgado, one of the most famous of the New Mexican missionaries, a man who labored for forty years at Isleta, set out in that year for the Moqui towns. Father Ignatius Pino went with him and by their persuasion they brought home four hundred more of the fugitive Tiguas and their descendants, much as Father de la Peña had done forty years before. These were distributed through Isleta and the neighboring pueblos, instead of in their former abandoned homes. For the latter much wiser plan the Fathers tried in vain to secure the co-operation of Governor Mendoza. The expulsion of the Spanish Franciscans in 1828 does not seem to have affected Isleta. Some Mexican members of the Order were found to administer it; but their day was short, and soon the good Padres bade adieu to this town, as they had done by degrees to all the territory. It is administered at present by Father Augustin Docher, a resident secular priest, who includes in his parish a number of the adjacent Mexican *ranchos*. Its Indian governor is Juan Bautista Lucero.

III.

TO ISLETA BY CARRIAGE; AN APOSTATE PUEBLO; THE SACRED SNAKE.

The writer's latest little pilgrimage to the tomb of America's protomartyr, Juan de Padilla, was made by carriage on a cool and perfumed day in October, and not, as he had done before, on a sweltering June day in the close caboose of a freight-train, a rude conveyance to which even yet the average tourist is forced to resort, for lack of a passenger-train that stops at the pueblo going south in the daylight. Eight o'clock in the morning found us moving through the adobe-built suburb of Los Barelas, on our way to the thousand-foot bridge that spans the Rio Grande. Already the streets of Albuquerque were bright with groups of Pueblo Indians. Many of these tireless pedestrians, peripatetic merchants all, had walked into town that morning from Isleta, while others had come up the evening before and camped over night, some round fires in the vacant lots, some along the broad and sheltered platforms of the railway warehouses.

Their picturesque costumes, their quiet and orderly behavior, the invariable modesty of the women, and the many luxuries of fruit which they bring to sell, assure a hearty welcome from the nervous American town, but fifteen years of age, to these gentle scions of a race that has known few changes from time immemorial. Their presence, in fact, is shrewdly recognized as one of the foremost attractions of this star city of the territory. They feel their security, but never presume upon it. They all speak Spanish with fluency, but only a small number have mastered English—such of the men as were educated at the schools which

the Jesuit Father Gasparri opened in 1869 in Old Albuquerque, and such of the women as have been fortunate enough to enjoy the training of the Sisters of Loretto at Bernalillo. They buy and sell with the strictest honesty, but make no effort at being intimate. This reserve, which is never offensive, keeps them to-day the same people they were when Coronado first beheld them, three hundred and fifty years ago.

A delicious breeze swept down the Rio Grande as we crossed the great bridge. Combined with the peculiarly sweet song of the blackbird, who is a famous chorister here, and the incessant twittering of the saucy young red-headed linnet, it made us pause a moment and remark that the landscape too, as well as the native Indian, was not without its beauties. Seen from this point rather than from the windows of the flying train, the valley is fair and productive. The sky is often cloudless for two or three days at a time, and of such a deep, soft blue as were not unworthy to be likened to the matchless heavens of Sorrento and Naples. The brown and rugged Sandia Mountains on the east, with the range of the still loftier Manzanos looming vaguely in the south, will catch the winter snows along their summits and all year round protect the valley from the colder winds, thus giving it a soothing and purified atmosphere that is a balm unrivalled for the poor invalid. The level country before us is still green with the late-growing crops or with clumps of cottonwood trees, in and out of which a thousand bluebirds and robins are flitting in an ecstasy of winged joy that is answered in every corner of the fields by the handsome and warbling lark. Back more than a mile from either shore the country receives rich nourishment from the fierce and yellow "River of the North," the Nile of New Mexico, that is beating so vainly at the piers beneath us. A line of Mexican ranches nestles close to the foot of a long stretch of sandy hills on the west. The summits of these hills are frequently broken by the craters of prehistoric volcanoes, from the mouths of which strong gases still escape, to tell us of slumbering furnaces locked deep in the bosom of the earth. We find them checked in other places and walled up by cliffs of black lava, while crossing the tortuous paths that wind wearily over their faces. Herds of sheep are moving towards us, leaving the dried-up Rio Puerco, away

ISLETA PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO.

AN ISLETA HOUSEWIFE.

beyond, to enjoy their weekly plunge in the unfailing Rio Grande.

Thus beguiled, we slowly leave the bridge and enter the perfumed groves that lie between Atrisco and the river. The United States now seem to have fled behind us. We are travelling apparently amid the trees and meadows and people and houses of Mexico. Not a house is more than one story high. All are made of adobe, and so little to be distinguished in color from the earth around them that we often come upon a group of them whose presence we had not suspected half a mile before, though they had actually been straight in our way. Spanish is the only tongue we hear, and in every village, or *plazita*, the church is the most conspicuous and imposing edifice. A long and narrow adobe girt yard invariably protects it in front, and never is the belfry wanting to relieve the plainness of the broad, flat roof. Men and women sit basking in the warm sun, smoking their cigarettes, chatting quietly, and presenting a picture of enviable happiness. Though the people are poor in all these villages, there seems to be nothing like misery. The world affords no such scenes of peace and contentment, no better examples, either, of the most courtly hospitality. The stranger is always welcomed at their doors, and if but a single egg make the host's humble meal, his guest is asked to share it.

The Ranchos de Atrisco, Pajarito and Los Padillas are all of one type—tidy streets and well-kept homes, thrifty farms and garden-patches irrigated from the river, patient burros at every turn, grazing cattle in the further fields — "sunshine, silence and adobe," as Lummis summarizes it, to which we may add what is far more precious, piety and restfulness and peace.

For a while, in 1894, the Rancho de Atrisco was threatened with disorder by the presence of a renegade Pueblo, who had been ordained a preacher by the Presbyterians, after studying a little at their schools in the East. Dropping his Indian and Spanish names, he called himself Ford. Supported by the credulous missionary societies of the East, he presumed to open a school and a meeting-house in this ancient stronghold of the Faith, and by presents, free books and the like weaned a number of hapless children from the Catholic school. Of course, no Mexican ever becomes a Protestant. Money, food and clothing will

make him a temporary apostate in appearance, but once these convincing arguments of the mission boards fail, he will return in penance to the only true Church. In any event, he is almost sure to call for the Catholic priest when he dies. Puffed up with his early success, Ford wrote a glowing account of the same to the Cleveland *Leader* and boasted, among other bits of piety, that he had stationed a man at the door of his meeting-house who would shoot like a dog any one who interfered with the saving Gospel he taught! His only hope lay with the children, he said, as their elders were beyond redemption. He might, however, have converted the whole town long ago had he not been constantly harassed by the *French* Jesuits who swarm through the territory. How useful this bugaboo of "Jesuit" to account for all sorts of mischief! To his amazement, he was promptly answered by a man in Cleveland who happened to know all about New Mexico. This gentleman, after disposing of his other false claims, informed him that there are only ten Jesuits in all the territory, and not one of these is a Frenchman! The secular clergy, however, are French almost to a man. Still, in this case it really was a Jesuit who thwarted him, one of the Fathers from Old Albuquerque. Then the vigilant *Revista Catolica*, of Las Vegas, "The Watchdog of the Rio Grande," as it has been aptly styled, added its word in the matter, and awakened the dreamy folks of Atrisco to their danger. They promptly confessed their rashness, and the school fell off by half, and now is only languishing to ruin. Would that the voice of the *Revista* had been heard with equal docility at Tres Piedras, Santa Fé, Las Vegas, Mora and so many poor *plazitas* where the money which the preachers dispense is working such havoc with souls!

No preacher dare show himself in Isleta. Round their great white church traditions cling which have sunk so deeply into the hearts of the Pueblos that the bare thought of denying the consoling doctrines of the Church fills them with horror. No violence has ever been employed, but the preacher is sternly told in what loathing his doctrines of denial are held, and he soon discovers that time and money alike are wasted on such an unpromising field, and that no violence of language or conduct on his part can provoke the Isleteños to give him any chance to claim the glory of

AN ISLETA NIMROD.

persecution or martyrdom. The same consoling fidelity is witnessed in all the pueblos, except in the sad case of Laguna. The practice of the Catholic religion is, unfortunately, often tainted with a lingering practice, in private, of some of their old paganism, especially where they have no resident priest to guide them, but they are too wise to find anything to satisfy them in a mere negative faith like Protestantism, devoid alike of depth, warmth, beauty and hope.

With the progress the Church is making, however, the pagan rites in the pueblos are dwindling away. In Jemes, for example, San Juan and Isleta, it is positively denied that there is either idolatry or immorality in the secret rites of the *estufa*, and the same is true of many other pueblos. They claim that they exclude the white man for two very simple reasons. What they do is none of his business, and he is sure to laugh at what he cannot understand. Still, at Isleta they once invited their pastor to be present at their services, and explained to him the meaning of all their actions. The only objectionable feature the priest could discover was a peculiar ceremony they practised for the relief of the souls in purgatory—dipping their fingers into a bowl of *atole* and scattering the food in certain fixed directions.

The worship of the Sacred Snake exists but little at the present day in the pueblos of New Mexico, if indeed it ever existed as real worship. Many contend that it was only *venerated* as a being in high favor with their gods called "The Trues." Wherever it was so venerated, it was kept in a cave and fed with great ceremony, and we are told that the Moquis of Arizona still do so; but it is ridiculous to assert that a living baby was fed to it once a year. The snake was the *ch'ah-rah-ráh-deh* or rattlesnake, and even the largest of these, which have been known to grow to the thickness of a man's thigh, could never devour a human child. The last of its race to be held in veneration by the Isleteños was confined in one of the volcanic grottoes in the Hill of the Wind, or the Cerro del Aire, twenty miles to the west of the town. He providentially, however, made his escape in 1887 or thereabouts, and, after hunting awhile in vain to recover him, the Pueblos left him to his fate and gave over forever the pagan honor they had been wont to pay him. The great biennial snake-dances of the Moquis in August are associated with this superstition. After a fast of several days, in which they drink only the secretly prepared *Máh-que-be*, the dancers go through their fearful ceremonies holding living, writhing and biting rattlesnakes in their mouths, and sometimes as many as five or six in their hands. They thus hold them for an hour or an hour and a half, and suffer no harm.

IV.

AT THE TOMB OF THE MARTYR; THE LEGEND OF THE COFFIN.

After leaving Los Padillas, the drive is made for several miles through the tall prairie grass, with many a huge table-like hill of lava cutting off the view on the west, till we see the two white towers of the pueblo church in the distance. Another hour brings us into the orchards and vineyards of the pueblo. Here, with scenes of tempting plenty on either hand, we make our way to the railroad track, where we enter the village and are soon at the hospitable doors of Pablo Abeyta. Pablo is a full-blooded Indian, a good Catholic, and an old pupil of the Jesuits at Albuquerque. His great adobe residence is the largest, richest and best furnished in the pueblo. Doña Marcellina Abeyta is distinguished as managing the largest business conducted by any woman in the territory. Her house is a depot of supplies for the pueblo, and her wine and farm-produce yield her a handsome revenue. Her rare business ability, her unfailing modesty, the neatness and real beauty of her house-furnishings, and the prominence given to religious pictures and other ob-

jects of piety, reveal the broad mental capacity of her race and their docility to the doctrines of the Church. The same good qualities and virtues are observable on a humbler scale all through the pueblo. Here the remark is timely that only by a cruel injustice can we speak of a pueblo "squaw." No such miserable creature is known in any pueblo. The pueblo wife is as far removed as possible from the poor beast of burden that her sisters of the savage tribes have become. She suffers no degradation whatever on the part of either her husband or her people. She is, on the contrary, esteemed as quite her husband's equal. Her position is precisely that of a wife in any civilized Christian community, with the advantage in favor of the pueblo.

MOQUI PUEBLO.

Leaving horse and carriage to be cared for at Doña Marcellina's hostelry, we pass up through the streets of the pueblo till we are standing before the colossal church. What an enterprise it was to build it! Every piece of timber had to be carried in some twenty miles from the mountains, just as the people get their wood to this day, and no saws assisted the native workmen in fashioning them for service! The adobe walls are some six feet thick, and are supported at intervals by massive buttresses whose bases must measure at least twenty feet. While the flat-roofed, unornamented structure cannot be called beautiful, it is still solemnly impressive. It tells a story which must affect even the most thoughtless, a story of zealous priest and patient Pueblo, of centuries of devil-worship disappearing like magic before the light of the Cross, of two civilizations, so distant, yet united in the common bond of Christianity. The usual long churchyard stretches in front. It is the pueblo cemetery, but, unlike their brethren of San Juan, the Isleteños never mark their graves. The dead are laid to rest with every rite of Holy Church and every sign of heartfelt grief, but once the earth has been piled above them, scarcely a single Pueblo can tell where the bones of his relatives are lying.

East of the church is the humble school where seventy serious-faced boys are taught by a young New Mexican, Mr. John Guerin, himself a student long ago at the Jesuit college in Las Vegas. The children are bright and assiduous

enough while on their benches, but, like all country schools, attendance is sadly affected by the claims of the orchard, vineyard and farm. It reaches its highest average after the harvest. The school is one of the nine so-called "contract schools" of New Mexico, now supported by the government. A few steps from the school bring us to a high adobe wall pierced by a single gate. This is the entrance to Father Docher's pretty garden.

The pastor is a well built, kindly man of some fifty years, who had seen service as a sergeant in the armies of France before he left his native hills forever, to labor as a priest of God in this lone land, amid so strange a people. He receives us with genuine French courtesy, and is evidently pleased as we admire the coolness of the fountain that plays in the midst of the garden, the fresh, bright colors of his myriad flowers, and the grave airs and flashing plumage of the parrot that swings from the sunny veranda. Refreshments are brought us while we chat of the history of Isleta and the days and death of America's protomartyr, after which Father Docher conducts us to the church.

As we pass through the sacristy we notice ten dainty red cassocks and as many cunning little surplices hanging tidily along the wall. Pretty and happy indeed the Isleteño altar-boys must be, serving the priest in robes so gorgeous. With them, beauty of ornament is inseparable from strength and depth of coloring. The church is too narrow to admit of more than one altar. This is raised some three feet above the floor of the church, and is positively gay with mirrors and chromo-lithographs that bedeck the surrounding walls, and with a profusion of artificial flowers and wooden figures of saints that load the altar steps—the highest form of art that can appeal to the Indian. One picture, however, is certainly a masterpiece. It represents the Blessed Virgin, and, though its lines are growing obscure with age, it bears evidence of powerful artistic execution. It bears the date "1545" and is reputed to be by one of the first Spanish painters in the New World. Vasquez, we believe, is the artist's name. Father Docher has already refused an offer of fifteen hundred dollars made for it by a German artist, as well as one of two thousand made by an English gentleman. It carries us back too near to the time of our protomartyr's death to be so easily disposed of.

The body of Father Juan de Padilla lies buried beneath the floor of the church on the Gospel side of the altar. No slab or inscription of any kind commemorates his virtues and glorious death, nor is there any sign to mark the exact location of the coffin that encloses his sacred remains, but the blade of a saw inserted in the crevices of the floor soon guided us to the spot. It rests partly beneath the wall of the church and partly beneath the beams which support the flooring and answers every stroke of the saw with a clear, sharp sound. It has been exposed more than once within the memory of some of the older inhabitants, and has been found to be of poplar-wood and marvellously well preserved. Here the strange legend of the coffin confronts us. We may call it "legend," indeed, but if the story of the venerable ex-sacristan, Diego Abeyta, is to be believed, never was truer history recorded. All his fellow Isleteños cling to it tenaciously and repeat it without variation. Briefly told, it runs as follows :

When the body of the martyr was first discovered beneath the mound of stones with which his terrified companions, Lucas and Sebastian, had hastily covered it, far off on the Kansas plains near Quivira, it was still transfixed with the deadly arrows of the Guyas, and the flesh and the garments were still incorrupt. The delighted discoverers, who were probably members of Onate's expedition, reverently laid it in a coffin of fresh poplar-

CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTIN, ISLETA, NEW MEXICO—EXTERIOR.

wood and bore it back in triumph, a thousand miles and more, across the prairies and down the valley of the Rio Grande, to the noble church of San Augustin at Isleta. It was only fitting that his body should rest here near the scenes where he labored last before setting out on his journey to martyrdom. Hardly a quarter of a century had passed, however, when an unheard-of phenomenon was witnessed. The coffin slowly arose from a depth of six feet, through what was then the earthen flooring of the church, and rested on the surface of the ground!

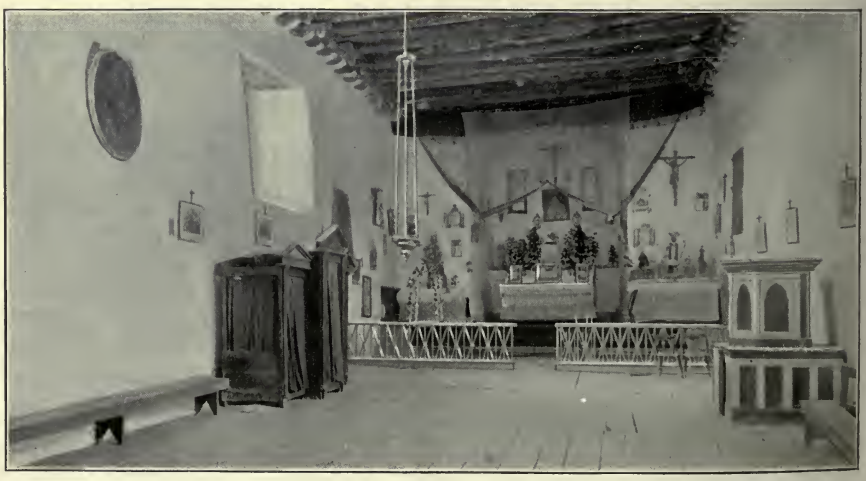
All the fifteen hundred people of the pueblo and many Spaniards from the neighboring *ranchos* beheld the sight, and none could explain it. No possible shrinking of the boards of the coffin, or caving in of the earth about it could account for a rise of so many feet. The pious natives declared it an unmistakable proof, given them from heaven, of the exalted virtues of the martyr. A watch of requiem was kept about the coffin for two days, and then it was solemnly reburied with all the services of a regular funeral. This time, it was buried even deeper than before; but, exactly twenty-five years later, the same phenomenon was witnessed. Again the death-watch and the funeral were repeated, but with more elaborate details, and again the mysterious coffin was consigned to the earth. No depth of interment, however, can prevent its rising to the surface unfailingly four times in every century. Of no fact are the natives so certain, and they resent no scepticism so keenly as to doubt its supernatural character.

Casting about us, some time later, for an actual eye-witness of the miracle, we were introduced to a stalwart, fine-looking merchant of the pueblo, Juan Andres Zunis. He repeated the story as we have just told it, and begged us to accompany him to the home of his grandfather, the old sacristan, Diego Abeyta, who had seen the coffin come to the surface on two different occasions. This patriarch of the pueblo is now some ninety years of age, and is stone blind. To judge from the thin gray hair that hangs in two long locks across his forehead, the withered fingers and the parchment-like skin drawn tightly over the bones, we might imagine him contemporary with the martyr himself. His mental faculties, however, seem to be unimpaired, and, rousing himself at our entrance, he told us the story exactly as Zunis had done, and responded to all

our doubts and difficulties with a readiness and sense of conviction which it was hard to combat.

"Twice," said old Abeyta, "I have seen the coffin containing the remains of the martyr Franciscan, Fray Juan de Padilla, rise more than six feet through the earth to the surface of the ground. There it remained motionless for a couple of days till funeral services were held around it and it was reburied. The two risings were about twenty-five years apart. On each occasion the coffin was opened and I beheld the body of the martyr. Except that the features looked hard and dry, they bore the appearance of a man but recently dead. They were as distinctly preserved as in life. The habit, too, was wonderfully well preserved. It was the same as that with which I was so familiar in the days when the Franciscan Padres still had their residence in Isleta. The wood of the coffin was the same in both instances, and bore no mark of decay from time to time. There was no chance whatever of fraud or illusion. It was something which the whole population saw, and which continued for two days. Many of our people still keep small relics which they cut by stealth from the coffin and habit. In those days there was no flooring in the church, and only the hard earth lay upon the coffin. Nowadays it is pressed upon by the beams of the flooring and by part of the western wall. It is almost time that another rising should occur, and I hear that the coffin has already mounted near the surface. Will the miracle be repeated? *Quien sabe?*"

This is in substance what the fine old Indian told us. Who can deny his story? Who can wantonly belie the tradition so long obtaining from father to son, so universally accepted by men who are anything but savages, rather indeed wise and cautious people whose ways were those of civilization back hundreds of years before the white man met them? We shall only wait. If the coffin rise once more in its present altered surroundings, we shall indeed have solid grounds for thinking it a miracle. This much at least we learned in our visit to Isleta. So little known abroad, the valiant de Padilla is profoundly venerated where his people know him best. Is his resting-place destined to become a New Mexican Auriesville? God only knows. We knelt and prayed earnestly over his sacred relics, and came away wondering.



CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTIN, ISLETA, NEW MEXICO—INTERIOR.

AN APOSTLE OF PRAYER.

By E. Lummis.

APRIL 19, 1804, was a memorable day in the city of Lyons. The streets and roadways were filled with joyous, yet respectful crowds, hastening to the miraculous Shrine of Our Lady of Fourvière, so dear to French hearts. Through the terrible days of the Revolution of 1793, and the disasters that followed, it had been closed and abandoned to solitude and desolation. To-day, however, it was once more to be opened to the pious prayers of the faithful, and the Holy Father, himself, was to offer the Holy Sacrifice in the dearly beloved Sanctuary.

From the terrace of the ancient house of Albon, on the heights of Fourvière, a dais, magnificently adorned and sheltered by waving banners, announced the presence of His Holiness, Pius VIII. Beside him stood the Archbishop of Lyons and the officers of the Papal household, and, at a little distance, members of the clergy and religious orders, and deputations of men from the city, were arranged in orderly ranks.

From the summit of the hill could be seen the city of Lyons, spread out like a map at the feet of the Holy Father, its outlines softened by the early mists of morning, and its monuments and spires gleaming in the sunlight. Its imposing domes were here and there interspersed with ruined buildings and unroofed houses that told a tale of wealth and disastrous desolation. Beyond, in the far distance, the lofty summits of the Alps outlined the picture and lifted their heads to the blue skies.

The Holy Father gazed a moment with emotion upon the magnificent prospect, and then, at a given signal, the banners were lifted and he extended his hands over the city and the multitude gathered at his feet. With one unanimous voice the bells rang out in musical accord from every spire and steeple, intensified by the deep roar of many cannon. As the venerable Pontiff stood with extended hands and eyes raised to heaven, far as sight could reach, on the bridges, quays, the roadways, and even the house-tops, the multitudes knelt to welcome the benediction that seemed ratified in heaven.

When the ceremonies of the day were ended and the Holy Father descended the hill of Fourvière, a respectable merchant who stood by the roadside with his wife and family, pressed forward to present his two youngest children for a special blessing. One, a boy of four or five years, full of enthusiasm, shouted bravely "Vive le Saint Père!" and led by the hand his little sister, who was silent, but whose heart overflowed with emotion that found vent in big tears that rolled down her rosy cheeks. The Holy Father smiled as he laid his hand upon the graceful heads of the children, whose after lives justified the predilection of grace. The merchant was Antoine Jaricot, well and worthily known in his native city, and the little girl, who knelt with her brother that memorable day at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, was later to ask the blessing of the Church on two of its most fruitful works, the "Propagation of the Faith" and the "Living Rosary."

Antoine Jaricot, and Jeanne his wife, were truly Christian parents. They had attained a considerable competency in the silk trade by wise and careful business ability, and that true consideration for the numerous workmen whom they employed, which is at once a mark of Christian education and sentiment and an earnest of good service. They had ten children, of whom the youngest was

the little Pauline, whose varied fortunes and great works are the subject of our sketch.

The story of Pauline's childhood is exquisitely traced in the French edition of her life. It is like one of those charming French pictures that one comes across now and then, all naïveté, simplicity and grace. She has her faults, but they are very childish ones, and the ardor of her pious sentiments and zealous, if impossible desires, quite efface them. She has a very ardent temperament and a proud spirit that will fight hard and long, perhaps, before it is wholly overcome, but she is a very sweet and attractive little girl and the darling of her family. She loves to play and will gladly leave her amusements to visit the Blessed Sacrament. Her prayer is one of childish simplicity and she talks heart to heart with the Eucharistic Jesus. "I spoke to our Lord as I would to my mother," she relates of herself, "confiding to Him all my childish troubles, all my joys; I told Him I loved Him very much and begged Him to teach me how to make Him loved by the whole world."

Pauline loved to stand with her mother by the great well in the courtyard, watching the buckets of water that were let down into the well and drawn up again and again to be refilled. She watched the glittering drops that shone like jewels in the sunlight, but her childish pleasure had some graver source.

One day when more water than usual had been drawn, she said, "Mamma, is there any water left in the well?" "Surely, my child," was the reply, "the spring is inexhaustible." "Oh, mamma," cried Pauline with a radiant face, "how I wish I had a well of gold, that I might draw enough for all the unhappy, that there might be no more poor people, and no one to shed tears!"

The mother smiled at the innocent little one who thus sounded the keynote of her future mission and said to her: "It is true that we would like to have gold enough to give without counting and solace all woes, but we would not succeed, for there are woes that gold cannot solace, and tears that gold cannot dry. But never mind, if you are very good, and love God very much, He will give you spiritual riches which will comfort many sorrowing hearts." Pauline listened with rapt attention and then, with a warm embrace, replied, "Oh, mamma, pray then that I may love God very, very much, so that I may console all the unhappy!"

Pauline was very sensitive, but her sensibility came rather from tenderness of heart than self-love. She had an apostolic spirit that revealed itself in many childish traits and was exercised among her little circle of playmates, of which the favorite and most congenial companion was her brother Phileas. The innocent childhood of Phileas promised a virtuous career, which was later realized in the priesthood. He was a staunch protector of his little sister, but he would not give up to her. "You should obey me," he said, in some childish difference, "because I am a man and learn Latin." But Pauline rebelled, and when maternal tact had reconciled the combatants by pleading the displeasure of God, though she yielded with a good grace, she could not forbear to add: "It is not because you are a man and know a few words of Latin that I give up to you, but because I cannot offend God."

Phileas loved to tell his little sister tales from the lives of the foreign missionaries which he had read, and the story of their labors and sufferings. One day, fired by these brave deeds he said to her: "I have made up my mind to become a missionary. I will go to China and become a soldier of Jesus Christ; perhaps they will make a martyr of me, but so much the better. 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church,' my catechism says." Pauline listened with admiring wonder and begged to go too. "And why not? I can teach the children catechism, and make the altar

linen and dress the church with flowers." But Phileas drew such terrific pictures of the dangers of life in foreign lands and described so vividly the tigers and leopards and crocodiles which, according to him, were indigenous to these latitudes, that Pauline could only agree with his decision that men only were brave enough to be missionaries. But she was inconsolable at the idea of being left behind, until the little man comforted her by showing that she could still be useful in more feminine ways. "You can pray for me and make vestments and altar linen for the missionaries, and send me plenty of money to buy the poor little children that are put to death by the wicked Chinese." How vain are our hopes! It was Pauline who was to penetrate, by her alms and assistance, to these remote regions, while Phileas sighed in vain for the realization of his desires and died with longing eyes still turned to the land of promise.

The father and mother of Pauline were good pious people and brought up their ten children wisely and well. Jeanne, especially, was a prudent mother, who watched carefully over her little family. She taught them to visit the poor, and to be kind to the working class. She impressed upon them the lesson that the poor were God's children as well as the rich, and, though God made all things, they owed a debt of gratitude also to the skilled workmen who fashioned so many articles for their use and convenience, and without whose labor they would be very uncomfortable and want for houses, and churches, and bread and many pretty comforts. But we cannot linger over these early days. The elder children grew up, and married well and virtuously. Pauline was now nearly fifteen years old, a sweet and attractive young girl, in whom the mother's watchful eye saw the germ of a religious vocation, which, indeed, was manifest to Pauline herself. Jeanne did not dispute the sacrifice of her child to God, though it was a costly one. But Antoine was somewhat rebellious. He thought such talents as those of Pauline should not be buried in obscurity, and parental love pleaded a little too hard on the side of nature. "I would not refuse my child if God calls her," he said, "but she must see something of the world."

And so the vocation of the young girl was exposed to those trials that so often make shipwreck of souls, unless God's providence steps in to rescue them. She was made to take part in the gaieties of companions of her own age, and, though the circle was a chosen one, the temptations of dress, and compliments and youthful society were too strong for the child of fifteen to resist, when sanctioned by parental authority. Little by little her religious fervor cooled and she formed an attachment from which, indeed, there seemed no escape, since the projected marriage was in every way a suitable one.

The mother, who had relied too much on the strength of her daughter's pious desires, saw too late that she had made a mistake, and wept over the growing worldliness of the young heart that had seemed so chosen of God. But Providence provided a means of escape from the difficulty. Pauline was taken ill; the consequences of a severe fall were aggravated by unskilled medical advice and resulted in a serious form of what we would call "nervous prostration." The illness was obstinate and her heart was not at peace. It was the struggle between human affection and divine grace. It was a long combat, but Pauline recovered at last to find that her dear mother was no more. She had died, offering to God the sacrifice of her life to bring her daughter back to the grace of her vocation. The sacrifice was accepted but the moment had not yet come.

Pauline, unfortunately, had no one to whom she could turn for spiritual advice, though she went to the Sacraments. The priest to whom she confessed was, perhaps, a little stern and exacting, and

when there was no question of sin she shrank from submitting to any one the interior struggle of her heart. The projected marriage was renounced, but still she strove against the divine call that would not be silenced. Mlle. Jaricot was the life of the world about her; she was brilliant, gay, and talented, and the charm of the home circle. Yet her father would say now and then, "What is it, Pauline? Is there anything more that I can give you? You do not seem happy." And she would laughingly put the question aside. She sought to solace her heart with dress and vanity, but there was a need in its inmost depths that could not be satisfied.

Her elder sister, Sophie, Madame Chartron, happened to go early one morning to the Church of St. Nizier, and, in the absence of her confessor, sought advice from another priest who happened to replace him in the sacred tribunal. His words were so wise and his counsel so salutary that she was deeply impressed and hastened to tell her sister that she had found a saint. She begged Pauline to accompany her to the Church of St. Nizier on the approaching feast of Trinity Sunday, that she, too, might meet the holy man who had spoken so wisely and well. The Abbé Wurtz, who was preaching a course of sermons at the church, was indeed a very saintly man, and one whose interior perfection was deeply grounded in humility and self-conquest. Pauline yielded, partly out of curiosity, to her sister's wish, and, on the ensuing Sunday, accompanied her to St. Nizier.

We must be pardoned if we sketch her portrait as she stands on the threshold of womanhood and ready for the transforming touch of divine grace. The picture is thrown into relief by the dark shadows of her tragic future. One is reminded of a pretty episode in the life of St. Francis de Sales, where Françon, the daughter of Madame de Chantal, who is staying at the Convent of the Visitation, stepping across the threshold, decked in all the fluttering ribbons and gay coquetries of a court toilette, comes face to face with St. Francis de Sales. The indulgent Saint smiled at the dainty maiden and greeted her with the arch question: "Is it all for the good God?"

Mlle. Jaricot entered the church with her sister. "She was dressed with exquisite taste in a handsome robe of blue silk draped with white" (it was a hundred years ago!) "Little blue shoes tied with ribbons of the same color completed the ensemble. Her face was shaded with a broad-brimmed hat of Leghorn straw turned up with pink roses, while her clustering hair fell in curls over her shoulders." Thus adorned and radiant with the freshness of her seventeen years, Antoine Jaricot was proud of his pretty daughter, and Madame Chartron heard with pleasure the flattering murmurs that greeted her cherished protégé. Pauline for once was insensible to the admiration she awakened, and intent only upon seeing the promised "Saint."

The sisters made their way through the crowd as best they could, and the preacher entered the pulpit. His countenance was austere and yet mild, and bore the impress of eminent virtue. He chose for his text the dangers and illusions of vanity and spoke with simplicity and directness, but with evangelical liberty. More than one glance was turned towards the brilliant Mlle. Jaricot, and the curious wondered if she would take it to heart. She did, indeed, but far more deeply than they perhaps would have desired.

The ceremonies over, Pauline entered the sacristy and asked to see the preacher. With all simplicity, urged by an interior impulse, she said to him: "Father, your sermon has touched and troubled me. In what does culpable vanity consist?" The holy man hesitated at a question so direct, from one who bore the exterior evidence of the vice her words denied. But seeing the candor of her expression and feeling

that the moment of grace had come to the soul before him, he replied: "My child, for most women, this vanity consists in adorning oneself solely to attract the admiration and affection of creatures. But for those whom God calls to higher things," he added, with gentle sweetness of manner, "it consists in the love of anything that holds the heart a captive."

Pauline was touched, and begged that she might go to confession. He heard, with pity, the story of this soul that was famishing in the midst of worldly delights. Pauline exposed to this kind friend all her faults, her hopes, and aspirations, begging him to be, in future, her director. She left the sacred tribunal with a face bathed in tears, through which shone the radiance of heavenly peace and tranquillity. From this memorable feast she dated, what she loved to call, her conversion.

The Abbé Wurtz was a wise director. His course with the ardent soul confided to his care was a very direct one. He said to his penitent, in the words of St. Ignatius: "Despise what you have hitherto sought and valued, and love what you have fled from and despised." And Pauline had the grace to follow. However bitter the draught of humiliation, the atonement for her few years of vanity and worldliness, she accepted it bravely, and ran in the way of divine grace. Then began her heroic novitiate in the spiritual life. She visited the hospital of the Hotel Dieu in Paris, and, conquering at once the repugnance of her constitutional delicacy and refinement, washed and dressed and attended a poor old woman, whose terrible malady would have tried a stouter heart than hers. The most repulsive offices were performed without shrinking and she thanked the poor invalid for bearing with services so awkward as hers. She did not hesitate to sacrifice at once the ornaments, the dainty and exquisite toilets that had absorbed so much of her time and thoughts, and appeared in a costume common and ill suited to her station in life, that she might once for all put an end to the temptations of human respect. She wore a dress of violet—a color she detested—of coarse material, a muslin handkerchief draped her shoulders, her pretty hair was hidden under a muslin cap. The family respected the motives of Pauline, but they secretly sighed at the transformation, and the world, the thoughtless world, that cannot understand the heroism of such sacrifices, said that Mlle. Jaricot had lost her mind. Nor was the good confessor spared in these recriminations. But Pauline, who heard the voice of the well Beloved, followed the odor of His perfumes. She spoke of the matter later: "I took these extreme measures, because, if I had not broken all ties at once, I would have lost courage. I was so confused at appearing in public in such an odious purple costume that I trembled like a leaf. Yet it was necessary to overcome my pride. A less direct means would have been insufficient."

We cannot follow her conversion step by step, but it was complete and entire. The aim of her life was changed and she lived no longer for the creature, but the Creator. Her little vanities were overcome, but it was not a painless victory. Her time was spent in works of charity, and all her tastes and habits were renounced with unflinching mortification. She bore patiently what was, perhaps, hardest of all, until little by little it was conquered, the ridicule, the displeasure, the misunderstanding, the pain, even of her friends and family, who were not quite ready for so complete and summary a spiritual transformation. Her favorite brother, Phileas, tormented her with solicitations to join the gaieties of the world and painted in brilliant colors the pleasures she had renounced. But perhaps it was because he, himself, dreaded to listen to the interior call that was sounding in the depths of his own heart, and he admi-

ted later that the sight of his sister's persevering abnegation won him at last. Yet she was dearly loved by one and all.

She drew patience and strength from long hours of prayer that were passed before the Blessed Sacrament, and while she consoled the poor and ministered to them in untiring charity, it was hers to study and to penetrate the moral evils of the day. The desire of remedying these evils and the need of appeasing the anger of God, provoked against her country, grew upon her day by day in these silent meditations. She began to gather around her numbers of pious servants and working girls, and spoke to them of the outraged justice and goodness of God, begging them to aid her in making reparation to the Divine Heart. She formed them into a society whose only rule was to love God without measure and serve His divine will without seeking consolation, immolating themselves on all occasions for His glory and the salvation of souls, in reparation for the neglect and indifference shown Him in the Holy Eucharist. They met upon certain occasions and sought to watch over the interests of the Blessed Sacrament whenever and wherever they were in question, by interior and exterior testimony of love and respect. She called these pious souls the "Reparatrices" (Repairers) of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and found in them the first apostles of her zealous mission for souls.

Pauline's elder sister, Mme. Chartron, lived with her husband at St. Vallier, and mourned with him over the evils that existed in their vast establishment. Two hundred young girls were employed in the factories and workrooms, whose lives of careless dissipation were a scandal and a disgrace, in spite of the efforts of their employers and the exhortations of the parish priest.

During the time of the carnival the streets of St. Vallier were filled with frivolous young men and women in masquerade, who put restrictions of law and order at defiance, and the rest of the year was not much better. Soon, after what Pauline termed her conversion, she came to spend some months with her sister at St. Vallier, and her presence did much to improve the state of things. Her very appearance was a lesson in fervor, Christian simplicity and modesty of demeanor. When the frivolous working girls saw the rich and accomplished Mlle. Jaricot tending the poor, the sick, and the infirm, and spending hours before the Tabernacle, they took the lesson to heart, and began to reflect that there are higher aims in life than pleasure and self-indulgence. Her conversation, ever brilliant and witty, attracted them at first, and soon she won their confidence and love. These poor girls began to gather around her when she came to address them, and day by day the moral atmosphere of the workrooms was purified and elevated.

She continued this apostolate for some time, and, instead of the little oratory where they first met during their leisure moments, she obtained for them later a pretty chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament could be reserved. Many of these poor girls became models of piety and were ever ready to render Pauline the assistance of their prayers. Once, overcome with the thought of the perils that threatened the city of Lyons, and the anger of God that menaced France, Pauline wrote to her zealous converts, begging that forty persons should each fast for one day on bread and water, to appease the justice of God. Not one refused, and they fasted with the rigor of the most austere community. She kept up a correspondence with these poor girls in spite of many cares and occupations, and her apostolate was crowned with enduring consolation. Here, too, in the workrooms, she began to interest them in the foreign missions, to which every week a collection of a few cents was devoted.

The interior virtues of Pauline were more manifest still to those who knew her intimately. Her purity of heart was

revealed in an exceeding dread of the slightest fault, and her love of God seemed to urge her to great labors in His service. She longed to throw herself at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, and beg him to employ her for the service of the Church, since she knew not God's designs in regard to her soul. And then, overcome with the thought of her unworthiness and feminine weakness for such great enterprises, she was filled with desolation. And yet some secret impulse assured her once more that God would employ her for His glory. She seems never to have had any call to enter a religious order, but, as she relates, "the heart that the whole world could not fill was too small to contain the love of God."

Phileas Jaricot had entered the Seminary and was studying for the priesthood. He still cherished his love for the foreign missions, and his letters were full of glowing descriptions of the hardships and sacrifices of the missionaries. He appealed to his sister's charitable labors to procure funds for these zealous apostles of Christ who were restrained in their pious labors by the want of money and turned to France for aid. Pauline had lost none of her early devotion to this cause and interested all her pious assistants, through whose united aid she obtained a considerable amount of money. But day and night she pondered the question of some assured and systematic means of income. Prayer and mortification were called to her aid, yet the solution seemed to elude her. But, while awaiting the inspirations of heaven in the cause dearest to her heart, she exercised her fervor in all the good works possible to a Christian woman in the world, where so many needs appeal to the heart and the mind. Through the disasters of the Revolution, many young ladies belonging to the most distinguished families were reduced to terrible want and often to temptation and danger. To assist these young girls, who, too proud to beg, and unable to labor for support, were often in terrible distress, Pauline assembled them in her rooms and taught them to make a livelihood by the manufacture of artificial flowers. The recital of her deeds of unostentatious charity would fill many pages. But still the needs of the missionaries were represented with more heart-rending details and were communicated to a wider circle through her zealous cooperatrices. In many quarters, too, there existed in pious hearts a disposition to aid the work, and it only needed some bond of union to gather up these local interests and perpetuate them.

At last, the inspiration she had sought so long with prayer and longing, came to Pauline when least expected. Sitting apart from the family circle one evening she pondered the problem, and there flashed upon her mind the clear and definite plan which has led to such great results. "I realized with what facility I could obtain from ten of my friends a regular contribution of two cents a month for the Propagation of the Faith," she relates. "Among these it would be easy to choose those who could receive the collected alms of ten others. Over these again could be appointed persons who would head ten of these divisions, and so on. Fearing to forget the plan, I hastily noted it down upon one of the cards used in the game my family were playing, and submitted it later to my confessor. How well I remember his answer: 'Pauline, you are not bright enough to have invented this. It comes from God. I not only approve but urge you strongly to put it into execution.'"

(*To be continued.*)

SUMMER IN TUSCANY.

By E. McAuliffe.

WINTER was over in the "Eternal City," and the fashionable world was hurrying away to Switzerland, the Tyrol, the Spas of Germany, or the glades of its "Black Forest." But as it was not with fashion's votaries we had mingled while in Rome, we cared not now to follow in their train. Like Lamartine, we longed not for "the wood which the breeze disturbs," but sighed rather for "Forest of Porphyry and Marble": so our summer sojournings were to be among the mountains of Italy, our roamings through the picturesque streets of one of its old cathedral towns. We were going to Sienna. There we knew were to be found splendid churches, grand old palaces and all the glories of art.

Our journey thither was a most delightful one and it was with a feeling akin to rapture that we caught our first glimpse of the picturesque walls, encircling the three hills on which Sienna is built; a city truly among the hills, on the hills, and of the hills. The country around was radiantly beautiful, all illumined with floods of glowing light; in the distance we discerned the old towers of the town, standing in bold relief before us, and suddenly we heard them all lift up their voices in sweetest melody. It was the sunset hour and these were the "Ave Maria" bells. Their last faint echo had died away just as we reached the town and stood before the *Porta Camollia* reading over its graceful archway the words of cordial welcome, *Cor magis tibi Sena pandit* (more than her gates Sienna opens her heart to you).

And from our hearts there went forth a greeting of responsive affection, and that the Siennese were worthy of it, we felt more and more every day of our stay among them.

The palace in which we located ourselves belonged to the Piccolomini family, so renowned in past ages, and boasting among its distinguished members the great Eneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who filled the Pontifical chair as Pius II.

Oh, what realms for the imagination, what delight to the mind to be here in Sienna where one lives, not in the mere present and existing century, but in all the centuries of the past. The Pontifical arms were emblazoned above our door; we were to sleep in a room where a Pope had slept!

The charm and mystery of it all filled our dreams with bright visions; which, however, were not to be dispelled but rather intensified on awaking. From the windows of the palace we had a view of surpassing loveliness; immediately beneath was a broad, handsome marble terrace, enclosed by light airy balustrades, with graceful flights of steps of a spiral form ascending to higher galleries above, and descending past lower galleries to the garden below, whence, borne on the breeze with the perfume of flowers, came the silvery sound of a sparkling fountain. Beyond the limits of our garden, still

appeared a flowery expanse; all around Sienna is this girdle of flowers, for nowhere does the town reach the wall, having gradually shrunk from its original dimensions since the year of the great depopulation, A. D. 1348, when so many thousands of the inhabitants were carried off by the plague. Sienna's population was then a hundred thousand, it is now twenty-five thousand; a very small town, but picturesque in the extreme. Its grand old walls, massive and turreted, were one of the most charming features of the landscape; beyond stretched the open country, undulating and beautiful, as is every bit of landscape in Italy; it all shone clearly in the soft, velvety light of Italian skies; it was ravishing. There were the olive and fig trees clustered around some old castle or monastery,

THE PORTA CAMOLLIA, SIENNA.

THE TOWN HALL AND TORRE DEL MANGIA, SIENNA.

which here and there crowned the height of a prominent eminence; far beyond all, bounding our horizon, appeared the great chain of the Apennines.

But why do we long linger outside the walls? Let us go back to Sienna, where so much of interest and delight awaits us, yes, and at every step. There are things to be found in many a little dark and crooked street to ravish one with admiration; it may be a mere fountain, old and moss-grown, it may be a bit of sculpture or faded fresco over some palace door, it may be a picture of the Madonna in some wayside shrine, or it may be some peasant child beneath, whose beautiful face is a living image of the Infant in that Madonna's arms.

Indeed, the children in Sienna are a study in themselves, they have all such bright, radiant faces. Just as we issued from our palace for our first sight-seeing expedition, running towards us came tiny Giovannino, the gardener's little son, and having greeted us gaily with a *Buon giorno a loro*, he offered to be our guide to the Duomo (cathedral), as, of course, we were going there first. *Vedramo signore, quant' è bello!* (You will see, ladies, how beautiful it is), and went on to say much more about it; his volubility was great, but his voice and accent were so soft and musical, we did not check him. He led us first down a narrow slanting street, at the foot of which we found the great square, the *Piazza del Campo* of Dante's time. It is the centre of Sienna—and, surrounded by its three hills, it is shaped like a scallop shell, depressed in the centre, and supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano; it is beautiful and picturesque; on all sides rise great castellated palaces, massive structures, but so skilfully designed as to present a graceful and aerial effect. They are pinnacled, and the win-

dows divided by little slender columns. Conspicuous among them is the great *Palazzo Publico*, or town hall; this is very large and immensely high; beside it rises a tall and graceful tower, the famed *Torre del Mangia*. At its base is the *Cappella del Piazza*, a very pretty little chapel, adorned with frescoes by Sodoma, built in thanksgiving for the cessation of the plague above mentioned. The interior of the chapel and of the palace are splendidly decorated with frescoes, exquisite ironwork, wood-carving and sculpture. There were pages in our guide book cataloguing these wonders, and, passing the Palazzo, we cast longing glances within. Our little guide detected us, and, guessing our wish to

THE DUOMO, SIENNA.

A STREET IN SIENNA.

enter, said reproachfully: *Si va prima al Duomo, nevero, signore?* (We go first to the cathedral, do we not, ladies?) to which we promptly responded, *Si, si* (yes, yes), and proceeded. Opposite, on the *Piazza* was the exquisite *fontana Gaza*, adorned with bas reliefs by Jacopo della Quercia. This fountain supplies Sienna with most cool and delicious water; its merits were extolled by the great Charles V. From here we ascended the stairs of a steep street, and were really on our way to the cathedral.

It is situated on the highest of the three hills, and overlooks the town, raised far above it, away from its bustle and confusion, and seems to draw the weary toiler almost to the vestibule of heaven; all here is so calm and peaceful. The *Piazza del Duomo* is flanked with solemn and majestic buildings; the archi-episcopal palace, the orphan asylum, the hospital and the church belonging to it, *Santa Maria della Scala;* all built in a style of architecture to correspond with the cathedral, which occupies the central position, and is the focus to which all eyes turn. How beautiful it is! It was some time before we entered, the beauty of the façade so delighted us that we stood as though spell-bound before it. It was designed by Giovanni Pisano, but to the work of its enrichment has been lent the genius of many masters. There are mosaics and sculptures innumerable, each one a study, and perfection in itself.

Having allowed us, as he thought, a sufficient time for their contemplation, our little guide again ventured to address us: *Ma dentro, Signore, se si vedeva dentro* (but the inside, ladies, if you would only see the inside). This he said advancing towards the cathedral, and so we followed him and passed through the great central door, and were in the cathedral: that lovely cathedral of which we had read and heard so much, but which now itself appearing to us outshone in beauty and brilliancy all the ideas we had conceived of it. Everything on which the eye rests there, is a delight to it, from the exquisite mosaic pavement, to the glories of the vaulted roof.

Our little guide was pleased with our admiration of the Duomo, and contemplated our rapture with undisguised satisfaction. "*O, si signore, gli l'aveva ben detto che era bello, bellissimo, stupendo, magnifico!*" We spent a long time in this our first and general view, promising ourselves many more visits for examining it in detail. There were all the marvellous pictures in the pavement to be traced out, the designs of the windows

to be studied, all the side chapels to be visited, and their wonderful art treasures explored. But without penetrating distant recesses we had before us a triumph of art, the pulpit, by Nicolo Pisano. It is of white marble, octagonal in form, borne upon ten columns resting upon lions; it is adorned with beautiful reliefs. When we left the cathedral we wandered down such a picturesque street, and found ourselves close to the celebrated fountain of *Fontebranda*, immortalized by Dante, Boccaccio, and later by Alfieri. This is the dyers' quarter, and is just the same now as in St. Catharine's time. In the life of the Saint we are told that her father was a dyer; his house is still standing. *Calle Benincasa*, now bearing over the door the inscription: *Sponsæ Christi Catharinæ Domus*. The house is kept in good order, and is much visited by strangers

INTERIOR OF THE DUOMO.

THE CASA BENINCASA, BIRTHPLACE OF ST. CATHARINE.

this crucible of sorrow the new man has come forth, and this man is greater than the old one. Oh! I know well that corporal penances, fastings, abstinence, the discipline, flagellation, are subjects of mirth to the so-called thinkers of our day, who consider themselves far too wise to practise such follies; they have more regard for the flesh, more respect above all for the body, and they sneeringly say of Christian austerity: 'Asceticism! Fanaticism! Madness!' The truth is, that to voluntarily chastise one's body, to revenge man's dignity, outraged by its revolts, is a holy and sublime thing. The truth is, that to accord pleasures to one's body, a man need to be no more than a coward; the truth

and pilgrims. All the rooms are converted into chapels, decorated with many fine frescoes, representing scenes from her life. There was something strangely impressive in being here, on this spot, where were passed so many years of that wonderful life. We thought of St. Catharine's vigils and prayers, and asked for ourselves some share of her fervor. We were shown the bare boards, the only couch on which reposed her weary frame, exhausted from fasting and self-inflicted penances. We looked sadly at the scoffing sight-seers and called to mind the words of Père Félix: "The pagans had exhausted voluptuousness; Christians had exhausted suffering. From

STREET IN SIENNA.

is, to voluntarily inflict suffering on one's body for the end of moral restoration, a man must be courageous, a man must be truly great."

Near by was the little window through which daily alms and food were handed to the poor and hungry. We thought here of all the miserable people who had found relief, all the stricken souls who had been filled with consolation, and we exclaimed with St. Augustin: "Oh, sweet felicity, to behold the saints, to be with the saints, to be oneself a saint." On leaving the Casa Benincasa we again mounted a hill, the hill crowned by the grand church of San Domenico. How often had the same path been trodden by the baby feet of the little Catharine, who, stealing away from her noisy companions, would run up the hill to visit her dear Lord in the Tabernacle there! And what a welcome awaited her, and what gifts had her Beloved prepared for her, even the most precious of all gifts, His own most Sacred Heart!

ST. CATHARINE OF SIENNA.

San Domenico was the scene of many divine apparitions, and we felt it a great privilege to be permitted to meditate and pray there. It is a grand old church, thoroughly Italian in character. It has not the splendor of the cathedral, but is filled with the solemnity of a basilica. There are many beautiful renaissance pictures in the side chapels, and the chapel in which the relics of the saint are enshrined is decorated with frescoes by Sodoma. It was intense pleasure to look at all these beautiful things, and our days passed all too swiftly in loved Sienna. Many hours were spent visiting curious collections and old museums,

SAN DOMENICO E FONTEBRANDA.

exploring every nook and corner in many a church and palace. Sienna may be truly styled a city of palaces; they are so numerous, so grand and solemn looking, and flanking the narrow streets make them all as beautiful as the aisles of a Gothic cathedral; this is especially felt at the Benediction hour, when hymns of praise are intoned in all the churches, and when music and clouds of incense fill the air.

Thus time slipped by till suddenly the little dreamy city seemed to awake to life; all was bustle and confusion, we were approaching the season of the annual summer festival—the *Palio*. This takes place in the beginning of July and again in August on a grander scale. The latter celebration is for the feast of the Assumption and in special thanksgiving for a miraculous preservation of the city from an earthquake, which, while creating havoc in all the surrounding cities, spared Sienna. It happened on the day of the feast, the fifteenth of August. The Siennese being a most religious people their public festivities, like those of the Hebrews of old, all partake of a religious character. A solemn novena ushers in the feast, and at the various church services of the day the immense cathedral (dedicated to *Santa Maria Assunta*) is filled with crowds of adorers. The music is on a grand scale, one of the Papal choirs, either the Sistine or Lateran, being brought from Rome for the occasion. On the day after, the popular games of the *Palio* commence; rehearsals have been going on from the beginning of the month; to Sienna come the peasants from all the surrounding country. Through the picturesque town gates every day may be seen passing the great white oxen, this time laden with a fair cargo, bevies of beautiful peasant girls. Yes truly, the Tuscan contadina is fair to see; she wears a great wide spreading Leghorn hat which flaps in the breeze, and when blown backward discloses the sweet face it is supposed to conceal, a face bright

and rosy, smiling and beautiful, illumined with eyes so large and brilliant as to dazzle the beholder. It is hard to believe that tears will ever dim such eyes, that tears have already been there. And yet the Italian girl has her own trials; there is the horror of the dreadful conscription which falls like a blight on all her hopes and joys. The young man she loves is ordered away, perhaps to meet a horrible death on the scorching plains of Africa, surrounded with savage faces. But now all this is forgotten, everyone devotes herself to fully enjoy the *festa*, the atmosphere of joy converts the young maiden's very fears into hopes, and she thinks no more of a dreadful fate awaiting her *caro amante*. She dreams now that he will return home decorated with medals for some brilliant achievement, and so she laughs and is gay, and goes with the crowd to the square. What is to take place there to-day? To-day the horses will run; it is the first of the *prove* (rehearsals) for the grand *Corso*, or horse race, which is the principal feature of the festival. These races are in the open street or rather the great square, and are among the old customs to which the Siennese cling with such tenacity.

Every family and individual in the city has a personal interest in them, for in these races every quarter of the city is represented by a horse, and the most popular young man of the district rides the horse. The districts are called by their old name *contrade* and each *contrada* has a different device on its banner.

At last the final day arrives, the day of the grand *Corso;* the city is filled with wild excitement. Everyone is awake and astir betimes in the morning. The race is preceded by a mediæval procession, in which numbers of the citizens take part in gorgeous costumes. Many thus appareled sally forth in the early morning, and all the day there is much music and song and parading through the streets. No excesses are indulged in; these people understand "that honorable stop, not to outsport discretion." The first duty of each brave knight is to repair to the chapel of his *contrada* to have his horse blessed; each *contrada* (ward) has its own chapel dedicated to its patron saint, and here, before the race, the horse which is to run is brought to be solemnly blessed. To the stranger how pretty and interesting is this little ceremony; we never heard a word of criticism on this point even from the most bitter railers against Catholic customs. All enter with mar-

A PORCH IN SIENNA.

tial tread; the horse is led down the centre aisle to where, in front of the altar, the priest is waiting. He blesses the horse and the men; these men of mediæval faith sing a hymn of praise. Then all go forth again and proceed to the *Piazza del Carmine*, where the procession is to form and then march in order to the grand square, where all Sienna and a large delegation of foreigners besides are awaiting them. There are thousands of people, groups in every window, every balcony filled, besides the numbers in the *palchi*, or rows of seats which are thrown up in tiers against the fronts of the palaces, as high as the first story.

A small charge is made for seats, varying according to their location, but the great open space surrounding the fountain in the centre is free to all. Here is only standing room. Here congregate the *contadini* (peasants) and poor people. All are gaudily dressed and add much to the charm and picturesque beauty of the scene; they look like a great bed of wild flowers, the wide-brimmed Leghorn hats, waving in the breeze like so many big yellow daisies. The square, indeed, presents a brilliant scene, as though it were an immense amphitheatre, larger by far and more imposing than the Roman Coliseum. Gay colored draperies are floating from every window and balcony, flags are waving, and the procession approaches. It is a right gorgeous one. The seventeen *contrade* vie with one another in splendor and magnificence of costume; each is represented by a company in the procession. Most conspicuous is the captain, who is mounted and splendidly armed; he is preceded by a page bearing a banner; next come two ensigns, also with banners, next the drummer and four more pages, next a knight riding a richly caparisoned horse, and lastly, the horse which is to race. This latter is bareback, and is led by its jockey; so on all the *contrade* pass in the above order, making the circuit of the square three times. It is a perfect pageant of the middle ages; one feels that in coming to Sienna it has not been travel over space alone, but a voyage away back across the sea of time. The procession makes the final circuit, the knights with nodding plumes pass into the courtyard of the *Palazzo Publico*, disappearing under its great arched gateway—nineteenth-centuryism sinks below the horizon. Now again all is excitement as the racing horses reappear. At last the course is cleared, the signal is given and the race begins. The horses rush forth; three times they make the circuit, and the race is done. The victor is embraced by his friends, literally embraced, for the warm Italian nature can satisfy itself with no milder demonstration of delight. He is presented with a handsome banner, and, the congratulations being over, the victorious party repairs again to the chapel, this time to sing a hymn of thanksgiving, the horse going up to the altar as before, and standing in front of the sanctuary during the singing.

GOING TO THE PALIO.

The remainder of the day is spent in processions and general rejoicing, all the members of the vanquished *con-*

trade good-naturedly taking part in the festivities. Some days after, all are bidden to a grand open-air banquet, which is to be held in the principal street or square of the victorious *contrada*. This takes place in the evening, immediately after sundown; several long tables are set in the middle of the street, which is brilliantly illuminated by millions of little colored lanterns everywhere, attached to lines which cross and recross the street; not far away, on a balcony, is stationed a band which plays dance music, to whose measure light feet are gaily tripping. It was truly a pretty scene and a happy, enlivening one. Soon it was all over, the peasant went back to his field, the little merchant to his shop, but each and all carried with them a rich fund of joy and many enlivening topics of conversation to break the tedium of their daily occupations.

We had not many more days to spend in Sienna; in the first week of September the *tramontana* was with us, that cold, piercing wind which comes from the snow-clad mountains. Reluctantly we bade farewell to the old Ghibelline town.

NEW YORK DIOCESE, 1826-1834.

By Francis T. Furey, A.M.

THREE letters from Bishop Dubois to the editor of the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*, dated March 16, 1830, May 15, 1833, and March 16, 1834, give details of the condition of the New York diocese fully as interesting as those concerning Philadelphia furnished by Bishop Kenrick about the same time. The condition of affairs was even worse in the former than in the latter, and therefore presents a much more striking contrast with that of to-day. The diocese of New York then embraced all the territory of the nine sees forming the present province of the same name, with the exception of that of Trenton, which was at that time a part of the diocese of Philadelphia; and it had a Catholic population of over 150,000 in 1826, and of fully 200,000 in 1834. And yet, though this was twice as much as that of Philadelphia, it had a much smaller number of churches and of priests to serve them than had the latter. Both sees were instituted at the same time, on April 8, 1808, along with those of Boston and Bardstown, the first four suffragan sees of the new province of Baltimore; and the history of the church since then in the territory embraced in each is a story of marvellous growth scarcely paralleled elsewhere for the same space of time.

John Dubois was nominally the third, but in reality the second, bishop of New York. The first, Luke Concanen, an Irish Dominican resident in Rome, never saw his diocese, as he died in Naples shortly after his consecration. Pope Pius VII. was then Napoleon's prisoner, and no successor was appointed until after he had been restored to liberty. Then another member of the Irish Dominican community in Rome, John Connolly, was chosen, and he ruled the diocese for eleven years, until his death at the close of 1825. Nearly a year later Bishop Dubois was consecrated and took possession of the see. He was one of the Sulpician exiles from France who settled in Baltimore in 1791. In 1808 he founded Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., which he built three times. He began it with a frame structure which he paid for out of his own savings. This he soon replaced with one of stone, also at his own expense, that was before long destroyed by fire, compelling him to do the work over again. At that time he received assistance from the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, through Father Bruté,

afterwards the first Bishop of Vincennes, who declined to divulge its source to him. This institution soon began its record as a fruitful mother of bishops by the appointment of its founder to the see of New York, a record which has just been continued by the choice of its latest president, Very Rev. Dr. Allen, for the bishopric of Mobile.

The selection of Father Dubois for the then extremely poor diocese of New York, but a fraction of which is said to be now the greatest in the world, was made by Papal brief dated May 23, 1826. With great reluctance he accepted the high honor as well as the heavy burden that he was thus asked to assume. "The Emmittsburg Seminary," he says in the first of his letters, "had under my eyes received so many blessings for seventeen years that I was very much attached to it, and my whole ambition was to devote to it the short period of life that yet remained to me; but . . . the will of the common Father of the faithful came to impose on me the onerous burden of that immense diocese. It was very hard for me to abandon my seminary; the feeling of my unworthiness and of my weakness made obedience still more painful; yet it was necessary to submit to the authority of God, who manifested Himself through all the organs that He has established in His Church to direct us."

In the Baltimore Cathedral, on Sunday, October 29, 1826, Bishop Dubois was consecrated by Archbishop Maréchal, surrounded by a large number of his former pupils, who were eager to give that last mark of attachment to their revered Father. He owed his Episcopal ring and pectoral cross to the generosity of the then very aged Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—"one of those old patriarchs," he says, "who are devoted with their whole heart to our holy religion, and who profit by their wealth only to do good with it." Three days later, on the Feast of All Saints, he took possession of his see. "With what an impression," he continues, "was not my heart moved at the sight of the immense multitude that filled the cathedral!" (old St. Patrick's in Mulberry street). He estimates at four thousand the number of the faithful who were present; and they were only the representatives of 150,000 others. "Was it possible for me, moreover, not to be affected on thinking of that multitude of Protestants who live in my diocese, and who, of course, are not yet of the fold, but whom Jesus Christ wishes that I lead to it, so that there be no longer but one fold and one shepherd?"

Full of confidence in the support of the Holy Ghost, he put his hand resolutely to the work that he had just undertaken. And in what a condition did he find that poor diocese when he began to examine its needs! There were in 1829 at least thirty-five thousand Catholics in the city of New York alone, and probably one hundred and fifty thousand in the rest of the diocese, a much larger number than had been reported to him; for before long he learned that in every district into which he sent priests, or which he visited himself, he often found ten times as many Catholics as he had expected—seven hundred, for instance, where he had been told there were fifty or sixty; eleven hundred instead of two hundred, as reported, and so on. And for the service of that multitude there were, when he arrived in New York, only nine churches and eighteen priests. Three of the churches were in the city, namely, St. Peter's, begun in 1785 by Father Farmer, S.J., from Philadelphia (for New York had as yet no resident priests), and partly paid for by the munificence of the kings of France and Spain; the cathedral, built at the time the diocese was created, by means of incredible efforts on the part of the Catholic population, aided by a certain number of pious and generous Frenchmen whom the French

Revolution had thrown on the shores of the new Republic, and most of whom, unfortunately, returned home after the Restoration; and St. Mary's, which had been bought from the Presbyterians. St. Patrick's was still unfinished and heavily loaded with a debt of twenty-four thousand dollars. It was also devoid of ornaments necessary for the dignity of worship. Soon after his arrival the bishop purchased another church from the Episcopalians for twenty thousand dollars, loaned to him by a pious Spaniard, and which he expected to pay back from the proceeds of the pew rents.

But what were these four churches, for a population of at least thirty-five thousand souls, besides the many Protestants who often frequented them, and whom it was not proper to exclude, since their attending gave an opportunity for making the truth known to them? But pecuniary resources were lacking to supply more, as the Catholic population was made up chiefly of poor immigrants, for whom it was impossible to meet the expense. At the same time there were over seventy churches of the various Protestant denominations in the city. The limits of his letter did not permit him to point out and explain fully the reasons why the great bulk of the Catholics were poor; but he digressed to observe that, the penal laws of England against Catholics having been in force until the time of the American Revolution, all property of any value was in the hands of Protestants when Catholics began to settle in the State, and some time would have to elapse before the latter would acquire independence. If during this interval they were to be left to themselves, they would lose the faith; and the means that they would have acquired by their industry, instead of becoming useful to religion, would serve to support error.

If additional churches were needed in the city, they were very much more so in the rest of the diocese. He refers to his inability to procure resources for the building of one in a suburb, the name of which he does not give, but which may be inferred to be Brooklyn, where the Catholic population was quite considerable, and too remote from the other churches for them to be able to attend Mass. He had been obliged, then, to rent, for two hundred dollars a year, a rather large room that held seven or eight hundred persons. It was a charge that fell entirely on himself, quite poor though he was; but he was ready to make any sacrifice to save the souls entrusted to his care. In a territory embracing nearly thirty-five million acres there were only nine churches, properly so called, separated from one another by distances of from two to three hundred miles, and besides a few small chapels provided in private houses. Soon after taking charge of the diocese he found it necessary to replace two of the churches that were entirely too small by larger ones, and to advance money for this purpose.

It is no wonder, then, that more than once the sheriff was very close to his door. From this law-officer's clutches the Association for the Propagation of the Faith saved him by two considerable remittances it made to him in 1828 and 1829. With these he would have liked to start his darling project of a diocesan seminary, without which he felt that religion could not be solidly established, but they were not sufficient for that purpose. Accordingly he devoted them to relieving the burdens of two of his out-of-town congregations. There was a church in Newark, the only one apparently in the New Jersey part of his diocese, which was so overburdened with debt that it was on the point of being sold to satisfy the creditors; and the Catholics of Albany needed a new church to take the place of a small chapel that could not accommodate one third of the congregation. The former was saved and the latter realized. He hoped that both flocks would be able to pay him back gradually the sums he had ad-

vanced, and accordingly he felt it was only his duty to make the loans. When reimbursed, he would apply the money to the most urgent needs of the diocese, and especially to the founding of a seminary. If he had not been able to come to the relief of his poor people of Newark, he no doubt would have had to grieve at seeing a Catholic church turned into a Protestant meeting-house, and the congregation scattered; but instead, at the time of his writing, he had the consolation of knowing that the congregation was in a flourishing condition and growing in strength from day to day. Nor would the poor Catholics of Albany have ever dared to undertake the building of their church had he not made the first advances. They were then exerting their best efforts to give the finishing touches to that edifice; and Protestants themselves, seeing the zeal that they displayed, came to their assistance. Such he felt to be the course that it would be necessary for him to follow in building the numberless other churches that his diocese needed.

In those days, under the stringent circumstances of pioneer times, the bishop had to perform not only the duties of his own special office, but the parish work of a priest and of a catechist as well. In this way he became specially endeared to the people of the cathedral parish; and his dear city flock missed him and lamented his absence when he had to visit the other parts of his diocese, attending to his sheep scattered through an immense expanse of territory. But this annual tour of three thousand miles afforded him the only relaxation he could get to comfort him for the fatigues of the confessional and the daily service of his poor sick children. Fatigue of body, however, was nothing in comparison with the anguish of mind that he experienced at the sight of that innumerable multitude of abandoned souls that he found on his way asking him for pastors, and at his being able to answer these petitions only in the negative and with tears streaming down his cheeks. But, weighed down as he was by so many cares and so many difficulties, and by the thought of its being impossible for him to meet them all, his courage never flagged.

He gives us in his first letter a somewhat detailed account of a diocesan visitation that he made of a part of his diocese, just before leaving for Rome in the early autumn of 1829. On that visitation he travelled three thousand miles, alone, because he could not meet the expense entailed by a priest accompanying him; and while making that course he heard over two thousand confessions. At Buffalo, where a most worthy Frenchman had given him a superb site on which to build a church, he found between seven and eight hundred Catholics, made up of French Canadians, Swiss, Irish and others, instead of some fifty or sixty that he had been told of. Though he did not know German he was obliged to hear the confessions of over two hundred Swiss, who understood neither English nor French. He did so by means of interpreters, but in such a way that the latter could not know anything of the confessions made by those poor people. He had recourse to an expedient that necessity had compelled him to invent while, a long time before, engaged in missionary work, when he met strangers or Indians whose language he did not understand. It was no wonder, as he tells us, that those good souls experienced an unspeakable joy on having been thus enabled to receive the Sacraments. He celebrated a solemn Mass in the courthouse, which was attended by over eight hundred persons, among whom were many Protestants. An altar had been erected on the elevated platform on which the judges were ordinarily seated. The presence of a bishop, the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, the large number of communions, the beauty and solemnity of the singing, the administering of the sacrament of baptism, which he conferred on between thirty and forty per-

sons, produced a general feeling of tenderness on all of those present; but what made the most singular impression on their minds was the blessing of the ground on which the proposed church was to stand and of that allotted for a cemetery. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the time that had been fixed for the ceremony to begin, he found those good people—men, women and children—assembled in that same court-room where he vested in his pontifical robes. Thence, without him speaking a word to them, they fell into line, four deep, to betake themselves to the cemetery, which was about half a league distant. Four white-haired old men began to recite the Rosary in a loud voice in German, and the French, English and Germans in attendance said the second part of the *Pater* and the *Aves*, each in his own tongue. All the inhabitants of the town, whom that ceremony had attracted, were ranged in rows on both sides of the street. The modesty, recollection and devotion that shone on all those countenances, and especially on those of the four old men who led the march, formed quite an extraordinary spectacle for that Protestant population. The head of the procession had arrived at the cemetery when the last of it had yet scarcely left the court-room. Having reached the cemetery, those good Swiss chanted the psalms and the litanies set down in the Ritual for such a blessing, and the people separated only after sunset.

Next day, that on which the bishop was to take his departure, a few Catholics who had learned of his arrival only by hearing of it from those who had attended the ceremonies of the day before, called to see him. He could not refuse to hear several additional confessions, to baptize children, and to bless a few marriages.

He was obliged to tear himself away from that interesting mission in order to go to another of a different character, which also had claims on his solicitude. Some one had written to him that not far from a village of savages, called St. Regis, through the middle of which passes the boundary line between Lower Canada and the State of New York, there was an Irish settlement that solicited the erection of a church and a missionary priest to serve it. The bishop felt how far out of his power it was to give them a priest, but he hoped that he could either have them attended to by the missionary who was entrusted with the Indians, or at least send one to visit them from time to time. He had to travel over three hundred miles to reach the place. The bishop hesitated so much the less to make that journey, as he took advantage of the opportunity to go among his good savages who were impatiently awaiting him. A misunderstanding had arisen between the part of the village that was subject to the British Government and that which was on the territory of the United States. The inhabitants of the latter section wanted to raise the banner of the Republic in front of the church, side by side with the British flag. As the church was situated on the Canadian side, those subject to that government did not want to allow this. The savages on the south side, irritated at this refusal, were waiting for the bishop's arrival, in order to entreat him to have a church built for themselves and to give them a separate pastor. Nor did they fail to present their request to him. He felt to what dangers such a division might expose them, and had recourse to the well-known moral of the bundle of sticks—that one may so easily be broken when they are separated, whilst united they resist every effort that one may make to break them. He explained to them that their conduct would furnish to both governments a plausible pretext for taking possession of their village and for driving them into the wilderness, where they would be deprived of all communication with their brethren, the white Catholics; but that their rights would be always respected as long as they were seen to be united and

numerically strong. They felt how just was this remark, and he had the happiness of reconciling them. He recalled especially a touching reflection made by one of the old chiefs during the discussion. "Ah, Father," he said, "we are no longer Christians, since we are lacking in charity."

Next morning the bishop celebrated Mass, attended by a dozen Indian youths who had made surplices for themselves out of their coverings. The chant, which was the correct Gregorian, though the words were in a savage tongue, was very edifying. The bishop remarks that this chant suits that language as well as any other. The Indians had learned it from the Jesuits, whose memory was still held in great veneration among them, and they had transmitted it from generation to generation. He confirmed quite a large number of them, to whom also he gave Holy Communion. Thence he betook himself to the Irish settlement, which he found six hundred strong. He made arrangements to secure a site on which a church could be built, and entrusted the people in the meantime to the care of the pastor of the Indians, who spoke a little English.

He would never come to an end with his letter, he says, if he went on writing of all the communities that he found abandoned along the Lakes and the St. Lawrence. At least half of the inhabitants of the towns in that region were French Canadians who had come to settle on the New York side. Those mixed communities presented so many difficulties, the more as it was necessary for the missionary priest to understand at least two languages, English and French, and sometimes even German also. The French, besides their poverty not allowing them to contribute much towards the support of religion, were so much the more repugnant to giving anything, as they had been accustomed in Canada, where the clergy and the parish buildings were supported by the tithes, to getting everything gratuitously. But if the bishop had to deplore the lack of churches, chalices, ornaments, etc., how much the more keenly did he not feel the dearth of laborers in the Lord's vineyard! When he arrived in New York he found no more than four or five really efficient missionaries. How much good, then, might be done by zealous, pious, disinterested priests stationed among those thousands of poor Catholics, thus abandoned and exposed to the dangers of ignorance, stolid indifference and the enticements of the sects around them. In New York, if the clergy were numerous enough to establish a university and to devote themselves to deep studies, religion would derive immense advantage therefrom. The Church could then struggle successfully against false philosophers and heretics, by drawing weapons for use against them from the sciences which they abused in order to deceive others and lead them astray.

The English language being that of the country, until then it had been necessary to recruit the clergy from Ireland; and as the Irish bishops were themselves in need of priests, could it be hoped that they would let truly apostolic men leave their own country? What means remained of remedying so afflicting a dearth? No other than the building of a seminary in which he would be able to train a national clergy. It was on that account that he had to leave his dear flock for a short time, and not merely to make his first official visit to the Eternal City, from which he wrote this letter. He had come to Europe to implore assistance from his brethren there, and tell them: "With tears are the little children asking for the bread of the Word, and there is no one to break it to them." By force of repeated soliciting he had slightly increased the number of his priests; but what avail were so few for so many thousands of souls perishing every day for want of assistance?

(To be continued)

GENERAL INTENTION, SEPTEMBER, 1897.

Approved and blessed by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

PRIESTS AND COMMUNITIES IN RETREAT.

ONE would imagine that priests and communities of religious are forced by their very vocation to live sufficiently apart from the world without needing to seek from time to time the more sacred seclusion of a retreat. Or, admitting the benefits of a retreat for all classes of men, some might think that those who are so favored as to make one yearly, have little need of our prayers, at least during the week which they are spending in the most perfect exercise of prayer, and in the other spiritual occupations known by the name "Retreat."

Useful and, in a measure, necessary as a retreat is for all Christians, it is indispensable for priests and religious; the oftener they make one, the more they need our prayers, that they make it well: indeed, the spiritual welfare of the faithful depends so much on the fidelity and piety with which the clergy and religious communities make their annual retreats, that in praying for them whilst they are engaged in this holy occupation, we are actually praying for our own welfare and for the interests of the Church at large.

In our day, and, particularly, in our country, most of our priests and religious men and women are so busily occupied during the greater part of the year that they barely find time for their ordinary spiritual exercises of prayer, spiritual reading, and examination of conscience. Their occupations are of such a nature that distractions follow them from the sick bed, the pulpit and the confessional to the very altar, from the desk to the priedieu, from the class-room to the chapel. While interruptions of all sorts disturb the recollection so necessary for the priestly and the religious life, the very routine of their labors deadens the spirit which should quicken their holy work. Sometimes the most sacred duties are full of peril for their souls; at all times, grave questions are coming before them which intimately affect the welfare of souls, and which need more time, attention and prayerful study than their active labors will permit them to give.

Even priests who are occupied in the external ministry only on Sundays and holy days of obligation, and religious also, who are partially or wholly cloistered, need to make retreats from time to time. Favorable as their leisure and retirement may be to a spiritual life, they still lack many helps and incentives that can be given them only during a retreat. To mention but one, they lack the special direction which is usually obtainable during a retreat, and which is then more beneficial than at any other time, for no matter how prudent and skilful their ordinary spiritual directors may be, they themselves are never so well disposed to benefit by their counsels

as when entirely submissive to God's will and, as it were, entirely under the control of His divine grace, they deserve to receive through His representative the intimations of His pleasure in their regard.

Fortunately, our priests and religious generally are enabled to make a retreat once every year, and they esteem this privilege highly, for they feel the need of renewing their spirit by the very spiritual exercises and direction that are given them during these intervals of from five to eight days of solitude and prayer. From time to time during the year they are more vividly impressed by the exalted character of their vocation, they realize more keenly the obligations of their state and the responsibilities of their various charges, and they long to withdraw for a while from the turmoil of every-day life, not only to refresh their minds and bodies by a much-needed rest, but to bring into active exercise and train their spiritual powers to persevere and go forward in the state in which they have consecrated their lives. With a full sense of the importance of these weeks spent in retirement with God, they look to us, as Moses looked to his people, to gather about the mountain which they ascend in order to commune with God, and if, while expecting great things with their return, our prayers could but avail to keep alive in their hearts this longing to go near unto God, and speak with Him familiarly, as it were, face to face, they could not ask more of us, nor should we be disappointed in welcoming them back as our prophets and law-givers.

For the great purpose of every retreat should be to unite the soul to God. This purpose may be expressed in many ways. It is sometimes called conversion, since a true conversion implies a return to God as well as a separation from all that leads away from Him. It is called also a reformation, in the sense of St. Paul, that we should be reformed in newness of mind, and look to Christ to reform the body of our lowness, since in every retreat Christ is set forth as the model of our perfection and the bond of our union with the Father. No matter how we may describe this chief and ultimate purpose of a retreat, it is this purpose which must determine every other immediate motive that may lead a soul to make one. Thus, a priest may wish to conceive a higher idea of his sacred character, to study and fulfil the obligations of his calling, to acquit himself of his holy functions and dispense the sacred mysteries with more piety, to promote divine worship and grow in zeal for souls; in like manner, religious may seek to be confirmed in their vocation, to acquire a higher regard for their Institute, for the pious observances of religious life, and to regulate the time and attention they give to their own perfection and to the welfare of their neighbor. But all these various purposes are but as means to an end, and the end is always God. "Any way of preparing and disposing a soul to rid itself of all inordinate affections, and, when one is rid of them, *to seek and find the divine will* in putting one's life in order for the soul's salvation," is the description given of a retreat by St. Ignatius, whose own way of doing all this has been universally adopted or closely imitated everywhere in Christendom during the past three hundred and fifty years. If we insist on this point, it is not because priests or religious are not aware that union with God is the ultimate purpose of every retreat, but because we cannot appreciate how important their annual retreats are for the welfare of the faithful at large, unless we consider that it is only by this union that priests can properly discharge their office as mediators between God and men, and religious their duties as preservers of the spirit of the Son of God.

If our own interest should move us to pray for priests and communities in retreat, our desire for their spiritual profit, and our sympathy with them in the struggle they must make against the

enemy of human souls, especially during the days of a retreat, should induce us to pray with something of the anxious fervor of the early Christians who were permitted to witness the conflicts of the martyrs, that our martyrs to self and the world may come off victorious in their combat against the evil one for the possession of their own souls. The lofty purpose mentioned in the preceding paragraph needs a mighty effort of human powers, even though grace be plentiful to assist them. This effort must be intensified when all the forces of the world and of hell conspire to frustrate it. We must not imagine that priests are so hedged around with the rights of the sanctuary, as if Lucifer could respect, in their regard, a "truce of God;" nor that the vows and rules of religion are like a panoply which he dare not hope to penetrate. On the contrary, the more sacred and the better safeguarded the person, the more terrible Satan's assaults. "Hast thou not made a fence for him, and his house, and all his substance round about?" is his challenge to the Almighty, just as it was in Job's day, every time God's chosen ones are set apart from the world, as if it was his pride to prove that no flesh, left open to his attack, can resist his fury. And so we read: "Son, when thou comest into the service of God, stand in justice and in fear, and *prepare thy soul for temptation.*" A retreat may be a time of consolation, but it is necessarily a time of trial. "Spiritual exercises," St. Ignatius describes its occupation, "by which a man may overcome himself," and by self in this case is meant every passion not under control—bad habits, perverse inclinations, whether for honor, self-esteem, one's own will, or bodily comforts. Nature is there clamoring for its own; flesh and blood are crying out for gratifications of the senses and for what is carnal more than for what is spiritual in every human relationship; the world is striving to penetrate even the sanctuary and the cloister, not merely out of curiosity, but to try the charm of its allurements, of its honors and riches upon the consecrated inmates. The spirit of darkness is there, at one time prompting to pride, at another to sloth, and at all times to despair. This is something of the crucible in which, more than all others, priests and religious are tried during a retreat, passing through its ordeal of dryness, doubt, darkness, discouragement, weariness of soul and body, now deploring that the meditations of the spirit should afflict the flesh, and, again, that the corruptible body should be as a load to drag down the soul. And all this, be it remembered, is for our benefit. Indeed, the very problems which oftentimes give most trouble to the priest or religious in retreat are those which directly concern the souls to whom they minister in a parish or school, in a society or mission, the comfort of the aged, the welfare of the sick, the integrity of their young men, the purity of young women, and, above all, the innocence of children.

It is clear that the experience of trial of this kind on the part of those who labor and pray for our souls must redound to our benefit, not only because it makes them more devoted to our welfare, but also because it supplies them with the most necessary principles of the spiritual life for their own direction and for ours. The mere enumeration of the exercises of a retreat is enough to show how valuable they must be in forming directors of souls. The various forms of vocal and mental prayer, the pious consideration, meditation and contemplation, the particular and general examination of conscience, the additional practices or helps to preserve recollection and keep the mind interested, the leading petitions and the familiar colloquies with God and those whom we address in prayer, the study of the spirit of Christ with every faculty and even with every sense, the rules for detecting and counteracting every suggestion, every pretext, and every snare

of the devil, the directions given for choosing to do God's will in every serious deliberation of our lives, so that we may not be the victims of impulse, or the sport of every vain imagination—these are some of the exercises of a retreat. Throughout, the whole soul of the one in retreat is exercised in these various occupations with a view to grasping a few leading principles of the spiritual life, the principle that God is our Creator and last end, that Christ is our Redeemer and our Mediator with the Father, that with Him we must labor not merely to save but to perfect souls and unite them with God, for His greater glory and their own. The difficulty attendant on all this, as well as the benefits accruing from it for the Church at large, should make us understand why priests and religious in retreat need our prayers and how greatly they can benefit by them.

We have had occasion from time to time, particularly in October, 1892, and again in September, 1896, to speak at length on the nature and advantages of a spiritual retreat, because the present Intention, under one aspect or other, is not a new one for us. It would be but repeating what we have written before, to quote the testimonies of the Vicars of Jesus Christ in favor of these retreats, implied, if not openly expressed, in their many accommodations of the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius. Neither is it necessary to enumerate here the fruits of holiness which they have produced in thousands of souls. Our aim is merely to make every Associate pray fervently that these fruits may be more and more abundant, not only in the souls of the priests and religious who are actually in retreat, but for those who have still to make or who have already finished their retreats for this year.

Our prayer, then, must be that they may be free from every business and care to enter into this holy solitude with God; that they may be well in body and active in mind to embrace this season of grace with a generous readiness to seek and to recognize God's holy will; that they may take no limited view of what God can and means to do in their souls, and put no obstacle to His action upon them; that they may have prudent directors, men of experience and authority in all that concerns the spiritual life, who may understand, guide, advise and encourage them, and further God's holy operations in their souls; that their souls may be flooded with light, filled with peace about the past, and inspired with confidence for the future; that they may come forth charged with the influence of divine grace, and endued with new strength and a holy courage to live always and in all things united with God, acting in His presence, strictly in accord with His will for the welfare of our souls and for His glory.

CAUGHT BY THE BEARD.

By Rev. A. C. Porta, S.J.

"ONE fine morning in May," said Father Henry, "I took a ramble through the suburbs of the southern town of X——, accompanied by the zealous young pastor of the church in which I was then preaching a mission. We were walking through what might be called the garden district of the town, with its quaint wooden cottages, whose gateways and pillared verandas are trellised with tropical vines and its dormer windows framed in with roses, when a strange sight attracted my attention. At the entrance of a grotto which was situated at the end of a long, shady avenue of magnolia trees, stood a venerable looking old man. He was tall, thin and straight as an arrow. He might be ninety years of age, and his long flowing beard was as white as the snows of Mount Blanc. The grotto, which was wholly artificial, was set off with all the charming rudeness of gravel and rugged stones, imitating in miniature the craggy cliffs and deep ridges and yawning chasms of the Pyrenees. 'Who is that old man?' I asked of my companion. 'Oh! that's the old sinner,' he replied with a shrug of the shoulders.

"'The old sinner!' I exclaimed.

"'Yes; that's what my parishioners call him. He is an eccentric old Frenchman who came here about sixty years ago. He built that grotto himself, and has lived there the life of a hermit ever since he came here. He spends his whole time gardening, and goes nowhere except to the market early in the morning to make his daily provisions.'

"'Is he a Catholic?'

"'Well, he was baptized one; but he has not set his foot in church once since he came here. His religion consists in a kind of pantheistic worship of the beauties of nature. He is especially fond of violets.'

"'Have you ever tried to get around him?'

"'Only once. I did all I could to inspire him with the fear of the Lord. I spoke to him of judgment, of death, and of hell; but all to no purpose. Not only would he not listen to me, but he went so far as to insult me in the most shameless manner.'

"'Why did you not try kindness?'

"'Kindness with an old sinner like that! I do not believe in kindness in such cases. Just think—'

"'My dear friend, you do not believe in kindness, and old sinners, as a rule, do not believe in severity. Why, it is just because a man is a great sinner that you should be kind and indulgent toward him. And tell me who was kinder to sinners than our Lord Himself? Believe me, sermons on the mercy of God have converted more people than the most vivid and terrifying discourses on hell. Such, at least, has been my experience during my thirty years of missionary life. To-morrow I must have an interview with the old man.'

"'Take care what you do. I am sure he will insult you, and perhaps do you physical harm. He has already threatened to give a sound thrashing to any priest who should dare invade his premises.'

"'Never mind, we shall see.'

"The next day I said Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart, asking Him in return to help me and give me the grace to touch the heart of 'the old sinner.' At 4 P.M. I set out on my difficult mission.

"'Where are you going?' asked the parish priest, as he met me at the door of the presbytery.

"'Fishing,' I replied, smiling. 'I'm tired of catching minnows in your church: I am going now to fish for a whale.'

"'Ah! going to see the old sinner. Take care that the whale does not swallow you up. What kind of bait are you going to use?'

"'Kindness.'

"'Well, I wish you luck.'

"'Thank you. Pray for success.'

"When I reached the old man's place, he was in the garden, watering his flowers. I stood at the gate and watched him intently. He had his back turned to me. After three or four minutes, he turned around and saw me. He gave a start as if he had seen a rattlesnake at his feet. His eyes flashed and his lips quivered.

"'Whom are you staring at?' he asked in a hoarse voice.'

"'At you,' I replied calmly.

"'Well, you had better go about your business. I don't want to see priests here, you understand?'

"'Well, if you do not want to see priests, for my part, I want and I like to see men like you.'

"'Am I such a curiosity, then? What do you find in me that should make you stop and stare at me that way?'

"'Your beard, my good man. I have travelled a great deal, and have seen many beautiful beards before, but never have I seen one to compare with yours.'

"This compliment seemed to please the old man and disperse the dark cloud of anger that had fallen upon him the very instant he had caught sight of my soutane.

"'Well, now,' he said, as his voice softened and assumed a tone of playfulness, 'I know you are poking fun at me.'

"'Not at all, my dear friend. I mean what I say. Please excuse my candor and sincerity.'

"'Well, now, I rather like your frankness,' he said, as he came up to the gate and gave me his hand cordially. Hitherto my idea of priests was always associated with deceit, coldness and severity. The mere sight of a cassock used to stir up my bile. I see now I was mistaken.'

"'Won't you please step into my garden and have a look at my flowers?'

"'Most willingly.'

"And we walked into the garden, chatting like old friends. This was doing pretty well; much better, in fact, than I had anticipated.

"'Do you like my garden?' he asked, as we stopped before a large and beautiful bed of violets.

"'Like it!' I exclaimed, 'and who would not like it? It is simply lovely. And what beautiful violets you have here!'

"'Yes; I think they are beautiful. I give most of my time to them, for I am very fond of violets. Won't you accept a little bouquet of them?'

"'Certainly. I will place it before my little statue of the Sacred Heart. I am sure He will appreciate them. Don't you think so?'

"'I suppose so,' he muttered, with the French characteristic shrug of his shoulders. We walked further on and came to a moss-grown stone table that stood in the middle of the garden.

"'Won't you sit down and have a glass of wine with me?' he asked, as he moved an arm-chair toward me. 'By all means,' I answered; 'but on one condition.' 'What is it?' he asked, with a look of apprehension. 'That you will take this chair, and I that camp-stool. You know I am a mere stripling by your side. *À tout seigneur tout honneur.*'

"It would be impossible to describe the look of surprise on the old man's face; he seemed simply bewildered, but the surprise was by no means of a disagreeable kind. He muttered some excuses, but I insisted.

"'Well, I never!' he exclaimed. 'What a big fool I have been all these long years. Please excuse me until I get that bottle of Bordeaux.' And he left me, muttering to himself all the while, 'What a big fool I have been. *Que j'ai été bête!*'

"Shortly after his departure he returned, carrying in his arms a tray, on

which were two tumblers, a bottle of Bordeaux, and a plate of cakes. We sat down, and there, among the leaves, gently stirred by a soft whispering breeze, and the warm air laden with the sweet perfume of roses and violets, and over our heads the bright blue sky of the sunny South, we chatted together and sipped our wine. We spoke of flowers, then of French politics, and, finally, the conversation drifted into religious matters. The old man rehearsed the principal events of his life. He told me how, at the age of thirteen, he had enlisted as a drummer-boy in the army of the great man, '*le grand homme*,' as he called Napoleon Bonaparte. He related to me how he had fallen in with some wicked, impious and dissolute soldiers, and how he had, one day, been induced to take a most solemn oath never to enter a church. 'I am now eighty-four years of age,' he said at the end of his story, 'and I have kept my promise.' Seventy years without prayer and without sacraments! However, I showed no surprise at his narrative. In my turn I related to him some of my missionary experiences. I dwelt at length on the goodness and mercy of God.'

"'Tell me frankly,' he said at last, moving his chair towards me, and placing a trembling hand on my knee, 'do you believe that all sins can be forgiven?'

"'Yes, all,' I replied, 'with the exception of the sin against the Holy Ghost, which you certainly have not committed. The mercy of God is infinite. Ever ready and eager to enter, it stands at the door of the sinner's heart.'

"'But what about His anger?' he asked.

"'God's anger is terrible,' I replied, 'and nothing can resist it save His mercy. God's arms are always open to receive the repentant sinner, and His bountiful hands are ever ready to shower upon him the gifts of His mercy with which they are filled. You know, my dear friend, there is more rejoicing in heaven over the conversion of one poor sinner, than over the perseverance of a hundred just.'

"While I was thus speaking, the old man's countenance looked singularly radiant. His eyes were fixed on me intently, and he kept stroking his long snowy beard, as if to say: 'I owe all this to you.' It was about seven o'clock when I arose to leave my host, remarking that it was growing late.

"'Won't you come back to-morrow?' he asked with eagerness. 'I must have another talk with you.'

"'I will come back,' I said, 'but on condition that you do something for me.'

"'What is it?'

"'Promise me to say a little prayer to-night before going to bed.'

"'Prayer?' he echoed. 'But I don't know any prayer. It is seventy years since I have prayed. And I have no prayer-book.'

"'You do not need any prayer-book, my dear friend. Kneel down by the side of your bed and say three times: "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on me."'

"'Well, that's easy. I'll repeat those words, to please you, and have you come see me to-morrow.'

"Thereupon we shook hands, and I left, well satisfied with my afternoon's work.

"What passed in the old man's soul during that night; what joy, what pain he experienced in the struggle, for struggle doubtless there was, ever remained a secret between him and God. The next morning the sexton found on the altar of the Sacred Heart a large bouquet of violets.

"After my Mass I returned to the old man's place. He met me at the garden gate. We sat down and talked for nearly two hours. I was about to leave, when he got up suddenly and said: 'I must put an end to this, Father. You must

hear my confession.' So saying, he fell on his knees and, without more ado, began his confession. And most beautiful and touching were the sentiments of sorrow which that repentant sinner expressed during the sad recital of his many past infidelities.

"The next day he came to the church, neatly dressed in a new suit of clothes. As I complimented him on his elegant toilet, he replied: 'That's the way I used to fix up formerly to go and offend God; it is but fair that I should do as much to-day when I come to visit Him for the first time in so many years. I spent a long time in trimming my beard,' he added, with a smile, 'for to it I owe the happiness and peace which I now enjoy.'

"'How is that?' I asked.

"'Well, it's very simple, Father. If, when we met first, you had begun by speaking to me of God, of the Pope or of hell, it is most likely that I would have insulted you. But when you began by praising my beard, I felt so pleased that I was ready to do anything for you.'

"'Well, you see, before setting out on my arduous mission I asked the Sacred Heart to come to my help and to suggest to me some way of ingratiating myself with you. An interior voice then whispered to me: *Praise his beard and his violets.* And then, you must not forget the little prayer you addressed to the Sacred Heart and the beautiful violets you placed on His altar. They, I am sure, had a great deal to do with your conversion.'

"He looked at me through the big tears that hung on his long lashes, and said: 'Yes, God is good and merciful.'"

A SONG OF THE SEA.

By Francis J. McNiff, S.J.

A wild cloud sweepeth adown the bay
To the troubled sea, and the sailor hears
The beat of the breakers die away,
Like the moan of a grief too deep for tears.

The bare trees rise in the lowering west,
Like spectres against the purpled sky,
But the sailor saith, when the foaming crest,
And the flash of the lightning glanceth by:

"I fear not the fire of the storm-king's breath,
Nor the tumbling waves, nor the midnight drear,
But the Lord, in whose hands are both life and death,
Whom the waves obey—His wrath I fear."

A CONVERSION.

By M. S.

THE story of my conversion goes back to my early years, for it began almost with the beginning of thought.

The religious training of my childhood was of the type to be expected in the family of a Protestant clergyman. There was singularly little of actual verbal religious teaching, for my parents were reserved on the personal side of religion. They were exceptionally fair-minded, however, and my first notions of the Catholic Church were fortunately derived from history and the best literature. The Saxon captives at Rome, "*non Angli sed angeli*," the mission of St. Augustin to Britain, the Crusades, the building of the great cathedrals, Columbus planting the Cross on the shores of the New World—these were the pictures that the name of the Church called before me, with a vision of Fra Angelico's saints,

> "Or the Maid-mother, by a crucifix,
> In tracts of sunny pasture warm,
> Beneath branch work of costly sardonyx,
> Sat smiling, Babe in arm."

It was naturally enough a crude and childish conception, still the Church stood out, in my mind, a mighty, beneficent power. Nevertheless, this was all in the past, and she seemed now like a deserted temple, beautiful but desolate; and I should have thought it quite as possible to become a sun-worshipper in this nineteenth century as a convert to the Catholic faith.

When I was about twelve years old my father put into my hands a biography of Martin Luther. I opened the book with glowing anticipations; I closed it with deep disappointment. The character of the "Great Reformer" was repulsive, and the account of the rival sects, their jealousies and mutual intolerance, damped my enthusiasm for the beginnings of Protestantism. One question troubled me, and I asked my father: "If Martin Luther introduced the true religion, where were all the Christians from the time of the Apostles to the sixteenth century? Were there none?"

He explained that there might have been a few scattered here and there, but that the greater part of Christendom was plunged in the darkness of error, and, properly speaking, had no right to be called Christian.

"What a pity," I exclaimed, "that our Lord did not put off His coming till the time of Luther! Then so many hundreds of years would not have been wasted."

The remark was made in all sincerity, but my father supposed that it was ironical, and reproved me sharply; and he took pains to give a long and elaborate explanation of the corruptions that had overlaid the faith of the early Church. This did not satisfy me, however, and though I said no more, the problem returned again and again to my mind.

It was more than a year later that I read a study of St. Ignatius—"Loyola and the Jesuits," by Isaac Taylor. The wonderful life of the saint, his ardent love of God and love for souls, the marvellous union of energy and flexibility in his nature, all illumined and vivified the dry and unsympathetic style, and gave the book a charm. This reading taught me two facts: That the Protestant movement did not sweep Catholicism from the face of Europe; and that the Church was still living and growing. Instinctively I placed St. Ignatius and Luther side by side, and the contrast taught its own lesson, with no need of comment.

About that time I "experienced religion," to use the Baptist phrase, and after a probation was baptized and be-

came a member of the local Baptist body. With all the morbid emotion of a Protestant revival, there is much sincere and earnest feeling (certainly it was so in my case); but my strongest memory of that period is of the utter loneliness I felt after becoming a church-member. Everything seemed to depend on our feelings; there was nothing outside ourselves to hold to for help or guidance. If we "felt right," we were good Christians; if we were not happy, we were looked upon as weak in the faith, or possible backsliders. I dared not confess it to any one, but there seemed to be a great barrier between heaven and our sinful selves which no faith or prayer could surmount; and I finally was convinced that religious people were either hypocrites or were the victims of a delusion.

Shortly after this my father began to make a study of the Tractarian movement, and he gave me a life of Keble to read (on account of the fine English style), and with it several short essays on the Oxford revival. There was a strong attraction about the lives of these men, especially in the account of Cardinal Newman, and this I read and re-read, until my father became disturbed. He gave me a set of essays, written from the extreme Low Church point of view, as an antidote to any lurking Ritualistic tendencies; but if the arguments of these writers proved anything, they proved too much. It was all very well to sneer at the miracles of the saints as impossible; on the same ground we should be obliged to clip and pare away faith in everything beyond the reach of our senses.

And now came a revelation for which these early experiences had been a training school.

It was early in Lent, and some one in the family proposed that we should go over to the Catholic church, "for the fun of it, to see what it is like." So we went one evening to the small, unpretending building on a back street, a resort of the common people whom our Lord loved, and who, as they did eighteen hundred years ago, still hear Him gladly. The earnest devotion of the kneeling crowd impressed us. The service was simple—recitation of the Rosary, followed by an instruction and Benediction—yet much of it was strange and perplexing; but through the cloud that my ignorance raised before me pierced a glimpse of divine truth. Was there one Church, coming down in unbroken succession from the worshippers in the Catacombs? Had the light of faith shone through the ages with no eclipse? It seemed as if the broken and scattered fragments of history and human life suddenly ranged themselves in harmonious order as parts of a great whole.

We attended several of these evening services, and I ransacked our library shelves for some book on the Catholic Church, but in vain. For lack of something better, I took the Low Church essays that my father had recommended, and by carefully sifting the arguments against the Catholic doctrines, managed to get some conception of the doctrines themselves; but this was uphill work, and I finally took courage, and went to the parish priest and asked him to lend me some books.

Father T——— lent me some simple controversial works, and was most kind. He encouraged me to read and study about the Church, but he fancied me younger than I really was, and told me that I was not old enough to decide so important a matter. My shyness prevented me from confiding to him any of the thoughts and experiences that had troubled me for several years, and doubtless he supposed the whole thing was the freak of an impulsive, impressionable child.

My father, who had been away from the city, now returned, and when he learned that we had been attending the Lenten services at St. Mary's he was exceedingly annoyed, and forbade our going again; and he discouraged my

reading any more Tractarian literature. As for my excursions into Challoner and Darry's Instructions, I was not brave enough to confess them.

On thinking over the matter it was plain that Father T——— was right—I was too young to take so important a step; my studies must claim all my time, and there would be no chance to learn more on this subject, even if my father were willing—and that he would never be. So I put my religious doubts and difficulties on one side, as something to be settled later.

While away at college, and after I returned home, the works of Catholic writers were out of my reach. We had moved to another state, and I was far away from the priest who had been so kind. For several years I drifted, feeling sure that some time I should be a Catholic, but sure also that if God really wished me to embrace the faith He would open some way and would send me more enlightenment. This fatalistic notion kept me passive.

The Episcopalian view of Church unity now began to be much discussed. The Branch Theory promised great things; the simple beauty of the Anglican service was soothing and satisfying, in contrast with Protestant eccentricities; and as my religious reading had been chiefly drawn from Anglican writers, it was not hard, after the first struggle and irresolution, to decide to become an Episcopalian. But I was determined not to be fickle; I would abide by the choice I now made. It had always seemed to me an abject, if not a dishonorable, thing to use the Episcopal Communion as a stepping-stone to the Catholic faith; and I made a vow that I would never think of Catholic doctrines or try to investigate them further. My father was wonderfully tolerant of my change of views, and only made it a condition of his consent that I should attend the nearest Episcopal church, which he believed to be a happy mean, both in doctrine and ritual. Soon after this I was confirmed.

It quickly dawned upon me that "Episcopalian" was an elastic term. The Gothic roof of Grace Church sheltered a multitude of opinions. Some of us leaned towards the broad freedom of our neighbors, the Unitarians; others believed in a strict observance of feasts and fasts, and went to early services. But the spirit underlying it all was shallow and trivial, and our worship was, in literal fact, an empty form—empty, because the great truth which the form symbolized was ignored. We adopted this or that practice because it was "so devotional;" we discarded the other because it was "too extreme." Our little parish was a theological happy family, and parish and diocese gave abundant illustrations of the variations of Anglicanism.

I became very unhappy, and, in spite of my vow, I longed to meet some one who could tell me more of the true faith. The opportunity came. A young girl, a pupil of mine, gave me a prayer-book, and told me where I could get a list of standard books of a popular kind on Catholic doctrine. I obtained a number of these books and studied them carefully, praying all the while for light.

It would seem as if God leads each soul to Himself by a different path. With some it is a special doctrine that appeals to them or a devotion that touches their hearts; others are attracted by the beauty of worship in the Catholic Church. The question that had troubled me from the time that I could reason, was the lack of Christian unity. At first it was a historical unity that I instinctively demanded. It was incredible that our Lord should have promised His spirit to the disciples, and then left them without guidance, to fall into confusion and error. And such darkness of error! —the long interval from the end of the first century to the so-called Reformation illumined only faintly by wander-

ing lights here and there. Afterwards, it was visible unity under one head, a teaching authority, that I sought. My prayers were now answered, and I saw clearly what before had been but half revealed. I *knew* that the Catholic Church was the one, holy, apostolic Church, the pillar and ground of the truth, keeping the faith committed to her by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

And did I leave all and follow Him? It is my keenest sorrow that I hesitated and faltered. A storm of trial and suffering had come upon my family, and it seemed cruel to think of myself at this crisis; and for a year or two it was impossible to act.

My associations were now with agnostics, and unconsciously I was swayed by their views. I hid my talent in the ground, fancying I could keep it until time of need; and meanwhile this question, which had risen before me as the one thing that gave life its meaning, sank by degrees into the background.

Out of this dream God waked me—not by the shock of a great sorrow, or the rending of the nearest and dearest ties; not in the fire or in the whirlwind, but in the still, small voice came the divine call. It was a sudden, terrifying consciousness that life was slipping away, a warning that

> "Time ends, eternity begins,
> And thou art judged forevermore."

The knowledge was burned into my mind that God was all, that there was no rest for the soul but in Him. It was not the fear of punishment or of forfeited happiness, except that the loss of God was the loss of the only happiness. How could I find Him, where could I find Him, save by the way He had appointed—the Church? I resolved to be a Catholic *now*.

But my powers of believing seemed paralyzed, and, despite my will, questions and objections confronted me. I learned what it meant to fight with doubts. The higher faculties of my soul, so long cramped and prisoned, could not spread their wings. In the terror of utter helplessness that seized me, I longed for some one with an unwavering faith and a firm grasp on realities, and I turned, as before, to a Catholic priest.

The clergyman whom I consulted showed the greatest patience in freeing me from the labyrinth of pseudo-philosophy in which I had gone astray, but it was slow work to retrace the steps of these long wanderings. Through this time of trial help came, often from most unexpected sources. A book taken up by chance, a few words of an instruction and a series of sermons preached during that Lent cleared away some of my worst perplexities. No words could express my gratitude to the new friends who showed such unwearied kindness. To their efforts and prayers I owe, in great measure, the gift of the true faith. And over all was God's loving providence. For some time past I had attended, in a purposeless sort of way, a Catholic church. May it not be that the Holy Sacrifice had worked this miracle of grace upon my inert soul?

And so, at last, I came home. With all the joy there was mingled an undertone of sorrow and deep repentance at the thought of wasted years and wasted efforts, and of the unspoiled, exultant gladness of my first *credo*, which could never return. But the joy and thankfulness were deeper than the regrets, for God loved me, His weak and erring child. He had to come to meet me when I was yet a great way off, and now in my Father's house I was at peace.

CIVITAS DEI.

By Francis W. Grey.

Pilgrim of earth, who art journeying, journeying on through the desert,
Long hast thou travelled, and far, since first, in life's innocent morning,
Heedless of toil and of pain, but eager to follow the Master,
Forth thou didst set on the way that leads to the City celestial.
Rugged the pathway hath been, and many a storm hath beset thee,
Many a tear hast thou shed, and heavy the cross thou hast carried;
Many a fall hast thou known, and many the stains on thy raiment;
Many a friend thou hast loved, who journeyed beside thee, hath left thee—
Passed through the Valley of Silence and entered the gates of the City;
Pierced are thy feet with the thorns, yet shrink not to tread them, O pilgrim!
Pierced were His feet Whom thou lovest; and all of His saints, who have trodden
Slowly, with toil, in His footprints, have felt them, the thorns that have hurt thee.
Many a tear hath He shed, the Master thou servest, and heavy,
Heavier far than thine own, the Cross that He bore, to redeem thee;
Fell He not thrice 'neath its weight? The storms that beset thee, beset Him;
Lonely was He in the way that leads to the City Celestial.
Be not discouraged; the noon is passed, and the lengthening shadows
Tell of the close of the day, and soon shall thy journey be ended;
Soon shalt thou pass through the mists and gloom of the Valley of Silence,
Pass through the River of Death, and enter the gates of the City.
Look! Dost thou see them? The lamps that lighten the heavenly City—
Vision of peace and of rest, the home of the Master thou lovest—
Shine through the mists of the valley, more bright than the stars of the zenith.
Hark! Dost thou hear them? The songs of angels and saints in the City
Sound o'er the rushing of waters that border the Valley of Silence.
Art thou afraid of the darkness? The lamps of the City shine clearly—
Lift but thine eyes, thou shalt see them, more fair than the rays of the dawning.
Fear'st thou the noise of the waters? The songs of the City celestial
Ring, through the roar of the river; the dear ones thou lovest are singing;
Singing to welcome thee home. O way-weary pilgrim, press onward;
Soon shall the journey be done, and thou, who hast followed the Master,
Shared in His toil and His Cross, shall share in His glory forever.

EDITORIAL.

THE IRISH PASTORAL ON MORALITY AND POLITICS.

IN a letter to the clergy of the Archdiocese of Dublin, in reference to the pastoral instruction of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland upon the authority of the Church in regard to political affairs, Archbishop Walsh writes:

It states, with the accuracy and precision of a theological treatise, the position of the Church, as the divinely appointed guardian of faith and morals, in public affairs, and—to use the expressive words of the Holy Father—"in the business of life."

With political matters, in so far as they are merely political, the Church and the pastors of the Church, as such, have nothing to do, just in the same way as the Church and the pastors of the Church have nothing to do with the operations of industry and commerce. But, in the one case as in the other, it is the right and the duty of the Church and of her pastors to point out to the faithful, when occasion demands it, the restraints imposed upon the aims and actions of men by the unchangeable moral law of God.

However profitable a commercial transaction may be, nevertheless, if it be conducted on lines at variance with those of justice or of any other Christian virtue, it is a sinful transaction, and the pastors of the Church are charged with the duty of pointing out its sinfulness when the need of doing so arises. So, too, in political affairs. No matter how clearly a given line of action may conduce to the temporal welfare and prosperity, whether of individuals or of a people, or to the advancement of a political cause, worthy, in itself, of all encouragement and praise, that line of action becomes unlawful in the light of Christian morality if it be in conflict with any principle of morals. For whether in politics or in commerce, or in any other sphere of human action in all the "business of life," it is impossible, without utterly overturning the boundaries of good and evil, to give a moment's toleration to the anti-Catholic and anti-Christian doctrine that the "end" can ever "justify the means."

As is evident, this statement is of great value for us in America, where complex questions are continually arising and where the teaching of the Catholic Church in regard to them is often gravely misunderstood. As the pastoral asserts, there are public men in Ireland who make formal claim to "absolute freedom of thought and action in political matters, and assert that civil and religious liberty," as they phrase it, "involves complete freedom from all moral control in their publication and political conduct. They utterly repudiate all clerical interference in such matters, and deny that they are amenable in respect of their political action either to the moral censure of their own pastors, or even of the Pope himself." Their conduct, says the pastoral, is in keeping with their opinions. It then shows that these opinions are erroneous and in clear opposition to the teaching of the Catholic Church and to the observance of Christian morality.

"As our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has declared in his Encyclical 'Immortale Dei,' 'the true mistress of virtue and guardian of morals is the Church of Christ,' 'to exclude her influence from the business of life, from legislation, from the teaching of youth, from domestic society,

s a great and pernicious error.' 'Real reedom,' he adds, 'is exercised in the ursuit of what is true and just—absolute reedom of thought and action, untrammelled by the laws of morality, is not iberty but license.'

"There are, no doubt, many purely olitical matters about which the wisest nd best men may disagree, and in which he pastors of the Church, as such, have o desire to intervene, nor to restrain reedom of thought and action, except when the means and methods employed are such as cannot be deemed conformable to the principles of Christian morality. Questions, for instance, about the best form of local or national government, the extension of the franchise, the operation of commercial and industrial laws, belong to this class. But there are many other questions—mixed questions as they are called in Canon law—which have a moral and religious, as well as a political or temporal aspect, and in some of which the religious or moral question at issue is the predominant one. Such, in the past, were the Emancipation question and the Disestablishment of the Protestant Church, and such, at the present time, are the Education question, Poor Law legislation, and many kindred subjects. To say that the clergy have no right to intervene in such questions, where oftentimes the highest interests of religion are at stake; that they ought not to point out to their flocks the line of conscientious duty, and call upon them to follow it; that they cannot, and ought not. to advise them in such political matters to choose as their leaders men of high character and sound principles, is, indeed, a great and pernicious error, involving a manifest denial of the teaching authority of the Church.

"The commission which the Apostles received from Christ Himself, and which their successors inherit, was to teach the nations—politicians as well as private persons—all the truth of the Christian revelation—dogmatic truth and moral truth—and to condemn everything which, judged by that code, is untrue, immoral, or unjust. All this the Bishops are authorized to do, and this they mean to do when the spiritual interests of their flocks require it, whether there be question of public or of private conduct, of the rulers, the politicians, or the people. The opposite principle is utterly subversive of Catholic truth, and would be fatal to Christian morality."

These weighty words are well worthy of consideration on both sides of the Atlantic, as the questions that occupy men's attention are in the main the same.

A SAMPLE OF FRENCH LIBERTY.

We can hardly be surprised at any action of the existing French Government concerning religion, but we cannot help being indignant at an event which occurred recently in Paris. French Catholics have always shown great devotion to the feast of Corpus Christi, beautifully called by them the Fête-Dieu. On that day, or on the Sunday within the octave, splendid processions used to take place in the public streets of cities and villages. Legislation has forbidden this and, in fact, any outward manifestation of religious worship in the street. The reason assigned by the legislators was public order, which might be violated by processions. Therefore, *all* processions should have been prohibited. Not so; they confined the enforcement of the law to those of a religious character, and have made themselves ridiculous by the arrest of unoffending clerics. The manifest injustice was clearly shown in Paris on the day of the solemnization of the Fête-Dieu. Permission for procession was asked by the clergy and positively refused. Yet the very same authorities permitted an abominable procession called the *Vachalcade*, and detailed a body of mounted police to clear the way for it. With representations of the vilest kind the maskers dared to associate St. Genevieve and Jeanne d'Arc, and in the last chariot was a drunken man dressed as a bishop in full pontificals pretending to bless the people. It is not enough, it would seem, to injure the Catholics, by depriving them of their rights, but they must submit to be publicly insulted, without means of redress. However, their spirit appears to be aroused, and there is a general movement among all classes to assert their rights by the election of men worthy to represent a Catholic nation.

AN ATTEMPTED PRIMACY.

One of the measures proposed at the recent Pan-Anglican Conference at Lambeth was to constitute the Archbishop of Canterbury the Primate of the Anglican Communion. This, of course, required the approval of all the British Colonial representatives, as well as that of the Protestant Episcopalian Bishops of the United States. This proposition, however, was altogether opposed by these American and Colonial dignitaries. They were wise enough to see that it was far better for them to be, as they are now, independent, than to put a yoke of their own making upon their necks. What was the Archbishop's claim to such jurisdiction does not appear. It certainly does not rest upon any divine right. Yet the mere fact of such a proposition shows the realization of a want, at least, on the part of its proposers. How different is the Catholic position, which acknowledges the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, because, being the successor of Peter, he is the Vicar of Christ, holding a universal jurisdiction over the whole flock. He is the Supreme Pastor, not because all the flock, clergy and laity, agree to accept him as such, but they all accept him as such because Christ Himself committed the flock to his keeping. At all events, the members of the Lambeth Conference had no authority, as they themselves realized, even if they had had the will, to appoint the Archbishop of Canterbury their primate; nor would any such action have been ratified by Protestant Episcopalians on this side of the water.

A CHRISTIAN THEATRE SUGGESTED.

We lately noticed the production on the Paris stage, during Holy Week, of plays with the most sacred subjects for motives. A writer in the *Études* denounces them in most unmeasured terms as "hideous parodies," and states that even free-thinking papers and reviews found fault energetically with these scandalous productions. He even quotes one, the *Revue Bleue*, in which M. J. du Tillet characterizes these theatrical enterprises as "obstinately travestying the Gospel." It would seem that there does not exist in the French capital a single theatre where morality is not put to shame and vice glorified. Evidently the taste of theatre-goers is vitiated. How is it to be purified and elevated? A Christian theatre is suggested and even is in act of formation. But how can it hope to draw people who revel in the improper, and for whom vice is romantic and interesting? They might go once out of curiosity, but doubtless would be bored and would not repeat the dose. The difficulties of the undertaking seem hard to overcome. First, the perfectly proper plays must be written, and they must of course be interesting; next, the actors and actresses must be of irreproachable character, and remain so. Then the audience is to be found, but where? Someone suggested that "it would be composed of respectable people who never go to the theatre." Better let such people stay at home, contented with it as before.

No! such a theatre appears impracticable, but what is perfectly practicable is that Catholics should show their disapproval by not patronizing theatres where anything against faith or morals is played. And if by chance either word or action causes them to blush, they should give sign of their disgust either by hissing, or, better still, by getting up and leaving during an act. This will make an impression upon others and arouse in them, perhaps, a sense of the fitness of things.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE ADMISSION.

The Anglicans look upon the organization of the Catholic Church with envious eyes, but, as the editor of the leading English ritualistic organ confesses: "It is to be feared that there are not yet signs of a sufficiently general acceptance of the principles upon which our Lord instituted the sacred hierarchy of the Church to make it safe to hasten the development of ecclesiastical organization, whether diocesan, provincial, or

of a wider character." This is rather a startling admission. What! After nearly nineteen centuries of Catholicity and thirteen hundred years of it in England, and over three hundred years of the Established Church, "there are not yet signs of a sufficiently general acceptance of the principles (mark well it is a question of principles) upon which our Lord (not the State) instituted the sacred hierarchy." Those who make and believe such an admission had better transfer their allegiance to that Church where Christ's principles in all matters are generally, *i.e.*, universally, accepted.

THE COLLEGE FOR CATHOLIC WOMEN.

Catholic young women who are seeking education in special branches will rejoice that they need no longer go to sectarian or secular schools for this purpose. The twofold influence of professors with infidel tendencies, or, at best, with vague religious beliefs, and of associates with all sorts of views in matters of faith, to say nothing of textbooks with open or covert attacks on religion—all these together, or any one of them simply, constitute a serious danger for the young Catholic woman. Yet she does not want to lag behind in the race for knowledge and be outstripped by her sisters more favored than herself in means to this end. To give her equal facilities, and without danger to her faith withal, a college will shortly be opened in Washington, near the Catholic University, for her higher education. Trinity College, as it is to be called, will be under the direction of the Sisters of Notre Dame, whose mother-house is at Namur in Belgium. Their capability for the task is evidenced by the colleges which they conduct at Oxford, Edinburgh and Lovain. Many of the professors of the Catholic University have signified their willingness to preside over special courses. This new college is not to be a rival of existing academies, but is intended exclusively for post-graduate work; and it is on this supposition that Cardinal Gibbons endorses it. The only thing, however, to insure it is to insist upon a genuine post-graduate examination. This will be done. We therefore wish it godspeed.

INTERESTS OF THE HEART OF JESUS

Leo XIII. has recognized the great services to religion done by Mr. James Britten, Secretary of the Catholic Truth Society, by making him a Knight of St. Gregory the Great. Mr. Britten's activity is exhaustless in the spread of Catholic literature in England.

By the recent death of Father Van Tricht, S.J., the Belgian Province of the Society of Jesus has lost one of its most distinguished members. His fame was earned chiefly as the giver of conferences on science, literature, history, and religion, in which he treated these subjects with remarkable skill and aptness of illustration. Sixty of these conferences have been published, and hold a high rank in Belgian literature. The Spanish *Messenger* has published several of them. He was also a very successful preacher. He died at the age of fifty-five.

The Kaiser, William II., lately visited the celebrated Benedictine abbey at Maria Laach, founded ten centuries ago by the Benedictines. Its name is known to the public by the excellent review *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, conducted by the German Jesuits, who occupied the abbey from 1862 to 1872. The Emperor was much pleased and remarked to the Abbot: "In all the great centres of culture that I have visited I have invariably found traces of the Benedictine Order." He promised to pay for a new high altar as a token of his appreciation. The Sons of St. Benedict resumed possession of their ancient abbey in 1892.

The medal commemorative of the twentieth year of the pontificate of Leo XIII., struck every year for the feast of St. Peter, and representing one of the chief acts of the Holy Father, will recall this year the founding of the grand seminary at Anagni, where there will be courses in philosophy and theology under the direction of Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Accordingly, the medal bears on one side the likeness of the Pope and the date, and on the reverse a representation of the building with the inscription: *Doctrinis optimis in clero provehendis*, and, *Collegium Leonianum Anagniæ.*

The Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, who recently visited Rome, says that he was amazed and astonished at the strength of the language made use of by the Holy Father when speaking of the Irish people, past and present. With wonderful vivacity he discoursed upon the virtues of Irish Catholics, upon their trials and persecutions in the past, and of the unflinching loyalty with which they have always clung to the See of Peter, with which they have always held fast to the Christian faith, and handed it down from sire to son, even in the midst of the most terrible crises recorded in the history of the world. In concluding, the Holy Father said of the Irish people, "Nunquam defecerunt"—"they have never failed in loyalty to the Holy See," and he added, with prophetic conviction: "Nunquam deficient"—"they never shall fail."

The great Italian composer Giuseppe Verdi is reported to have said lately to his physician: "For my part I am convinced that for the person who has the habit of assisting at Holy Mass the very sight of a priest is in itself a potent medicine." One day, when passing through the hospital which he founded, his friend Boito, who is near-sighted, and who accompanied him, failed to remove his hat in presence of the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel which they had entered. Verdi said decidedly: "Boito, take off your hat. Do you not see that the Most Holy One is here?"

Queen Adelaide, a German princess, widow of Dom Miguel I. of Portugal, made her religious profession in the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes. She

was born in 1831, and married when twenty years old. She has seven children : a son, the Duke of Braganza, and six daughters, married into the sovereign families of Europe. Two of her nieces had preceded her into this convent.

Nuces, in the diocese of Rodez, France, possesses a model choir-school. A score of little boys and girls from eight to ten years of age, directed by a little organist eight years old, sing Mass every morning with an ease and smoothness rarely found. A five minutes' rehearsal every day after catechism is enough to produce this result.

On the last day of June Cardinal Vaughan opened the new quarters, at 16 Wellclose square, London, England, provided for the Catholic seamen in the port of London, by the committee of which the Count de Torre Diaz is the president and the indefatigable Mr. Raikes is the secretary. The Cardinal spoke highly of the success that had attended their efforts, and said that he had lately, when in Italy, laid the matter before the Archbishops of Naples and Genoa, and the Patriarch of Venice, who had expressed their willingness and desire to promote the movement for the protection and comfort of seamen frequenting those ports. He also adverted to the neglect of Catholic seamen in the Royal Navy, and advocated having Catholic chaplains at stations where squadrons called. An appeal from Barcelona showed the need of some provision for English-speaking seamen in Spanish ports.

According to the desire of Cardinal Richard, there was a solemn novena of supplication and expiation at Montmartre after the Feast of the Sacred Heart. There were special services at night for men. On Sunday, June 27, there was an imposing manifestation of piety organized by the professors and students of the Catholic Institute. The rector, Mgr. Péchenard, read the act of consecration. The same day the members of the Fraternity Union of Trades and Manufacturers made their annual pilgrimage, and filled the central nave. The attendance of men every evening was large.

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart in Toulouse there was a solemn procession in the enclosure of the new cathedral. The crowd of worshippers was immense, and three thousand men accompanied the Blessed Sacrament.

A monument has been set up in the house where Fratel Cherubino, the well-known Christian Brother, taught the youth of Rome for more than fifty years. The inscription is as follows :—

In questa casa
Fortunato de Virvent
nell' istituto del Beato de la Salle
Fratel Cherubino
oltre cinquant' anni
fu maestro fu padre dei figli del popolo
nel XXIX. Marzo MDCCCXCVII.
ascese alla gloria degli eletti.

---

ad esempio e memoria
gli antichi alunni riconoscenti

In this house
Fortunato de Virvent
in the institute of Blessed de la Salle
Brother Cherubin
for over fifty years
was the teacher and the father of the
children of the people
on March XXIX, MDCCCXCVII.
he went up to the glory of the elect.

The old pupils in recognition
for an example and a memorial.

It has been placed on the very spot in order to perpetuate the memory of the good Brother in a local way. This schoolhouse is in the Esquiline quarter. The uncovering of the slab was the occasion of a joyful celebration.

The Archbishop of Finland, the Envoy from the Russian Church to the Diamond Jubilee, has been treated to two ritualistic exhibitions in London. At one the service was High Evensong. The minister was vested in a cope and at the *Magnificat* incensed the altar. The choir and clergy also went processionally to the two side altars, which were incensed, as was also the Archbishop. The other service was a high celebration of Holy Communion, which was described to the Archbishop as the children's Mass. He told the children through his interpreter, Mr. Birkbeck, that they had a similar custom in his country. Alas! His Grace was completely duped. This is a sample of Anglican ingenuousness and good faith. We wonder what he thought of the high function at St. Paul's at which he oc-

cupied the Lord Mayor's stall and attracted much attention by his dress and crozier.

The work of the reconversion of Wales is progressing, and a fresh impulse is being given to it by the establishment of St. Teilo's Branch of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom. Help is coming to the Welsh in the near future from their kinsmen in Brittany, who have preserved the ancient faith. It is the intention of the Prior of the Benedictine Monastery of Kerbéneat to send missionaries to assist in the Catholicizing of Wales, and with this view the study of the Welsh language is being taken by an increasing number of the secular and regular clergy and of the laity in Brittany. They have even founded a Breton Branch of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, affiliated to the St. Teilo's Branch.

The July number of the *Annals of the Tabernacle Society* of Philadelphia makes this statement of the four months' work from November, 1896, to April, 1897. In the April exhibition were 130 full sets of vestments, 8 copes, 32 surplices, 44 albs, 30 cinctures, 151 stoles, 13 humeral veils, 4 tabernacle veils, 2 portable missionary outfits, nearly 1,000 pieces of altar linen, and numberless other requisites for divine worship.

The display of sacred vessels was unusually imposing, including 19 handsome large chalices, 19 ciboriums, and one fine ostensorium. These were all individual donations, offered in thanksgiving as memorials, or for special intentions. Lastly, a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart was the gift of one who earnestly desired to propagate that great devotion. All these articles are presented to poor churches unable to provide for the becoming performance of divine service.

The celebration of the thirteenth centenary of St. Columba was on a grand and impressive scale. It included a High Mass, Benediction and a *Te Deum* on the mountain slope, where the saint was born. But what was most impressive was the religious fervor, or, better, enthusiasm of the multitudes assisting at it. The common form of salutation was *Dia agus, Muir agus, Colum agat*, "God and Mary and Columba be with you." Cardinal Logue celebrated Mass at Letterkenny. Then the procession started for Gartan, where the saint was born, December 7, 521. A detour was made so as to take in Templedouglas, where he was baptized. After the ceremonies at Gartan, Kilmacrennan was visited, for there he was educated before he went to the schools of Clonard and Glasnevin.

While the scenes of the earlier life of the saint in Ireland were being honored by a concourse of his countrymen, Iona, where he passed the later and last years, was visited by Scottish pilgrims, who claim St. Columba as their apostle. Of the hierarchy there were present the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, the Bishops of Argyll and the Isles, of Aberdeen, and Dunkeld. The clergy and religious orders were well represented, and of the laity the most notable were the humble people, who attended from the Western Isles. The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, in whose diocese Iona lies, celebrated Pontifical High Mass. The Archbishop of Edinburgh was the preacher in English at Mass, and Father Campbell, S.J., of Glasgow, preached in Gaelic at the conclusion of the ceremonies. Strange as it may seem, Iona, a week before, was visited by members of a pilgrimage under the direction of the Protestant High Church party. May St. Columba open their eyes to the truth!

The Holy Father has been pleased to confer the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. Luke Rivington, the distinguished convert. The distinction is not an honorary one, but earned, according to the judgment of Leo XIII., by the controversial works in defence of the Church, entitled *Authority; Dependence; Dust; The Primitive Church and the See of Peter; Anglican Fallacies; Our Separated Brethren; Rome and England*, and numerous magazine articles.

Mr. John Knill, son of Sir Stuart Knill, once Lord Mayor of London, has been elected unanimously Alderman of the ward of Bridge Within, in the City of London, in the place of his father, who has accepted the sinecure aldermancy of Bridge Without, two wards adjoining. It is probably a unique occurrence for a father and son to be Aldermen of London at the same time. They are both practical Catholics.

THE MESSENGER, among other Catho-

lic publications, published last month a statement which it has since found not to have been warranted by facts, to the effect that His Eminence, the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, has approved in the Pope's name "the union of the four distinct families of the Franciscan Order, viz., the Conventual Franciscans, the Franciscans of the Observance, those of the Strict Observance, or Reformed, and the Capuchins." The mistake arose from a misapprehension of the facts in the case. and the Rev. Father Albert, O.S.F., of Butler, N. J., has kindly pointed out our error in the following comprehensive statement:

"The fact of the matter is: there has not been any endeavor whatever to bring under one head or General, the three distinct orders, viz., the Brown Franciscans or *Fratres Minores de Observantia*, the Black Franciscans or *Fratres Minores Conventuales*, and the Capuchins or *Fratres Minorum Capucinorum* These three are distinct Orders, each having its own General in Rome. The Brown Franciscans, or O. S. F., profess the original rule of St. Francis; the Conventuals, O. M. C., or Black Franciscans, profess the original rule, with mitigations regarding poverty, privileges granted to them by several Popes; the Capuchins profess the original rule, like the Brown Franciscans, and differ only from that by non-essentials, viz., form of capuce or cowl, wearing beard. Now there has been no question of bringing these three distinct Orders under one General. But the Brown Franciscans or *Fratres Minores de Observantia*, the O. S. F., were again subdivided into several so-called Franciscan families, viz., Observantes, Reformati, Alcantarini, and Recollecti. All these professed the original rule of St. Francis and were under one General, but had, besides the rule, their own peculiar constitutions, differing more or less in shape and form of the habit, each family having its own Procurator-General in Rome. Now, what the Holy Father proposes to do is: to abolish the different names or families and Procurators, and to call them all, these four families, by one name—*Fratres Minores de Observantia*. It is said that the Papal Bull will appear October 4th, 1897. It would indeed be a desirable thing to get the three distinct Orders—the Observantes, the Conventuals and the Capucini—into one Order, simply calling it Ordo Fratrum Minorum, as the founder called it; but that will remain a pious wish yet for some time."

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW.

The League in Summer.

The work of the League does not cease in the summer season. Promoters' meetings may be suspended in July and August, and the public devotions may not be so well attended at other times; but the majority of our Directors and Promoters are as active now as ever; at least, we have quite as many letters to answer, as many Intention and Treasury lists to put together, and this year we have been kept busy either establishing or helping to reorganize the League, even on the hottest Sundays. Indeed, many Directors take advantage of their vacations to attend more carefully to the League, and to prepare for the Councils and services of the coming year.

The September Meetings.

The September meetings of Promoters often give some trouble to Directors. In some places a number of Promoters may fail to attend; in others. a number may apply to take up the office; some will forget to bring in their reports; others will have a variety of matters needing attention—Associates' names to register, transfers of Associates from one band to another, questions to ask and difficulties to solve—in order to satisfy the new members they may have enrolled during vacation. It is not to be expected that Directors should attempt to look after all this; on the contrary, it is opposed to the very spirit of the League for Directors to do anything they can have Promoters or Associates do. Hence it is advisable to organize the September Councils or Promoters' meetings, so that they may be able to attend to all that needs attention at the opening of the year, and thus leave the Director free to direct the entire work, whether of Associates or Promoters.

Organizing the Promoters.

Although it is not usual to elect officers among the Promoters of the Local Centres, it is useful, and in most Centres necessary, to have some who will discharge many duties similar to those that would fall to officers in other Associations. Thus every Centre should have a

well-trained Promoter to receive and instruct candidates for the Promoter's office. Every Centre should also have one secretary to collect and keep track of the Promoters' Reports, and another to collect and attend to the Intention and Treasury blanks. Another special charge for some Promoter would be to procure the proper amount and kind of League supplies, to see that they be properly distributed and used, and to act the part of the Treasurer in meeting the bills for them. Finally, some one should have charge of the register for the names of Associates, with the additional duty of assigning them to bands, and of providing Promoters for bands, or for members who have lost their Promoters. It should not be very difficult to select the Promoters who are most capable of looking after these various duties, nor is an election always advisable, especially as the Promoters usually have so much confidence in the judgment of their Directors.

Some Cautions. No one of any authority in the League has ever approved of a certain celluloid button issued by a Newark firm in imitation of our League Badge. Not long ago the agent responsible for the circulation of this spurious badge promised to stop circulating it, and we understood that it was to be entirely suppressed. The important thing for Directors to notice is that the Indulgences attached to the League Badge are not gainable by wearing this celluloid button.

A second caution, and an important one, is against agents who pretend to have our authorization to collect money for subscriptions to the MESSENGER. Our authorized agents carry with them the signature of the Central Director over the seal of this office.

TO PROMOTERS.

If you have not been attending the meetings faithfully, begin to do so this month. You will find it easier to do so now than next month or the month after.

If you have been forgetting or neglecting to hand in your reports at these meetings, bring one with you this time, so that the year's record of work may be complete, so far as you are concerned.

Come to the meeting with a desire to do something for the glory of God, a determination to spread the spirit of prayer, devotion to the Heart of Jesus, and to make ample reparation for lost time.

The spirit of prayer you can promote by getting associates to hand in their Intentions, either by dropping them into the Intention box, or by marking them on the Intention blanks specially prepared for that purpose.

Devotion to the Heart of Jesus you can easily promote by learning something about it and practising it yourselves, by praying that your associates may do the same, and by urging them to do so. For this purpose, induce them to come as often as possible to the First Friday or other public League services.

Do not forget the Treasury blanks. Offer up your own good works and show your associates how to do the same. Prayers, works and sufferings, the burden of your Morning Offering, all count in the Treasury, all add to the powerful prayers of the League, all edify and move to confidence every one who recommends an Intention to these prayers.

THE APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Cathedral Centre. —A typographical error in the MESSENGER for August credits this Centre with the reception of 19 Promoters in June. It should have been 119. Similarly, the 122 Promoters credited to St. Peter's Church should have been 22.

CINCINNATI, O., St. Patrick's Centre. —The Apostleship has not lowered its standard. It has been of great help in maintaining the efficiency of the schools. It takes a good pupil to win a decoration.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The Feast of the Sacred Heart was observed at the Visitation Convent at Cabanne, with all the ceremony and devotion which characterizes the feast. Early in the morning the Sisters of the Visitation Convent began to assemble about the shrine of the Sacred Heart, where the relics of Blessed Margaret Mary are reposing, for meditation and prayer. At six o'clock a special Mass was celebrated for the Sisters by Fr. Burroughs of the Jesuit College. The Sisters all communicated, and spent an hour upon their knees in prayer at the shrine. Later devout Catholics from

all over the city arrived on their annual pilgrimage to worship at the shrine. All day long little groups of worshippers assembled and offered up their prayers and kissed the casket containing the relics of the founder of the feast they were observing. During the day several thousand people visited the shrine.

NEWARK, N. J., St. Joseph's Centre.—The twenty-six new Promoters credited in the MESSENGER of August to St. John's should have been credited to this Centre.

ETTRICK, WIS., St. Bridget's Centre.—The Sacred Heart continues the good work of drawing souls to the spring of grace. One old man and two young men, absent from the Sacraments for nineteen, eleven and eight years, respectively, made their Easter duty.

THE CENTRE OF ST. MARY'S OF THE ANNUNCIATION, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.—The names of 70 Promoters are enrolled, 43 of whom have enrolled 746 persons as associate members, making a total membership of 823. Of these 408 practise the 2d Degree, and 360 the Communion of Reparation. Leaflets distributed, 1,125.

MANHATTAN COLLEGE, NEW YORK CITY.—We had the consolation of seeing our students approaching the Holy Communion in a body on the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—a consolation which we have also every First Friday of the month. I had the pleasure, likewise, a few days ago of distributing to them the leaflets of the Act of Consecration of Families to the Sacred Heart.

THE PRESENTATION CONVENT, WEST'S HILL, DUBUQUE, IOWA.—The Sacred Heart has gained a victory. A year ago we sent our first name to Rev. Father Dowling, S.J., the Holy Family Church, Chicago. Now we are to have our own Promoters. All we could get of the children of the school, numbering nearly 200, was four bands. Now I want supplies for eight more, just our own school children, and, the sweet Sacred Heart willing, we may soon have their parents, too.

THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE, HAMMOND, IND.—Our children and good people are obtaining great favors through the prayers of the Apostleship and have implicit confidence that the intentions, recommended through the box will be granted. The League is doing its work slowly, but surely, in most remarkable conversions, thanks to the Sacred Heart.

SACRED HEART CONVENT, ST. CHARLES AVENUE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—About forty pupils have worked most zealously for the League during this year's scholastic term.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, PERRYVILLE, MO.—Our parish extends over such a considerable territory that, thus far, it has been difficult to get the Intentions gathered in time. Thanks be to God, the League is doing much good in the parish. We have our usual meeting of Promoters once a month, and the general meeting of all the Associates once a month, on the first Sunday. It is truly gratifying to find at this meeting, which takes place immediately after Vespers, many from distances of five, six and seven miles.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN'S CHURCH, LOST CREEK, PA.—To-day, the feast of the Sacred Heart, was a gala day for the members of the League in this parish. It marked the close of a nine-days' novena, which had been started under the direction of the pastor and spiritual Director of the League, Rev. P. F. Dagget. Mass before the Most Blessed Sacrament exposed was said at 8 o'clock, the church being thronged to the doors. Upwards of 300 approached the holy table, and were refreshed with the Bread of Life. The altars were tastefully decorated, the altar of the Sacred Heart being a bower of roses, lighted with myriads of candles. Several hundred Intentions had been taken from the box, and placed on the altar during Mass, at the close of which benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given and a solemn *Te Deum* sung in thanksgiving for all the favors, both temporal and spiritual, received during the one-year's existence of the League in this parish; out of about 1,600, the number of souls in this parish, we have enrolled in the various degrees of the Apostleship of Prayer nearly every adult in the parish, or upward of 900, the great majority being enrolled in the 3d Degree, or Communion of Reparation. Our pastor is untiring in his efforts to have every soul in the parish become a member of the Apostleship of Prayer.

CATHEDRAL CENTRE, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—We had exposition of the Blessed Sacrament all day on June 25. It was a happy day for our Centre, as many received communion, and the entire congregation seemed impressed by the solemn services. The

League has done much good here, as a greater number of people now receive Holy Communion frequently.

The Roman *Messenger* for June is jubilant over the honor shown our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, when, during the Easter time, He was taken to the houses of the sick of the parish of *San Carlo in Catinari*. The splendid baldacchino was borne by noblemen in full dress, surrounded by clerics and nobles bearing lighted torches. The procession was formed of the Barnabite Fathers and the members of the Oratory of the Sacred Heart directed by these Fathers. After them came little boys clothed in white, and scattering flowers before the Blessed Sacrament, which was carried by the Roman Local Director of the Apostleship of Prayer. Promoters and Associates of the League followed, carrying candles and reciting the Rosary. The line of march was through the chief streets of the parish, and everywhere great respect was shown, all uncovering their heads and very many kneeling. On the return to the church young members of the Roman nobility rendered some exquisite music, and the celebrated silver trumpets, usually reserved for Papal celebrations, sounded a welcome. It was truly a triumph for the Sacred Heart.

The Irish *Messenger* manifests great interest in the work for seamen. In a recent number it recommends the custom which has obtained in some fishing villages in Ireland, to ask, at the commencement of the fishing season, the priest to go and bless the boats, nets and the crew, before setting out on their perilous work. Above all they are exhorted to prepare themselves against the dangers of the sea by a good confession and Communion. The Kinsale fishermen, who are very devout to the Sacred Heart, are accustomed to fasten to some safe part of their boats the Badge, as also to wear it themselves.

OBITUARY.

Mary Donohue, St. Rose's Centre, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Rose Farrell and John Malone, St. Mary's Centre, Norwalk, Conn.; Mrs. Timothy Collins, St. Anne's Centre, Bentley Creek, Pa.; Miss Elizabeth Grill, St. John the Baptist's Centre, Manayunk, Pa.; Mrs. Mary McSticker, St. Francis de Sales' Centre, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Maria Jones Hay, Dubuque, Iowa; Rev. F. X. Cuppens, St. Theresa's Centre, New Orleans, La. Very Rev. Father Jacquet, Galveston, Tex.; Rev. Joseph Northman, St. Mary's Cathedral Centre, Portland, Ore.; Miss Julia and Mr. John O'Dea, the Gesû Centre, Philadelphia, Pa., Miss Katie Condron, St. Edward's Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. John Carey, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Ellen Murphy and Miss Katie Gearin, St. Vincent's Centre, South Boston, Mass.; Miss Margaret Collins, St. Ann's Centre, Bentley Creek, Pa.; Teresa C. Pierce, Bohemia, Ind.; Miss M. C. Jenkins, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mother Mary of the Nativity Williams who died May 15, in Portland, Oregon, in her fifty-first year, had spent thirty-three years in religion, and for the past seven years acted as Mother Superior of the Seattle House of the Good Shepherd, of which she was the foundress. Her loss is deeply deplored, not only by the Order of which she was an ornament, but by hosts of people, East and West, to whom she had endeared herself by a life of kindness and holiness.

Reverend Joseph Northman, who died at St. Mary's Cathedral, Portland, Oregon, May 18, had been connected for nine years with the Cathedral. On Sunday, May 16, the reverend deceased celebrated one of the early Masses at the Cathedral, and in the afternoon of the same day presided at a reunion of St. Mary's Altar Society. Though ailing, no apprehensions of his serious state were entertained, hence the universal outburst of grief with which the intelligence of his death was received on the morning of the eighteenth. His last moments were worthy of an apostle of the Sacred Heart. This devotion was the panoply with which he would have all souls girded to lead them near to the centre of all grace; it seemed to be the end of his every exhortation in the confessional. In him was realized our divine Lord's promise to Blessed Margaret Mary: "The talent to touch hearts." Gifted as a pulpit orator of rare excellence, he was eloquent and forcibly persuasive, but in the tribunal of penance he appealed with the tenderness of a father to the erring, through the love of the Sacred Heart. He was a native of St. Louis, Mo., and at the time of his death was in the fortieth year of his age; seventeen of those years had been given to the priestly office. In life he held sway over a legion of Catholic hearts; in death a prayerful, sorrowful throng tendered him assurance of that affection that lives beyond the tomb.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 363,578.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v, 18).

Special Thanksgiving.—"Heartfelt thanks are returned for the recovery of a sister, whose complaint necessitated an operation and the attendance of a skilful nurse to help the doctors.

"In an almost miraculous manner the very nurse prayed for, but already in an engagement, was allowed spare time to be at the operation, and dressing of the wound each morning for weeks.

"Fearing one night that the patient would become exhausted through suffering, I asked the Sacred Heart to let me bear some of it for her, but in some way that did not interfere with my duties as nurse. My prayer was granted almost immediately, and in a very peculiar way."

"Twelve years ago a member of our young women's Sodality suddenly turned her back on the Church, by entering into marriage with a Lutheran before a Lutheran minister. As time passed by six children were born to her, all of whom, the last excepted, she consented to have baptized by a Lutheran minister. Her father and two sisters, devout members of the Church, tried in vain to induce her to return to her duty. By the advice of their pastor they made her case a matter of urgency in their devotion to the Sacred Heart, after the establishment of the League in this parish.

"As time passed on and no seeming favorable result followed their prayers, and when all were filled with disappointment and almost with despair, it occurred to the woman's unmarried sister, an *officer* in the Sodality, to petition St. Aloysius to obtain from the Merciful Heart of Jesus that, as this woman seemed deaf to all appeals, her children might be brought up Catholics and that the husband, though a Lutheran, should be moved to offer to bring the children for reception into the Church.

"This petition, against all probabilities to the contrary, obtained a speedy favorable answer. A very short time after the husband consented, without hesitation, to have the children received into the Church, and, at considerable inconvenience to himself, as they live twelve miles from the church, he brought his six children, three at a time.

"Shortly afterwards the mother expressed a desire of being reconciled to the Church, a dispensation from the reserved excommunication was obtained for her, and she has had the happiness of once more receiving Our Lord in Holy Communion."

"I wish to return thanks for cures through using a relic of Blessed Margaret Mary, also to tell you of the grace imparted by the Badge of the Sacred Heart. A woman allowed me to pin one on her breast, and although she had not been to confession for ten years, she promised to go, and I had the joy of kneeling beside her at the communion rail on the feast of Corpus Christi. She is married to a bad man and has had much trouble, but she has gone each day since to Mass, a thing she did not do for years. Another young Protestant girl allowed me to pin a Badge on her yesterday and promised to say the offering. I have a promise from another bad Catholic woman that she will go to confession. She has not gone in fifteen years, as she is married to an atheist, has a lovely family of children, but never even hears God's name mentioned."

"I wish to offer thanks to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph for the conversion of two of our friends. They were Catholics, but neither the husband nor the wife had ever made their first Communion, and were perfectly ignorant of their religion, so had very little faith. We sent Intentions for their conversion every month, and finally got them to join the League and wear a Badge. Not long after, the wife made her first Communion, and the husband is preparing now to make his."

"My little girl was to make her first Communion at a convent one hundred and eighty-five miles from home. As it seemed impossible for me, to my great regret, to be present, I promised the Sacred Heart to attend several Masses for the holy souls and to practise mortification, if He would grant me the hap-

piness of assisting at my first child's first Communion. Everything was favorable and I was enabled to be present."

"A neighbor of ours, suffering from chronic heart disease, was safely confined, though the doctors had despaired of her life. A few days later she had a terrible attack of heart disease, and the doctor said it would be a miracle if she recovered. I gave her my Promoter's Cross to wear over her heart. The next morning the doctor was astonished to see how much better she was. But a few days after she again took very sick with rheumatism of the lungs and suffered untold agony. We placed the cross over the pain and she slept that night for the first time in four nights. She continues to get better."

Spiritual Favors.—"We had solemn high Mass in this village last Sunday, for the first time in years, and a committee was appointed to take in charge the erection of a church here—all in answer to the prayers of the League. A year ago there was little hope of ever having a church here;" return to religious duty of a friend who had been remiss for twenty years; return of a young man after an absence of five years; also of a father and of two young men after an absence of several years; two conversions to the faith; return of a man and wife, who had neglected their religious duties for twelve years and who seemed obstinate in error; a man who had not approached the Sacraments in twenty-five years, became very devout before his death, in answer to our earnest prayers; conversion of a young man from a life of intemperance; baptism of a child of seven months in danger of death, after a bigoted father had done his best to have the priest kept away; return to their religious duties of a brother and a sister-in-law after an absence of eight years.

Temporal Favors.—A brother restored to health; a lost deed recovered; work obtained for two young men, after a novena of monthly communions; unexpected relief of financial embarrassment and honorable settlement of business difficulties; cure of a dangerous wound from which blood poisoning was feared; preservation from fire; recovery of a person from a serious operation; reconciliation of a long-estranged member of a family; cure of a serious illness after promise of publication; cure from insanity through the intercession of Our Lady and St. Joseph; cure of a mother who had several serious attacks, the last being an apparently fatal swelling of the limbs and stomach; cure of a sister seriously ill; cure of a woman who had been sick ten years; appointment to a desirable position after a novena to the Sacred Heart and promise of publication; recovery, after promise of publication and High Mass of thanksgiving, of a child whose life had been despaired of; restoration to health of a young man who had been insane for three years: numerous Masses were said for him, and the League prayed constantly for him; restoration of a lost child to its parents; miraculous escape in a serious accident; the complete cure of a child who had almost lost the use of one eye, a novena of Nine First Fridays for the Souls in Purgatory having been begun; removal of a long-standing scandal; recovery of two children from diphtheria and preservation of their friends from the disease; cure of a very nervous, irritable and rebellious child, who after many prayers has become quite amiable; cure of deafness in both ears caused by a rupture of the tympanum through an abcess: the water of Lourdes was used and a novena to the Sacred Heart made, with promise of publication, and hearing was restored, contrary to the doctors' opinions; cure of a bad swelling in the knee after promise of a Mass and Novena of the Blue Scapular for the Holy Souls; the almost miraculous recovery of a young lady after many Masses and novenas were offered for her: a Mass of thanksgiving and publication were promised; the finding of a lost sister and the reunion of a family whose members have been scattered since the Civil War: this intention has long been recommended to the prayers of the League; reconciliation of two friends long estranged; the cure of threatened consumption after a Mass and promise of publication; recovery of a little girl from lung trouble, after a novena and promise of publication: though the doctors had given her up, an immediate improvement was noticed, the lung that was affected being now in a perfectly healthy condition; also recovery of two children from scarlet fever and kidney disease; employment obtained for a brother after novenas by two sisters and mother in honor of the Sacred Heart, the Precious Blood, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph; cure of a father from a very serious brain trouble, causing com-

lete collapse of mental powers; many olds cured; many successful examinations; tenants obtained for rooms and a house long vacant; a lawsuit obviated, another won after promise of publication; a third lawsuit won unexpectedly after promise of a Mass for the holy souls in honor of St. Anthony; other lawsuits settled satisfactorily; recovery of a lady from virulent typhoid fever, after applying the medal of the Holy Child of Prague; restoration to health, after a novena of First Fridays to the Sacred Heart and saying the Thirty Days' Prayer to Our Lady; recovery of young nephew, who had been given up by the doctor, after a Mass was offered, a novena made and publication promised; restoration of domestic peace; financial help received from unexpected sources; recovery of a woman threatened with insanity; employment obtained for many people; complete recovery, after promise of publication, of a sister who had been despaired of by the doctors; many cases of rheumatism cured; threatened diphtheria averted and child cured; the successful sale of property; a Protestant examining board decided a much coveted prize in favor of a Catholic competing against fifty Protestants; a bookkeeper, having lost his position in a bank through financial stress, sought employment in vain until a Sister of Mercy suggested a novena to the Sacred Heart, the miraculous Infant of Prague and St. Anthony, when he was immediately appointed teller at an advanced salary in another bank; many positions retained under adverse circumstances; the permanent cure of heart trouble where medical skill had failed, publication having been promised; cure of a broken arm in a twelve-year-old child, who, the doctors said, would be a cripple, after novena to St. Francis Xavier, Our Lady of Good Counsel, and promise of publication.

Favors through the Badge and Promoter's Cross.—"Our little boy had a very disagreeable sickness: as long as he took medicine he was relieved, only to relapse when his medicine was stopped. After promise of publication, I put a a Badge on him and stopped the medicine. He has never had the least sign of his sickness since;" cure of a servant girl suffering from severe cold: she had tried medicine in vain and was apparently going into consumption, when she put on the Badge and experienced instant relief; cure of sore eyes after applying the Badge; a boy subject to violent attacks of vomiting, the result of being hurt in the stomach two years ago, was cured after applicationof the Badge; cure of a brother suffering from violent chills, the Promoter's Cross having been applied; cure through Promoter's Cross of a serious illness; cure, by applying the Badge, of grievous pain; cure of a sore arm, ulcerated tooth, neuralgic toothache, inflammation of the knee and serious illness after application of the Badge; cure of inflammation of the eyes and face by applying the Promoter's Cross; a sick horse, undergoing an operation, had an artery in the neck accidentally severed, and the veterinarian was unable to staunch the wound: I applied my Badge and promise dpublication, and the hemorrhage ceased at once; a religious cured of acute rheumatic pains by applying the Badge and promising publication; also cure of a serious wound; also cure of violent pain and stiffness in the back, Mass and prayers for the souls in Purgatory having been promised; cure, by wearing the Promoter's Cross, of a young woman who had been ill for fourteen weeks.

Spiritual and temporal favors obtained through the intercession of our Lady, St. Joseph, St. Benedict, St. Antony, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Teresa, Blessed Margaret Mary and the suffering souls.

THE·READER·

OUR Catholic newspapers gave long and interesting accounts of the Commencement and Prize days in our colleges, academies, convents and parochial schools. At one of the commencements His Excellency the President presided, and at all of them eminent prelates, devoted priests, civil officials and distinguished laics attended in numbers. It would be hard to overestimate this manifestation of interest in Catholic education of every grade. It is all the more remarkable, since those who are really devoted to the work of educating our youth, employ their time so laboriously in the task confided to them, that they have little time or opportunity to recommend their work, whilst those who do least to help the cause of Catholic education very often spend their time in hindering the efforts of its promoters.

The college catalogues, also, are doing their share to make known the fine opportunities offered by our numerous colleges and other institutions for an education, which is always free of error, and of worse, and which in most cases is as advanced as any of our secular colleges or universities, so called, can offer. It is singular how some people can affect to consider these catalogues as representing what should be rather than what is. If they trust them at all, it is still more singular how they can devote so much time to pointing out the defects of our Catholic colleges and schools, when they are manifestly unacquainted with the system and thoroughness aimed at by Catholic educators generally. No doubt, the writers have had little or no experience of the Catholic class-room.

* * *

So much is said against the Catholic newspapers, and so little in their praise, that it gives a Catholic editor great pleasure when he can pay his fellow editors a compliment which no thoughtful reader will deny them. We doubt if it be possible to do more than what our Catholic editors have been doing since the late Commencement season to recommend sound Catholic education to their readers. Besides their careful reports of the closing exercises of our educational institutions, many of them have had excellent editorials on the value of the education given in Catholic schools of every grade. The *Standard and Times*, of Philadelphia, in its issue for July 23, had such an editorial, and most, if not all, of it would read well in the prospectus sent out by some of our colleges at this time.

Another compliment well deserved by our Catholic editors at present is the good sense they show in ignoring the efforts made from time to time in certain quarters to provoke and spread a quarrel, which can only do harm, particularly when there is no reason for it, whatever be its motive. Evidently our Holy Father's repeated exhortations to Catholic editors have had their effect, and his late regulations for periodicals that are really Catholic have been accepted by their editors with a loyal obedience that deserves all praise. This right spirit of our editors cannot fail to bring down blessings upon them, their journals and their readers, and we trust and pray the blessings may come speedily and plentifully and last with them always.

* * *

The Catholic Book Exchange has sent us a parcel of the catalogues of the English Catholic Truth Society publications, and we shall be glad to send a copy to any of our readers. These publications cannot be recommended too often or too highly, and their price puts them within reach of all. We have been noticing them very favorably from month to month, and our readers will be glad to know that the Catholic Book Exchange, under the Paulist Fathers, 120 West Sixtieth street, is now an agency for them. Our book notices keep multiplying. Those who are constantly seeking lists of books would do well to look for Catholic books in our notices, which tell in a few short sentences the subject, and

the merit of the latest books by Catholic publishers. Those who wish to know what the magazines and reviews are writing about will do well to look at the *Rosary* and *Ave Maria* from month to month, though neither of them has as yet mentioned an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, on "Prosperity and Politics in Italy," which Catholics should read, to have what they know so well from Catholic sources about the maladministration of the present Italian Government, confirmed by an authority of this character.

BOOK NOTICES.

An Heir of Dreams. By Sallie Margaret O'Malley. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. 16mo. Pages 168. Cloth, 50 cents.

A well told story of how a country dolt became a useful and successful member of society, chiefly through the encouragement of the village priest.

Vocations Explained. — New York: Benziger Brothers. Pages 70. Price 10 cents.

This is a very handy abridgment of "Questions on Vocations," by a Vincentian Father. It treats in catechetical form the important subjects of matrimony, virginity, the religious state, and the priesthood. It has the approbation of Cardinals Satolli and Gibbons, and of Archbishop Corrigan. It is a useful book, not only for those who are studying their vocation, but also for those who may have the power to favor or disfavor a choice.

A Famous Convent School. By Marion J. Brunowe. New York: The Meany Company. 1897. 12vo. Pages 153.

This is a most daintily gotten up book, a credit alike to the great Academy of Mount St. Vincent-on-the-Hudson, whose golden jubilee volume it is; to the authoress, an alumna of this famous school of the Sisters of Charity, and to the publishers. Ten fine photogravures enhance its attractiveness.

Lectures on Literature. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. Akron, Ohio: D. H. McBride & Co., 1897. Pages 269. Price 50 cents.

This is a very instructive and readable book. It treats the literature of England, France, and Spain, and, though Mr. Johnston handles the abundant matter concisely, an excellent idea of the master writers in these languages can be gathered. The quotations are well selected and are not too abundant. The get-up of the book is very attractive.

A Glimpse of Organic Life. By William Seton, LL.D. New York: P. O'Shea. 1897. Pages 135.

Dr. Seton states in his preface that, "beginning with the far-off past, he traces briefly the development of organic life through the ages." His object is, besides giving a little pleasure and instruction, to enkindle a love for the neglected study of Natural History. He has cast his material into the form of a dialogue. It is profusely illustrated. We think that the book will fulfil the desire of the author.

The Month of the Sacred Heart. By Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. 1897. Pages 278. Price 50 cents.

This is a compilation from the writings of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, translated and adapted by Father McGowan. Lovers of the Sacred Heart will be glad to have in so handy a form choice selections from the writings of her whom our Lord Himself selected as the apostle of this great devotion.

Devotion to St. Anthony of Padua. By Rev. J. B. Manley. New York. Christian Press Association. Second revised edition. Pages 205. Price, paper, 25 cents; cloth, 40 cents.

This little pamphlet has a twofold aim: to make known the glory of the popular saint of the universe, and to show how to practise devotion in his honor, pleasing to God and profitable to man.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Le Triomphe de Notre-Dame de Romay. —By Rev. J. Zelle, S.J.

This is a little brochure in French made up of articles from the *Messager*. It gives the history of the famous statue of Our Lady and of its recent coronation. It is illustrated.

Roma e Canterbury. By Rev. S. M. Brandi, S.J.

This is the third edition of Father Brandi's reply to the answer of the Anglican Archbishops. Some hitherto unedited documents have been added.

De Prohibitione et Censura Librorum —Brevis Dissertatio. By Rev. Arthur Vermeersch, S.J. Tournai: Desclée, Lefebre & Co.

This is a Latin dissertation by Father Vermeersch, Professor of Moral Theology and Canon Law in the University of Louvain, on the recent constitution of Leo XIII. "*Officiorum ac Munerum.*"

The Dream of Bonaparte. By Rev. William Poland, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. Pages 46.

This is a graphic account of that most unholy and ambitious attempt of Napoleon to make the Pope his vassal.

The following penny publications of the London Catholic Truth Society have been received:

The Mission of St. Augustine. By Dom Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B.

The Coming of St. Augustine. By Venerable Bede. With an introduction by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B.

The Alleged "Failures" of Infallibility. By Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J.

It treats the cases of Liberius, Honorius and Galileo.

Church Music. A Pastoral Letter by Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport.

Sergeant Jones and His Talks about Confession. By Rev. G. Bampfield.

The True Story of Barbara Ubryk. By Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.

This is a refutation of a calumny against convents.

Why I became a Catholic? By Horace E. Chapman, M.A.

Conversion of Miss Trail, a Scotch Presbyterian. Written by Herself.

The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. 26.

Innovations. By Joseph Carmichael.

A Living Picture. By Mrs. Wollaston Whete.

Hail Mary. By Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S.J.

Meditations for a month on the Angelical Salutation.

The Landing of St. Augustine. By Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.

Indifferentism. By the Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J.

The Jesuits. By the Comtesse R. de Courson. *3d.*

We need not say that, like all the publications of the Catholic Truth Society, all of these are well worth reading and distributing. We beg to remind our readers that the Catholic Book Exchange, 160 West 60th street, New York, is the agency for these publications.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS AND PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, July 1 to 31, 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Alaska (P. A.)	Kosoreffski, Alaska	Holy Cross Mission	July 20
Albany	Lansingburg, N. Y.	St. Augustine s Church	July 1
Arizona (V. A.)	Silver City, N. Mex.	St. Vincent de Paul's "	July 2
Boston	Lowell, Mass.	St. Michael's "	July 4
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Transfiguration "	July 22
"	"	Good Shepherd Convent	July 10
"	Depew, N. Y.	St. James' Church	July 10
"	Perry, N. Y.	St. Josephs' "	July 20
Burlington	Bristol, Vt.	St. Ambrose's "	July 10
Chicago	Waukegan, Ill.	Immaculate Conception "	July 28
Columbus	Delaware, O.	St. Mary's "	July 20
Fort Wayne	Crown Point, Ind.	St. Mary's. "	July 10
La Crosse	Superior, Wis.	St. Francis Xavier's "	July 10
Manchester	Lancaster, N. H.	All Saints' "	July 18
New York	Whiteport, N. Y.	St. Patrick's "	July 20
Oregon City	Gervais, Ore.	St. Louis' "	July 10
Scranton	Scranton, Pa.	St. Patrick's "	July 10
St. Louis	Bonne Terre, Mo.	St. Joseph's "	July 20
"	New Madrid, Mo.	Immaculate Conception "	July 20
Springfield	W. Fitchburg, Mass.	Sacred Heart "	July 2
Trenton	Trenton, N. J.	St. Joseph's "	July 2
Winona	Austin, Minn.	St. Augustine's "	July 20

Aggregations, 22; churches, 20; mission, 1; convent. 1.

Promoters' Diplomas and Crosses have been sent to the following Local Centres, July 1 to 31, 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Number.
Baltimore	Mechanicsville (Leonardtown), Md.	Immaculate Conception Church	2
"	Morganza (Leonardtown). Md.	St. Joseph's "	4
"	Washington D. C.	St. Aloysius' "	7
Belleville	Carlyle, Ill.	Immaculate Conception "	1
Boston	Boston, Mass	Catholic Deaf Mute Mission	1
"	" "	St Joseph's Church	2
"	" (South), Mass	St. Margaret's "	1
"	North Chelmsford, Mass.	St. John's "	1
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Presentation B. V. M. "	5
"	" "	St Michael's "	2
Brownsville	Blanconia (Refugio), Tex.	Our Lady of the Holy Rosary "	2
"	San Patricio, Tex.	St. Patrick's "	1
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Home of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd	3
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Holy Family Church	11
"	" "	St. Vincent de Paul's "	4
"	Waukegan, Ill.	Immaculate Conception "	15
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	St. Peter's Cathedral	2
Davenport	Parnell. Iowa	St. Joseph's Church	8
Dubuque	Cedar Rapids, Ia.	St. Joseph's Academy	36
Grand Rapids	Saginaw, W. S. Mich.	St. Andrew's Church	7
Harrisburg	Bellefonte, Pa.	St John the Evangelist's "	2
Hartford	Bridgeport, Conn.	Sacred Heart of Jesus "	1
Kansas City, Kans.	Hartford (Lyon Co.), Kans.	St. Mary's "	4
" "	Leavenworth, Kans.	Immaculate Conception "	2
" "	Ottawa, "	Holy Angel Guardian "	1
Kansas City, Mo.	Independence, Mo.	St. Mary's "	1
Marquette	Escanaba, Mich.	St. Joseph's "	1
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wis.	"The Gesu" "	1
Mobile	Montgomery, Ala.	St. Peter's "	12
Monterey and Los Angeles	Santa Cruz, Cal.	Holy Cross "	3
Nesqually	Vancouver, Wash.	St. James' Cathedral	14
Newark	Newark, N. J.	St. Joseph's Church	26
	Credited to St. *John's* Church, last month.		
Peoria	Ottawa, Ill.	Convent of Mercy	2
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Francis Xavier's Church	17
"	" (omitted last mo.)	SS. Peter and Paul's "	100
"	" Pa.	St. Stephen's "	3
Pittsburgh	Allegheny, Pa.	St. Peter's Church	1
"	North Oakland, Pa.	St. Joseph's "	1
Providence	Fall River, Mass	St. Mary's "	3
"	Providence, R. I.	St. Joseph's "	9
"	Woonsocket, R. I.	Sacred Heart "	6
Richmond	Richmond, Va.	St. Peter's Cathedral	1
Rochester	Corning, N. Y.	St. Mary's Church Church	5
St. Joseph	Brunswick, Mo.	St. Boniface's "	1
St. Louis	Hannibal, Mo.	Immaculate Conception "	3
"	St. Charles, Mo.	St. Charles' "	1
San Francisco	Oakland, Cal.	St. Patrick's "	2
Scranton	Scranton, Pa.	St, Paul's "	1
Springfield	Adams, Mass.	St. Thomas' "	1
"	Holyoke, Mass.	St. Jerome's "	1
"	North Adams, Mass.	St. Francis' "	12
Syracuse	Syracuse, N. Y.	Assumption "	3
Trenton	Camden (East), N. J.	St. Joseph's Church "	1

Total number of Receptions, 53. Number of Diplomas, 357.

CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, SEPTEMBER, 1897.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for **Priests and Communities in Retreat,** for the intentions of the Apostleship throughout the world, and for these particular intentions recommended by the American Associates.

1	*W.*	St. Giles. Ab. (720.)—Twelve Brothers, MM. (III. Cent.)	Lowliness of heart.	363,578 thanksgivings.
2	*Th.*	St. Stephen, K (Hungary, 1038.)—H H	Pray for rulers.	88,482 in affliction.
3	*F.*	**First Friday.**—BB. Ixida, S.J., and Comp. MM. (1631.)—1st D., A.C.	Sanctify daily work.	89,564 sick, infirm.
4	*S.*	St Rose of Viterbo, V. (O.S.F , 1252.)	Watch over self.	109,795 dead Associates.
5	**S.**	**13th after Pentecost.**—St. Lawrence Justinian, Bp (Venice, 1455.)	Confidence in God.	48,428 League Centres.
6	*M.*	St. Onesiphorus, M., Disciple of the Apostles.	Teachableness.	27,623 Directors.
7	*T.*	BB. Thomas Tzugi, S.J., and Comp. MM. (1678.)	Kindliness.	51,461 Promoters.
8	*W.*	The Nativity B.V.M —St. Adrian, M. (306). —A.I., A.C., S., B.M.	Renewal of spirit.	263,380 departed.
9	*Th.*	St. Peter Claver, S.J. (Ap. of Negroes, 1654)· —H.H.	Pray for colored race.	234,744 perseverance.
10	*F.*	St. Nicholas of Tolentino (O.S.A., 1310).	Avoid deliberate sin.	475,385 young persons.
11	*S.*	BB. Charles Spinola, S.J., and Comp MM. (1622).	Dare to do right.	125,827 First Communions.
12	**S.**	**14th after Pentecost.**—Holy Name of Mary.	Honor Mary's name.	165,963 parents.
13	*M.*	St. Eulogius, Bp (608).	Pray for the clergy	198,024 families.
14	*T.*	Exaltation of the Holy Cross (629).	Way of the Cross.	71,228 reconciliations.
15	*W.*	Ember Day.—St. Catharine of Genoa, W. (O.S.F., 1510.)	Help the Holy Souls.	156,104 work, means.
16	*Th.*	SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, Bpp. MM. (252-250).—H.H.	Zeal for the faith.	159,044 clergy.
17	*F.*	Ember Day.—Stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi.	Honor Christ's wounds	244,882 religious.
18	*S.*	Ember Day.—St. Joseph of Cupertino (Minorite, 1664).	Virtue of obedience.	95,932 seminarists, novices.
19	**S.**	**15th after Pentecost.**—Seven Dolors B.V.M. C.R., B.M.	Compassion.	90,317 vocations.
20	*M.*	SS. Eustace and Comp. MM. (118).	Generosity.	104,748 parishes.
21	*T.*	St. Matthew, Ap. (90).—A.I., B.M.	Contempt for riches.	115,819 schools.
22	*W.*	St. Thomas of Villanova, Bp. (O.S.A , 1555.)	Zeal for souls.	62,933 superiors.
23	*Th.*	St. Linus, P.M. (71).—St. Thecla, V.M. (90). H.H.	Devotion to Holy See.	53,974 missions, retreats.
24	*F.*	Our Lady of Ransom (Mercy)—(1605).	Help the unfortunate.	48,517 societies, works.
25	*S.*	St. Cleophas, Disciple of our Lord.	Readiness to believe.	408,607 conversions, sinners.
26	**S.**	**16th after Pentecost.**—SS. Cyprian and Justina, MM. (304).	Christian fortitude.	165,779 intemperate.
27	*M.*	SS. Cosmas and Damian, MM. (286).	Pray for physicians.	234,963 spiritual favors.
28	*T.*	St. Wenceslas, M. (K., Bohemia, 938).	Devotion to Holy Mass	159,518 temporal favors.
29	*W.*	St. Michael, Archangel.—Pr.	Confidence in angels.	413,167 special, various.
30	*Th.*	St. Jerome, D. (420).	Study the Bible.	MESSENGER readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship.* (D.=*Degrees*, Pr.=*Promoters*, C. R.=*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.=*Holy Hour*); A. C.=*Archconfraternity*; S.=*Sodality*; B. M.=*Bona Mors*; A. I.=*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.=*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.=*St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society*; B. I.=*Bridgettine Indulgence.*

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	309,849	11.	Masses heard	265,403
2.	Beads	562,798	12.	Mortifications	205,349
3.	Way of the Cross	90,300	13.	Works of Mercy	1,366,238
4.	Holy Communions	145,557	14.	Works of Zeal	558,951
5.	Spiritual Communions	399,340	15.	Prayers	4,979,268
6.	Examens of Conscience	253,211	16.	Kindly Conversation	106,223
7.	Hours of Labor	855,028	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	163,229
8.	Hours of Silence	277,287	18.	Self-conquest	153,294
9.	Pious Reading	155,973	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	440,693
10.	Masses read	10,241	20.	Various Good Works	248,248

Special Thanksgivings, 3,301; Total, 10,548,048.

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

THE WALKING ON THE WATERS. (Schwartz.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXII. OCTOBER, 1897. NO. 10

THE PARABLE OF THE LAKE.

By Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J.

THE lake of Genesareth, the Sea of Galilee! what a crowd of blessed memories these names bring back to our minds!

The more important part of our Lord's teaching was uttered on the shores of this lake. The Sermon on the Mount, the Sermon in the Plain, the promise of the Blessed Eucharist were all given here. Here the 5,000 and the 4,000 were miraculously fed. Here our Saviour chose His twelve Apostles. Here He wrought many of His most astounding miracles. Here Peter declared Him to be the Son of God and received in return his own sublime commission.

Yet not the shores only, the very waters, of Genesareth have a history all their own, as the scene of a great acted allegory wherein the fortunes of God's Church are not obscurely foreshadowed.

Simon Peter's fishing-boat moves before us over that fickle mountain lake, through light and shadow, through calm and tempest, and we recognize in the lake itself a striking image of this dangerous and deceitful world, and in Peter's bark the one, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church.

In this parable of the lake there are four scenes:—

1. The first miraculous draught of fishes;
2. The stilling of the tempest;
3. The walking on the waters;
4. The second miraculous draught.

Let us dwell awhile on each of them, pondering with reverence their possible significance.

FIRST SCENE.

"And going into one of the ships that was Simon's, He desired him to draw back a little from the land. And sitting He taught the multitudes out of the ship. Now when he had ceased to speak He said to Simon: launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught." (Luke v).

"To draw back *a little.*" For while our blessed Saviour was on earth His gospel was preached only in Judea. He was sowing the seed; His Apostles were to reap the harvest, that both He that sowed and he that reaped might rejoice together. But the time was at hand, after "He had ceased to speak" and had gone back to heaven, when the Holy Ghost should come down on these fisher-

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THE WALKING ON THE WATERS.
(Plockhorst.)

men of Galilee, filling them with heavenly wisdom and strength from on high. Then the word would go forth: "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught."

It was not our Lord's design to convert the whole world, nor even one small country of the world by His own preaching. This He would leave for His Apostles; acting therein as He always acts: making the salvation of men depend upon their fellow-men. "Fear not," He says to St. Peter; "from henceforth thou shalt catch men." All and each of us, in our own generation and in our own measure, He wishes to become "fishers of men."

We recall the marvellous effects of St. Peter's first sermon, and we can understand how those converted, coming, as they did, from every quarter of the great Roman Empire, would carry back with them the seeds of faith and prepare the way for the apostles. The apostles followed, and the first miraculous draught was the conversion of the Roman world.

SECOND SCENE.

"And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that the ship was filled. And He was in the hinder part of the ship, sleeping upon a pillow. And they awake him and say to Him: Master, doth it not concern Thee that we perish? And rising up He rebuked the wind, and said to the sea: Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was made a great calm." (Mark iv.)

These various scenes of our parable are of course, one and all, finding their fulfilment every hour and in every age of the Church, yet each of them seems to have a specially suitable application to some particular period. We may apply this to the Middle Ages, when the Christian world was torn with factions, jealousies and family feuds. "The waves beat into the ship so that the ship was filled;" and to many our divine Lord might have seemed to be asleep. Yet then it was He called forth St. Dominic and St. Francis of Assisi. The Truce of God was His own invention, and the Third Order, winning rich and poor, prince and peasant, to the practice of poverty and humility, softening, elevating, sanctifying all hearts, leavening the whole of society with the principles of His gospel. The heroic Order for the Redemption of Captives, the noble enthusiasm of the Crusades, Christian Knighthood and the Military Orders, the suppression of serfdom, the pilgrimages to the four great shrines, the love of Jerusalem, the love of Rome, the love of Mary—all had their origin in the burning heart of Christ. "Peace, be still," He

said; "and there was made a great calm." "I sleep, but my heart watcheth."

THIRD SCENE.

"But the boat in the midst of the sea was tossed with the waves; for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch of the night He came to them walking upon the sea. And they, seeing Him walking upon the sea, were troubled, saying: It is an apparition. And they cried out for fear. And immediately Jesus spoke to them, saying: Be of good heart. It is I. Fear ye not." (Matthew xiv).

THE FIRST MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.
By Raphael, in the Vatican.

"The *fourth* watch of the night"—later on, therefore, in the Church's tempestuous voyage. Was it the time of the great Protestant rebellion? That was a sad, dark age, indeed. Revolt without, corruption within. Not that the Church can ever grow corrupt. She is "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." But her children can; and in those days there were many and grievous abuses. Yet our Lord, at the right hand of His Father, and in the Blessed Sacrament, was pleading with that prayer which, beginning at Nazareth, will end only when time shall be no more. And lo! in the fourth watch of that dark night He comes to His storm-tossed Church, walking upon the waters. He seems, says St. Mark, as though He would pass them by; but no, He bids them be of good heart, takes St. Peter by the hand, and enters the ship with him. Then the wind ceases, and the ship is at once in port. He calls His Church together in the great Council of Trent to reform abuses and to set controversy at rest, by defining her doctrine on disputed points and so cutting the ground from under the feet of her assailants. He sends her at the same time an army of glorious saints; for never, perhaps, was there an age so productive of sublime

THE SECOND MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT.
By Julius Schnorr.

holiness as this period of the so-called Reformation.

Meanwhile St. Francis Xavier, St. Peter Claver, St. Louis Bertrand, de Nobili, Anchieta, and scores of other heroic missionaries make their way to India, China, Japan and the newly-discovered countries beyond the Atlantic, and gather in a vast harvest of souls from lands where the Gospel had never been preached before. "Be of good heart. It is I. Fear ye not."

FOURTH SCENE.

"Simon Peter saith to them: I go a-fishing. They say to him: We also come with thee. And they went forth and entered into the ship; and that night they caught nothing. But when morning was come Jesus stood on the shore; yet the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus therefore said to them: Children, have you any meat? They answered Him: No. He saith to them: Cast the net on the right side of the ship and you shall find. They cast, therefore; and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." (John vi.)

There are two things here specially worthy of notice. First, St. Peter's prominence throughout. It is *his* boat again, as ever. *He* says: "I go a-fishing." The others answer: "We come with thee." It is Peter *alone* who draws up the net. These details are deeply significant, especially to us in this nineteenth century, when the insults inflicted on the Holy See give it a stronger claim than ever on our loyalty.

Again, in the three earlier scenes of our parable Christ is either in the ship or enters it; in this last He is standing on the shore. For now, as St. Gregory

eminds us, our Lord is risen and is no onger of this world. He stands on the irm shore of eternity, while His apostles re still tossing on the shifting waters of his transitory life. This last scene on

with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Now, surely, we should love the Lake of Galilee, both for the sake of its blessed lessons and for the sake of Him who

THE STILLING OF THE TEMPEST.
By Raymond Balze.

the lake, however, is meant to assure us that, though He has entered into His glory and His well-earned rest, He never forgets His Church. "Behold, I am

taught them. And Holy Church, the bark of Peter, we should love her too for every reason; for her glorious history, and her saints; for all she has done for

the world and for us; above all, for the sake of Him who made her and washed her in the laver of His precious blood. And while we bless God that by His great mercy we are safe in the bark of Peter, we should try in our measure to become fishers of men.

May we not hope with some reason that this second miraculous draught is to be granted to Holy Church in these latter days?

Pope Leo's efforts for reunion in East and West; his letter to the English, urging all, no matter what their differences, no matter what vagaries private judgment may have led them into, to unite in prayer for a united Christendom; among ourselves, the Apostleship of Prayer, counting its adherents by millions—one and all seem to point in the direction of a great revival.

Never was there an age when such a cloud of intercession rose up to the throne of God. Apostolic prayer is no longer left to monks and nuns; all are eager to have part in it. And this prayer *must* be heard. Our divine Saviour has said: "Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." He has promised that whatever we ask the Father in His name shall be given to us. How then can this prayer of united millions for all the dearest interests of His own Sacred Heart go unheard?

"Mercy," says the poet, "is twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." But prayer for others is one of the highest forms of mercy. It goes forth in the blessings upon them, only to return in tenfold blessings on ourselves. We can do nothing better for our own souls, nothing more effective to secure their eternal salvation, than to pray for the triumph of God's Church, the spread of the true faith, the recementing of our sadly fractured Christendom.

These are the dearest and deepest desires of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; and, if we help ever so little to their fulfilment, may we not, when the wild waves of death arise and beat over our own frail vessel, reckon confidently on having Him at our side Who walked on the waters and stilled with His word the winds and the waves? And will He not say: "It is I; be not afraid"?

A DEAD BEGGAR'S BEADS.

By Joseph O'Halloran.

Lay the dear rosary upon her breast—
Time-stricken chaplet, lustreless and frayed:
As tho' each link with gems was overlaid.
Tenderly handle poverty's bequest,
Worthy of reverence as knightly crest
Rich with the stains of tourney and crusade,
Or as some grimy, battle-hallowed blade—
Emblem of faith and valor, let it rest!

Poor was she, like her Saviour and her King,
Ignorant as the men of Galilee,
Rude as the sainted conquerors of Rome:
Yet not a bead upon that simple string
But pleads with silent eloquence how she
Steadfastly sought her Mother's starlit home.

NEW YORK DIOCESE, 1826-1834.

By Francis T. Furey, A.M.

(*Continued.*)

PART II.

ALL the time of Bp. Dubois, and of his priests, was taken up by the administering of the sacraments, and even for that they did not suffice. Yet conversions were continually taking place—the divine Goodness seemed to bring them about not only with weak instruments, but sometimes apparently without any instruments at all. The hand of God was always so clearly manifested that it was impossible not to recognize it there. During the very week preceding his departure for Europe he had the consolation of receiving two Protestants into the bosom of the Church. The pomp of the Catholic ceremonial was not without its good influence; it spoke to the hearts of Protestants who were often most prejudiced. It was even remarked that the erection of the cathedral, now the old St. Patrick's, which was then regarded as a fine Gothic building, contributed a great deal towards attracting public esteem to the Catholics of New York. As long as non-Catholics saw only small churches like the Methodist meeting-houses, the great bulk of them, who had never been out of the country, and who were consequently ignorant of the condition of Catholicism in Europe, regarded the Catholics as a poor and despised sect, and, notwithstanding their republican ideas, many disdained frequenting what they considered to be resorts of the rabble. The solemnity of Catholic worship would make a still deeper impression, if it was what it ought to be; but the cathedral was absolutely devoid of a complete outfit of ornaments. The bishop's supply consisted of but one decent mitre and a wooden crozier. But how was he to buy ornaments while the cathedral was still loaded with a debt of twenty-four thousand dollars? Besides, he ought to lengthen it by forty feet, in order to have symmetry with the width, and to build two sacristies, with a room over them that would serve as a gallery for the little children, who had no space to themselves; for the rising generation was particularly the object of his fondest hope. Thanks to the good Sisters of Charity whom he had sent from Emmittsburg to New York some years before (in 1819), over seventy small boys and nearly three hundred girls were supported in an asylum and taught by them. The disinterested zeal of those Sisters, their more than motherly kindness to the children entrusted to them, the cleanliness, nay, even the elegant simplicity, which they maintained both in their schools and in the asylum, contributed considerably to diminishing the prejudices entertained by Protestants.

But matters were not altogether as he would wish in this affair of the training of destitute youth. As the girls were reared and instructed entirely in the asylum, he had good reason to believe that they would preserve the feelings of religion with which every effort was made to inspire them. But he had not the same hope in regard to the boys; for them he saw only an afflicting future. They had no other alternative than to go to the public schools, from which not only the teaching of religion, but its very name, was excluded, or to attend the only school that the cathedral trustees had built, but where the master, chosen by a plurality of votes cast by men who sometimes were Christians

only in name, was often devoid of religion himself and always indifferent in regard to it. He was, therefore, most desirous to have Brothers of the Christian Doctrine. Some young Irishmen, who had an institute almost like that of these religious, had presented themselves to him, but he had not been able to take advantage of their good will. They offered to instruct the children gratuitously by combining the pay school with the free school, so that the profits of the former would serve to support the latter. All that they asked was a house for their novitiate and their chief school. Besides, they wanted to be subject only to the bishop, so as not to be at the mercy of the caprices of trustees, who might drive them away when they became old and exhausted by the fatigues of teaching, and give their places to some irreligious protégés. But this favor had to be refused to them; *liberal* Americans had, indeed, offered to give a few dollars towards the purchase of a house, but on condition that they would have control over this property and over the community also, which would have thrown Catholic education entirely into the hands of those who, having no religion themselves, would perpetuate the abuses that already existed in the cathedral school. Accordingly, the bishop found it necessary to reject a gift that was accompanied with a condition so disadvantageous.

What might he not say also about his savage tribes, whom heresy had long since corrupted, or rather amused with a phantom of religion, but who might be brought back to the faith by means of the pious St. Regis tribe? This plan would be so much the easier to carry out, as the Protestants had taught the Indians only songs that attracted the reprobates of the neighborhood. Nor was he going to speak of all those communities scattered over the immense territory of his vast diocese, and who were loudly calling for the succors of religion; nor of a large number of counties that he had not yet been able to visit, and from which he had heard word by mail that he would find thousands of Catholics there; nor of the need that he had of a hospital in New York City, where multitudes of immigrants, who were arriving every day, and who were dying for want of attention, could recover health of body and of soul. These unfortunate patients were huddled together in the only hospital that was open to them, which was situated three miles from the city and was conducted by Protestants. In order to procure spiritual aid for over seven hundred Catholic invalids who were in that institution, and who had previously been abandoned from necessity, he had to share his morsel of bread with two priests to whom he had entrusted the duty of caring for them. He also mentions a multitude of widows and orphans who had been left in the city by poor immigrants, who had perished almost on their arrival.

These were great misfortunes, but he leaves them, to refer once more to his cherished project of a seminary. He thought it important above all to found a nursery of apostles; and the purchase of a seminary was not an easy thing in the city of New York, where property was sold at from $10,000 to $12,000 an acre! His plan was to combine a college with the seminary—a combination which he had formed with such happy results in the diocese of Baltimore (at Emmittsburg)—so that the profits of the former would meet the expenses of the latter; he thought he needed only to make the initial effort for the establishment to become a reality; as soon as it was founded it would be able to support itself. Besides the advantages of ecclesiastical education, the college would offer immense resources for a Catholic training, in a country in which one had no other means of rearing children than to launch them into the midst of the dangers of England, or to send them to colleges where lack of discipline was the least disadvantage to be met with. While

passing close by Princeton, then as now one of the most famous colleges in the United States, he was grieved at seeing children of from ten to fourteen years, standing on the doorsteps of the inns in which they lodged, smoking their cigars, and at learning that as little bounds were set to their drinking as to their use of tobacco, so dangerous at that age. As regards Cambridge (Harvard) College, which was and is still more famous, it was enough that, besides the unbridled liberty that the students enjoyed there, as well as at Princeton, the expenses were so large that young men who had only $1,500 a year to spend would make complaint.

Thus with his fondly cherished subject of education does Bishop Dubois close the news of his first letter, which he concludes with apostolic thanks to the beneficent association that had helped him and with an equally apostolic determination to perform to the best of his ability the duties of his exalted office. He returned to New York soon after writing this letter, and from his episcopal city he wrote the other two, in which he shows that his seminary was never absent from his mind. At the date of the second it had not yet become a reality, but he had secured a site for it. And circumstances had made his other cares even more burdensome than before; for the number of poor immigrants had increased, and so had that of the orphans, on account of the cholera epidemic. It is no wonder, then, that he again dwells on the poverty of his people and on the insufficiency of the number of churches (which had remained the same) and of priests to attend to them, to whom only two had been added in the city, where there were in 1833 at least forty thousand Catholics, out of a total population of two hundred and forty thousand. The figures for the diocese were two hundred thousand against two millions. No wonder the bishop pleads his being so overwhelmed with work and care as not to be able to write the detailed account of his charge that he would like, and that the importance of the subject merited. He had still to do the double duty of bishop and missionary; for he had no revenue attached to his office as bishop, and it was only by performing the pastoral functions that he could meet his obligations. His resources, then, scarcely sufficient for an ordinary city priest, did not permit him to have either secretary or chaplain. It was necessary for him to do everything himself, and his pastoral visits, which took up whatever little time was left at his disposal, were all made at his own expense; yet on each of these trips through only a part of his diocese he travelled some three thousand miles.

The problem, then, of providing support for the additional priests he needed was far from being an easy one. Yet he had succeeded in adding two members to his city clergy, and for these, under the title of chaplains, he had reserved the burials; but their time was taken up with visiting hospitals and hearing the confessions of the children. Thus an idea may be formed of the fatigues that had to be endured; yet, even at the risk of their lives, all the clergy could not give the instructions and assistance that were necessary. But what time for instructing and consoling could a priest have who, night and day, was called to the bedside of the sick, and forced to confine himself to a single visit to each person, so as not to neglect others? Another embarrassment confronted the few priests scattered through the rest of the diocese, and that was the difficulty of building churches that would accommodate their congregations. In most of the other States frame structures could be erected in the country at very little cost; but in New York, where cities and large towns were numerous, the churches were all situated in these places, and consequently had to be of stone or brick. There was one advantage accruing from this regulation, and it was that the honor of the Catholic religion had not to suffer too much from comparison with the Protest-

ant meeting-houses alongside of them. In New York State alone there were seven hundred and eighty-two cities and towns, and four hundred and twenty-four villages, populous enough to be called towns in Europe, at least as regarded the greater number of them.

But how, the bishop thought it might be asked, did it happen that in a State so flourishing, and with so large a population, were the means wanting to him to build churches and supply the needs of the missionaries? In answer to this question he discusses at greater length a subject to which he had referred in his first letter. It was because all the wealth was in the hands of Protestants. While it was true that the government then placed no hindrances in the way of Catholics practising their religion, yet neither did it allow them any assistance, and nearly all the Catholics were poor immigrants. The State of New York differed from some of the other commonwealths of the Union, in which, up to a certain point, religious liberty prevailed prior to the Revolution, or which, having been settled since that time, put Catholics in a position to acquire property when it could be procured for nothing, or at a very low price. But New York, like New England and Virginia, having been among the first to be colonized, and having, like them, rigorously excluded Catholics during the colonial era, Catholics could not become land-owners, or even settlers, without exposing themselves to persecution. In this state of affairs the Protestants had the advantage of taking possession of all the lands that were open to the first settlers, or that could be acquired for a mere trifle. When the Revolution came to assure liberty of conscience everywhere, Catholics flocked from all parts of Europe; but there was no more unclaimed land that was good for anything, and property had risen to an almost incredible price that made it practically impossible for them to acquire it. Those even of the Protestants who had only a few acres near the cities, not enough to support their families, taking advantage of the extraordinarily increased value, got rid of their little farms and divided the proceeds among their children, whom, in that way, they put at the head of the industrial movement that was then entering upon its development.

Now, consequently, new immigrants found employment only as wage-laborers, domestic servants, journeymen, salesmen, store-clerks, etc.; and with regard to this class the same was the case in New York as in England—it was completely enslaved to the business class, not because the law so required, but because, the rich alone being able to advance the money needed for factories, steam-engines and the various workshops, the poor were obliged to labor by the day, the week or the month for these masters, at whatever price the la ter saw fit to give and on the conditions which they imposed. These conditions, especially in regard to domestic servants, were sometimes carried to tyranny; frequently the hirelings were forced to work on Sunday, were refused liberty to hear even a Low Mass, were obliged to attend the prayers of the sect to which their employers belonged, and were left no other alternative than to sacrifice their consciences or to lose their place, at the risk of not being able to find others. There was also to be considered the ignorance of a large number of those immigrants, a consequence of their extreme poverty in their own country and of the penal laws against their religion, under which their fathers had lived. What answer could they make to the insults and calumnies against the Church that they had to listen to every day? Such was the persecution they had to endure from masters who did everything they could to detach them from their religion. There were also the dangers to which were exposed a multitude of orphans who had lost their fathers almost immediately after their arrival.

Furthermore, there was the lack of

spiritual assistance, a necessary consequence of the dearth of missionaries. Nor was this the least of the difficulties that the bishop and his few priests had to contend with. An epidemic had come to diminish still further their resources by exhausting those of charity. The vast majority of the Catholics being made up of immigrants, nearly all of whom were laborers employed in factories or at service, they had not the resources of the native Americans, who had their relatives around them to aid them in case of need, to give them hospitality in their old age, or to take charge of their children. But the immigrants were nearly all isolated beings, without kinsfolk near them, or, if they had any, these were laborers or domestics like themselves. Should an immigrant, then, who was the head of a family, chance to die, his widow and orphans had no other resource than public charity; and if places were found for the children, it was nearly always with Protestants, who did everything in their power to undermine their faith.

In spite of so many drawbacks, those poor people had until then made incredible efforts to save their children from heresy. At that time, it is true, there were in the city two asylums for orphans, and they had no other resources than the modest contributions of charity. In the city also four churches had been built, but they could not accommodate half the Catholic population; and in addition there was a small chapel for the Germans, which was, as it were, the nucleus of a large congregation. The country districts were still more unprovided for, there being only eighteen churches where there ought to be over a hundred. While waiting for them to be built, the divine service was held in private houses.

But a need that made itself still more keenly felt was that of missionaries to attend to that immense population, so scattered over a territory so extensive. In order to overcome so many difficulties a seminary was indispensable; but it was not possible for the bishop to procure a suitable tract of land in the city, where an acre would cost him twenty thousand dollars, and there would be no certain means of supporting it in case boarders were lacking. He had decided, therefore, to buy a small farm on the west bank of the Hudson River, near Nyack, in which, in any case, he would be able to train a few priests. Access to it was easy and did not cost much; but that farm had more than exhausted the assistance that His Holiness had granted to him for the purpose. In order to erect the necessary buildings he then had only whatever resources Divine Providence would send to him. It was not merely a seminary, but a college also, that he deemed it necessary to provide, so that the revenue from the one, if there should be any, might supply means for supporting the other, which had no other income. Without a seminary he could not have zealous and educated missionaries; neither Ireland nor England could spare their learned and pious ecclesiastics, as the bishops had every reason for not consenting to dispense with their services. In regard to those of other countries that might send genuine apostles to him, their zeal would be fruitless if they did not speak English, especially in a country in which people took quite a deep interest in preaching, and where the competition of a multitude of sects made this talent the more necessary. In the very congregation in which the French, the German and other foreign nationalities were predominant, there was always a certain number of persons who spoke only English.

In his last letter, after most gratefully acknowledging a further remittance of fourteen thousand francs from the Association, he reverts to the subject of the seminary and the training of an American priesthood. Without that institution, which he had now (March, 1834) partly built, he could not satisfy the de-

mands that were made on him every day for missionaries. Over thirty missions were abandoned for want of priests to attend to them. In vain, even, did pious French priests offer him their generous services; unless they knew English fairly well they could not do any good in his diocese, and he would be obliged to support them for a long time before they could speak the language, even imperfectly, while he had no means to do so. He was soliciting his poor people to aid him, but their means were very scanty. What could they give him when they were out of work and needed bread themselves? Poor Catholic souls were being lost every day from lack of spiritual assistance; and while he was daily receiving, in New York City, fresh converts into the bosom of the Church, whole families were being lost in the remote rural districts, for want of churches and priests. Even in the city, where he had just built two new and very large churches, in spite of the scantiness of means—one to replace St. Mary's, which had been destroyed by fire, the other under the patronage of St. Joseph, which he had dedicated the Sunday before March 16, 1834, the date of this letter—there yet was need of still further spiritual aid in relation to the number of Catholics. There were even now only five churches, besides the chapel for the Germans, one-fourth of whom could not be accommodated in it; if he had ten churches, indeed, he would not have a single one too many, or even enough for fifty thousand souls, the number at which the Catholic population was then estimated. And what were ten priests to administer the sacraments to them? Occupied night and day in attending to the various duties of the pastoral office, he was obliged to deprive them of his services in the city during a period of six weeks every year, in order that he might visit a portion of his scattered sheep in the country. He was also solicitous for the poor savages who were on the frontiers of his diocese, but within its limits. A portion of them received spiritual ministrations from Canada, through the priests serving the northern section of the village of St. Regis; the others had been entirely perverted by the sects surrounding them. Only by training missionaries instructed in their language would he be able to succeed in bringing these Indians back to the faith.

He would not speak of his internal troubles. He had to struggle at one and the same time against the intrigues and the declamations of fanatical heretics, who became irritated at seeing Catholicism extending every day, at the expense of their sects, and who, in every way in their power, calumniated and persecuted the poor Catholic domestics and laborers who were obliged to work for them, and against the prejudice that ignorance and the spirit of the age had stirred up against that multitude of immigrants, whom poverty was bringing to his diocese in thousands. At one and the same time he was afraid of exacting either too much or too little. And the burden of his cares was increasing. He was then providing for the education and support of twelve young men studying for the priesthood, some in Canada and some in his own nascent seminary, on account of which he had to deprive himself of some necessaries of life. Here, too, a great disappointment and a poignant grief were in store for him, no mention of which is made in these letters. Next year (1835) his infant institution at Nyack, on which he had based so many fond hopes, was destroyed by fire. No attempt was made to rebuild there, and he witnessed the resuscitation of his pet project only five years later, in the opening of St. John's College, at Fordham, where the seminary was conducted until it was transferred to Troy.

Such, sixty-three years ago, was the condition of the most populous, and at the same time the poorest, diocese in the United States. Its territory is now divided between eight sees, whose aggre-

gate Catholic population, if the full truth were known, is probably not far from 2,500,000. The names of only three of the new sees erected since then—Newark, Albany and Buffalo—are mentioned by the bishop, and the Church was extremely weak in each place; that of a fourth, Brooklyn, which now has a Catholic population of over half a million, is merely hinted at. The other three, Rochester, Syracuse and Ogdensburg, are not heard of; yet their aggregate population is now far in excess of the number ruled by Bishop Dubois, as is also that of the New Jersey portion of his jurisdiction, the Newark diocese, where there was then only one parish. New York itself, containing now only a mere fraction of the territory, is reputed to be the greatest and most prosperous metropolitan see in the world. It alone has a Catholic population of nearly a million, considerably over six hundred priests and two hundred and thirty-five churches, besides one hundred and twenty-eight stations and chapels; and sixty-three thousand children are cared for and educated in its institutions and schools. And omitting Trenton, the only diocese of the present province that was not included in the original diocese of New York, as it was ruled by the Bishop of Philadelphia until 1853, there are now one thousand nine hundred priests, where less than seventy years ago there were only eighteen. The eloquent exposition of progress made by these figures, and others that might be quoted, needs no elaborate comment.

AT AN ALTAR OF THE SACRED HEART.

By Charles Hanson Towne.

Thro' all the hours, at morning or at night,
Thy loving hand points ever toward Thy breast,
And shows to every soul that here seeks rest
That Heart which suffered so. And Oh, the light
That streams from out its depths upon my sight!
Here I, aweary, after long, long quest,
Kneel while the world goes by, and, unoppressed,
Gaze at Thy face so calm, and pure, and white.

Thro' all the hours Thou waitest here for me!
O patient One, Love's debt I cannot pay,
And if I bowed my head in agony,
And spent myself in prayer from day to day,
I could not tell Thee, even, Lord, in part,
What wealth of love flows from Thy Sacred Heart!

A CHAMPION OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

St. Peter Fourier, Parish Priest of Mattaincourt, Founder of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

ON the Feast of the Ascension, May 27, 1897, amid scenes of splendor unrivalled since the days when Rome knew no master but the Pope, the blessed servants of God, Antony Zaccaria and Peter Fourier, were solemnly added to the number of canonized saints. A brief sketch of the life and labors of the last-named of the new saints will have a twofold interest for our readers. Fourier's holiness was of an eminently practical character. He was, to a greater extent than is commonly the case, a modern saint, a saint for our own times, calling upon us not less to admire than to imitate his virtues. Moreover, he was so keenly alive to the importance of a thorough Christian education of children, and so successful in promoting it, that we may well consider him as one of the chief patrons of the General Intention for this month, viz., Religious Education in Catholic Colleges.

Peter Fourier was born on November 30, 1565, at Mirecourt, one of the richest and fairest cities of the then independent duchy of Lorraine. He was the eldest son of parents highly esteemed by their fellow-citizens and noted for their piety, who were subsequently honored with a title of nobility by Duke Charles III. Desirous of consecrating their first-born to God, these worthy progenitors of a saint were overjoyed to observe in him, from his very childhood, unmistakable signs of future holiness. His fervor in prayer was that of an angel, his obedience most prompt and cheerful, his application to study untiring. He avoided with scrupulous care what to others would seem innocent familiarities, and observed on all occasions a modesty almost incredible in one of his age, thus guarding and fostering, as if by instinct, the flower of virtues, virginal purity. He was of a sweet and gentle disposition, somewhat timid and more fond of solitude than company, yet of remarkably ready wit and solid judgment. Having developed, as time went on, a strong inclination for the priesthood, he was, when thirteen years old, sent to the University of Pont-à-Mousson to acquire the knowledge and experience necessary for the carrying out of his vocation.

The University of Pont-à-Mousson, so justly renowned in after times, had been founded, six years previously, by the joint efforts of Duke Charles III. and his uncle, the illustrious Cardinal of Lorraine. Higher education had unfortunately fallen into utter neglect both among the secular and the regular clergy, and the heretics were availing themselves of the situation to propagate their errors, and to spread trouble and

discord through the country. The University was raised up as a barrier against these evils, and nobly did it fulfil its mission. For two hundred years it remained the intellectual centre of Lorraine, and welcomed within its walls all the great men that shed lustre on their country during this last period of its independence. The entire management had been entrusted to the Jesuits, and in October, 1574, the first solemn opening of schools took place. The following year there were already three hundred and twenty-three students on the roll, and six years later the buildings had become too small for the eight hundred youths who sought admittance.

ST. PETER FOURIER.

The story of Fourier's sojourn of seven years at Pont-à-Mousson, may be told in the two words said of him by his teachers and fellow-students: "*Aut studet, aut orat:* he is either studying or praying." He had divided his time into two parts, giving one to prayer, the other to study, and was method and regularity itself in discharging the particular duty set apart for each hour. His success in the various branches of learning was second only to his progress in virtue. Under the enlightened guidance of his professor, the famous Father Jacques Sirmond, who became afterwards confessor to King Louis XIII., he won brilliant laurels in classic literature and oratory, being almost as familiar with the ancient languages as with his own mother-tongue.

While pursuing his philosophical studies, Fourier was prevailed upon to undertake a work which deserves mention, as it shows thus early his taste and aptitude for the training of youth, to which so great a portion of his attention and energies was to be devoted in after life. Acting on the advice of his directors, he complied with the request of several persons of high rank to watch over the studies and conduct of their sons, students at the University. It became his duty to be the companion of their work and recreations, to correct their faults and mistakes, to keep guard over their innocence, and to implant in their hearts the seed of those virtues and refined manners which make the true Christian and the true gentleman. It was a delicate task for one who was himself only seventeen years old, but our saint was admirably fitted for it. The mixture of exquisite gentleness and unyielding energy which formed the groundwork of his character, supplied him at once with the affection which invites love, and with the vigor which

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inspires salutary fear. His own example was the most persuasive of lessons, and left an impression on these young souls, which the lapse of many years was unable to efface.

The time had now come for Peter Fourier to make choice of a state of life. To the amazement of all who knew him, but certainly not without a special disposition of Divine Providence, he knocked at the door of the abbey of Chaumousy and asked to be admitted among its inmates, the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. These religious had, at the time of which we are speaking, almost entirely fallen away from the fervor and strict observance of former days, and were incapable of appreciating the splendid talents, the enthusiasm and holiness of their novice. He persevered, however, in spite of many discomforts and persecutions, and was ordained priest in February, 1589, celebrating his first Mass after a long preparation, on June 24th of the same year. The dream of his boyhood and youth had become a reality. How he loved and revered the sacerdotal dignity with which he had been invested! "Madam," said he one day to a mother who was consulting him about her son's vocation to the priesthood, "do you know what is required of a priest? When you dip a straw into a spring of clear water, a little drop of brightest transparency will cling to its extremity. Equally pure and spotless must be the conscience of the priest when he celebrates the Holy Mysteries."

Fourier now returned to the University of Pont-à-Mousson to study the sacred science of theology. His professor, as well as his director, was Father John Fourier, his cousin, a man of great virtue and prudence, who continued for six years the delighted witness and guide of the progress of his pupil and kinsman in earthly as well as in heavenly wisdom. It was he who, by his courageous advice, influenced the whole future career of our saint. The latter had come to the conclusion that it was no longer God's will that he should live in community with his religious brethren of Chaumousy, and was thinking of accepting a parochial benefice, a privilege he was allowed to use, being, as before, under the obedience of the abbot. Three benefices had been offered to him, Nomeny, St. Martin of Pont-à-Mousson and Mattaincourt, and he hastened to ask his director's counsel as to which he should choose. "If you are looking for wealth and comfort," answered the man of God, "choose Nomeny or St. Martin; if you prefer trouble and labor to ease and reward, go to Mattaincourt!" Fourier made the choice of a saint, and by so doing became what history has so appropriately styled him, *The Good Father of Mattaincourt.*

When Peter Fourier chose the parish of Mattaincourt as the scene of his priestly labors, he did so fully aware of its wretched, not to say desperate, condition. Not only were its revenues insignificant, but immorality, heresy and atheism had made it their home. It was called by no other name than the "Little Geneva," thus to express in one word the disorders, the scandals, the degradation of social and domestic life which had long been disgracing it. The way to the church was almost unknown to its inhabitants, the Sundays and holidays being spent in drunkenness, gambling and other sinful amusements. It was a flock that might well test the apostolic spirit of its new pastor. "My children," he said to them in his first sermon, "God gives Himself to men in the Blessed Eucharist without seeking any profit but the eternal welfare of those who receive Him. To-day, I give myself to you, not for honors or riches, but for the good of your souls, which I long to save, at the cost of my blood and of my life, if necessary." During the forty years which he spent at Mattaincourt, he was ever faithful to his promise. He began, as was his wont, by letting his example and his actions pave the way for his preaching. His parishioners were observing him, and were amazed at what they saw. In his person and manner of life he was the very embodiment of poverty, detachment and mortification. No costly furniture was ever seen in his room; nothing besides the bare walls, the floor and ceiling of plain boards, a rough table covered with books, a few wooden chairs and a large bench on which he took his scanty rest. The bed which he had possessed at first, though without using it, had soon found its way to the sick and poor. His clothes were the simplest and plainest imaginable, and his food, taken once a day only, was that of an anchorite. It may truly be said that he forgot himself, that he had neither time nor wish to think of his own needs and comforts, when there was so much to be done for those whom the Lord had committed to his care. To them he gives himself and everything he has. When he is not near them to instruct, console and assist, he pleads their cause with God by his penances, his prayers and his tears. When did Christ's poor find a friend like Fourier? When his own resources were exhausted, he would tax his ingenuity to procure alms for them from others. Those in distress who were ashamed to beg, found in him the most skillful and discreet of benefactors. For the sick his charity and solicitude were those of a mother. He would spend whole nights by their bedside, uniting the duties of a priest with those of infirmarian. He created a fund to assist business men in

MATTAINCOURT.

distress, and organized a body of influential men to settle the differences that might occur among his parishioners, thus precluding innumerable quarrels and lawsuits. He himself was always ready to act as judge and mediator, and held daily audiences for this purpose. Like the Apostle, he made himself all things to all men, to win them all to Christ. The conquest of souls for

A CATECHISM CLASS.

heaven, such indeed was Fourier's sole aim and ambition among his children of Mattaincourt. What loving devices and pious contrivances did not his charity invent to carry light to their darkened minds, and to move their hardened hearts! What a spectacle for angels was that of our saint, struggling single-handed against the passions of men and the wrath of the powers of darkness!

But victory came at last, and his patient labors and trust in God had their reward. Little by little, prejudices had been dispelled, the burning words of the pastor had sunk deep into the souls of his wayward flock, and had worked a transformation without parallel, perhaps, in the history of the Church. The "Little Geneva" had been changed into a New Jerusalem, discord and confusion had given place to peace and order, error and impiety to truth and devotion, and public morality had come back with the faith of olden days. The whole country marvelled at the revolution that had been wrought, and the bishop of Toul, in his joy, could write to the Pope: "The parish seems to have become a regular monastery, such is the order and piety that we see reigning in it." He would often repeat that to render his diocese the most flourishing in all Christendom, he would only ask for five men like Fourier, one at each corner and one in the middle. But no one was happier at the new state of things than the "Good Father" himself. How he rejoiced to see his long-neglected church now crowded to the doors by multitudes of devout worshippers, the confessional besieged and the Holy Table frequented! How he exerted himself to add beauty and solemnity to the religious services! It had become a disgrace to enter a tavern. Hospitality, neighborly charity, and a noble rivalry in the practice of every virtue, had made of Mattaincourt the paradise of Lorraine. May the Lord raise up in His Church many priests imbued with the spirit of St. Peter Fourier, and the world will be renewed!

It has been said that great saints leave behind them, after their short passage on earth, some one monument, which, more lasting than their other works, defies the ravages of time, and is their title to the admiration and gratitude of posterity. Whether the saying is of general application or not, matters little; it is certainly true of St. Peter Fourier. Among his various achievements, there

is one whose glorious survival amid the storms that have assailed it, proclaims it to be his masterpiece, the principal object of his providential mission. We speak of his lifelong interest and immense labors in the cause of Christian education, which he practically embodied and perpetuated in his Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame. Fourier had understood the sad lesson given to thoughtful minds by the rapid spread of Protestantism. With the glance of true genius, he saw what had been wanting to his generation, and he did not hesitate to step beyond the narrow limits of his modest field of action, to provide better things for the generations to come. He became the originator and leader of a movement for the education of the children of the middle and laboring classes, which has been taken up by many religious bodies since his time, and is still in our days the object of the most anxious solicitude of the Church and her pastors.

Fourier had not been long at Mattaincourt without perceiving that to render his work of reform solid and permanent, it was not enough to secure the conversion of the older people. He felt that the hope of the parish, its whole future, rested with the children, and to win them he poured out the treasures of his apostolic zeal. He never wearied gathering them around him, teaching them the truths of religion, and fashioning them to habits of virtue and piety. They had their special feasts, their banners and insignia, and their confraternity under the patronage of the Child Jesus. He made missionaries of them to bring back their parents to the practice of their duties.

PRAYER IN COMMON.

Still he was not satisfied. What would become of these little ones after he was gone, and what was even now the fate of millions of children throughout the country for whose instruction no one seemed to care? The time was no more when school was held for all comers in the shadow of the monasteries that dotted the land. The few schools that did exist, were, for the greater part, mixed schools

with salaried teachers, who took but little interest in their profession and excluded the poor unable to pay for admittance. Our saint, having before his eyes the marvellous results which the University of Pont-à-Mousson had achieved in the short period since its foundation, had conceived the bold resolve of doing for the children of the common people what the Jesuit Fathers were doing chiefly for the nobility and the wealthier classes. It was nothing less than to give to the world separate schools for the children of both sexes, where, without distinction of fortune and social condition, they would find gratuitous instruction in all necessary branches of human knowledge, and, above all, in the science of the saints.

Holy men do not succeed in all their enterprises, any more than ordinary mortals. Fourier had gathered together a select band of young men, who, he hoped, would be the founders of his first school, and perhaps the nucleus of a congregation of religious teachers. But they left him almost immediately, and it was only a hundred years after, that Lorraine and France were to behold the ideal masters of popular education, the valiant sons of Blessed John Baptist De la Salle, the Christian Brothers. Fourier's vocation lay elsewhere. Since his educational plan could not embrace the boys, he is all the more eager to carry it out in favor of the girls, who stood even more in need of its benefits.

THE HIGHER WISDOM.

Providence had sent to him a soul capable of sharing his lofty purpose, and well suited to second him in its execution. Alix Le Clerc was this chosen instrument, a young lady of remarkable intellectual gifts, and desirous of devoting herself to a life of perfection as soon as the way should be pointed out to her. She learned it from her director, the Father of Mattaincourt. Retiring from the world with four companions, she prepared herself for her future vocation by prayer, mortification and the exercise of the most heroic virtues. We may not linger to follow step by step the birth and growth of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame. Many were the obstacles which it encountered. Resources were wanting; war and famine were devastating the country; the boldness of the enterprise startled bishops and clergy; Rome herself hesitated before giving her authoritative approval to the novel scheme of cloistered nuns teaching day scholars. Had it not been God's work, it would surely have perished. As it was, it lived and prospered in spite of difficulties and opposition of every kind. Fourier was its ever-ready champion and protector. Nothing was done without his counsel and direction. He watched over the old foundations and prepared the new. He conducted negotiations with the court of Rome, with

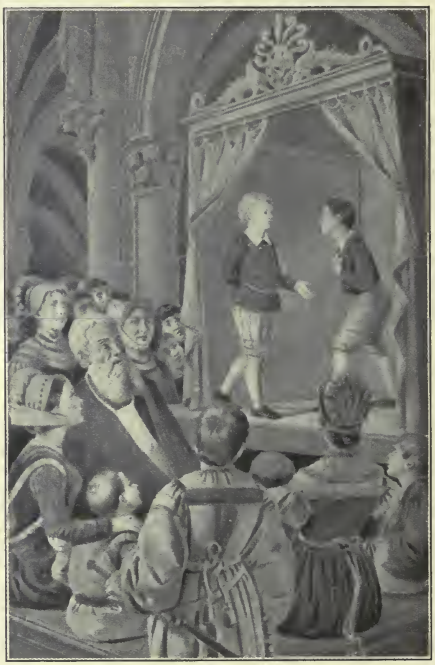
p inces and bishops. H e travelled hither and t ither correcting, g uiding and encourag- i g, rejoicing with his d ar daughters in their s ccesses, grieving with them in their misfortunes. The rules and constitutions which he wrote for them are replete with the zeal and charity of an apostle and the practical wisdom of a legislator.

A FAMILIAR LESSON.

"The end and object of the new congregation is the education, free and gratuitous, of young girls." He insists again and again on the entire gratuitousness of the teaching, "that all may be enabled to come, and no one to be excluded on account of her poverty. As for the teachers, let God be their reward!" The children are to be taught the necessary branches of knowledge and certain duties of household work; but virtue and piety are ever to hold the first and foremost place in their training. "Take them innocent from the cradle," he charges the Sisters, "and preserve them unstained through life. Instruct them carefully in the truths of the Catholic religion. Show them how to go to confession, how to say grace before and after meals. Tell them often that your principal aim is to teach them to become virtuous and holy and to gain heaven." He lays down at length the qualities of a good teacher. He descends into many minute details of class-management, emulation, conditions of admission and promotion, not a few of which our more enlightened age erroneously claims as inventions of its own. From his heavenly home St. Peter Fourier looks down to-day on his beloved congregation, faithful to his memory and to his spirit. It possesses thirty flourishing establishments in France and other European states. In our own country the Sisters of Notre Dame, who are taking so large a share in the education of our Catholic children, acknowledge him likewise as their father and lawgiver and, under modified conditions, carry on the grand work begun by Alix Le Clerc and her companions.

Fourier, though not living in monastic seclusion, had not ceased to be a member of the order of Canons Regular of St. Augustine. At the request of the Bishop of Toul, he undertook the difficult task of reviving among his brethren in Lorraine the fervor of primitive observance from which they had fallen. He succeeded in gaining over to his project of reform a small number of the old religious. With these and several young candidates, he founded a new novitiate

which became the fountain-head of a new congregation worthy of its name and of its founder. He was unanimously elected Superior General of the reformed Canons, and thus added fresh burdens to his numberless other labors and cares. Among these, special mention must be made of his missionary excursions to various parts of his own and neighboring dioceses. His reputation for zeal and holiness caused him to be invited where others had failed. Whole towns and hamlets, where heresy had long reigned unchecked, were brought back to the true faith. Elsewhere he removed public scandals, converted inveterate sinners, or stirred up lukewarm Catholics to a sense of their duty. The example of his humble, charitable and mortified life had even more to do with these happy results than his preaching and exhortations. He was everywhere and in all things the man of God, the saint. St. Jane Frances de Chantal said, after an interview with him: "It is enough to look at him to be convinced that he is a saint, even if you did not know it before." And Cardinal de Berulle told his priests that if they wished to behold all the virtues at one glance, they must go to Lorraine; they would find them all united in the Good Father of Mattaincourt. Is it surprising that supernatural power was given to him, and that miracles accompanied his every step?



THEATRICALS WITH A PURPOSE.

The last years of Fourier's life were saddened by the misfortunes which one after another befell his native Lorraine. First the Thirty Years' War burst upon it with all its horrors, laying it waste with fire and sword. Pestilence and famine followed in its wake, the desolation being such that, according to historians, nothing like it had been witnessed since the siege of Jerusalem by Titus. The saint loved his country with a deep and loyal love. He now prays and weeps for her with increased earnestness; he practises and preaches penance; and, zealous emulator of St. Vincent de Paul, he comes to the help of the needy, assists the sick and dying, consoles the afflicted, gives all he has, and becomes a beggar for the beggars. Nor was the glory of persecution to be wanting. Fourier had been for many years the trusted friend and counsellor of Duke Charles IV., and had by his advice helped to preserve the independence of Lorraine against the ambitious designs of Richelieu. The powerful minister knew it and made every effort to lay hands upon one who had frustrated his plans. Fourier became a fugitive from place to place, until finally he was compelled to leave the country altogether, and to seek an asylum at Gray, a small town in Franche-Comté. It is from there that God called him to his reward on December 9, 1640, at the age of seventy-five years.

At the thought of God's judgments he trembled for a moment, he who during his long life had ever been faithful to his motto: "*Omnibus prodesse, obesse nemini:* to be useful to all, to injure no one"; who had loved his Maker with his whole heart, and had suffered with unalterable patience. But a deep joy, foretaste of heaven, soon took the place of his fears, and he expired with the beautiful words on his lips which he had been so fond of repeating during life: "*Habemus bonum Dominum et bonam Dominam:* we have a good Master and a kind Lady." At the moment of his death a globe of fire was seen to rise from the house where he lay, and after hovering in the air, to take the direction of Lorraine and disappear in the distance, as if the saint, on his way to heaven, wished to say a last farewell to his country on earth for which he died in exile.

FATHER DAMIEN.

FATHER DAMIEN.

By E. B. E.

I DREAMED last night that I was clean once more—
Clean and upright, and straight as yonder palm
Which stands there as in mockery of me,
So scarred and bowed and crooked as I'm grown,
A mere offence and horror to the eye.
I would be healed again, if but to be
More pure and meet for commune with the Lord.
What thing am I to raise my glazed eyes

In prayer and supplication to my God?
I've sought the heights to pray and be alone,
Mounting the way with labor and in pain,
To pray before the sun's retiring light,
And dwell in thought on heaven, whose glory far
Outshines the splendor of this radiance.
My God! I would be clean if but for this:
To speak with Thee. But Thou wilt understand
That, marred and loathsome as my body is,
My heart is purer by comparison.
I meant no disrespect to the fair form
Thou gavest me at birth, by what I've done.
'Twas in thine honor, and for good of these
Poor outcast and neglected, suffering souls,
Who lived their lives in wretched infamy,
With no one having courage to attempt
To lead them nearer to Thy tenderness.

Be patient with them, O my dear, just God!
What sign of hope they hold is slipping fast,
And all my ebbing strength suffices not
To fill their hearts with courage that can wait.
These all were fair one time as white, new lambs,
Which now but rotten sheep, stray on these rocks
Of doubt, perplexity and black despair.
Hear me, O Lord! for if Thou wilt not hear,
I perish; and with me these trembling sheep
Fall also down immeasurable depths.
I would not leave them—that Thou knowest well;
But if, at times, I cry to be released,
'Tis but the spirit wearying of the flesh,
Which is more burdensome than I can bear.
I marvel sometimes who will take my place
When thou seest fit to set me free at last.
We are forgotten here of all the world;
Men dread to think of our infirmity.
Ah, if they only knew the human heart
Beats and breaks here as full of agony
As in the crowded streets and busy marts;
That beauty is as beautiful, and sin
As sinful, in this long-unthought-of isle—
They might, remembering, send out, to help
Some ministering angel strong and brave.
Yet, who would wonder if weak men should shrink
Before becoming such foul things as we,
Even to gain the loud, high praise of kings!
Who would, unhelped of God, face the dark nights
And know himself a creature like to me?

My spirit faints—I reel and sink! O Lord!
Ah, is the morning breaking? Is my night
Of storm and anguish waning to its close?

And may I hope and trust the end is come?
Be merciful, my dear God! Help me up!
I cannot longer bear my heavy cross.
Yet if it be Thy holy will, I'll rise
And go below where they are waiting me,
And labor till the weary day is done
Within Thy vineyard, and be sure at eve
The laborer's wages will be meted out,
And I find all the recompense above.
I wait Thine own good time, dear Lord.
Amen.

JEANNE D'ARC.

IN PARADISE.

By John A. Mooney, LL.D.

(*Continued.*)

SOLEMNLY, into the *Place* St. Ouen, marched Jean d'Arc, the Maid's brother, and Jean Bréhal, with the bishops, the archbishop, and a lengthy procession of clerics, and of lay folk of high and low degree. The sentence of Rome's delegates, just pronounced in the archiepiscopal palace, is now formally promulgated. On that May day when a noisy rabble gathered here, expecting to see the brave and holy young girl burned, a preacher abused her publicly. Now, before a devout assembly, a preacher honors the Maid—model of Christian virtue as well as of Christian patriotism.

From the palace to the old fish-market, a like procession moved on the following day, the eighth of July. Yonder stood the pyre on which, horribly and cruelly, Jeanne was smothered and burned. Most equitably had the Papal court ordered that a preacher should also glorify her here; for was it not on this spot that Master Nicholas Midi used the shameful words: "Jeanne has returned to her errors and crimes, like a dog that returns to its vomit"? The cross of expiation, ceremoniously raised, gave the lie to Nicholas Midi, for all time.

After the departure of the archbishop and of the bishops, the townfolk, in groups, listened eagerly to the reminiscences of those who had witnessed the Maid's execution. On the faith of the word of friar Isambard, who held up the crucifix so that Jeanne might look upon it while she had eyes to see, one of the elder men related a notable story. As you remember, when the fire raged, and the Maid's sufferings were the most harrowing, an English soldier threw a fresh fagot into the blaze. "Jesu!" cried the dying Maid, just then. "Jesu!" It was her final appeal to her loving friend. Down fell the soldier, as if struck by lightning. His fellows carried him off senseless. In the afternoon of the same day, penitent, he sought out the good friar, Isambard, and to him the soldier said that, believing the Maid to be as wicked as his leaders reported, he had sworn an oath to add a fagot to the pyre. His unchristian oath he had kept, but no sooner had the girl pronounced the name of Jesus, than a white dove rose from the flames and sped heavenward. He saw the dove, and forthwith his senses forsook him. To the friar he wished to confess his sins. The white

dove was the soul of the Maid, he averred, and he would ever maintain that she was a good and valiant woman.

Another group heard with new wonder the story of Jean Thiessart's lament and forebodings, as he left the market-place after the burning of the Maid. The narrative differed not at all from the one already recorded in these pages, except in a detail, which, purposely omitting heretofore, I shall now make known. When the secretary of the King of England halted one and another, on that sad day long ago, saying: "We have burned a saint, we are ruined," he paused for a moment only. Then he uttered a sentence more startling than the first: "I believe her soul is in the hand of God, and I believe that all those who adhered to her condemnation are damned." Thus he spoke. Well may those who now listen to Jean Thiessart's words turn their eyes to heaven, with a feeling of awe. And yet, remembering the saying of the secretary of the King of England, we should likewise remember that the cross raised a moment ago on the spot where the Maid's incorrupted body was burned, is not merely a memorial of the honest girl. Before it, we have been invited by the Papal delegates to pray, not for her soul alone, but also for the salvation of all the other dead. The Church is merciful, with the mercy of her founder, the crucified Christ. Still, the words of Jean Thiessart one can never forget.

Thirteen days after the ceremonious promulgation of the sentence of the Apostolic judges in the market place at Rouen, Paris witnessed a similar scene, the Bishop of Coutances and Jean Bréhal leading the procession. Elsewhere in the cities and towns, honors were paid to the Maid's memory, and religious services were performed in expiation of the crime done against her person and her fame. Not at Rouen alone was a cross upreared; and it pleases us to believe the tradition that the stone cross which still stands in the Forest of St. Germain, near Poissy, was a tribute from the gallant Bastard of Orleans, who saw "the finger of God" in all Jeanne's works.

"Maid of Orleans" is a name she has long borne. When others neglected her, the good people of the city she miraculously freed from the enemies of France did not prove ungrateful. Year after year, ever since the deliverance of the city in 1429, on each eighth of May, up to the year 1793, clergy and people, bearing lighted candles, made pious stations along the route by which she led the men-at-arms, in God's name, to victory most glorious. On the morrow holy Mass was offered up for the repose of the souls of those who had died for their country. A miracle-play ended the celebration. After France had been united, towards the close of the fifteenth century, the eldest son of Pierre d' Arc, Jeanne's elder brother, every year came to Orleans to hold the first place in the procession. Before him an acolyte bore a great candle of white wax, on which was painted a portrait of the Maid. The revolutionaries of 1793 neither could nor would recognize a patriotism inspired by the God from whom Jeanne received a mission to save France. During ten years the people of Orleans dared not, candle in hand, with hymn and prayer, celebrate the eighth of May. It was Napoleon, who, petitioned by Mgr. Bernier, bishop at the time, permitted the inhabitants of the city to renew the religious ceremonies of the old days. Since May, 1803, with much pomp, Jeanne's marvellous deed has been yearly commemorated. On the evening of the seventh, the chief magistrate of the city, accompanied by civilians, carries the Maid's standard to the cathedral. There the bishop, in full pontificals, receives it, and, amid the ringing of bells, the booming of cannon, sounds of martial music, and the chant of the Church, bears it to a place of honor. After Mass, on the morning of the eighth, a panegyric of Jeanne is preached in the cathedral, and then a devout procession files through the city

to the site of the strong fortress the Maid captured on the evening of the seventh of May, 1429,—the fortress she would not have captured had she not forced the gates of Orleans against the will of the royal Council and with slight respect for the trusty nobleman whom they had ordered to block the way of the "child of God."

Even with Cauchon's example before us, and with the recollection of the king's long neglect, not to say ingratitude, we shall find it hard to understand how, little more than a century after the judgment of the Papal court at Rouen, Frenchmen could have shown enmity to the benefactress of France. And yet it is a fact that Frenchmen pretending to be the truest of patriots because of their profession of love for Christ, and because of their real hatred for His Church, dishonored the memory of the heroine that brought to Orleans "the best succor ever sent to knight or to city—the succor of the King of Heaven." Patriots, no man will call them; and still less, Christians.

In 1567, the Huguenots captured Orleans. On the bridge connecting the city with the left bank of the Loire, the people of Orleans had, gratefully and reverently, raised a monument to the Maid, a hundred years earlier. The artistic value of this monument, we cannot determine. It was of bronze, we know. Never did a Huguenot conceive a memorial more patriotic or more Christian. At the foot of a cross, from which, pitifully, Christ looked down, the Maid knelt. Nigh to the bleeding body of her Divine Son stood the Virgin Mother, Mary, sorrowing. Facing Jeanne, knelt the king of united France, Charles VII. To civilized men, because of the portraits of the king who had made France and of the chaste and brave girl who crowned him,—if for no other reason—this monument should have appealed as an historical record. Of the King, the Huguenots were not wholly inconsiderate; but upon the effigies of the Mother of our Redeemer and of the Maid of Orleans, they had no mercy. One and the other they smashed. Three years later, freed from the Huguenots, the good people of Orleans mended the statue of the King, and recast the statue of the Maid. Modifying the group, they replaced the *Mater Dolorosa* with a *Pietà;* a seated figure of the Mother bearing in her lap the body of the dead Christ. Unmoved, this monument stood for one hundred and seventy-five years; then, on account of the insecurity of the bridge, it was transferred to the town hall, and there it remained until 1771. From this date until 1792, Jeanne's memorial was the chief ornament of one of the public places. In 1792, another set of barbarians,—sectaries, forsooth, of "Fraternity"—dominated Orleans. They spared neither Christ nor the Virgin nor Jeanne. The monument was broken to pieces, melted, and moulded into cannon. As the Huguenots showed some consideration for the King, so the revolutionaries were polite to the saviour of France. Officially they dubbed one of the cannon: "Jeanne d'Arc, surnamed the Maid of Orleans."

The era of a barbarous "Fraternity" having closed, a public subscription for a statue of Jeanne was opened by the authorities of Orleans, with the approval of Napoleon. Though more than one statue now testifies to the lasting gratitude of the citizens, Orleans possesses no monument as becoming as that which the Huguenots battered and shattered, or that which the Revolution demolished.

Like the monument at Orleans, Jeanne's fame has experienced many ups and downs. Notwithstanding the publicity given to the sentence of the delegates of the Holy See; notwithstanding the processions and the crosses; notwithstanding the written records, there were chroniclers and historians and poets and playwriters who continued to defame the pious and valiant Maid. The Burgundians, in France, the En-

glish, in their land, slighted her virtues and denied her mission. She was pictured as a sham warrior, a mere tool of Charles VII., who manipulated her so as to fool superstitious soldiers into fighting for a desperate cause. Quickly was the memory of her noble life and marvellous deeds forgotten by men who pretended to learning and to critical powers. Slowly did even Frenchmen, as a nation, learn what Jean Bréhal and the judges at Rouen had set down in writing on the seventh of July, 1456.

Nor was it the English alone who, scouting her mission, did not spare even the reputation of the chaste Maid. Jean d'Estive, of the foul tongue, left emulators behind him. To Shakespeare one could pardon what no honest man has ever pardoned in the unpatriotic, treacherous, mercenary and rotten "genius", Voltaire. His infamous poem, not the least of his infamies, even a "free-thinker" of our day has denounced as 'a most sacrilegious debauch.' A saint, however perfect, leaves at least one enemy on earth, an enemy that never dies, the debauchee,—true "devil's advocate."

Slowly, during the centuries, even in France, did the literate class learn as much about the Maid as the peasants of Vaucouleurs and Chinon knew, I might say, instinctively. The tradition of Jeanne's holiness, of her brave deeds, of her saving the country, had not been lost by the simple people; but it was only in the nineteenth century that the cultured acquired a full knowledge of her amazing career, her lovable qualities, and the villainous malice of which she was the victim. Now, she is not only a heroine of France, but also of the world; admired, loved in every land, even in England.

Except as a "child of God," charged by Heaven with a providential mission, the career of Jeanne is inexplicable. The proof of her claims, as well as of her acts, is so clear and abundant that book-making infidels can cover their discomfiture only by sentimental laudations of a girl, who must have honestly, if unreasonably, cheated herself into believing that she was chosen by God to do His work. Indeed, the problem that confuses the infidel, worried so good a Catholic as the English historian, Lingard. Unintentionally, a modern French painter has rendered the "worried school" of historians properly ridiculous by attempting to put on canvas a Maid of Orleans who was neither sent by God, nor, indeed, born into this world. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the work serves at least as a painted criticism, if not an example of high art.

When did Jeanne's mission end? Not a few argue that, having crowned Charles at Rheims, she had fulfilled the whole design of the King of Heaven. Her capture and death are presented as proofs of this argument. Jeanne herself held otherwise. She did not lay down her arms, even when St. Catharine and St. Margaret let her know that she would fall into the hands of the enemy. As boldly as ever, she fought. Her death on the pyre, she did not foresee until the very last. As late as the fourteenth of March, 1431, she looked for a deliverance from jail. "St. Catherine has promised me aid," said Jeanne. "Whether I shall be delivered from prison, or whether, during the trial, something will happen and I shall be set free, I know not; but I think it will be one or the other." What follows is worthy of reflection: "My 'voices' tell me that I shall be delivered by a great victory; and they say to me: 'Accept everything with resignation; do not trouble about your martyrdom, you will at length enter the Kingdom of Paradise.' My voices tell me this simply and absolutely; it is infallibly true. By 'martyrdom,' I understand the pain and adversity I suffer in my prison. *Whether I shall suffer a greater one*, I know not; but I leave that to our Lord."

On the pyre, Jeanne understood the

full meaning of her "voices." "No," she cried out, after joyously hailing St. Michael, "No, my 'voices' did not deceive me, my mission was from God. Jesu! Jesu!" That one should have a mission to crown a king, is quite intelligible to some people. How much greater the mission to reach the Kingdom of Paradise through martyrdom! I would not be understood as conferring on Jeanne a title not conceded to her by the Church. I use the word "martyr," as she used it, on the faith of her "voices."

Jeanne did more than unite a kingdom, or crown a king: she revived religion and Christian morality in France. Her example was grander than even her victories. Has the effect of that example terminated? No; her mission did not close at Rheims. It began, truly, at the moment in which the wicked, though not impenitent, soldier saw the white dove spread its wings above the flame and fly to a heavenly home. The mission of a saint has no ending. God's design men shall know only as it is disclosed at the appointed times.

Differing as to the extent of her mission, or even refusing to acknowledge its supernatural character, none the less have the critical, the doubting, the unbelieving, been compelled to admire the chaste, the believing, the valorous girl, who, murdered at nineteen, left a record unique in modern times. One need be neither a woman, nor young, and yet, reading the true life of the Maid, join her three playmates in saying: "She was so good and simple and sweet that I love her." Soldiers to-day are inspired by "the divine love that was in her," as were Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Pouligny, when they fought under her glorious banner. And how many there are who, though not men-at-arms, and though they hear only a faint echo of her voice, cannot help repeating with Bertrand, that "for us she is a messenger of God," and "a saint"; or, with the chivalrous Bastard of Orleans, that: "We believe Jeanne was sent by God!"

Literature and art, soiled as they have been by familiarity with the unclean, owe much to the ideal of cleanness typified by Jeanne d'Arc—warrior, conqueror, victim, virgin. All the arts have paid homage to the Maid. Who shall say that her mission does not include the purification of "culture," outside as well as inside of France! On the feast of the Epiphany, Jeanne was born; as if it had been preordained that she, above others, should help to show forth the virtues of the Master of the wise, as well as the majesty of the King of Kings.

However slighted, misrepresented or misunderstood elsewhere, the clergy and people of Orleans, when they were free, always cherished the Maid's memory, as we have seen; and always extolled her great, good deeds. During this century, the most eloquent orators, the most illustrious among the hierarchy, have vied one with another in celebrating, exalting, blazoning, the fame of the peasant girl of Arc. In the cathedral pulpit, foreigners have joined with Frenchmen in expiating the crime of Cauchon and of his English accomplices. From Orleans came the first formal appeal to Rome, where Jeanne's wrongs had been righted, to adjudicate her sanctity, and to elevate to the altar the despised and disgraced peasant who was burned to ashes,—all except her heart,—in the Rouen fish-market.

This appeal, initiated on May the eighth, 1869, by the renowned Mgr. Dupanloup, who then added dignity to the See of Orleans, was supported by twelve other members of the French hierarchy. Pius IX., of happy memory, graciously received their petition, and authorized Mgr. Dupanloup to open a judicial process, according to the regular forms of the Church.* Owing to the

* For the details of the various processes and requirements of the Church, preparatory to the canonization of a saint, I beg to refer the reader to a most instructive article in the MESSENGER for February, 1897, by F. Lamb, S.J.: "How Saints Are Made."

Franco-Prussian war, the "Process of the Ordinary" was not begun until 1874. Two years later the records of this preliminary inquiry were carried to Rome by the Bishop of Orleans and there committed to the Congregation of Rites. After the death of the eminent Dupanloup, his successor, Mgr. Coullié, instituted a second Process of the Ordinary, with the purpose of firmly establishing the heroism of the virtues practised by Jeanne. The official minutes of the second investigation reached Rome only in December, 1885. Three years later, still another inquiry was prescribed by the bishop, a complementary process intended to discover whether miracles had been performed through the Maid's intercession, and, if so, to authenticate them by indisputable evidence. Meantime the Catholic world had not been silent. From near and far the Apostolic See was petitioned to expedite the cause of the Maid; no less than fifteen cardinals, twenty-three archbishops, one hundred and eighty-three bishops, ten cathedral chapters and eight generals of religious orders uniting in this prayer.

The process of the Maid had at length reached the stage at which the Congregation of Rites could posit the question: Is the cause of Jeanne d'Arc, as presented, in a condition allowing it to be officially introduced into the court of Rome? All the documents were submitted to the Promoter of the Faith, Mgr. Coprara, and his objections having been duly answered by the advocates of the cause, a printed copy of the whole process was placed in the hands of each member of the Congregation, early in January, 1894. Following the custom, at least forty days should have elapsed before the cardinals voted on the question: Should the commission of the introduction of the cause be signed? On the answer to this question, much depended. An affirmative, provided the Holy Father confirmed it by his signature, would "assure the world that the fame of Jeanne d'Arc's sanctity had been judicially approved, and that henceforth she might be saluted as Venerable."

The mind of His Holiness, Leo XIII., was revealed by his action convoking the Congregation of Rites in an extraordinary session on the twenty-seventh of January, 1894, long prior to the expiration of the customary forty days. The report of the cause having been presented by Cardinal Parocchi, a ballot was taken, and by a unanimous vote the question proposed was decided in the affirmative. Forthwith a decree was drawn up by the Prefect of the Congregation, Cardinal Aloisi Masella, and signed by the Pope.

"Venerable Servant of God," such is the title conferred upon the Maid by the act of the Congregation and of His Holiness, as the decree of January, 1894, specifies. The process for her beatification was next in order. Progress has since been made in this new cause. By the law of the Church no public devotion to one merely reputed a saint, is permissible; and in the course of the process in Jeanne's case it was, therefore, necessary that proof should be adduced *de non cultu*, as it is technically termed. Discussing the preliminaries in the cause of the Maid's beatification, on the fifth of May, 1896, after listening to the report presented by Cardinal Parocchi, the Congregation of Rites determined that no unauthorized public worship of Jeanne precluded the Holy See from considering the cause for her beatification. The next step will be a new process, at Orleans, to establish the fame of Jeanne's sanctity.

* * * * * * *

"Shed no tears for the Maid! The children of her Lord, neither men nor women, need weep for. Believe firmly that the God of Heaven will aid her still. He is the God of Majesty, and bears in the palm of His hand the globe of the world, from generation to generation." Thus, when some grieved over Jeanne, as we looked upon her while the flames consumed her youthful body, I ventured confidently, to speak. Had I no other

JEANNE D'ARC.

Statue at Jargeau.

ground for my confidence, I should have depended on the promise of Michael, Margaret and Catharine, when, after three years of urging, they finally insisted that she should seek out the King of France and free the Kingdom. "How shall I," she asked of her heavenly guides, "how shall I, who am only a peasant girl, give orders to men-at-arms?" Their answer was: "Child of God, great-hearted child, you needs must go; *God will aid you!*" The promise was not for a day. You have seen it hold good until the Maid entered Paradise; you see it hold good now, the Maid being in Paradise.

FOURNIER'S JEANNE D'ARC.

Her saints promised her heaven if she bore her "martyrdom" with resignation, and Jeanne believed them as infallible. How and why she believed, let us see. The judges asked her this question: "Since your 'voices' have foretold that you shall enter Paradise, do you hold it for certain that you shall be saved, and that you shall not be damned in hell?" Then the Maid answered: "I believe firmly, just as my voices have said to me, that I shall be saved, provided that I preserve my virginity of body and soul." Most certainly the answer of a saint! God was with Jeanne d'Arc, and she was with God. The aid He wondrously favored her with in battle was not His only favor to the "child of God," nor was it the most noteworthy. Neither the rescue of Orleans, nor the coronation of Rheims, nor the awakening of France, nor the injustices suffered at Rouen; neither patriotism nor gallantry, alone, could have won for Jeanne the title of "Venerable Servant of God." Virtue, heroic virtue, obtained this glorious guerdon for the Maid of Orleans; and none receive a recompense so great except those whom God has aided constantly.

The executioner trembled as he looked upon the Maid's bleeding heart; nor could the waters hide it from his view. To-day I see it, as you do, as he did. The Seine has not hidden the heart from our sight. Firm it is and whole, unscathed by the blaze of burning wood, oil and sulphur. As we scan it no fear moves us, but rather reverence, mingled with gratitude and with a gentle joy.

Was the red, unblemished heart a sign? more than one bystander asked, before it was flung, all bleeding, into the river. None dared answer then; but now we may frankly and securely maintain that the ruddy heart was a sign,—a sign that, with the white dove, the heroic, virginal soul of Jeanne d'Arc, darting from the hot flames at Rouen, swiftly sought and rapturously entered through the gates of Paradise.

THE END.

FATHER PAUL'S STRATAGEM.

By John P. Ritter.

IT was with a sense of anticipated pleasure that Gerald Fullerton reached Ridgeview one balmy afternoon in early Spring, and looked around him in bewilderment at the changes time had wrought in the once homely village. When he left it, a poor lad ten years before, to seek his fortune in the busy world, it was a mere cluster of wooden houses. Now it was a thriving town, with paved streets and rows of handsome brick buildings.

"It is not like coming back to the old place, after all," he mused, with a momentary feeling of disappointment. Then he reflected that if Ridgeview had altered since the olden time, so had he altered. He and the town had improved together. At this thought he quickly regained his spirits. Not that his improvement was in the least commensurate with that of his native place—he had risen to be a printer, nothing more; but to be master of a respectable trade at which he could earn good wages was such a marked advancement over his former penniless condition as a boy, that, as he thought of the difference now, he felt a proud consciousness of achievement.

Leaving the railroad station, he walked along the principal street of the town, scanning the faces of those he met in the hope of recognizing some friend of former days, and living over again the incidents of his boyhood with each familiar landmark that he passed. When he approached the spot where the little frame schoolhouse used to stand, and saw a great brick grammar school occupying its site, a flood of tender memories swept over him. How different was this modern institution of learning, with its scores of trained teachers and separate departments for the sexes, from the primitive academy of his recollections, where one irascible pedagogue tyrannized over boys and girls together.

Gerald wondered what his dear companions of those careless, happy days were doing now. How many of them were still living in Ridgeview? How many had gone away to fight the battle of life among strangers? What had become of "Pigsey" Martin, of "Stumpy" Flynn, of "Pony" Vandenberg, of Alice Brown, and of blue-eyed, golden-haired little Dora Norris? Dora had been the sweetheart of his schoolboy days, and a tender light came into his eyes as he thought of her. What a proud little creature she was, and yet how true and warm was her heart! He remembered how they had been drawn together by their poverty; how she, the poorest girl in the school, had extended a ready sympathy to the little, friendless orphan boy—the jest and butt of the playground.

While engaged in these reflections he came to a small frame building, with peaked roof and dormer windows, that

stood in the centre of a garden. He recognized it immediately as the old hostelry of the former village, and that it was still a house of public entertainment was apparent from the signboard bearing the inscription "Ridgeview Hotel," that hung over the entrance. The house had a comfortable, homelike appearance, and, as he had not yet fixed upon a boarding place, he determined to apply there for accommodations.

On entering the cozy office, a short, thick-set young man with a countenance expressive of honesty and good nature, arose from a seat behind the desk and gave him a hearty welcome. Gerald uttered an exclamation of surprise, and, extending his hand across the counter, said, in tones of unfeigned delight:

"'Stumpy', old boy, it does my heart good to see you again. Come, don't you know me?"

The young man gazed at him for a moment in blank astonishment; then an expression of sudden recognition illumined his features.

"Know you?" he cried, seizing his outstretched hand in a vicelike grip. "Of course I do. You're Gerald Fullerton. But, my! how you have changed since the days when we attended old Tommy Crashaw's school together! You must have struck it rich since you left here, if appearances count for anything."

"Yes," answered Gerald proudly, "I have struck it rich. I have mastered an honorable trade, I have improved my mind by study, I have saved money, and have lived in a manner to preserve my self-respect."

"My! but wouldn't Father Paul be pleased to hear you speak like that," rejoined "Stumpy" Flynn. "You know you were always a favorite of his."

"Oh, Father Paul knows all about me," answered Gerald; "but between you and me, 'Stumpy,' I don't think he would be at all pleased to hear me speak in such a boastful way." Then, in a subdued tone, "Of course you know that whatever I have accomplished in life I owe to him."

This was indeed true. At the death of Gerald's parents, the benevolent priest had taken the orphan boy under his protection, and had seen that neither his secular nor religious education was neglected. When he had mastered the elements of knowledge, Father Paul had apprenticed him to a Catholic printer and publisher in New York, where he was surrounded by every Christian influence, while learning a trade that is too often associated with vice. Moreover he had communicated with him at frequent intervals during his long absence, advising him as to his conduct and directing his studies, and the good seed thus sown had fallen upon fertile ground.

Gentle and intelligent by nature, Gerald had studiously cultivated his spiritual graces and mental gifts, and had dignified his vocation by the spirit in which he pursued it. Hearing from his employer the most glowing accounts of the young man's character and ability, Father Paul at last determined to bring him back to Ridgeview at the first opportunity, and place him where he could exert a personal influence in promoting his advancement. The chance came when the *Ridgeview Gazette* was in need of a new foreman for its composing room. The priest secured the position for his *protégé*, and Gerald had arrived in town, on the afternoon that introduces him to the reader, with the intention of entering upon his duties on the following day.

It was but natural that the two young men, meeting after so long a separation, should have many reminiscences to recall, and many questions to ask each other. In a few words Gerald summed up his uneventful life of the past ten years, and then "Stumpy" Flynn recited the story of his meteoric rise from kitchen boy to hotel proprietor. The conversation next turned to the histories of their schoolday friends, and on this subject "Stumpy" proved himself possessed of cyclopædic information. He told Gerald how "Pigsey" Martin had

first taken to drink and then taken himself off to parts unknown; how "Pony" Vandenberg, the brightest boy in Crashaw's school, had failed to perform the remarkable things expected of him, and was content to pose as a man of fashion; how Alice Brown had married happily, and how old Tommy Crashaw, the pedagogue, after maintaining for years the cause of Protestantism against the arguments of Father Paul, had, when dying, summoned the priest to his bedside, acknowledged his past stubbornness in error, and meekly asked to be admitted into the one true fold of Christ.

"And little Dora Norris, what of her?" asked Gerald anxiously.

"Hers is the most remarkable story of all," answered "Stumpy" Flynn. "You know when she went to Crashaw's school her parents were as poor as poor could be. You may remember her father was a carpenter, and, as there was not much doing in his trade hereabouts in those days, he had hard work to provide for his family. But when the building boom struck Ridgeview, he had more than he could do. He saved his money and invested it in land. Then he borrowed money and built on speculation. Everything he touched turned to gold, and he is now the richest man in town."

Gerald's eyes brightened.

"You cannot guess how pleased I am to hear such good news of the Norrises," he said.

"You wouldn't be if you knew how their good fortune has spoiled them," rejoined "Stumpy." "Why, Jeremiah Norris, who was once so humble in his ways, is now set up so high that a duke could be no higher. His wife is just as bad, and as for young Miss Dora"——

"Stumpy" noticed a pained look on his friend's face and paused. He had been on the point of expressing a very unfavorable opinion of the young lady, but fearing to hurt Gerald further, compromised by adding:

"She is as beautiful as she is vain, and as vain as she is beautiful."

Gerald learned that he would be likely to meet many of his former friends at a fair that was being held in a large hall near by to assist Father Paul in raising money for the new church he contemplated building. So, after selecting the room he was to occupy and dining at the hotel, he started out, early in the evening, first to pay a call of respect upon his kind benefactor, and then to visit the fair. Father Paul received him as a father might a son he dearly loved. Tears of joy coursed down the wrinkled cheeks as he gazed fondly upon the frank, handsome face of the young man, unsullied by a single taint of vice, and thought how manfully he had preserved his innocence amid the innumerable temptations of the great city. They passed an hour in the old priest's study, conversing affectionately on the subjects nearest to their hearts, and then started out together for the hall where the fair was in progress.

It was a spacious, oblong apartment, with a high ceiling and a stage at one end. The walls were lined on both sides by rows of wooden stalls, draped with flags and colored muslin, and there was a third row in the centre of the hall similarly decorated. In every stall there were a number of young girls, prettily attired, waiting on the counters, and the eagerness they displayed in soliciting custom might have put the average professional saleswoman to the blush. Other young girls, with little books in their hands, were going about here and there among the people in the aisles, offering chances for articles of furniture, barrels of flour, and a variety of useful things at sums within reach of the poorest person present.

"You will observe," said Father Paul, as he and Gerald made a circuit of the hall, "that my congregation is composed of hardworking people. I have only one rich family in my parish—the Norrises. So I have been very careful to have nothing but useful things offered for sale here. I want my parishioners to get some equivalent for the money

they spend, and they certainly would not if the counters were loaded with pretty knickknacks and embroidered trifles of needlework."

He then conducted the young man from stall to stall, introducing him to the girls at the counters, and, incidentally, to many of the purchasers in the aisles. After this he excused himself on the plea of having business to transact with the committee having charge of the fair, and left him to amuse himself, as his inclination prompted. As he had been led to expect, Gerald found many of the friends of his boyhood in the assemblage, and enjoyed himself thoroughly in their companionship; but he could not altogether divest himself of a sense of chagrin in not meeting with Dora Norris, about whom he had recently heard such strange reports. He had almost reconciled himself to the disappointment, when his attention was aroused by a slight commotion near the entrance to the hall. Turning to ascertain the cause of it, he observed that a young man and woman had just passed through the door and were making their way toward the stage.

The man was attired in a brown golf suit, with cumbrous gray stockings turned over at the tops, and laced tan shoes. He carried a cap in one hand, and a heavy, silver-studded cane and tan-colored gloves in the other. A pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses enhanced the supercilious expression of his aristocratic countenance. He seemed strangely out of place in such an humble assemblage.

The girl's apparel was even more incongruous. A white silk hood covered her head, and a fur-trimmed opera cloak of the same material and color was thrown over her shoulders. She carried herself with a very superior air, and the little nods of recognition she gave to acquaintances, as she swept along, were so full of condescension that those who received them would have much preferred that she had passed them by unnoticed.

"An' I knew her when she hadn't a shoe to her fut," remarked an old woman at Gerald's elbow.

"Aye, but by the airs of her, you would think she was born a queen," responded another woman nearby.

Gerald waited to hear no more. There was an indefinable something in the girl's manner that seemed strangely familiar to him, and he hastened after her in the hope of catching a glimpse of her features. His curiosity was rewarded sooner than he expected, for, on reaching a stall close to the stage, she entered it, and, throwing off her hood and cloak, took her place at the counter to wait on customers.

Attired in an evening gown of light blue silk that matched the color of her large, expressive eyes, with costly jewels sparkling in her golden hair, Gerald could hardly credit his senses when he recognized in this beautiful creature the little Dora Norris whom he had known and loved as a despised and shabby child. The magic of this wondrous transition from poverty to affluence bewildered him, and he felt as if he were the witness to a fairy drama in which Dora played the part of Cinderella and the supercilious young man that of Prince Charming.

He experienced a pang of jealousy as he noticed the apparently intimate relations that existed between them, and at the same time realized that his old love for Dora as a child was renewed for her as a woman with ten-fold ardor. So far his attention had been completely absorbed in watching the girl, but now that jealousy had entered into his feelings, he devoted some part of his observation to her companion. Could it be possible that he knew him also? Yes; beneath the affected expression of disdain that he wore as a mask to hide whatever of the natural man was still left in him, Gerald saw the brilliant schoolboy "Pony" Vandenberg.

He forgot how the fastidious youth had made him the butt of his scornful

ridicule in the days gone by, and remembered only that they had been boys together, attending the same school, struggling with the same difficult problems, and participating in the same pastimes. Carried away by a flood of sweet recollections, he approached the young man, and, extending his hand with the frank manner of one fully expecting a hearty response, exclaimed impulsively:

"Why, 'Pony,' what a pleasure it is to see you again after all these years!"

The young man drew himself up haughtily, and surveyed Gerald from head to foot, without deigning to notice his outstretched hand.

"Are you addressing me, sir?" he asked in frigid tones. "Because if you are, it would be well for you to note that my name is Philip Vandenberg—Philip to my intimate friends, and Mr. Vandenberg to all others."

Gerald realized instantly the mistake his outburst of generous feeling had led him to commit. He remembered that Vandenberg belonged to a family that prided themselves on their ancestry; that the circle in which he moved was far above his own humble sphere. He appreciated the marked difference in their circumstances and was too sensible to take offense at Vandenberg's resentment of a familiarity which, while allowable between schoolboys, was certainly not admissible between self-respecting men of widely separated stations in life. So he apologized for his error without in the least compromising his own dignity, and, in a very gracious and respectful manner introduced himself to Vandenberg, at the same time

"SHE IS AS BEAUTIFUL AS SHE IS VAIN."

suggesting an amusing incident of the past, as a theme well calculated to lead to pleasant conversation.

But Philip Vandenberg, though a gentleman by birth and education, was at heart a snob, and met his courteous advances with such a cold, disdainful air that Gerald, hurt beyond expression to be treated so by an old companion, was glad to leave him to himself.

Dora Norris had been a silent listener to their interview, as she was standing quite near them, and Gerald fully expected that, knowing his identity, she would come forward and give him a cordial greeting. But she seemed to take the cue for her behavior from Vandenberg, and pretended she had not observed him. This wounded him to the quick. Yet it was possible the slight might not have been intended, so he determined to speak to her.

"Dora," he said gently, turning toward the counter she was tending, "don't you remember Gerald Fullerton, your little schoolboy friend?"

He addressed her thus familiarly because he felt that formality in her case was uncalled for. Socially they were equals; they had been the dearest friends in childhood, and the difference that recently acquired wealth might make between them he proudly ignored. That the girl was susceptible to gentle emotions was betrayed by the color that mounted to her cheeks; but, at a glance from Vandenberg, she assumed a haughty air, and answered icily:

"Yes, Mr. Fullerton, I remember you quite well."

Then she turned from him and busied herself in rearranging the articles on her counter. Deeply mortified and thrown into a state of confusion that deprived him of his usual self-command, Gerald blushed scarlet and stammered back plaintively:

"I hardly expected such a cold reception from you, Dora. We used to be such good friends, you know."

Dora shrugged her shoulders and contracted her pretty brows slightly, as if to intimate that any allusion to the past was distasteful to her; then, looking full in Gerald's face, asked arrogantly:

"Has it never occurred to you, Mr. Fullerton, that one may presume too much upon his schoolday acquaintanceship?"

The question opened Gerald's eyes to the gulf that was fixed between them. In an instant he regained his composure; and, with a proud inclination of the head and a courteous "Good evening, Miss Norris," he withdrew. Then the words of "Stumpy" Flynn recurred to him—"She is as beautiful as she is vain, and as vain as she is beautiful," and he tacitly acknowledged the justice of the criticism.

As he had no longer a reason for remaining at the fair, he started to leave the hall. At the door he met Father Paul, who was also departing for home and, as their way lay in the same direction, they walked along together.

"Well, Gerald, I hope you enjoyed yourself to-night?" said the priest.

"Until just before I came away, yes," answered the young man moodily; "when I had a very disagreeable experience."

Then, at the solicitation of his friend, he told him unreservedly about his meeting with Philip Vandenberg and Dora Norris, concluding with the remark, "I did not mind so much about young Vandenberg's proud airs; but that Dora, the dearest friend I had, should deliberately snub me in his presence has embittered my return to Ridgeview far more than I can express."

"I remember," said Father Paul, musingly, "that when you were a boy you were very, very fond of Dora Norris. Are you as much interested in her now?"

Gerald intimated in an embarrassed manner that he was.

"In that case," said the priest, "you may rely upon me to help you all I can."

During the month that followed,

Gerald devoted himself assiduously to the duties of his new position. At Father Paul's suggestion, he undertook considerable reporting for the *Gazette*, apart from his work in the composing room, and developed such a marked aptitude for writing that his articles added greatly to the tone of the paper. Indeed, at this period of his life, he was never idle. When he was not busy on the *Gazette*, he applied himself to study. He set himself the hardest tasks; for he realized that if he allowed his mind time to brood over his hopeless love for Dora Norris, it would be fatal to the accomplishment of his purposes.

In his walks about the town he had several times met her, driving in the stylish phaeton her father had given her, and he had been surprised at the pleasant smiles and bows she gave him, as if to make atonement for her rudeness when they had met at the fair; but he purposely avoided an interview with her, because he had come to regard it as a settled thing that she was to marry Philip Vandenberg, despite the fact that she was a Catholic and he a Protestant. To be sure no engagement had been announced between them; but he was so constant in his attentions upon her, and she received them with such open encouragement, that no one could doubt the outcome of the affair.

One day Gerald dropped in at the house of the Ridgeview Golf Club to obtain notes of the game for the *Gazette*. Philip Vandenberg and another young idler of the town, dressed in their everlasting golf suits, were lolling in armchairs on the piazza, smoking cigarettes and yawning between puffs. He saluted them distantly and entered the clubhouse to get the information he had come for from the secretary. Then he returned to the piazza and, taking a chair near Vandenberg and his friend, began to write in his note-book. While so engaged he heard the clatter of hoofs and the rattle of wheels on the graveled road in front of the clubhouse, and, raising his eyes, beheld Dora Norris driving past in her phaeton. She smiled and bowed very sweetly to the two young men, and gave him a little supplementary nod also. When she had disappeared from view, his friend turned to Vandenberg and asked:

"Is it true you intend marrying that girl, Phil?"

"Why not?" answered Vandenberg, apparently oblivious to the presence of a third party. "She has quantities of money, and, between ourselves, I am heartily weary of playing the *rôle* of gentleman with empty pockets. It is so convenient to be able to gratify all one's tastes, you know. To be sure, the little girl is rather vulgar at present, and her parents are insufferably so; but then she will improve with a little coaching, and, of course, I have no intention of marrying her family."

Gerald felt the angry blood rush to his brain.

"But how about her religion?" asked Vandenberg's friend. "You know Catholics are proverbially set in their belief."

"You need not be alarmed on that score," was the brutal reply. "You can trust me to knock all that superstitious nonsense out of her."

Unable to control himself longer, Gerald jumped to his feet and, confronting Vandenberg, exclaimed in an outburst of justifiable indignation:

"Philip Vandenberg, without intending to, I have overheard the remarks you have just made. Heretofore I have at least considered you a gentleman. Now, I know you to be a low-minded fellow, utterly unworthy to associate with self-respecting men, much less with innocent, confiding women."

Vandenberg sprang from his chair. He had been drinking freely in the course of the day, and was in no mood to brook such a strong rebuke.

"You miserable, contemptible eavesdropper!" he cried, scarlet with rage. "I'll teach you better than to intrude

spiritual guide upon whose wise counsel she so relied was taken from her. Illness and physical sufferings were not wanting even in these early years, nor the interior trials with which God so often perfects the souls of His elect.

An Encyclical of the Holy Father Leo XII. drew attention to the dangers that threatened the Church and France through the careless and pleasure-loving lives of the French people. Pauline had studied most deeply the moral evils of the day, and none, perhaps, desired more earnestly than she to find a remedy. She had sought years before to unite pious hearts in offering the sacrifice of their prayers and austerities to appease the justice of God. She had later organized a little association for the distribution of pious literature and articles of devotion, and the necessity of subdividing the members of this confraternity in order to extend the work, suggested to her the means of attaining the general recitation of the Rosary, that efficient remedy for the prevalent evils.

While the Rosary is the most beautiful and available means of spreading the spirit of prayer, comparatively few could be called upon for its regular recitation. But Pauline conceived the happy idea of dividing the fifteen mysteries among fifteen people. And thus, under the name of the Living Rosary, the beautiful devotion of St. Dominic was presented under a new and available form as a means of reparation for the evils of the day. It included, also, an apostolate for the spread of pious books and pictures. The work began as had the Propagation of the Faith among the "Reparatrices" of the Heart of Jesus and the poor girls of St. Vallier, and patience and perseverance overcame at last the opposition and difficulties of all kinds that, as Pauline says, "agitated her frail bark for four years." She had to face the full force of the storm, but the little mustard seed of this spiritual work was to bear, like the former, a wonderful harvest and extend its branches in many lands.

The first blow came from the Dominican Friars, who censured Mlle. Jaricot for a dangerous innovation in changing the form of the beautiful devotion that was their heritage from their saintly founder. When, however, they understood her intentions more thoroughly, they withdrew their opposition and affiliated the work of the Living Rosary to their own. Jealousy and misunderstanding, however, greeted Mlle. Jaricot from many quarters. Her motives were misrepresented and her influence contested, and it was even urged that she had better withdraw from the direction of the work and leave it to others.

It became necessary to appeal to Rome for a decision. The Holy Pontiff praised the devotion of the Living Rosary, and blessed the labors of Mlle. Jaricot as its pious foundress.

It was recommended by Pontifical letters and enriched with indulgences, and the illustrious Cardinal Lambruschini was appointed the Protector of the work. It was Pauline's idea not only to organize the homage of continual prayer, but to link together all Christian hearts in pious union and fraternal charity, to aid each other in material and spiritual needs; and in this spirit she established regular monthly meetings of the Councillors of the work.

The devotion spread with marvellous rapidity. Four years after its installation the Living Rosary claimed a resting place in many parts of the world, in Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, England and America. It reached, later, Greece, Canada, and South America, and even the shores of Africa, and its results today may be estimated in connection with the great work of our own day, the Apostleship of Prayer. The Living Rosary was canonically erected at Rome by a Brief of January 27, 1832, and that of February 2, of the same year.

On the death of her brother Phileas, Pauline sought to continue his earnest

labors among the Sisters who were employed as nurses in the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu, where on account of the disorders following upon the Revolution, they had little religious training, and were exposed to many spiritual dangers. She had herself long felt an attraction to a life of religious calm and seclusion, and yet it seemed to be combated by a consuming zeal and ardent desire to labor for souls in exterior works.

One day, while seeking in prayer the solutions of these two opposing attractions, she thought within herself that had God not chosen to make her a woman she could have found their most perfect combination in the Society of Jesus. And, as she sighed over her own feeble abilities, an interior voice replied to her thought: "If you cannot enter the Society of Jesus, why not form the Society of Mary"? The design was long considered in all submission to her spiritual guides, and finally carried into execution.

Her first thought had been to unite several souls to aid her in carrying on the business of the Living Rosary, and other exterior works of charity that were already a burden too great for her feeble strength. The little community did not term itself a religious order. Pauline's intention was simply to form a few souls in the most solid perfection, ready for whatever work God should place in their hands at any moment. But their most heartfelt duty was that of propitiation and prayer. She obtained the favor of the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament in their little chapel, and her pious desires were not satisfied until she had obtained permission to occupy day and night a room adjoining the chapel with a window opening into the sanctuary.

Their rule was a very simple one, and their aim was to attain the interior virtues that are the soul of the religious life. But few souls responded as Pauline desired to the aims of the "Society of Mary." The first subjects she had selected from the Hôtel Dieu were not suitable, and later she was obliged to allow them a separate house where they could devote themselves to their original occupation of caring for the sick. A few chosen souls however, remained and she purchased for their residence a beautiful property with spacious grounds on the heights of Fourvière, to which she gave the name of Loretto.

Sinister warnings now broke upon the calm of their religious seclusion. The insurrection of July, 1831, was only the prelude to more terrible uprisings. Three times already had Mlle. Jaricot offered to God the sacrifice of her life under its most awful aspect during these days of alarm and disaster. She tells of the fierce struggle of nature against grace in the fears that assailed her in those dark hours. Yet her will remained supremely attached to God, and she could not consent to fly from the dangers that surrounded her while she could pray and offer herself for the salvation of souls. The rumors of a fourth insurrection awoke the fears of the Lyonnese, and the inhabitants of Loretto were warned that it would be well to seek a safer asylum before the storm burst upon them. But Mlle. Jaricot was very ill. The complication of physical ills from which she suffered had reached a crisis, and she was in the last extremity. Two days before, Extreme Unction had been administered to the invalid, and it was impossible to remove her, as the least movement was sufficient to bring on a violent crisis.

The insurrection became more alarming. Loretto was situated upon the heights overlooking the city. Just outside its gates a road, screened by a stone wall, afforded an excellent ambush for the marauding troops. While the inmates of Loretto meditated flight, it was already too late. The insurgents were installed in their place of vantage, and the fire from the enemy and the returning volleys of the defenders met, as one

might say, over their very heads. The household were assembled in the chapel with several persons who had sought shelter. The bed on which Pauline lay in her state of almost imminent death, was brought into the chapel, and at the feet of the Divine Master they prayed for protection for themselves, and the mercy of God on the doomed city. The bombardment of the soldiery and the trembling walls of their beloved home warned them that it was unsafe to remain, yet to fall into the hands of the invaders would be still worse than the death that was so near. Pauline would not leave the Blessed Sacrament unguarded. The tabernacle was a portable one, and with trembling hands it was lifted and placed in the arms of the poor invalid. Within the enclosure of Loretto, where many antique remains of Roman times were visible, there was a subterranean grotto or passage, which, no doubt, dated back to the times of the early Christians. To reach this shelter was the aim of the fugitives, but to accomplish it was a terrible ordeal. To take Pauline in her almost inanimate condition was to expose her to imminent danger of death. Yet it was she who nerved them to the effort. "Let us go, since Jesus is with us," was her reply. So, forming a guard of honor, with lighted candles they went out, bearing in their midst the mattress upon which their beloved invalid reposed, carrying, like a second Clare, the Holy of Holies. And thus protected, no doubt by the watching angels of their Queen and Mother, they traversed the gardens slowly under a rain of shot and shell that fell around them.

The subterranean passage was long and narrow, and led to a reservoir. Towards its centre a deeper excavation or vault in the shape of a cross seemed to have been made by Christian hands in ages long gone by. In each of the four arms of this cross one of her daughters found place, while the invalid's bed occupied the centre. The strangers, among whom was an actress who owed her conversion to these terrible days, remained near the entrance in the corridor. Here it was the dreadful fate of Mlle. Jaricot and her companions to dwell for four days and nights in a living tomb, hearing the unceasing volleys of artillery, the bursting shells rain down upon their cherished home, fearing every moment that their hiding-place would be discovered. Hour by hour they watched through the weary days and nights, finding strength and courage in the near presence of the Blessed Sacrament which rested ever on the breast of their Mother, and offering themselves to God in unceasing prayer. And Jesus gave them a consoling sign of His protection, and came, as one might say, from His very seclusion, to console them in their terrors. In moving the Tabernacle they had heard a sound as if the cover of the Ciborium were detached and the Sacred Hosts in danger of being separated. What should they do? To open it without absolute necessity would be an infraction of the laws of the Church, and yet to omit it would subject the sacred Species to be broken or scattered. Finally, after earnest prayer, they determined to open the Tabernacle, and found, as they had feared, that the Ciborium was uncovered and several of the Hosts had fallen out on the corporal. Trembling with love and respect they adored their Divine Lord, uncertain what should be done, and with the aid of the paten enveloped in the altar linens, they succeeded in lifting one by one the Hosts and replacing them with all reverence. Terrified and fearful of their right to such action, they were yet overpowered with emotion at the thought of their Eucharistic Lord confiding Himself in so touching a manner to their care and solicitude.

They had brought some little food with them—bread and honey, and some fruit —which, with water from the cistern, sufficed for their need. On the third day of their captivity the terrible sounds of

the conflict were succeeded by others, and they heard the hurried tramp of feet passing over their very heads. They were overcome with new terrors, but they hoped on, and, elevating the sacred Tabernacle, prayed with arms extended from time to time, for six whole hours. Then came a feeling of peace, and a certainty that God had heard their prayers, and that the city was saved.

The next morning the sounds outside ceased. Several found strength to leave their retreat, and found that the insurgents had capitulated, and the danger was over. Their dear home of Loretto was still standing, and though pierced with shot and shell, was unprofaned by the marauders. Thither Pauline was removed later, but while she still remained in the vault a priest who had come by some happy inspiration to the spot, removed the Blessed Sacrament and gave her in her subterranean retreat the Bread of the Strong.

After these terrible days Mlle. Jaricot was still a great sufferer, and the physician who attended her could promise no relief. With one of those absorbing fancies that beset the dying she desired to visit Rome and the shrine of St. Philomena, the favorite saint of the Curé of Ars. So arduous a journey in her dying condition seemed an impossibility, but her invincible will succeeded in accomplishing it.

A pretty incident of the journey must be mentioned. While the little band of travellers toiled up an Alpine road heavy with deep snows she paused a moment in the ascent to admire the blue skies and the grandeur of the mountain scenery. Suddenly a beautiful child appeared and, smiling at Pauline, leaned on the window of the carriage, and threw in to her a lovely white rose. Whence came the pretty messenger, and whence came the rose, that surely never grew in those fields of snow? He had vanished as he came, and the deep recesses of the mountain heights gave no trace of his retreat. Was it a mystic emblem of her own approaching visit to the Sovereign Pontiff in the homage of the Living Rosary? Who knows?

They reached Rome at last, and found a warm welcome at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Trinità de' Monti, and a tender friend in Rev. Mother Barat, the venerable Foundress of the congregation. Here, too, the Sovereign Pontiff came twice to visit Mlle. Jaricot, and left her, sadly thinking he had seen his cherished daughter for the last time. "Non la vedremmo più, non retornara più," he said. He recommended her to the Cardinal Lambruschini in these words: "I recommend to you my very dear daughter. Give her every privilege and indulgence possible." Cardinal Lambruschini was to Pauline a lifelong friend, and never ceased to protect her interests and to testify to the solidity of her virtues.

From Rome Pauline succeeded in reaching Mugnano and the Shrine of St. Philomena. Yet, while she felt the inundation of Divine Grace that flowed from the gentle patroness of Italian fervor, she hesitated to demand relief from the sufferings God had laid upon her so long. But the enthusiastic pilgrims and inhabitants at the sight of the poor invalid, carried day after day to the shrine without relief, were somewhat inclined to rebel and reproach St. Philomena. Indeed they were disposed, as they say in French, to "*Casser la tête de la bonne sainte,*" and murmured audibly their displeasure at her delay. And at the moment when St. Philomena seemed to have indeed forgotten her, during a severe attack of her malady, Mlle. Jaricot felt a sudden deliverance from all her physical ills and the return of the strength of her youth. It was a perfect cure, and some days later the poor invalid over whom His Holiness had sighed came in perfect health to visit him and ask his blessing. He was very gracious and was pleased to hear all the details of her miraculous recovery. He made her walk up and down the room several times to prove her strength.

As Mlle. Jaricot moved about at her ease with all simplicity, thinking only to please the Holy Father, the Master of Ceremonies whispered to her that etiquette demanded that one should never turn her back to the Pope. Gregory XVI. smiled and said: "Nonsense, never mind; God has made greater exceptions in her favor." He gave her many precious privileges and wished her to remain a year in Rome that her cure might be examined and put on record.

These were happy days, full of celestial graces and the sympathy of saintly friends. But they were the strengthening cordial of many bitter trials to come. The return of health gave a new impetus to the zeal of Mlle. Jaricot, and she undertook a project that had long been near to her heart. The discontent and unrest that pervaded the working classes and resulted in so much evil, appealed to her deeply, and she formed a vast scheme for the establishment of a colony of workmen and their families, where their labor, ennobled and surrounded by Christian influences, might prove a nucleus of promise. In this design she devoted the greater part of her fortune to the purchase of a valuable property near Apt and Marseilles, a little village in itself, including the Church of Notre Dame des Anges, numerous factories, stores and houses for the workmen who were needed to carry on the work of the iron mines which the property enclosed. Besides these resources, the neighboring mountains furnished a great quantity of clay and chemicals suitable for many purposes, from the making of bricks to that of the finest porcelain and crockery. The property was most valuable and quite capable of supporting the enterprise. Unfortunately, Mlle. Jaricot, who dreaded notoriety and publicity, resolved to employ an agent to act for her interest and in her name and to appear as the real beneficiary. She found, as she thought, in a family that she had befriended, a man who united all desirable qualities and seemed universally esteemed. She put in his hands the whole management of the revenues and the funds for the purchase, and trusted him fully. Alas! for once her zeal overcame her prudence. It was a fatal mistake. Gustave P. was an adventurer of the most dangerous type. By various artifices he had won the confidence of those whose aid was desirable, and by paying the workmen in princely fashion he gained them completely to add their praises to the general chorus. Pauline received the most encouraging letters from her manager, and day by day he evaded a settlement and postponed his appearance. The funds she had placed in his hands were dissipated, and the estate itself seriously involved before she awoke to the dreadful realization of her mistake. And the whole accumulation of debts and interest, of lawsuits and complications reverted to Mlle. Jaricot as the responsible head of the enterprise. The awakening was terrible. She had sought to be forgotten of men and to hide her generosity from public admiration, but the Lord had chosen to send her a deeper measure of annihilation. She was not only laughed at and harassed and censured, but the anger, hatred, persecution and mean retaliation of countless creditors fell upon her and embittered her life to the very end. The deepest drop in her cup of woe was the suffering of the poor laborers who were involved in her ruin. Poor souls, they, at least, felt for her, and hid their own distress from the benefactress whom they had learned to love.

In the vain hope of saving the property by carrying on the mines, she hazarded the rest of her fortune, but it was insufficient. Her life was spent in useless efforts to repay the enormous debts contracted in her name, by the sacrifice of every comfort. She begged assistance from the friends of her youth, but they had forgotten Mlle. Jaricot in her days of misfortune. As a last resource she resolved to resume her long-abandoned title of Foundress of the Propaga-

tion of the Faith, and by the addition of a small stipend to the regular revenues, a sum could easily be realized sufficient to pay the debts and carry out the beloved enterprise. But her claims were now contested in every direction, and though many honored them by an affectionate response, and though the Pope himself authorized the proceeding with kindly encouragement, the Council of the Propagation of the Faith could not be completely won, so many were the jealous incriminations, calumnies and insinuations that seemed to follow her everywhere.

The rest of her life was spent in interior and exterior suffering, in long journeys with one faithful companion, in the guise of poverty and the experience of all its hardships, that she might gain a few cents more for her heartless creditors. And more than one of the friends who had professed undying affection in her days of prosperity, now met her with frivolous excuses or turned her almost from their doors. Yet in one of these journeys a priest who had known her in the height of her generous charity and successful zeal, said to her: "Now I see truly that you are one of God's chosen souls, since He has given you a share in His sufferings rather than His triumphs." Oh, how bitter and how terrible to nature were the daily trials of these latter years, and how noble the charity that conquered the rebellious and met the deepest wrongs with forgiveness and forgetfulness! Her life was drawing to a close, and pride was conquered forever, and human desires faded away as the leaves fall from the trees in winter and unveil to our sight the unclouded blue of heaven. Pauline had promised to drink to the last drop the chalice that God should give, and she did so. She died in absolute poverty, fearing to the end to lose the shelter of her last days, the dear home of Loretto, already denuded of every relic of better days, and even of the most ordinary comforts of life. She was attended by the two or three faithful companions whose virtue had stood the test, whose affection never faltered, and whose after-lives were devoted to the preservation of the sacred memories of their beloved Mother. Her last illness was long and painful, the slow wearing-away of the fetters that held the longing soul to earth. But now and then some gleam of heavenly felicity would pierce the clouds and strengthen the soul that had ever sought to be one with the Crucified, and to whose increasing prayer had been granted perhaps the slow martyrdom of life rather than the sudden glory of a death for the Faith. Her last words were for the Church, for France, for the city of Lyons, and she cried with all the ardor of her apostolic soul: "Give me souls, O my God, give me souls! I thirst for their salvation!" She half rose to leave her bed, and when the gentle watcher asked her whither she would go, she answered: "To Jesus, to leave Him no more!" A ray of sunlight shone through the clouds, and, resting on the bed of death, seemed to form an aureole around the head of the faithful virgin. "O Paradise!" she cried, "O endless happiness, O incomprehensible love!" And, a little later, "My life? Oh, yes! Fiat, Fiat!" And so her apostolic soul passed to the other life amid the shadows of her Calvary, leaving its heritage of generous charity and far-reaching zeal to be continued by other hearts, and to link together the Old World and the New in prolific action and pious supplication.

Among those who gathered to pay the last honors to her memory in the denuded sanctuary of Loretto was noticed a religious in an unfamiliar habit, whose grateful tears revealed one of those silent and secret acts of charity that filled countless pages of Mlle. Jaricot's life. "I never saw her," said the religious, "but it was she to whom we owe the preservation of our convent in a time of financial distress." It was but one of the countless deeds of kindness that time brought to

light, but one instance of the daily help given by Mlle. Jaricot to the material and spiritual needs of those about her. As if God blessed at last her generous intention, the property of Notre Dame des Anges fell by a most Providential course of circumstances in the hands of a gentleman whose intelligent and charitable disposition seem to promise the effectual realization of Mlle. Jaricot's desires in regard to the working class. If it was her lot to suffer and to be despised, it was hers also to claim among her friends the Pontiffs of the Church, illustrious Cardinals and saintly personages. The Curé of Ars knew her and valued her friendship. Her gentle counsels were sought by many great ones of the Church, and many a grateful priest wrote to thank her for the spiritual help, though it came from a woman, that had uplifted and strengthened him in days of trials and weariness of soul. Some one said to her, in reference to these counsels, trying her humility, "You must be very holy yourself, to be able to advise God's chosen ones." She answered with a gentle smile: "Are there no milestones that indicate the road they cannot travel?"

But who shall tell of the graces wrought by her interior life of prayer and generous sacrifice prolonged through so many years, and tried by such apparent desolation? God does not always show us the fruit of these interior labors; but who shall estimate them?

The self-sacrificing life of Mlle. Jaricot, her apostolic zeal, her earnest study of the times, and her efforts to remedy their moral evils, force upon us the fact that there is outside the cloister a vast field for zealous labor, and a need of apostolic souls everywhere. How great a contrast is her life to the aimless, unspiritual lives that meet us on every side in this century that we speak of with so much pride as an era of enlightenment and superexcellent endeavor! The moral evils that are fast coming upon us are so insidious that we do not realize their alarming portents, but they call for the earnest consideration of intelligent minds. The want of faith outside the Church and the indifference and low standard of perfection so apparent within it, the growing materialism of the age, and the endless thirst for amusement! In these days of religious liberty, when the grace of God is poured out upon us in such munificent profusion, when every gift of science and every invention of popular convenience can minister to our religious influence upon the world around us, why is it that so few choose for their talents the field that would ennoble and honor their exercise most of all? Oh, truly one must hear the words of our Lord resounding down the ages, and never more sadly echoed than in our own day: "The harvest is indeed great, but the laborers are few."

ST. ANTHONY IN ART.

By M. F. Nixon.

IN the great city of Lisbon, in the year 1195, there was born Ferdinand Martin de Bulleons, son of very pious people of high rank. His father was descended from Godfrey de Bouillon, famous in the Crusades, while his mother, Donna Maria Tavera, traced her lineage from a sovereign of the Asturias.

Born on the Feast of the Assumption, in a house opposite to the cathedral dedicated to the same Mystery, and baptized in the cathedral, the little Portuguese boy had always an especial devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Brought up by an uncle who was a priest of great sanctity, Ferdinand early showed the piety of a saintly nature. When he was only fifteen he determined to give up the world, retiring to a monastery near Lisbon. From there he was transferred to Santa Cruz, near Coimbra, and there it was that he met the Franciscan friars whose influence was to prove so strong in his life. These friars were guests at Coimbra on their way to preach to the Moors in Africa. They were very holy men, and Ferdinand was much impressed with their sanctity and devotion. When they met martyrdom at the hand of Miramolin, the Moorish king, and their relics were brought to Coimbra, the young priest's desire for a more austere life than that his order demanded was aroused, and his wish to preach the Gospel to the heathen led him to seek entrance into the Franciscan Order.

VAN DYCK.

"I wish to be as poor as Our Lord," he said.

"Go, then, if you will become a saint," said one of the Community, in sorrow at losing so beloved a brother as the young Portuguese.

"When you hear of my being one, you will praise God," said Ferdinand prophetically, and twelve years later he was canonized by Pope Gregory IX.

Ferdinand took the Franciscan habit in 1220, becoming Brother Anthony, and living a retired life for some years.

His desire to go to Africa was ungratified because of his poor health, and Italy was the scene of his greatest labors, and heresy the subject of his life-work.

There were at that time many heretical doctrines springing up in various provinces and threatening to undermine the blessed unity of the Church; and the "silver tongue" of the young Franciscan seemed to strike a heavenly music into the discord of men's souls. Wherever he spoke they listened and wondered. With words of loving exhortation he brought to penitence the most wicked of men, and especially was this true of the Paduans, for, whereas the people of Padua had been noted for turbulence and heresy, shortly after St. Anthony's death Pope Gregory addressed to the city a Bull in which he praised the piety and zeal of the people.

In the confessional an angel of patience and sweetness, St. Anthony's questions were so pertinent, his insight so almost inspired, that penitents came to him from miles around, and even the most hardened bandits made restitution

for their crimes at the Saint's commands.

Miracles of the body, scarcely more marvellous than those of the soul, were vouchsafed to him by the grace of God, and the sick were healed, the lame walked, and the dead were restored to life by the prayers of St. Anthony. Such was his sweetness and humility, however, that he always told the people that it was their faith, and not his merits, which had obtained the favor of Heaven.

Only six-and-thirty when he died, St. Anthony was singularly young-looking, small and slight, with an olive complexion, deep dark eyes and an expression of exquisite sweetness and purity. His piety by no means interfered with his cheerfulness, for he was always bright, and children and animals adored him. Indeed, every one who came under the sway of his gracious personality loved him devotedly.

SAINT ANTHONY. (MURILLO.)

Always a great sufferer, austere in his life, untiring in his efforts for others, he had a worn face, a slight, emaciated frame; but a wellnigh heavenly light irradiated from his countenance.

St. Anthony is represented in art in many ways, and frequently his surroundings in the pictures are indigenous to the soil of Padua, of which he is the patron saint. The people of this city never tire of sounding his praises, and miracles beyond telling testify to his love for the Paduans.

It was in Padua, in the house of Tiso, one of the Camposampieri, that the Christ Child appeared to St. Anthony in the lovely vision so often reproduced in art, and in the same city was held the famous interview with the tyrant Ezzelino. This man was so impressed with St. Anthony's words of rebuke for his cruelties that he made no reply, saying to his astonished courtiers, haughty, unprincipled man that he was, "I tell you that while that friar was speaking I saw his face shining with such a glory that it filled me with awe and terror, and I could only kneel at his feet like a criminal." This famous interview has been made the subject of a great picture by one of the old masters. "I see my God," said St. Anthony, as he lay in a little cell at Arcella, where the Franciscan friars tenderly watched over the dying man. Then, with a smile of ineffable joy upon his pallid face, he passed tranquilly away, and his life of sweetness and devotion to God closed June 13, 1231.

The Flower of the Annunciation given to the stainless Virgin, St. Joseph's flower for a blameless life, the lily, is the symbol of spotlessness; and so great was St. Anthony's purity that he is usually represented with a stalk of lilies.

The young saint has long been a favorite subject with artists, and perhaps the most noted of those who have painted him is the Spaniard Murillo.

Bartolomé Esteban Murillo was born in "gay Sevilla" in 1617, and, early

showing a devotion to the pencil and brush, he became a pupil of the great Spanish painter, Juan del Castello.

Early in his career Murillo painted religious pictures for exportation to South America, and, owing to his swiftness and facility, he earned in this way enough to go to Madrid, where Velasquez, his lifelong friend, procured for him permission to study in the Royal Academy. From this time on, Murillo's life was more successful than the lives of men of genius often are. He married happily, lived in prosperity and honor at Seville, where he was made president of the Academy and revered and loved by his fellow-artists.

In personal appearance Maestro Murillo was very attractive, with long, floating, dark hair crowning a high and noble forehead, eyes dark and deep, with the fire of genius burning within them, and a thoughtful, though mobile and kindly, expression.

Murillo's favorite subjects were religious ones, and, after the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin and his beloved "Niños," he best loved to portray St. Anthony of Padua.

The Sevillian School was an uncommon one in many ways and especially so from a moral point of view. The painters were obliged to be pure in morals and life; any one detected in using an improper expression was expelled from the Academy, and the painter of an immoral picture was fined heavily and imprisoned. Old chroniclers relate that the artists regarded their work as entirely devotional; that they entered upon the painting with prayer, some even with fasting and scourging and other severe penances.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the sweet spirit and transcendent genius of Murillo, fostered by such influences as these, felt closely allied to the spotless Portuguese youth, to whom race and clime, as well as faith and allegiance, bound him.

Perhaps the best known of all Murillo's St. Anthony's, is the large canvas in the Berlin Museum. The background of the picture is indicated rather than defined, and consists of a landscape in Murillo's best style, the vaporoso or cloudy. The turquoise sky is filled with cherubs, those ineffably lovely babies which only Murillo could paint so perfectly, one little fellow holding a book, a second with a lily branch, others in charming attitudes, graceful and natural.

The central figures, however, are those of the Saint in his friar's dark robe, kneeling upon the ground, with the Infant Christ clasped close to his breast. The child is a chubby, healthy baby, very sweet and lovable, charming from its curly head to its little pink toes, and its baby hand is raised to St. Anthony's face, patting it with perfect naturalness, as would any mere human baby. It is by no means a Child God, a Divinity in human form. The Saint holds it close in a rapture of love, but more as if it were a dear, familiar friend than a wonder of majesty come down from heaven.

In this picture Murillo has departed from the accepted ideal of St. Anthony taken from the old portraits, and made him appear more robust than the frail, ascetic young friar, worn with penance and illness; but the face has an expression of great sweetness.

Very different from this picture is the equally famous one painted by Murillo for the Seville Cathedral. It hangs in the Baptistry, where a softly shaded light falls upon the wonderful picture, bringing out its exquisite tones in perfect loveliness. St. Anthony is represented kneeling upon the stone-flagged floor of the chapel, and near by is the simple table which holds his breviary and some lilies. Through an open doorway, with a graceful Mooresque arch, the white walls of the convent may be seen across a sunny corner of the court, while the foreground is dark, throwing into high relief the slender figure of the Saint, kneeling with arms outstretched,

looking upward with a face full of an awed expectancy. Above him, surrounded by angels and cherubs, with flowers and sunbeams, light and glory, stands the Child God, His little arms reaching out to the Saint who loved Him so, every curve of his body, every line of his face replete with dignity and sweetness. He is a triumph of heartfelt devotion and true genius.

ST. AUGUSTINE, ST. CATHARINE, ST. ANTHONY.
(Signorella.)

It was of this picture that Antonio Castello, nephew of Murillo's master, said, "It is all over with Castello! Is it possible that Murillo, my uncle's servile imitator, can be the author of all this grace and beauty of coloring?"

Murillo received ten thousand reals (about five hundred dollars) for this picture—a large price in those days, although seeming pitifully small as we look at the almost priceless canvas.

In November, 1874, the figure of St. Anthony was cut out of the foreground and stolen by a worse than vandal, but afterwards found in New York, and returned to Seville, where it was carefully replaced in the picture.

Murillo has painted many pictures of St. Anthony, the one in the Seville Gallery being often copied, and one in Madrid being almost equally famous. His work is always noted for a tenderness and beauty of coloring. His flesh tints are remarkably clear and soft, and in his best style he is surpassed by few of the best masters.

Another great Spaniard, somewhat akin to "The Painter of Conceptions," as Murillo is often called, is Ribera, a very different personality from the charming Sevillian.

José Ribera was born at Jativa, near Valencia, in 1588, and died in Naples in 1656. He was a pupil of Ribalta (founder of the Valencian school) and studied in Italy, copying Caravaggio and others of the naturalist painters, himself a painter of eclectic school,

"Taking his dicers, candle-lights and grins
From Caravaggio, and in holier groups
Combining Flemish flesh with martyrdom,
Knowing all tricks of style at thirty-one."

The best of Ribera's work was done in his later days, when he painted with more originality. His knowledge of anatomy was great, and many of his paintings, especially those of the martyrdom of the saints, are horrible in the intensity of suffering displayed. His finest work is in the church of San Martino, in Venice, a lovely "Pietà," but he is represented in nearly all the great galleries of Europe.

His St. Anthony, in the Academy of St. Ferdinand at Madrid, is one of the finest examples of his best style. In a dark, stone-flagged cell, with no furniture save a rough table upon which lies a missal, kneels the Saint in an attitude of worship. The background is obscure,

the shadows deep; there is an air of mystery very Ribera-like in the simple picture. There are no lilies, no heavenly roses; none of Murillo's light and and brightness. The only light in the picture radiates from the figure of the Christ Child which is poised above with indescribable grace, pointing heavenward. The Saint kneels below, a dark figure, but with a face of exquisite loveliness—a boyish face of the purest Spanish type, fervent and exalted, with an expression of mingled love, awe and sweetness. There is little color in the picture, but a wonderful blending of quiet tones and an effect of great simplicity and religious devotion in the masterly handling of the shadowy and mystic effects.

Ribera centres every thought upon the Child Christ and St. Anthony's devotion to it, and it seems as if the Saint were saying, or rather, thinking,

"Thou, like a cloud, my soul,
Dost in thyself of beauty naught possess;
Devoid of light of heaven, a vapor foul,
The veil of nothingness."

Ribera has been called "Lo Spagnoletto" ("the Little Spaniard"), and is highly esteemed by the art critics. In looking at his wonderfully devotional pictures it seems impossible that he could have been the gay, artistic, careless fellow he is said to have been, full of youthful foibles and follies, yet an artist to his finger tips.

A century before the gay Spanish cavalier there lived in Florence, where the Arno flows along in purple loveliness through the quaint city of Romola, Luca Signorella, called "Lo Cortona" from the city of Cortona.

He was a gentle, kindly, simple soul about whom little is known, loving art for art's sake, painting because he could not help it. His subjects were nearly always religious ones, and his frescoes were noted even at that day when the art of frescoing was brought so nearly to perfection.

He was one who struggled and toiled through untold difficulties to attain perfection, yet he never wearied, and his joy in his work was unbounded.

"The Ideal has discoveries which ask
No test, no faith, save that we joy in them,
A new-found continent with spreading lands
Where pleasure charters all, where virtue, rank,
Use, right and truth have but one name, Delight.
Thus Art's creations, when etherealized,
To least admixture of the grosser facts
Delight may stamp as highest."

MADONNA AND CHILD AND ST. ANTHONY.
(Van Dyck.)

THE VISION.
(Von Schraudolph.)

Signorella was born and bred in the loveliest region of all lovely Italy, where green valleys stretch away towards the mountains, and mighty cathedral spires reach heavenward. There

"Pealing on high from the quaint convent towers
Still ring the Catholic signals, summoning
To grave remembrance of the larger life
That bears our own, like perishable fruit,
Upon its heaven-wide branches."

The simplicity of Nature came to the painter from his early life among the hills, and there is in his works a taste and understanding rare even among the men of his own school.

In the Museum at Berlin is the famous picture of St. Anthony which Signorella wrought with so much art and care. The young saint is grouped with St. Augustine, wise Father of the Church, and lovely, gracious St. Catharine and her figure is perhaps Signorella's finest piece of work. St. Anthony is kneeling in a position of adoration, with folded hands, and his dark eyes turned upward; and though the face is not beautiful it is wonderfully lifelike. The coloring of the whole picture is a work of unquestioned genius, and while it is strange to see St. Anthony without his lilies or his beloved Baby Christ, still the group is a fitting one, for the "Hammer of Heretics" had much of the wisdom and learning of the great doctor of the Church, and the purity of St. Catharine; and the painting has an intense significance to the genuine art-lover or the religious temperament.

Very different from this is a picture in the Brera, at Milan, where St. Anthony kneels in loving adoration before the Infant Christ held in the arms of His Blessed Mother. The face of the Virgin is one of the most lovely ever painted, with a dignity, a graciousness, a tender mother-love truly divine. Her floating robes of sapphire hue conceal the form as she clasps in her arms the Holy Child, who reaches out His little hands lovingly to His Saint. The figure of St. Anthony is in shadow, and only the profile of his face may be seen, but his expression is one of angelic purity so perfect a reflex of his character. The artist has entered truly into the spirit of the scene. He must have loved Our Blessed Mother to have made her so lovely, and he must have been capable of appreciating the character of the Saint of Padua. It seems as if the painter must have painted lovingly and with devotion in each stroke of the brush; as if he must have been one who had

"an eye
That winces at false work and loves the true,
With hand and arm that play upon the tool
As willingly as any singing bird
Sets him to sing his morning roundelay
Because he likes to sing and likes the song."

Looking at the portrait of the author of so much loveliness one ceases to wonder at it, for it is the face of one with an artist soul.

Anthony Van Dyck was born in Antwerp in 1599, and, as his father was a glass painter and his mother a well-known landscape artist, his taste for the arts was early fostered. He studied under Van Balen and Rubens; and a critic of the day, writing to the Earl of Arundel (a noted art patron) says, "Van Dyck lives with Rubens, and his works are beginning to be esteemed little less than those of the master. He is a young man of one-and-twenty whose parents are persons of considerable property, and it will be difficult to induce him to remove." However, the young painter, by the advice of Rubens, went to Italy and spent five years, painting principally portraits of noted Italians. He returned to Antwerp in 1626, but left there several years later for England, at the command of King Charles I., by whom he was knighted.

MURILLO.

Van Dyck married Marie Ruthven, granddaughter of Lord Gowrie, and, after an extremely successful life, the great painter died in 1641, leaving property to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, a rare occurrence for a painter.

In the twenty years after Van Dyck left Rubens' studio, Sir Anthony had painted over a thousand pictures, among them portraits of nearly all the great men of his time.

He was a delightful person, with a sprightly charm of manner, and a grace which made him a great favorite, and so handsome a face that a contemporary said, "No wonder the women of England went mad over Sir Anthony!"

One of the most perfect paintings of St. Anthony now in existence is by Johann von Schraudolph, a German of the Munich school. He has painted several pictures of the Saint, all with the same attributes—a wonderful devotion and religious feeling blended with finish and clever execution. In this, the best of his works, the Saint kneels before the infant Saviour, who stands upon an open book, His tiny hands outstretched to the Saint. The subject of the painting is much the same as a Murillo or a Ribera. There is the same stone-flagged cell, the pure white lilies, the Child God appearing in the clouds to the kneeling monk. But the beauty lies in the wonder of expression in the whole picture.

Upon the floor rest the "Sweet Lilies of Eternal Peace," almost fragrant, so perfect are they. The little Our Lord is not a mere chubby baby, but so divinely loving in His condescension that one could not wonder at the adoration of the Saint. Rays of light radiate from the perfect little figure and reach to the face of the kneeling man, lighting it up in heavenly loveliness. St. Anthony's expression seems to say, "Can it be possible that my God whom I have so loved condescends to come to me?" He has one hand outstretched, the other laid deprecatingly upon his breast. It is a marvellous picture, and one to remember always—a picture that lifts the soul above the sordid realms of earth and

makes one long for purity and gentleness and all the lovely virtues which St. Anthony had; to "keep the thought of life, like Mary, Virgin to a Virgin's heart." Looking at such a picture, one seems to hear

"Hints of heavenly voices,
Tone for silvery tone,
Move in rarer measures
Than to us are known,
Still wooing us to worlds
Beyond the shadowy zone."

Surely, this is the aim of art, to elevate and uplift!

"Taste, beauty, what are they
But the soul's choice towards perfect bias wrought
By finer balance of a fuller growth?"

The Old Masters, dead for centuries, live forever in the hearts of those who love high thoughts and noble deeds, and strong endeavor.

The artists who have painted St. Anthony have left a perpetual legacy of good, a sweet remembrancer of virtue, for to see his pictures is to recall his almost perfect life and to long for such virtues as were his. Even such a wish is an impulse toward heaven, for whoever shall discern true ends here

"Shall grow pure enough to long for them,
Brave enough to strive for them,
And strong enough to reach them
Though the way be rough."

THE SAINTLY SISTER OF A SAINTLY BROTHER.

Marguerite Elizabeth de la Colombière, Religious of the Visitation. Pages from the Annals of the First Monastery of Annecy.

ABOUT the time the Venerable Father de la Colombière was called to assist the humble Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque, in her admirable mission of making known the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the subject of this little sketch was given to her dear family. She was a child of heavenly benedictions—a chaste little dove, destined to learn from her holy brother the clefts of the rock in which she would, in time, hide herself from the world and its vanities.

God prepared for her in the members of her own family the brightest models of Christian perfection. Her father was one of the most respectable citizens of Vienne, in Dauphiny, and was greatly esteemed for his personal character more than for his worldly possessions. Her eldest brother held the high position of Master of Accounts in Grenoble, where he edified all around him by his great fidelity to all the teachings of our holy Church; in fact, he lived more as a religious than a secular. Another brother, in his zeal for the salvation of souls, generously abandoned his country, crossed the ocean, and entered upon a missionary life in Canada, where he was rewarded with a holy and happy death. We have but to speak of the greatest of them all, the Venerable Father de la Colombière, so well known by his apostolic labors and his long, heroic fidelity in God's service, to which he vowed himself by the observance of the Rules and Constitutions of the Society of Jesus. Our Lord, when speaking to the blessed lover of His Sacred Heart, designated him *His servant*, a praise before which all others must pale, and which is sufficient to render forever precious the memory of Father de la Colombière. While in the world Marguerite lived in great retirement and proved herself worthy of her illustrious family. Attracted from childhood to a religious life, she made strenuous efforts for several consecutive years to be admitted among the Carmelite nuns. Having at last obtained a favorable answer, her only anxi-

ety was to find an opportunity of withdrawing from a devoted father, whom she knew to be opposed to her design. The good old man kept such a watchful eye upon the child of his heart that she saw her attempts would prove useless. To soften his opposition she determined to select a less austere Order, and cast her eyes upon the First Monastery of the Visitation in Lyons. M. de la Colombière was too good a Christian to oppose the will of God, and, seeing such strong perseverance in Marguerite, reluctantly gave his consent to her departure, and allowed her to follow what he believed to be a divine call. She entered at once among the Visitandines of Lyons. As may be imagined, the wise counsels of her holy brother followed Marguerite to her new abode. Wishing to be her teacher in the commencement of her religious life, and to lay the foundation of her spiritual edifice, he consequently suggested a few maxims that he deemed of service, among them the following: Blind obedience; submission of will and judgment; constant and fervent prayer; love of humiliations, and contempt for self. He also desired her to live in the monastery as one with eyes to see not, ears to hear not, a tongue to speak not, except for the praises of God and under obedience. Such were his earnest recommendations; but as the language of the saints has its own peculiar unction and carries to the heart its special conviction, we will give the written words of Father de la Colombière:

"Your happiness, my dear Sister, will be proportioned to your detachment of heart from creatures and created things, and to your fervor in God's holy service. I fear but one thing for you, and that is, your natural love of retirement, and horror for noise and tumult, may form some part of your present happiness; if this be so, yours is a false joy. It is the Cross that you should love and seek in the state you have embraced, and the true Cross, the one that weighs heaviest upon nature and contradicts your inclinations. I would judge such crosses are not very difficult to find in your present position, as in a community there is always something to oppose our humors and opinions. It is necessary for us to be continually on our guard if we wish to profit by such occasions, and this requires great subjection of the will; if we act otherwise, we shall not enjoy true peace of soul, or that peace will not be of long duration. I believe it well for you to read frequently, and with application of mind, the lives of the Saints of your Order, or those of other religious who followed a different rule, and who attained a high degree of sanctity. I suppose those who govern you will approve of this; if not, it will be better to remain idle than do the least thing without their approval. Should they allow you to follow my recommendations, you must make the reading with all attention and mark well the ways in which those holy souls walked to arrive at the perfection they acquired with the grace of God. You will find they did very little that you cannot do with the same grace. I have one word more to say to you; that word is a very essential one, and I have implored our Lord never to let it slip from your mind or heart, for upon it depends your lifelong happiness, your eternal destiny. Remember, you have entered into religion to save your soul, your own individual soul, and to prepare yourself to render an account of that soul whenever it may be called hence. This is your greatest, your only affair. Your rules and vows are the matter upon which you will be examined. Live, then, in such a manner as to be ready to give your account at any moment. Let your Sisters in Religion act as they please; you have nothing to do with their actions. What a horrible temptation, that of meddling with the affairs of others! Allow your Superiors to govern and direct as they judge proper; why should you concern your-

self with them? It will suffice for *you* to know and understand what *they* require of you; and whether it seems reasonable or not, provided there is no evident sin, you must believe it is God Himself who gives the command, and you must obey. The very thing that seems blameworthy to you may be the very thing to which God has attached your sanctification. A Superior may govern badly, but God, who governs through her, cannot possibly do so; His works are always perfect. My dear Sister, let this be deeply impressed on your mind, for if this principle is not well established you will lose your time in religion, where your entire life should be spent in obedience. Now, our obedience is without merit when we do not consider God in the person that governs us, and it is certain God is not considered when we allow ourselves to judge, examine, criticise or condemn the actions of Superiors. When the Holy Spirit dwells within our hearts He fills them with an infantile simplicity, a childlike confidence and love towards Superiors that makes us find everything reasonable and easy, or, if you prefer, He causes us to recognize God in all things and in all persons, especially those whom He has appointed to hold His place amongst us, even if they possess but few of the virtues and qualities we deem requisite for government. I write you all this because you have entered religion a little more advanced in years than some others, and may be tempted to think yourself wiser on that account. Should you be so tempted, remember that we show our real wisdom by submission of will and judgment. A good religious would obey a little child, duly appointed, as readily as she would obey her holy Founder were he still living, or the Blessed Virgin, if she were to take visible charge of the monastery. I also recommend to you the practice of holy poverty from the very beginning. What a happiness to be able to say to Jesus Christ: 'My Saviour, I love nothing but You, and if I felt the least attachment for one of the articles necessary for daily use, I would cast it far away; I would not keep is for a moment, either about my person or in my room. I desire to love You only.' "

The efforts made by our fervent Sister to acquire the perfection of her holy state were soon followed by an unexpected trial. Her aged father, whose health had long been impaired, became seriously ill; the violence he imposed on himself in allowing his child to follow her vocation, had reduced him to extremity. Marguerite was advised to return home and perform the last filial duties for one who seemed to have a just claim to her attendance. Rev. Father de la Colombière, then in the great College of Lyons, persuaded her to make the sacrifice of her happiness, and assured her of a readmittance into the monastery in due time. The good old man began to recover his health and strength as soon as his daughter was with him. In his illness he exacted a promise that she would never leave him again; nevertheless, he felt some uneasiness at keeping her in the world, knowing her ardent desires. Subsequently, to her surprise, he told her she might retire to a monastery if she would select one nearer to him than Lyons, and designated the Visitation of Condrieu. Marguerite hastened to enter into the Ark of paternal choice, where God awaited her. She was in her twenty-fourth year and began anew her religious career with great fervor. She made giant strides in the ways of the perfect; every action was marked with the seal of mortification, humility and charity, the true foundation-stones of the spiritual life. When she was clothed with the holy habit, her saintly brother pronounced an energetic discourse upon the advantages of a religious life and the entire consecration of oneself to God's service. He was happy to see her united to our Institute, which he knew so well from his communications with many interior

souls, especially our Blessed Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque.

We can judge from a letter written to his sister just before her holy profession how he wished her to be disposed for the offering she was about to make of herself upon the altar of sacrifice. We extract the following: "You are very unfortunate, my dear Sister, if at this time anything worries you, or if there is the least disquietude in your mind or heart, since I know of nothing that can prevent your becoming a saint; everything around you contributes to it. Even from our sins we can derive some profit. They show us our weakness and inspire us with a determination to amend; they make us renew our good resolutions and serve to keep us humble. We must always try to regard every event as happening by the wise providence of God, and view all things in the light of faith, submitting our judgment and will in perfect conformity to the Divine Will. Thus, my Sister, you will live in peace and contentment. Should sadness or chagrin ever disturb you, be sure, I pray you, to see if there is not some little attachment to something or other, either to life, health, convenience or personal comfort, or it may be to some person or object, which should have been cast from your heart long since, or long ago forgotten in your love of our dear Lord alone. Whenever your heart is disturbed or worried you may be certain it proceeds from some immortified passion, the fruit of self-love, so hard to get rid of. On such occasions cast yourself at the foot of the crucifix and say to our Lord: 'What, my Saviour, do I still desire something besides You? Are You not sufficient for me, and should it not suffice me to love but You when I know I am singularly loved by You? What did I come to seek in religion but You? What does it matter how they speak of me, or whether I am loved or despised, sick or well, employed in this duty or that, with these persons or those? Provided I am with You and You are with me, I am content.'

"They tell me you desire me to preach at your profession. I fear that if your desire is ardent, God, who loves you, will not permit it. As to myself, I cannot answer definitely, but, whatever I may be told on the subject, I will abide by, and I am persuaded you will be resigned to the decision and that you are proof against greater difficulties than a disappointment. A perfect act of indifference will be of far more use to your soul and render you more pleasing to God than all I could say in many sermons. You should desire nothing so much, my Sister, as to have a heart freed from all desires; but this is not the work of a day; it requires time to arrive at such a high point, and both of us must labor diligently until we secure its possession. If we succeed, we shall be amply rewarded for our labor even in this life.

"I recommend to you an exact and courageous observance of the least of your Rules and a strict compliance with every command and order of your Superiors. There is nothing light or trifling when there is question of God's service and good pleasure, and certainly it is a very great evil to displease *Him* in the smallest degree.

"I read not long ago the life of a saintly Religious who said, when dying, that he had the consolation of never having violated any Rule of his Order or the least command of his Superiors. For this, my Sister, great vigilance and a strong determination are required, and blessed is the Religious, man or woman, who will undertake such lifelong fidelity and persevere in it.

"Think of it, and see if you cannot lead such a life; it is what God deserves from you and what you will wish to have done at the moment of your death. There is nothing impossible to grace, and a well-disposed heart is not cast down by difficulties."

Father de la Colombière took special care to instil into the heart of his beloved sister sentiments of piety and fervor; he continued his spiritual assistance un-

til his death. Even from his laborious mission in London, he gave her words of consolation, and his wise counsel was her greatest support.

It was in the employments of the Community, nearly all of which she filled at different epochs, that we recognized the precious treasure our divine Lord had given to our House; she was alert, gracious, obliging and charitable to every one without exception. Animated with the two-fold spirit of charity and penance, she led the way in all that was laborious, without regard to the fatigue and difficulty she was sure of meeting. Always forgetful of self, it was her delight to serve her sisters in religion and we were free in asking assistance of her. She had a great attraction for bodily macerations, but her respect for the intentions of our holy Founder caused her to sacrifice her desires for whatever might be contrary to our holy Rules; she supplied by fervor and the perfection of the interior spirit of our Institute, what is permitted in more austere Orders. She was so uniformly exact in all that is prescribed, that we often said of her: "Her motto is to do nothing more or less." To satisfy her attraction for mortifications and humiliations, she reserved for herself whatever was the most repulsive and disagreeable to nature. So far from desiring praise or notice, she sought to conceal her own sentiments and ideas, and seemed to think she had no right to advance her own views.

On one occasion she expressed a desire to see her holy brother, who must have thought the wish too natural for one aiming at high perfection, as his letter about that time breathed something of reproof. "Believe me, my dear Sister, my absence from you is not injurious to your sanctification. You will find our Lord always with you when you seek Him sincerely, and when you have Him, all the rest is useless. I have frequently made one remark to you and will repeat it whenever I find occasion. Your Rules should hold the place of all things and persons, and when you will have learned to practise them in all their details, exactly and perfectly, you will have need of neither Director nor direction. Consult those Rules in your moments of fervor and see what God demands of you through them, which is nothing less than an inviolable fidelity to His blessed will. If we could but know the blessings Heaven has in store for the observance of our Rules, we would spare nothing to comply with every iota they call for. I see no prospect at present of my being able to visit you at the time named in your letter, and you know as well as I that whatever benefit you might derive from seeing me, the sacrifice we will make of meeting, is a thousand times more valuable and useful to us than all the advantages that could possibly accrue from other sources."

Our dear Sister Marguerite Elizabeth, as a true lover and adorer of the Sacred Heart, burned with the flames of its love, and rendered continual homage to it by a thousand ingenious practices; her desire was to inflame all hearts with that holy love and make them ardently devout to the Sacred Heart. It was from the august mysteries of our holy religion that she drew strength to testify her fidelity to her divine Spouse. Ardent to profit by the Communions permitted or prescribed, she was ever ready for those obedience would grant as a favor.

We can truly say this dear Sister never lost her first fervor, and we believe she carried to the grave the spirit that animated her first years in religion. She never relaxed in her practices of mortification, and her regularity was inspiring; she lost no occasion of giving to her Lord testimony of her love, yet she was not singular in her intercourse with the Community. According to the expression of her holy brother, she drew down divine favors by a continual application to refuse to self what-

ever nature could take complacency in, or desire under the most lawful pretexts. He admirably seconded all that grace required of his sister for holy despoliation and death to self, never tolerated the least gratification to nature. In one of his letters he said: "You tell me that if I had time to see or write to you oftener, you would be better than you are. Perhaps you have not well considered your having in your solitude Him from whom all graces flow, from whom all gifts, spiritual and temporal, must come, and without whose assistance no man or creature can be of use to you; neither I nor any other can sanctify you. Examine this well and make no reply, because no solid answer can be given. It is our want of confidence that prevents us from profiting by the presence of our Lord. He is not in our midst for nothing; He wishes to distribute His blessings freely, but we are cold and have such little recourse to Him that it is no wonder if He gives us so small a portion of His lights and graces, such as He communicates in abundance to those who have recourse to Him as to their Master and the source of all good."

Our beloved Sister had so renounced her own views, that it required obedience to make her give an opinion; her deference, docility and respect for Superiors increased with her years; a sign of their will was sufficient; their word was an oracle from which she never deviated.

Love of holy poverty was also one of her conspicuous virtues. She never concerned herself about the little trifles which often worry souls less elevated in the spiritual life. God was her all; she never lost sight of Him, even in the most distracting employments. Her only care was to love Him.

To complete the purification of this faithful soul, our Lord put her virtue to a severe test. For about twenty years previous to her death, she was afflicted with partial blindness, and could scarcely guide herself; but the chalice was received from the hand of Him to whom she had promised to refuse nothing; the sacrifice was consummated, notwithstanding its bitterness, with loving generosity. Unable to fill any office or employment, she devoted her time to prayer and meditation. There was not an oratory in the Monastery to which she did not make a daily visit. Her fidelity to the regular exercises of the Community was more than stimulating; she would have scrupled to omit the least or to be absent from any without permission, which in her long career she seldom asked and never without strict necessity.

Nothwithstanding the infirmities of age, she never dispensed herself from morning prayer, and always attended Matins with the Community. At length our edifying old Sister began to show symptoms of decline; we saw the hour for departure approaching, and the well-earned recompense near. The wall separating the immortal soul from the enjoyment of its beloved, was about to crumble, and soon our dear one would be freed from the trammels of earth.

She assisted at Compline one afternoon as usual, and during it fell in a fainting spell of long duration. When consciousness was restored, she asked for the last Sacraments, saying she knew the supreme moment was at hand. Her preparation for the last rites of the Church was in keeping with the care she had taken through life to lose no opportunity of receiving the Beloved of her soul and of uniting herself closely with Him. Her fidelity obtained the grace of His visit at the last moment; she received Him with the ardor of a seraph and, entirely occupied with the thought of Him, bore with heroic patience the seven days' fever and violent inflammation that conducted her to that blessed *rendezvous* of all the lovers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. On February eighth, seventeen hundred and thirty-four, Sister Marguerite Elizabeth de la

Colombière went to meet in heaven the holy souls to whom she had been united in life, and to enjoy with them the blessings and rewards of a life hidden with God, unknown to men, envied by the angels. She was eighty-four years of age, had passed sixty years in the Monastery of Condrieu, France, and was a professed religious of fifty-nine years.

GOD'S CHURCH.

By Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J.

Unto the end of ages on that rock
Where Christ, thy King, hath built thee shalt thou stand;
One in thy teaching, one in every land;
The fold where our good shepherd pens his flock.
And, though the silly world may flout and mock,
In thee alone salvation is—no hand
Can hurl thee from thy throne; for not on sand
Hath the Lord reared thee 'gainst the tempest's shock.
O glorious house of God, how fair thou art
Amid the raging waters, and how blest
All they that dwell within thee! Cedars bow
Their hoary heads; the snow-clad mountain crest
Crumbles to dust; only thyself art now
Unchanged, like God who made thee, and at rest.

Lo, a great mystery! In thee alone
Salvation is. Thou art the way of life,
The one high road to heaven, the one wife
That bears Christ children; and before His throne
Thou shalt lay claim to all, though now unknown
By many that should love thee; though the strife
Of Discord and accursed Schism's knife
Have severed from thee hearts that are thine own.
They that are Christ's are thine, and all are thine
Who, in His blood once bathed, have never stepped
Over the threshold of His truth divine
By wilful error, or their sins have wept
With Magdalen; and this shall be a sign
That on thy queenly bosom they have slept.

Yet men there are with eyes that do not see,
With ears that hear not, hearts so hard and cold
They will not understand; while tongues of gold
Bear witness to the truth that lives in thee;
Call thee the Saviour that hath set men free,
The One, the Holy, the Good Shepherd's Fold,
The Bride of Christ, the unconquerable hold
Of faith on earth, Peter's eternal See.
God show them mercy that they heed thee not!
Alack! the very nightingale may sing,
Nor from his tankard draw the drivelling sot.
God show them mercy, till the whole world ring
With thy sweet voice, O Church, and every spot
Of human earth its joyful echo bring.

GENERAL INTENTION, OCTOBER, 1897.

Approved and blessed by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN OUR SCHOOLS.

OUR HOLY FATHER closes his late Encyclical on Religious Teaching, addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops of Austria, Germany and Switzerland, by a prayer. The prayer is to "the Good and Great God, 'the Master of Sciences,' and to the Virgin, His Mother, beseeching them through the intercession of Peter Canisius, whose learning deserved so well of all the Church, to hear the petitions which the Church makes for its own increase and for the welfare of youth."

The particular welfare of our young Catholics, which the Holy Father has in mind, is clearly their sound religious education. In urging the present General Intention upon the piety of our Associates we are but exhorting them to unite in the above prayer of His Holiness, and we feel that we can recommend it to their notice in no better terms than those which we shall quote from his Encyclical.

Why should we be asked to pray for religious instruction in our schools? To judge from the views lately expressed by some of our Catholic writers and lecturers, one would imagine that religious teaching is so well and, in some schools, so exclusively looked after, that we should rather devote our labors, as well as our prayers, to the improvement of other departments of school work. Usually, those who write and speak most for the public are men and women whose very occupations prevent them from knowing what is done, and what is needed by our schools and colleges; and this will explain why some of them describe our schools as if they were made up of catechism classes and our colleges as petty seminaries. There is, unfortunately, another class of Catholics who think that the school room is no place for religion; that, at most, it is enough to teach catechism in our primary schools, but that nothing further is needed in our colleges, that higher religious instruction is for priests, not for laymen; and there are still some who approve of a historical or comparative study of religion in our higher schools, but yet disapprove of giving any time to the personal religious training of the pupils.

We might understand the difficulty which these misguided Catholics make about thorough religious teaching in our schools, were we in the position of teachers in our common or neutral schools. Even they acknowledge the need of some religious training for pupils of every grade, but, compelled as they are, for fear of inculcating any denominational doctrine, to avoid all

positive religious instruction, they have recourse to what they call moral instruction instead, forgetting that without religion there can be no such thing as moral doctrine or practice.

It is to avoid this inconsistency that Catholics establish and support their own schools. With utter freedom to have their own lower and higher institutions of learning, and to devote as much time and labor as they may to the religious instruction of the pupils, with a religious doctrine so well defined and so efficacious in forming the mind and heart of the young, nothing but perversity can dispose them to limit the amount of religious teaching in our schools, and such perversity can be overcome only by prayer.

Prayer is needed also even for those who do not carp at the religious instruction given in our schools, that they may properly understand the nature and appreciate the value of such instruction. The pastors who zealously build our schools, and the teachers, whether lay or religious, who labor devotedly at so many disadvantages to maintain them, show that they understand and appreciate these full well; but Catholic parents, particularly those who never had the blessings of a sound religious education, need special light from heaven to recognize its benefits, and special strength to make the sacrifices necessary to procure it for their children. Too many of them think the catechism lesson recited by rote quite enough for any child, and many, alas! esteem more highly the social advantages, often purely imaginary, held out elsewhere than in our Catholic schools. How few regard a sound religious training as the one thing necessary, the beginning and end of all education, the sum and crown of all human studies?

During the past few years Catholics in this country have done a great deal to show their appreciation of the religious instruction given in our schools and colleges. In spite of the hard times, and of the perplexing controversies raised as to the merits of a strictly Catholic education, new schools and colleges have been opened, the number of pupils has increased, religious teachers have been multiplied, and excellent lay teachers have begun to devote themselves to the work. A great many causes have conspired to produce and to accelerate this movement in favor of schools whose chief object it is to make religion the basis of their training, and in view of the difficulties thus far overcome with the inadequate means at our disposal, it is clear that prayer has been the principal of these causes. After all, what adverse influence could have seriously impeded the movement in favor of schools for the thorough religious training of our young Catholics, when so many thousands of pastors, and our great body of religious men and women, along with their devoted lay associate teachers, and, above all, the million of young pupils themselves, together with their faithful parents, were united daily in prayer to save this one great means of keeping alive and extending our holy faith in this country?

Not the least of the answers to this powerful prayer has been the interest of our Holy Father in behalf of sound religious instruction in our schools. Now that his interest and our own zeal are being so amply rewarded, we should be disposed to consider his late Encyclical to the hierarchy in Austria, Germany and Switzerland, not merely as a commendation for what has been done by us in the past, but also as a guide for what must be done in the future. It cannot fail to inspire every Catholic with a keener appreciation of the importance of sound instruction in Catholic doctrine, and as this is the very thing we are to pray for this month, we do not hesitate to quote at length the words of His Holiness. After exhorting educated Catholics to be more active in turning their learning to practical account for their church and commonwealth he adds:

"Now this activity may be exercised chiefly in the education of youth, a matter of such importance as to demand most of their energy and care. Wherefore we earnestly exhort you, Venerable Brethren, to be, before all, vigilant in maintaining in your schools the integrity of the faith, or in zealously restoring it, if need be, as well in the schools founded by your elders, as in those of more recent origin and in the higher and academic schools as well as in those of primary grade. Let Catholics in your countries all endeavor, above all things, to make sure that in the instruction of youth the rights of the Church and of parents be kept inviolate. In this matter these points must be specially looked after. First, Catholics must have their own schools, not mixed ones, especially for young pupils, and the teachers chosen must be of the best character and repute. Very dangerous is the system of education in which a corrupt religion or none at all is taught, as we are constantly witnessing in the schools known as common schools. No one should lightly admit the notion that piety may without harm be excluded from instruction. If no period of life can be without its religious duty, whether in public or in private affairs, much less can the age which is inexperienced, impetuous and exposed to so many corrupting allurements be without this same duty. Hence, whoever so frames a system of knowledge as to leave out religion, corrupts the very germs of beauty and virtue and raises up a pest and a scourge for the human race instead of a bulwark for the fatherland. Take away God, and who can either keep the young to their duty, or bring them back when astray from the path of virtue and rushing headlong into the pitfalls of vice?

"In the next place the young must be taught religion not only at certain times, but their whole training must be redolent with sentiments of Christian piety. If this be lacking, if this sacred spirit does not penetrate and influence the minds of masters and pupils, the benefits of such teaching will be but slight, its evil consequences often anything but slight. Every branch of science has its peculiar dangers, which can scarcely be avoided by the young, unless some divine restraint hold their minds and spirits in check. Great care must be had, therefore, not to treat as a secondary matter what is first in importance, the pursuit of justice and piety; nor to let youth be so bound up in things that engage the senses as to relax the hold of virtue; nor, while teachers are working over the hard points of some difficult science and examining into syllables and letters, to let them lose all relish for true wisdom, which begins with fear of the Lord, to the precepts of which their way of life should be in all things conformed. Let knowledge, then, go hand in hand with the cultivation of soul; let religion inform, control and hold sway in every branch of science whatsoever, with such majesty and sweetness as to leave its inspiration in the souls of the young.

"Since, on the other hand, it has always been the intention of the Church that every department of knowledge should contribute to the religious formation of youth, it is necessary that not only should this method of training prevail and take precedence of every other method, but also that no one be entrusted with such an important charge who is not pronounced fitted for it by the authoritative judgment of the Church.

"It is not in primary schools only that religion demands its rights. There was a time when the laws of every Academy, especially that of Paris, provided that all the studies should so lead up to theology that no one would be considered to have reached the summit of knowledge, until he had won his laurels in that science. Leo X., the restorer of the Augustan age, and after him other Pontiffs our Predecessors, desired that the Roman Athenæum and

other universities, as they are called, should be as impregnable citadels in which, when unholy war should be waged on our religion, young men might be brought up under the guidance and auspices of Christian wisdom. This system of studies, which gave the first-fruits to God and holy things, yielded no slight fruit; it insured this for certain, that young men thus formed should be more steadfast in their duties. This same good fortune will be yours, if you labor strenuously that the rights of religion be maintained in the schools known as high schools, in gymnasiums, lyceums and academies.

"May it never fall out that your very best counsels come to nought or that your labor be in vain for want of agreement of minds and harmony of action. Of what avail are the divided forces of good men against the combined attacks of the enemy? Hence We earnestly exhort you to put aside every unseasonable controversy which can put your minds at variance, and unite with one voice in promoting the welfare of the Church, bringing your combined strength and your united wills to bear on this one thing, 'careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.'"

We need add no more. It has never before happened that we were fortunate enough to have the Holy Father's own recommendation of a General Intention, although he has been designating them for years. His words are simple enough for all, and we should be obtaining the full fruit of this General Intention if, by our prayers, we could only attain to some slight degree of the appreciation which he sets upon religious instruction in our schools.

CONSECRATION.

By M.

Speak not of separation,—let us pray
That God the tangled threads may so adjust
That I my hopes, my love, my life, may lay,
In resignation and in tender trust,
At His dear feet,—for Oh, I feel I must!

With aching heart and bitterest regret
For wasted years, I come,—I know 'tis late;
But O, I feel there are some moments yet
Which I to Thee, dear Lord, may consecrate;—
Reject me not,—my life, Oh, recreate!

Lord, none could love, save through Thy grace and will,—
Our love is but a reflex of Thine own,—
For every contrite, sympathetic thrill
Comes to our hearts from Thine, and Thine alone,—
Make my love, Lord, for all my past atone.

My tender Saviour, bid me not depart,
For all my hopes are centred but in Thee;—
O, draw me closer to Thy Sacred Heart,
Through sweet compassion and Thy love for me,—
Through sympathy for all I pray to be.

THE PRAYERS THAT SAVE.

By C. H. Gallagher.

IT was six o'clock on a cold, raw evening in December. Business was over for the day in the offices of Weston, Davis & Co., and Mary Russell, the little typewriter employed by the firm, left the Equitable Building and started on a rapid walk up Calvert Street. Her right hand, which was hidden in the pocket of her coat, clasped a rosary, and, as she hurried along, her mind was filled with thoughts of the morrow and the happiness it would bring, for to-morrow would be the First Friday of the month, that holy, happy day, so full of joy and peace. How dearly she loved it all!—the Communion of Reparation, made in the solemn stillness of the early morning, when the Divine Guest came to her in love and mercy, filling her soul with such a heavenly sweetness that at times she felt as if her heart could not contain its joy; at noon also, when she had her hour off for luncheon, what happiness it was to slip into the church (for St. Ignatius' was not far from her office) and spend a quarter of an hour before the Blessed Sacrament, pouring out the inmost thoughts of her heart to the loving Heart of Jesus, and gaining such comfort and peace as the world cannot give; then at night the devotions of the League of the Sacred Heart, the prayers, and best of all, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Ah, how beautiful it all was! As she thought of it she quickened her steps, for she wanted to get to the church as soon as possible so that she might have time to go to confession before returning home to supper, and also to think over the special intention for which she would offer her Communion the following morning.

Just at that moment she came to a brilliantly lighted saloon, and as she was passing the door, a man approached from the opposite direction with an unsteady gait and an unmistakable air of dissipation. As they met, he accidentally brushed clumsily against her, pushing her roughly out towards the curbstone, and then disappeared behind the swinging door of the saloon. Mary, much alarmed, grasped her beads tighter and hurried on, murmuring a prayer for the poor creature, who was evidently a slave of the demon of intemperance. She soon reached the church, and, after examining her conscience, was fortunate enough to find her own confessor disengaged.

Her confession ended, she knelt again in the quiet church, and after saying her penance her thoughts returned to the encounter she had just experienced. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the inspiration came to her, "I will offer my Communion to-morrow for that poor soul;" and then, offering a short but fervent prayer for the conversion of the wretched wanderer, she left the church.

Friday was a cold, dreary day. A heavy snow had fallen during the night, and now, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a biting wind blowing fiercely over the frozen ground cut the faces of the pedestrians like whips of fine steel wires.

Arthur Everson, the man who had so frightened Mary Russell on the previous night, was battling against the fierce wind as he walked slowly up Calvert Street. His shabby, dilapidated hat was pulled low on his forehead, and his threadbare coat was fastened together over his chest as closely as the few remaining buttons would allow. He was ragged, miserable, and disreputable, and no one who met him would ever dream that this forlorn object was a college graduate, and had been in days gone by

one of the most brilliant and popular fellows in his class.

His was a sad story, but one, alas, only too common. Coming into possession of a considerable fortune at the death of his father a few years ago, he at once decided to "see the world" and enjoy himself to the utmost. A bright, genial temperament, combined with his ample means, soon attracted to him a circle of congenial spirits, many of them his recent college mates, and soon the cup of pleasure was quaffed to its dregs. Always generous and open-handed, his purse was often called into requisition to assist his friends out of their many difficulties, "debts of honor," etc., and these demands, together with his own lavish expenditures, soon wasted his inheritance, and at the end of three years he was almost penniless.

With the loss of his money came naturally the loss of his so-called friends, and the practice of heavy drinking, which he had at first taken up in a merely convivial spirit, now became a fixed habit which daily and hourly fastened itself more firmly upon him. His downward career was sure and rapid; each month, nay, each week, each day, found him lower than the preceding one; and, at the time of our story, he had almost reached the lowest stage of degradation. For several days he had scarcely tasted food, but had spent his last dollar (won at the gambling table) in drink at the saloon into which Mary Russell had seen him going the night before.

And now, his money all gone, his friends faithless, and his once magnificent constitution almost wrecked, Arthur Everson was indeed a pitiable sight. A deep depression had settled upon him, and as he struggled along in the face of the wintry gale, his mind was filled with sad and bitter thoughts. His past seemed to rise before his mental vision with a painful clearness. He remembered as though it were yesterday his graduation day and the many honors it brought him—the congratulations of the professors, the bright predictions of his friends, his own high hopes and aims and resolutions. Next came his father's death, and the acquisition of (what was to him) an ample fortune, bringing with it so many possibilities of pleasures to be tasted before the real burden of life should be taken up. Then began a wild and reckless career; a career which, at first, gave him a false and fictitious enjoyment, but which in time palled upon him. Still, he endeavored to get what amusement he could out of it, but almost before he was aware of it himself, his money was squandered and his friends gone. Disgusted with the world and with himself, he resorted more and more to strong drink, in which he vainly strove to drown the thoughts of his folly and wrong-doing.

At the present time Arthur Everson had reached a state of desperate nervous depression. As he walked along the street with his head bent and his eyes on the ground, his mind was filled with gloomy, reckless thoughts. What was left to make life even bearable to him? Disgraced and impoverished as he was, was not death to be welcomed, nay, courted, by such a miserable wretch as he? Well, it could not, should not, last much longer. A doctor had warned him a year ago that his heart was seriously affected, and that unless he changed his whole course of life, the end might come at any moment. The end! What did that mean? Was it really the end? Might it not be only the beginning of suffering even greater than he was enduring now? For years he had neglected every religious duty, putting from him as far as possible every thought of God, his own soul, and the necessary consequences of sin. The voice of conscience was stifled, and the man sank deeper and deeper into the mire of his evil habits. This afternoon, however, the doctor's words haunted him, and rang in his ears like a refrain—the end! the end! the end!

Just as he reached the corner of Cal

vert and Madison streets, the wind seemed to become almost a hurricane, and in his weakened condition he was unable to advance another step. Muttering to himself, "I can't stand this," he instinctively turned to the nearest refuge, the open door of St. Ignatius Church, and before he had time to realize what he was doing, he was standing in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. He sank into a pew near the door, panting and breathless after his struggle with the wind, but in a few moments every thought of cold and storm had vanished. Where was he, and what was going on? An intense stillness reigned in the church, although many worshippers were present, but all were absorbed in their devotions. The altar was brightly lighted; in the air was a faint, lingering perfume; and in a niche high above the tabernacle he saw a golden monstrance around which clustered countless burning candles.

For several moments Arthur Everson gazed wonderingly; but slowly there stole over his bewildered mind recollections of his earlier days, his happy past, of the college altar lighted and adorned as this one was, and to do honor to the same Guest; of a long line of boys kneeling at the railing to receive the Bread of Angels; and of one boy who knelt in the chapel long after the others had left, offering up his pure young heart to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He fell on his knees and hid his face in his hands.

How long he knelt there he never remembered. Moments passed into hours, the twilight deepened, the lights burned more brightly in the gathering gloom, and still that bowed figure remained motionless. A mighty tempest raged within him; thoughts crowded thick and fast upon him like the billows of a great sea, flooding his inmost soul; but at last, just as the waves seemed closing over him, he lifted his head with a choking gasp, as though struggling for breath, and his eyes rested on the monstrance.

In that glance the faith of his boyhood returned. Yes, there was the Good Shepherd from whom he had strayed so far, and yet who was calling him now to return to the safe shelter of the fold; there was the Sacred Heart, wounded so deeply by his sins and yet "burning with love" for him. As he gazed, his eyes filled with tears, tears of deep and true contrition. Every earthly friend had deserted him; those to whom he had shown the greatest kindness had treated him with the basest ingratitude; and yet here was one Friend whom he had neglected, scorned and grieved, still waiting and watching for him, drawing him back with love and tenderness. Arthur Everson bowed his head on his folded arms and sobbed like a child.

Kneeling in that far-away corner of the church he was suddenly aroused from his thoughts by a slight noise just behind him, and on looking round he saw a woman just leaving one of the confessionals. Not waiting for a moment he rose, left the pew, and presently was kneeling beside a priest. There in that solemn hour the man's very soul was laid before God's minister, and when at last the words of absolution fell from the lips of the priest, the burden of years rolled from the heart of Arthur Everson and fell into the mighty abyss of God's love and mercy.

When he lifted the little red curtain of the confessional and stepped out into the church again, he could scarcely realize that he was the same man who had entered that church only a few short hours ago. The grace of the Sacrament of Penance was upon him, the sins of his whole life had been washed away in the precious blood of his Divine Redeemer, and hope and courage filled his heart. After kneeling again before the Blessed Sacrament to offer his thanksgiving to that dear Saviour who had guided his footsteps that day in such a wonderful manner, he turned to leave the church.

Just at the threshold a young girl

who was entering dropped her rosary, and Arthur Everson involuntarily stooped, picked it up, and handed it to her. As she took it her eyes rested upon him, and with a start she recognized the man who had so frightened her on the previous night, and for whose reformation she had offered her Communion that morning. But, ah, what a change had taken place in his expression! Still shabby and forlorn in appearance, there was upon his face a look of one who had gone through a great mental struggle, but who had come out victorious. Astonished and amazed, Mary Russell could hardly believe the evidence of her eyes; but when she saw him, just before leaving the church, turn one long, earnest, grateful look towards the Blessed Sacrament, she felt instinctively that God had answered her prayer, and had touched with His grace the soul of the man before her.

During the beautiful service that followed, Mary Russell's heart was filled with a holy joy, and as the bell rang out clearly at the solemn moment of Benediction, she bowed her head low in the presence of God, and joined her thanksgiving with those of the angels over the "one sinner doing penance."

A MOUNTAIN FUNERAL.

By D. Gresham.

THE hot June sun beat down on the vineyards, which, rising along the slopes, dipping down into the gorge, were hemmed in by the busy little brook that danced through the valley. The great heat had come; the grapes hung in rich clusters, with abundant promise of the harvest. In the woods not a leaf stirred, and far up among the mountains a soft, filmy haze shrouded the peaks. On the hill, almost hidden in the trees, a Southern manor house rose above the vineyards, shaded and sheltered from the fierce glare. The open door looked out on the rose garden, flaming and fragrant. From the cool hall ceiled in oak, one entered the parlor, now the temporary mission chapel. It is Sunday morning, and the little congregation are gathered for their weekly prayers and re-union. The scene is worthy its setting—wild, romantic North Carolina. The subdued light falls on the altar set in the large bow-window, the rustic mountain benches and prie-dieus, made of rhododendron, the stained floor softened and beautified by delicate green walls, with a dado of polished pine. Through the half-open windows behind the altar, the blue mountains rise majestically, soft and dreamy, the woods, cabins and vineyards lying drowsily at their feet.

The peace of the Sunday morning has fallen on the mountain world, and only the rising and falling of the prayers in the little chapel disturb the solemn stillness. The congregation are almost all strangers sent south to escape from the severe northern winters. Far from a priest or church, they meet on Sundays to keep alive their faith and to be in spirit with the Mass now being said forty-two miles away. It is the brightest hour of all the week, and the mutual joys and sorrows are discussed, and each one feels the better for the sympathy always awaiting them. They are all gathered on the wide piazza after the devotions, when the old village doctor comes up the drive. He is welcomed in their midst, and hurriedly announces the cause of his visit. He wants the priest at once for one of his patients, who is dying far up among the mountains. It is a poor workman from New England, who has battled bravely since October with tuberculosis. He arrived here friendless, and a kind Baptist wo-

man gave notice to the mission of his wants. The priest went at once to see him, at his next visit, and since then he has been his unfailing help and stay, spiritually and temporally.

Only nine days ago the invalid felt so much better that he set off for Melrose, one of the lesser peaks, and was to remain with some mountaineers for the summer. The doctor, who had attended him gratis all through the winter, was sent for at dawn, but could scarcely find the place or travel the rough roads, well as he knew the mountains. He feared the worst, and thought there was no time to delay; as Catholics were so particular about these matters, he wished the Father to be notified in time. A telegram was sent at once, the only consolation being that it was sure to find the priest at home for his Sunday's work. Any other day of the week he might be away on one of his numerous missions through the mountains. A man with a parish one hundred and forty miles in extent, is not often found by his own fireside, or revelling among the Fathers in his cosy study. Those are little luxuries undreamed of in the busy, hard-working life of a North Carolina missionary. By the early train next morning, Father M——— arrives, and, hearing that he is none too soon, leaves at once for the mountain, accompanied by Mr. McK———, a northern visitor who knows something of the roads higher up. The doctor warned them that the journey would be an arduous one, that he had left some pine boughs on the bye road which would guide them to their obscure destination. The sun bore down on them, but the beauty of the summer day, the bold, rugged scenes around them, were balm to their weary souls. Mile after mile they journeyed slowly upwards off the main road, when they came on the doctor's sign almost hidden in the underbrush; through the gap, across the mountain; then down, straight down, until they came on a solitary cabin without sign of life or habitation. They enter the yard and through the open door, but not a sound anywhere. Two unmade beds in a half-empty room catch their eyes, and the Father says with great anxiety: "He must be dead and they are all away burying him!" Still pursuing his investigation Father M——— goes into another room and exclaims: "God help him, poor fellow, here he is." Lying helpless and suffering, flies covering his emaciated face, too weak to fight them off, the dying man hears the well-known, pitying tones, and looks up with a faint welcoming smile. "I knew you would come to me, Father," in a gasping sob, and the weary eyes closed, satisfied now, that no matter how far from home and those who loved him, here was a friend that was true to the last. The Sacraments were solemnly administered while Mr. McK——— went to seek the master of the house. The family were in an out-building at their mid-day meal, and cordially welcomed the stranger to all they had. He told them the Father had come, and was then preparing the dying man for the last long journey.

They talked kindly of the invalid, of his patient ways, and their interest and sorrow were sincere for the lonely man who had come to them poor and friendless to die. Their conversation was interrupted by the Father's entrance, to summon them to the sick-room. Kneeling in their midst the priest prayed aloud for the grace of a happy death and strength and courage for the final struggle. Still and motionless the sick man seemed to be already gone, when the priest asked earnestly if he were resigned. Raising himself for the effort, he said: "I am, Father; I want to go now."

The Father lingered long, loath to leave the sufferer alone, but finally left at sunset. . . . The chapel windows were wide open to catch every breath of air from the mountains; the vineyards and woods looked fresh and cool in the early sunrise. The Mission Mass was

over, and the Father preparing to catch the first train for home, when a hasty messenger arrived with news that the sick man had gone home late last night —the poor, weary spirit had flown back to its Creator. Plans were instantly changed; everything must be left to bury the dead. A Protestant lady kindly offered her horses for the long drive back to the cabin. The Father mounted at once, fearing all would be over before his arrival, as the mountaineers thought him in Asheville, Mr. McK——— following in the buckboard. It was high noon when Father M——— crossed the gap and rode down to the cabin; a few men were hanging round the door, who looked at him curiously as he dismounted, tired, hot and dusty. The good woman of the house came forward with a rough welcome—"Put the crittur in the house and I'll push hay through the cracks." The so-called stable was a railed-in affair, through which the horse was to receive his food and refreshment. The offer seemed small, but the plaintive tones were kindly, and the hospitality genuine as an Arab's. The beast attended to, she led the priest into the cabin and invited him to dinner. "All things to all men," as is his wont, the good Father sat down with the family. Then they led him to the dead man, whom they had laid out in his best clothes, as respectfully and reverently as if he were their very own. The priest was much moved; it told so much for these people who did not think of his seeing their efforts, nor honesty. They might have buried the stranger coffinless and kept his belongings, worth something to them, compared with their own meagreness.

They brought forth an old leather bag, the dead man's sole possessions—it was almost empty, "The Consoling Thoughts of St. Francis de Sales" well thumbed and worn, and a few odds and ends, all of which the Father presented to them. "And now," the woman said anxiously, "there ought to be a watch, for he had a chain always about him that he loved mighty well. I've done looked a right smart for that 'ere watch, but can't find it no how." "Let me see the chain" the Father asked curiously, thinking it was on a par with all the rest. Slowly and solemnly the woman went into another room, and came back with a pill-box which she opened with great care, holding it up to the Father. He stopped for a second, looking down on the poor, worn, blackened chain—it was the dead man's rosary! Seeing the priest's earnest look, the woman repeated with great pathos, "He loved it mighty well." Beautiful Irish faith—through all these lonely months, far from all his own, the Kerry skies, and the Kerry Reeks, the exiled mother, and wife, and child in New England; sick, suffering and homeless, a stranger in a strange country, his rosary was his one comfort and companion through the weary days, the long, sleepless nights. The priest took it lovingly, and then said, "We will bury it with him." "Yes," said the woman again, "he loved it mighty well." Together they went to the dead man lying there so peacefully, the woman putting the rosary on as if it were really a watch-chain. The Father looked quietly on, making no effort to explain, for with his usual tact he knew there was not time enough to make her comprehend. Mr. McK——— arrived at this moment, glad that he was in time, notwithstanding all the delays on the rough road. The people kept gathering for the funeral, though whence they came it was difficult to discover, for not a house could be seen through the mountain fastnesses. A loud rumbling in the distance with echoes of "whoa-hei" and they all knew what was coming. Slowly up the road came a team of oxen, bearing the coffin; the men brought it in the yard, poor and plain, but their best, covered in black alpaca and lined inside with white cotton. They placed him in it, the women hurriedly making a pillow, and, when all was ready, the strange procession started from the cabin. Mr.

McK——— rode on in front to lead the way; then the Father in the buckboard, as the dignitary; next the ox-cart with the coffin, finally the whole funeral cortège on foot—women in sunbonnets, with babies in arms; little children who, as they grew tired, were lifted up beside the coffin; stalwart mountaineers, rough and ready, straight from the fields.

On they went, lumbering up the steep, stony road; the lash of the whip and the ringing "whoa-hei" as the oxen labored from side to side, alone broke the stillness, the hot sun pouring unheeded on the wild procession. Occasionally the line would break, the women taking the trail, their colored shawls showing through the woods, and joining again a quarter of a mile higher up. Mr. McK——— far on ahead would wait on the heights, looking down on the ox-cart far below, the children huddled beside the coffin, the flapping sunbonnets, the mountaineers, the priest in the buckboard, with bent head, broiling in the sunshine. Now he would tarry on the hills, until they had joined him, again a shrill mountain cry would summon him in their midst, fearing he would wander from the beaten path. At last at the end of two hours, they had reached the top of Melrose, and there, wild in its isolation, lay the cemetery—an open field looking down on one of the most beautiful scenes in the country—gorge and pass and wood and water, lights and shadows, shut in by terraced forest trees, glorious in the gay southern sunshine. A crowd of men with spades and hoes were awaiting the arrival, leaving their work to attend the funeral, and see for the first time in their lives a—priest! It was a strange gathering, such as the Father had never met before under the circumstances.

They looked at him suspiciously, wonderingly; in silence the oxen were taken from the cart and tethered beneath the trees. The coffin was gently lowered, and the priest, looking earnestly at the mountaineers, said: "Gentlemen, take off your hats and let us join in prayer for our departed friend." He was obeyed at once; simple, clear and heartfelt was the Father's supplication for the soul of the dead Irishman, and no *De Profundis* beneath the crumbling cloisters of the old Irish churchyard, with the wailing responses of his countrymen, could be more touching or efficacious than the "Our Father" of these non-Catholic, ignorant, but honest mountaineers of North Carolina! The Father rose and, by the open grave, spoke of the beautiful doctrine of the Communion of Saints. They grouped themselves around him, leaning on their spades, resting against the ox-cart, standing with folded arms before him in every attitude of earnest, respectful attention. The valley lay in shadow at their feet, the mountains shut them in from the outside world. In his simple, graphic diction Father M——— thanked them first for their charity to a stranger who had been with them but nine days, and told them that their reward would be great even here, certainly hereafter. They had left their work in the fields to bury the dead. He reminded them of Tobias, who, when the children of Israel lay slain in the streets, leaped up from his place at the table, left his dinner and came fasting to the body; and, taking it up, he carried it privately to his house that after the sun was down he might bury it cautiously. Now, this unselfish charity pleased the Lord so, that he sent an angel from heaven to bring Tobias out of tribulation, and to tell him how pleasing his actions were in the sight of God. Speaking to him the angel said: "I am Raphael, one of the seven who stand before the throne of God. And when thou didst leave thy dinner, and hide the dead in thy house, and bury them by night, I offered up thy prayer before the Lord." This shows us how our friends know in heaven of our good deeds on earth. There is a golden chain uniting us with our dead; they know us and are with us in our pilgrimage through life. You all

remember where it says in the Scriptures that "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that doth penance than over ninety-nine just who need not penance." Now, how can they rejoice in heaven unless they know? And then the Father, carried away by his audience, and the subject so dear to his soul—clean, upright, honest living—broke forth as if inspired. Some were in tears, others touched their neighbors as the preacher struck a responsive chord, or scored a point. And the winds of heaven blew over that strange group, isolated, uncouth, ignorant, as of old on the multitudes who followed the Master up into the mountains when He taught them the new, wonderful lesson of the eight Beatitudes. Not a sound during that memorable half hour, as the Father went on and on, but the oxen champing among the oak boughs. The mountaineers looked more and more baffled, more and more wondering. Was this—the priest—whom they were taught to believe the most vicious and cruel of men? Was this the religion of the "Scarlet Woman"? When all was over they knelt again with him in prayer and gathered round him to take his hand in kindly farewell. When he came to his host the priest asked if he had paid enough for the expenses, and a warm response came loud enough for all to hear: "Enough, and more than enough." With a last "God bless you all," the young priest drove down to the mountains, as the sun was sinking behind their blue depths. The mountaineers dispersed, talking in their slow, solemn way of the events of the day, and the new light that had fallen upon them over the grave of a poor exile. There he lay sleeping his last long sleep on the mountain-top, under alien skies, the once bright, bare-footed lad who climbed the rugged sides of Mangerton and looked down on the picturesque lakes of his own beautiful Killarney; the hard-worked laborer in a stifling manufacturing town of the new world, the prosperity dearly earned by consumption contracted in the foul atmosphere so little known to the Irish boy whose days had been spent among the hills; the little all hoarded so carefully for the rainy day all gone in the journey south; the long, tedious illness. In his life poor and honest; in his death a missionary. By his grave men like himself, of the hills, learned to know something of the old Church, unchanged and unchanging in her tender, fostering care of her children, never more beautiful than when shown towards the poor, the lowly and the exile.

ASSOCIATION OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

HOW IT WAS FORMED AND WHAT IT IS DOING.

A WORK of charity and zeal, closely connected with the Propagation of the Faith, for which our associates were asked to pray during the month of July, is the association of the Holy Childhood. The origin of this association dates back to the year 1843. A little before that time, the hitherto dark and mysterious Chinese empire had begun to be better known to European travellers and merchants. It was not long before scenes of the grossest superstition and the most inhuman cruelty were revealed, filling all Christian hearts with horror and pity. It was related how millions of little children were every year cast forth by their unnatural parents into the public streets, or exposed along the banks of rivers to perish miserably, whilst the authorities, far from condemning and punishing such practices, were countenancing and defending them. Foremost among the generous hearts whose sympathy and interest were aroused by these

tales of almost incredible barbarity, was Monseigneur de Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy, in Lorraine. Political difficulties had driven him from his episcopal see; but, being a man of extraordinary zeal and activity, he had turned his exile to profit by founding and promoting various works of charity and public usefulness. He had even crossed the ocean, preached the faith in the United States, and founded at his own expense a church and parish for the French Catholics of New York City. And now the ambition of his declining years was to become the apostle of the great empire of China, and to rescue its little children from temporal and eternal death.

Bishop de Forbin-Janson had the spirit of a military commander, and the restless energy of a conqueror. He wished to establish a great and mighty work which was to triumph over every obstacle, without interfering, however, with other charities or prospering at their expense. To save the children of pagan China, he saw no better way than to appeal to the children of Catholic Europe. He was going to unite them in a grand league of prayer and almsgiving, and use their weak efforts multiplied a millionfold for the success of his enterprise. He lost no time in carrying out his plan. With an apostle's burning zeal he went from city to city, from diocese to diocese, making known his great work, and calling upon the children to enroll themselves in his army. His burning words inflamed all hearts, as he pictured in graphic colors scenes of helpless little ones thrown forth and abandoned to die of starvation and exposure, or, worse still, to be devoured by unclean animals without the regenerating grace of Christian baptism. He was eagerly listened to. He asked so little from his young hearers, and for a purpose so entirely within reach of their intelligences. They were required to say but one "Hail Mary" each day to call down God's blessing on the work and give an alms of but one cent a month for the purchasing and baptizing of their little brothers and sisters in pagan lands. Thousands begged to be enlisted, and the association of the Holy Childhood was founded.

It was to be the helpmate of the Propagation of the Faith, and labor side by side with it, for an end similar, it is true, yet entirely distinct. What the Propagation of the Faith could not have undertaken except as a secondary matter, owing to the scantiness of its resources, was made the primary object of the new association, the baptizing and saving of pagan children. Its scope and essential features were outlined by the founder himself shortly before his death. "The work of the Holy Childhood," he writes, "does not depend for its resources on the associates of the Propagation of the Faith. It appeals to a different age, to different feelings and conditions. It addresses itself to the hearts of children, presents to them an object calculated to strike and move them, and asks for a small share of their little savings. Children are not as a rule members of the Propagation of the Faith; but this is entirely their work, well proportioned to their means and their understanding. The prayers are the shortest possible; the alms, the least that can be asked. The Holy Childhood picks up the crumbs which would otherwise be lost, and is enabled thereby to save many souls."

Before his death in 1844, the zealous founder had the joy of seeing his work solidly established in as many as sixty-five dioceses, both in France and other countries. Already in 1843 it had its central council at Paris, presided over by Monseigneur Affre, the martyr-bishop. It was commended and encouraged by the superiors of several religious orders and congregations devoted to the missions. Among its associates were the sons of kings and princes, as well as the orphans assisted by public charity, the students of fashionable boarding colleges, as well as the pupils of humble country-schools. After five months it was able to send its first contribution of 23,000 francs to China.

Bishop de Forbin-Janson died in 1844. The prestige of his name and virtues had done much to surround his work with the success and popularity which it had obtained. It was now to pass through a short period of trial and adversity, which threatened to annihilate it altogether. It found detractors even among pious persons. They feared its novelty or did not see any special need for it, or thought it would injure kindred works of charity. The champion of the Holy Childhood at this critical hour—or, as we may well style him, its second founder—proved to be the Abbé James, the confidential adviser and friend of the deceased bishop. He revived the waning enthusiasm of some dioceses, reorganized the workings of the association, insisted on its preserving its individuality, and was enabled in 1845 to collect 30,000 francs for the abandoned heathen children. Since that time the progress of the work of the Holy Childhood has been rapid and uninterrupted. It has spread not only through every country of Europe, but has taken solid root in Asia, Africa and America. Not satisfied with benefiting the poor outcasts of China, it has extended its influence to India, and, later on, to the dark continent of Africa. It has collected since its institution more than twenty millions of dollars, the annual income being now between 600,000 and 700,000 dollars, representing a membership of over three million associates. Besides the purchasing and baptizing of pagan children, it is founding orphanages, schools, workshops and farms for the education and civilization of the survivors. From various reports published within recent years, we gather that the Holy Childhood is at present subsidizing about 170 missions, supporting 800 orphanages, 3,500 schools, 500 workshops, 190 farms and 1,500 dispensaries; it baptizes yearly more than half a million children and educates nearly 200,000. And these results it achieves amid a thousand difficulties and oppositions, and often in the midst of persecution and martyrdom.

The Holy Childhood, we are happy to say, flourishes in many dioceses of the United States, and wins popularity as it becomes better known. Its General Director for the United States is the Rev. J. Willms, C. S. Sp., residing at Pittsburg, Pa., under whose editorship an interesting monthly magazine *The Annals of the Holy Childhood* is published for the spread and promotion of the work. May the Holy Childhood soon find a welcome into every diocese in the Union! Such is the wish and prayer of the MESSENGER.

Many an eloquent page has been written to glorify that noble army of 50,000 children, who, when the Christian rulers of Europe would not heed the cry of distress coming from the Holy Land, took the cross, girded the sword, and bravely set out to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the infidels. We admire their impetuous enthusiasm and their chivalrous spirit; we call them heroes and martyrs, rash and misguided though their enterprise may seem. If they failed to conquer the foe as they had fondly hoped, yet their efforts and the sacrifice of their lives were not in vain. "The children are awake while we are buried in sleep!" exclaimed Pope Innocent III., and kings and princes were shamed into action, and, laying aside domestic wars, banded together for the sixth great crusade.

We are witnessing in our days a children's crusade not unworthy of that of the 13th century The Holy Childhood has given to the Church an army, not of 50,000, but of 3,000,000 youthful soldiers, striving to redeem from the slavery of Satan those for whom Christ has shed His precious blood. They are stretching forth their tiny arms towards their unfortunate brothers and sisters in pagan lands, to share with them the blessing of the true faith and the hope of eternal happiness. They form an association which is one of the fairest

flowers the Church on earth has produced, one of the brightest gems in her diadem. While snatching others from death, they are learning in their tender years the practice of charity, the queen of virtues, and of generosity and self-sacrifice. They rise above the selfishness of their age and are made sharers in the spread of the Church of God, and in the salvation and sanctification of souls. Truly twice-blessed is the League of the Holy Childhood, blessing them that give and them that take!

"The little ones have asked for bread, and there was no one to break it unto them," mourned the prophet of old, and behold! other little ones have arisen, and have distributed that bread; and those that were perishing are fed, and live, and swell the ranks of the Church militant on earth, and of the Church triumphant in heaven.

SWEET CHILDHOOD.

F. de S. Howle, S. J.

Good-bye, sweet childhood days, good-bye,
Fain would I keep you at my side
Till morning fair, but you must ride
Afar to-night; good-bye, good-bye.

Good-bye, sweet childhood days, good-bye.
Though there did fall into thy years
Some drops of rain, still, 'mid those tears,
There beamed the sun of joy; good-bye.

Good-bye, sweet childhood days, good-bye.
Scarce have we known to love, when you
In accents sweet must bid adieu—
Forevermore? Good-bye, good-bye.

Good-bye, sweet childhood days, good-bye.
Ah, we shall meet again: not here,
But where like children all appear
With Jesus in their midst; good-bye.

EDITORIAL.

LEO XIII. ON CANISIUS.

THE Holy Father with his wonderful tact in improving opportunities has written a splendid letter on Catholic education. The opportunity was the tercentenary of B. Peter Canisius, S.J., famous for his labors in this great cause. The letter is addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops of Austria, Germany and Switzerland, which countries were the scene of the principal labors of the man-of-God. His Holiness first remarks the features of resemblance of our age to that in which B. Canisius lived, in an inordinate craving for innovation and an outburst of ultra-liberal doctrines. What was successful then in combating will be useful now. A sound religious training was the great safeguard of the faith then, it is the thing necessary now. Canisius, the first German to enter the Society of Jesus, then in its infancy, and realizing the tactics of the enemy, determined to wield against them weapons from the armory of scientific knowledge, and especially scholastic philosophy so much dreaded by the enemies of the faith, because so potent to set forth Catholic truth in the clearest light, and to lay bare the sophistries of false teachers. The Pope then praises the compendium of Catholic doctrine and the two famous catechisms of B. Canisius, who, he says, "was regarded for three centuries as the teacher of the Catholics of Germany," and in popular language, "to know one's Canisius" and "to preserve Christian truth," were synonymous.

EDUCATED CATHOLIC LEADERS.

Leo XIII. next points out the necessity, especially in our times, that Catholic leaders should be thoroughly versed in all kinds of secular knowledge which will shed lustre on religion. The Church has ever been the mother of scholars as well as of martyrs and confessors, and has preserved the literary treasures of antiquity. But the learned are to make their studies profitable to the Christian commonwealth, and this particularly by practical work in the education of youth, not only in primary but also in secondary or academic schools. He exhorts the hierarchy to see to this and to the restoring and upholding the rights of parents and of the Church.

He then lays down certain principal rules. "In the first place, Catholics are not, especially for children, to adopt mixed schools, but should have their own, and should select for them excellent and well-approved teachers. Very perilous is the education in which religion is either vitiated or non-existent, and we see that in schools known as mixed either of these alternatives is frequently realized."

"In the second place, not only should religion be taught to children at certain hours, but all the rest of the instruction should, as it were, exhale a perfume of Christian piety. . . . Let, then, the imparting of the various branches of human knowledge be associated with the culture of the soul."

Of the teachers, Leo XIII. says: "No-

body should exercise such important functions without having been judged fitted for them by the judgment of the Church, and confirmed in their office by religious authority."

THEOLOGY IN EDUCATION.

His Holiness calls attention to the fact that "it is not only in the instruction of children that religion claims its rights." He instances the old universities, especially that of Paris, which judged no one worthy of the highest scientific titles unless he had obtained a degree in *theology*. "This system of study, which accorded the first place to God and sacred things, has produced no meagre fruit. It insured, at least, that the young thus brought up remained more faithful to their duties. These happy results will be renewed among you, if you devote all your efforts to seeing that in the schools known as secondary, in gymnasiums, lyceums and academies, the rights of religion be respected."

His Holiness prays that their efforts may never encounter that obstacle which renders vain the best intentions and useless all exertions—dissension in policy and want of harmony in action. "What," he asks, "can the divided forces of the well-meaning effect against the assault of their united enemies? Of what avail is the merit of individuals if there be no common line of conduct? Wherefore, we earnestly exhort you to put aside all untimely controversy and all contentions of parties by which division in men's minds is so easily effected, so that all the faithful may have but one voice in defence of the Church, so that all may concentrate their strength to direct it toward one sole end, and all bring to the work the same good will, 'careful to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.'"

A PROMOTER OF EDUCATION.

The Pope's letter recalls and invokes the memory of Canisius, whom he styles a very holy man, and presents his illustrious example as an incentive to stir men to a love of wisdom which possessed him. "Those on whom divine Providence has conferred the noble mission of instructing youth," are to remember "that learning—as the ancients used to say—when separated from righteousness deserves the name of 'cunning' rather than of wisdom, or better still, if they meditate on the text 'all men are vain with whom is not the knowledge of God,' they will learn to avail themselves of the weapons of science, not so much for their private use, as in the general interest." If they do this, then "they may expect the same fruit from their labors and efforts as that once obtained by Peter Canisius in his colleges and other educational establishments, namely, a youth that is docile and of good habits, a youth that is adorned with virtue, that detests the example of the impious and finds equal attraction in learning and virtue."

The Holy Father pays many beautiful tributes in the course of the letter to B. Canisius, "whose learning," he says, "deserved so well of the Catholic Church," whom he characterizes as "a brilliant leader," and, "after Boniface, the Apostle of Germany." We have not dwelt upon them because our readers have already had his career fully displayed for their admiration, inspiration and imitation in a preceding number.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

What will be the outcome of this much-heralded meeting? The Encyclical Letter goes forth under the names of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Gloucester and Winchester. To whom is it addressed? "To the faithful in Christ Jesus, greeting." Nothing can be more vague than this address. For, what is the criterion of faithfulness to Christ as understood by them? "Moral conduct," they say, "is made by our Lord the test of the reality of religious life." Hence, they first touch on intemperance and impurity.

The former is to be combated in a religious spirit as part of Christian devotion. The latter is to be lessened by maintaining the dignity and sanctity of marriage. This sounds well; but what value has it when uttered by authorities of a church which allows divorce and re-marriage? To meet the industrial problems, the great principle of the Brotherhood of Man is to be insisted on. They declare that "the critical study of the Bible by competent scholars is essential to the maintenance in the Church of a healthy faith." They admit the danger of inquiry leading to infidelity, but say that "the best safeguard against such a peril lies in that deep reverence which never fails to accompany real faith." It would seem that they propose as a safeguard the very quality which some of the so-called higher criticism undermines and eventually destroys—reverence. It is a strange admission, that healthy faith depends upon the critical study of the Bible by competent scholars. And who, we might ask, are these competent scholars, and what constitutes their competency? Doubtless some of the German schools of critics would claim to be competent scholars, but woe to the faith depending essentially upon them for maintenance.

SOME INCONSISTENCIES.

The Lambeth Encyclical pronounces the Book of Common Prayer to be "next to the Bible itself, the authoritative standard of the doctrine of the Anglican Communion"! They "hold that it would be most dangerous to tamper with its teaching, either by narrowing the breadth of its comprehension or by disturbing the balance of its doctrine." Yet these Rt. Rev. draughters of the Encyclical are perfectly aware that this "authoritative standard" in Article XXV. asserts that "There are two Sacraments ordained of Christ our Lord in the Gospel, that is to say, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. Those five commonly called Sacraments . . . . are not to be counted for Sacraments of the Gospel." In how many Anglican churches, however, is the doctrine of the seven Sacraments openly taught! This, it is true, is not "narrowing the breadth of its comprehension," but broadening the narrowness of its non-comprehension. They affirm that "any mission of modification which might have the effect of practically denying an article in one of the creeds, would be not only dangerous, but a direct betrayal of the faith." Yet these same gentlemen pass a resolution to request the Archbishop of Canterbury to take such steps as may be necessary for the retranslation of the Athanasian Creed, evidently with the hope of ridding themselves of the damnatory clauses, or of toning them down at least. This will be quite a grateful task for Dr. Temple, who, as we have before noticed, has no partiality for this very orthodox and explicit statement of faith.

ADOPTING THE PROTESTANT PRINCIPLE.

What has the Conference done? It has decided that the title of Archbishop should attach to the rank of Metropolitan. So the two Metropolitans of Canada, the Bishops of Capetown, Calcutta, Sydney and Jamaica are to be dubbed Archbishops. Should not Canterbury become a world-wide Patriarchate? Nay, said the English colonial and American Protestant Episcopalian bishops, no pope for us, we admit no power of jurisdiction in the Archbishop of Canterbury. As one of the American bishops writes: "While the honorable position of sitting in one of the oldest sees of our whole communion, all other chief bishops in Scotland, Ireland, America, Australia, South Africa, everywhere, are his equals in their position as chief bishops of churches or provinces." Not only this, but "it has been determined that hereafter, where possible, [O saving clause], instead of the oath of *obedience* to him which has hitherto been taken by every bishop

whom he consecrated under the Queen's mandate [mark the words] for any of the colonial sees of the Church of England, the bishops should solemnly declare that he would pay all 'due *honor* and *deference* to the Archbishop of Canterbury *and* would respect and maintain the spiritual rights and privileges of the Church of England and of all churches in communion with her.'" So His Grace has rather lost than gained, and, in limiting his authority, Anglicanism is true to its Protestant origin.

UNCATHOLIC IN SPIRIT.

The subject of brotherhoods and sisterhoods was treated, and much said and done towards bringing them into a closer and better defined relation to bishops, and great encouragement was given to the increase of deaconesses as a recognized office in the Church. The uncatholic trend of the Conference may be discerned by these remarks of the above quoted bishop. "I am very glad to say that in the matter of the Reform movements on the continent of Europe and elsewhere, we have not only renewed our expressions of confidence and sympathy with the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland, but we have also especially recognized the work in Mexico by the formation of an autonomous Church organized upon the primitive lines of administration, having a liturgy and book of offices approved by the Presiding Bishop of the Church in the United States and his advisory committee, framed after the primitive forms of worship." A word of encouragement was also spoken to Brazil. The trumpet gives no uncertain sound. No Anglo-Catholicism about this, but pure and simple anti-Catholic Protestantism, which encourages Protestant Episcopalian missions to pervert Catholics in purely Catholic countries such as Mexico and Brazil. It is a wonder that Spain got no word. It is not surprising that they do not look Romeward, nor that Rome should denounce the pretensions of men openly working to destroy Catholic unity by their Protestant propagandism.

ABSURD HOPES OF UNION.

They would fain have the Orthodox East recognize them, but they will wait in vain, for the Orientals are orthodox and will not consort with Anglicans who have no standard of orthodoxy, for it is absurd to talk about the creeds as such, since every Anglican, cleric or layman, has the supposed right of a Protestant to sit in judgment upon them and accept, reject and interpret as he sees fit. As a memorial sent to the Lambeth Conference by the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom notes: "The unity of Christendom, having been lost through pride, must be regained through humility," and we may say, the humility which prompts every act of faith, submission to the authority of God who reveals and to the Church which teaches as His representative.

INTERESTS OF THE HEART OF JESUS

The little town of Bagnorea, in Italy, has erected a monument to St. Bonaventure, its townsman and its greatest glory. The saint is represented standing, dressed in his robes of Cardinal, with head upraised and with his right hand extended, while in his left he holds a scroll bearing the compendium of his teaching: *In omnibus Deum videas et laudes.* (In all things see and praise God.) The project of the monument was a part of the jubilee proceedings, and so Leo XIII. himself composed the epitaph:

BONAVENTURÆ
EPISCOPO CARDINALI ALBANENSI
DOCTORI SERAPHICO
CIVES
TANTO VIRO GLORIANTES
EXTERNIQUE
UNANIMES IN ADMIRATIONE SAPIENTIÆ
ET SANCTIMONIÆ EJUS
AERE COLLATO DEDICAVERUNT
ANNO MDCCCLXXXXVII.

To Bonaventure, Cardinal Bishop of Albani, the Seraphic Doctor, the Citizens and Outsiders, proud of so great a man, unanimous in admiration of his wisdom and holiness, by their contributions have dedicated this monument.

The feast of St. Ann, July 26th, was a day of special rejoicing in the Mother-House of the Sisters of Charity at Paris. The occasion was the crowning of the statue of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal by His Eminence, Cardinal Richard, who also celebrated the recently approved votive mass in honor of the apparition of the miraculous medal. Not content with these evidences of his devotion to the medal, His Eminence further issued a letter to his clergy, reminding them that, though at first sight this ceremony might seem of the nature of a family feast for the Sisters of St. Vincent De Paul, it was really one in which the whole Church of Paris should be interested.

The crown, which is about twenty-five inches in circumference, is composed entirely of pearls and diamonds.

About a year ago we called attention to the great success achieved by the Catholic colleges of Ireland in intellectual competition with the richly endowed Protestant institutions. Their success this year has been still more pronounced, as can be judged from the following paragraph from the Dublin *Freeman's Journal:* "The feature of the results of the competition among the students of the university is, as usual, the complete and sweeping triumph of the unendowed Catholic colleges, and the almost as complete collapse of the well-endowed Queen's Colleges at Galway and Cork. University College once more comes out victoriously first, even in competition with the only successful Queen's College, that in Belfast. Alike in the number and the quality of the distinctions won, the Catholic college is far ahead. It has gained 51 distinctions, as compared with Belfast's 46, Galway's 18, and Cork's 6. Thirty-two of its distinctions are in the first class, while only 16 of Belfast's, 8 of Galway's and 1 of Cork's belong to that order. The Catholic College has won first place in both grades, and first place in no fewer than nine subjects. . . . The tale of Catholic successes is not confined to the story of one great Catholic college. Thus the colleges for the higher education of Catholic girls, absolutely unassisted as they are, now equal or surpass in efficiency the two Queen's Colleges in Galway and Cork. St. Mary's University College has won a total of 17 distinctions, while Galway with its ten thousand pounds a year has gained only 18 and Cork only 6. The rapid rise of this institution is one of the most gratifying

educational achievements in Catholic Ireland within recent years. Though only in its infancy, it has already taken its rank as one of the first educational institutions in Ireland. It ties this year with Alexandra College in the total of its university distinctions, and is rapidly gaining upon that other most successful Protestant girls' college, the Victoria College, Belfast. The Loretto College, St. Stephen's Green, has also proved its quality, gaining eleven distinctions and the Hutchison Stewart Prize, or twice as many honors as have been won by the students of Queen's College, Cork."

The glory and the splendor of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee have been rehearsed again and again in the public press. We have read the long list of knights recently created in acknowledgment of eminence in either the civil or military walks of life. But there has been one little incident to which sufficient prominence has not been given. We refer to the conferring of the decoration of the Red Cross on four Catholic Sisters who had served as nurses during the Crimean War. The eldest of these sisters is now in her eighty-first year, and the youngest in her sixty-ninth; and in the years intervening since the closing of the last great struggle between Russia and England they had been pursuing peacefully, without thought of earthly reward, their work of charity in the London hospitals. Judge of their surprise and embarrassment when the royal carriage came to bring them to Windsor Castle. With many expressions of affectionate esteem the Queen welcomed them, and with her own hands pinned on their breasts the cross they had so nobly won.

A house has been recently opened at Jerusalem by the Dominican Fathers for the special study of Holy Scripture. The advantages to be derived from such an institution are manifold. There, on the very spot where so many events recorded both in the Old and in the New Testament have taken place, young priests selected by their bishops will be gathered together for the courses of exegesis, archæology and languages of such importance for the full understanding of the sacred text. Archæological excursions will be made a half-day each week, and longer excursions from time to time during the year.

On June 29 the Church of St. Louis, at Berlin, raised to the memory of the great leader of the German Catholic Party, Louis Windhorst, was solemnly blessed. It has been built by the contributions of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, and is a fitting monument to the conqueror of Bismarck and the Kulturkampf.

The Municipal Council of Chartres in France has recently paid a graceful and well-deserved tribute to the memory of the late Cardinal Pie, Bishop of Poitiers, by giving his name to the street where he had lived as a priest from 1849 to 1880.

The following statistics proclaim the splendid work the Christian Brothers are doing. At the close of the year 1896 there were 14,382 religious, 1,456 houses, 1,833 schools, 7,699 classes, 322,513 day scholars, and 28,412 boarders. The schools are in the four quarters of the globe. Naturally, by far the greatest number of teachers and pupils are in France, the country of their Blessed Founder. There they have 235,149 scholars in 1,356 schools, taught by 10,235 Brothers. In the United States there are 938 Brothers living in 89 houses, teaching 31,004 boys in 110 schools.

The French Canadian Messenger for September furnishes us with some interesting details with regard to the new Archbishop of Montreal, Mgr. Paul Bruchési. All are uniting in saluting him as the Bishop of the Sacred Heart. It was on the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 25th, that His Holiness signed the bull creating him Archbishop, and the official notice of his nomination to the see of Montreal arrived just as Canon Bruchési was saying Mass at an altar of the Sacred Heart. In answer to a telegram of congratulation sent him by the Cathedral Chapter of Montreal, the Archbishop-elect wrote: "It is the Sacred Heart of Jesus that has done all."

Again, it was at the very moment when Mgr. Bruchési was getting ready to say Mass at another altar of the Sacred Heart that the bull was handed him. Taking it, he placed it on the altar upon which he celebrated, thus putting under the protection of the Heart of Jesus the work which that Divine Heart had confided to his charge.

The Daily Decade.

Our Directors will remember that we used to call attention to this distinction by printing in our manuals and various leaflets, that our Apostleship is distinct from the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart and the confraternity of the Living Rosary. Now that our statutes have been so framed as to make this distinction clear there will be no further need of emphasizing it in our various prints. Directors, however, should be careful to remind Promoters and Associates that the revised statutes do not make any change in our practice of the Daily Decade, or *Second Degree*, as it is called. On the contrary this practice is urged upon us more earnestly than before, and by the spirit of the new statutes it may now be styled, according to the Moderator General, the offering to our Lady, just as the offering of the First Degree, the familiar morning offering, is the offering to our Lord.

The Revised Statutes.

The revised statutes of the Apostleship of Prayer appear in the *Acta Sanctæ Sedis* for July, 1897. They are published as we gave them in our February number. The editor makes no comment, adding merely the note that this revision has been made with a view to showing the distinction between the Apostleship of Prayer and the *Living Rosary*. Fortunately our Directors need no explanations on this point, as we have tried to keep this distinction prominently before them from the time the Apostleship had so well organized and propagated the practice of the *Living Rosary*, that this confraternity could live and flourish by itself.

League Bands.

Directors will do well to explain to the Promoters and Associates that the revised statutes do not modify in any way the organization of the bands of the Apostleship of prayer. When the *Living Rosary* was connected with our work, it was found very convenient to make each band consist of fifteen, as that number was strictly needed to form full Rosary bands. For at least twelve years we have been advising Directors to keep about fifteen members in each band, though in small centres, or, wherever men had to fill the office of Promoter, we suggested that eight or ten would be enough to make a band. From the very beginning of the work, the organization of bands of seven, ten, fifteen or thirty has been adopted, as these numbers serve for weekly or monthly bands for the Communion of Reparation as well as for the practice of the Daily Decade. Hence Directors may continue their bands as now organized.

The Number in a Band.

In France, the cradle and home of the administration of our League of Prayer, each band consists of thirty and this number adopts itself to every one of our pious practices. Thus the thirty members constitute a monthly band for the perpetual Communion of Reparation, and it can be divided easily to make the weekly bands for this same practice. Thirty also represents the number of patron saints honored by us each month. For every band of thirty, there are three Promoters, one exercising a general supervision over the entire number, and the other two attending more particularly to the members subdivided into bands of fifteen; or else, each of these Promoters looks after a band of ten, and is always ready to supply the place of either of the other two in case of sickness or absence. This would come to the same thing as forming bands of ten, and our experience is that this number can always be easily obtained and attended to by every Promoter.

A Model for Directors.

We have often suggested to our Directors that they should study the life of Blessed Margaret Mary in order to learn how to promote the practice of prayer and devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the two great objects of our League of Prayer. Her letters breathe the spirit of prayer and of devotion. Throughout her apostolate one great fact stands out clearly, and it is one that should encourage all of us. She was the chosen instrument of a great devotional movement brought about by Christ through her humble services, acting as she was without human resource, often in spite of opposition, misunderstanding, seeming failures and constant temptations to discouragement. What a consolation it is to a priest to feel that he has it in his power to help his people to conceive a warm personal love of Christ our Lord! Blessed Margaret Mary is a model in this, and the triumph of her life is a reassurance for all who attempt to follow her example.

To Promoters.

A Model for Promoters.

What is said of Blessed Margaret Mary as a model for Directors of the Apostleship of Prayer applies as well to Promoters. In many cases Directors will admit that it applies exclusively to Promoters, who are bearing all the burden of the work, simply because other duties pre-occupy themselves. Her feast falls in October, and Promoters should not let the month pass without studying in her life how they may advance the practice of prayer and devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the two great objects of her labors.

One trait in her life especially commendable to Promoters, is her submission to her Directors, particularly to Ven. de la Colombière, the one appointed by our Lord to guide her in receiving and in making known the special revelations of the Heart of Jesus. Directors of the League discharge the very same office, in a measure for their Promoters, and their counsels should be taken with as much docility as possible.

When Directors appoint a time for the Promoters' meeting, Promoters should relinquish everything else in order to attend it faithfully and punctually. Even if the Director cannot always be present at it, they can follow a regular programme of exercises, such, for instance, as the one given in the League Devotions, page 195. They should bring their reports and obtain their supplies at the meetings, in order to spare him the time and trouble of striving to attend to them individually. They should take the suggestions and act upon them and in every way possible co-operate with him in getting new members, in organizing them into bands, in inducing more and more to take up the practice of the Daily Decade and the Communion of Reparation, in multiplying the attendance at the public services —particularly at those held in honor of the Sacred Heart, in training their associates to pray for one another, to offer up their good works for the intentions of the League, and to thank God for graces obtained.

Promoters should not be content with getting new Associates. They should constantly aim at making new Promoters. In a band of ten or fifteen there must always be some who can take up this office and fulfil it properly. No one can know their fitness better than their Promoter. Their services will always be useful. No matter how many people belong to the League, there are always some who need to learn for the first time what it is, and others who need to be brought back to its practices. If new Promoters can do nothing else they can at least help those already at work; at times they will be needed as substitutes; or, they might take from two bands of fifteen enough to make a band of ten, and thus enable the Promoters already active to give more time and attention to those left under their charge. This suggestion is particularly timely, now that so many Centres are looking forward to the Promoters' Receptions, usually held in December and January, for which it is high time to train the candidates.

The Apostleship at Home and Abroad.

Philadelphia, Pa., St. Gregory's Centre.—At the close of our triduum on the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, we held our first reception of Promoters. One of the Fathers of the Central Direction preached and awarded the diplomas and crosses to 70 Promoters. The League is doing much good throughout the parish.

Vancouver, Wash., St. James' Cathedral Centre.—On the Feast of the Assumption we had the solemn reception of 16 Promoters. Bishop O'Dea performed the ceremony and delivered a very eloquent and appropriate sermon. The other Promoters are very anxious to get through their noviceship and receive their diplomas and crosses. Our League is increasing continually. In our last meeting it became again my duty to appoint three new Promoters, owing to the many new members that the ladies proposed for registration.

Le Roy, N. Y., Convent of Mercy.—On the first Friday of August about three hundred went to Holy Communion. Two priests heard confessions until a very late hour on Thursday night. There were two Masses on Friday morning, one at half-past five o'clock, the other at eight,

thus giving every one an opportunity to satisfy their devotion to the Sacred Heart. Very Rev. Dean Brougham leaves nothing undone to make known and loved the Sacred Heart to whom he is most devoted. He is a most faithful member himself, doing every little act as simply as the most humble member, showing by his example that he believes what he preaches.

IRONTON, O., St. Lawrence's Centre. —The Rev. J. H. Cotter writes :—"I intended to give the crosses to 15 Promoters in our meeting on the first Sunday of September. In September, also, I will have a statue of the Sacred Heart made by my sister, a sculptress, unveiled by Bishop Watterson."

ROCHESTER, MINN.—The League in this city are placing a very beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart in St. John's Church.

DAYTON, O., St. Elizabeth Hospital. —The many spiritual advantages to this hospital of having the League established here, are very noticeable, especially in death-bed conversions.

A WORTHY INTENTION.

REV. DEAR SIR,—

The past summer I was able to secure a number of new members for the League. Many of them are anxious to practise the third degree and to make the "Novena of First Fridays," but as they are poor farmers and their families, who live many miles from church, they could not go to early Mass on a week-day, even were Mass said in the nearest church each first Friday. There is a favor I am most anxious to obtain, and last evening, when at the devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart, the thought came to me to promise, if I should obtain what I desire by the first of November, to pay the travelling expenses of a priest if arrangements could be made for one to go nine successive months and say Mass at one of the farms, so the members, probably thirty, could make the "nine Fridays."

In order to make the promise more solemn, I send it to you, and beg you to ask the prayers of all the members of the League of the Sacred Heart.

A PROMOTER.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, JULY 5, 1897.

DEAR REV. FATHER.—This year the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and that of Most Precious Blood, were celebrated with unusual pomp, splendor and great fervor of devotion and true apostolic spirit. On both the occasions the Rev. Vicar and Diocesan Director celebrated the Mass. The music of the Mass was beautifully rendered on the harmonium by the chapel master, and there were a good many communions. The high altar was splendidly decorated. Both the festivals were closed by solemn benediction of the blessed Sacrament, preceded by acts of reparation and consecration. On both the occasions the Rev. Director preached the sermon, taking for his text St. Paul II. Cor. 12, 15. "But I most gladly will spend and be spent myself for your souls, although loving you more, I be loved less. But be it so."

There was a reception of a few members and conferring of diplomas. There was much devotion in the services. The ceremonies were impressive and inspiring. The month of the Most Precious Blood is kept up here.

Thanks are offered to the Sacred Heart for many favors granted the associates of this centre. In two instances the prayers of the League were effectual in a most striking way—one, that of the whole parish being free of plague, with the exception of about eight persons; the second, on the feast of the Most Precious Blood. Mass, with communion of reparation, was especially offered for rain. Scarcity of rain caused fevers and interfered with our plantation. Extraordinary heat made people despair. In a good many houses three or four persons were sick, laid up with fever of a bad type, and in such a fix the Catholics, all associates, had recourse to me to have a procession led out, carrying the image of Our Lady of Mercy to her old ruined shrine, since this year the feast was celebrated in the church, on account of the plague. Distance and pilgrims flocking from far were the causes of the feast not being celebrated in the old shrine. I answered the poor illiterate, that to-morrow, the 5th inst., is the Feast of the Most Precious Blood (according to our Calendar) and there will be Mass and Communion of Reparation for rains, and, after Mass, intercession of Our Lady of Mercy. SS. Peter and Paul and the miraculous St. Anthony were in-

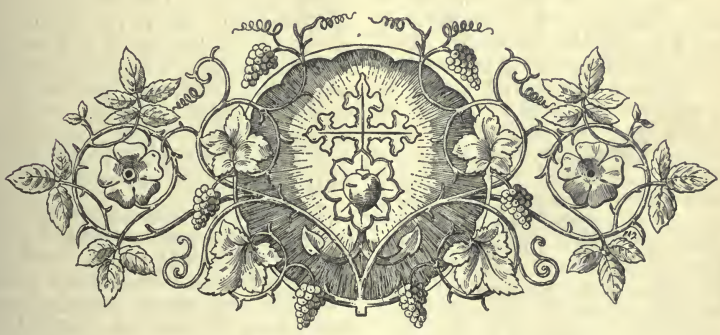
voked to plead before the throne of the Sacred Heart to send abundant rains; and, in fact, the sky had turned like brass, and the earth was as stone; after Mass downpour of rains continued at intervals day and night. The congregation was encouraged that their faith in the Sacred Heart and Most Precious Blood, was a sure guarantee that they would have to-day abundant rains especially by our offering the Mass and the Communion of Reparation. On Thursday and Sunday preceding the Feast, public prayers for rains and freedom from the plague were said, besides the daily devotions to the Sacred Heart. In Bombay there was not a drop of rain on this day, also in other parts. Many favors are being granted the Associates in a miraculous way, Mass in thanksgiving being offered for a miraculous recovery, for a successful operation and for other favors, as communicated in my last. The people here are really good. They celebrate all the Feasts of the Sacred Heart as great feasts. Oh, the beauty of the Catholic faith in this isle of martyrs! May the Sacred Heart protect us and our work.

Yours very sincerely in SSnt. Conv. Jesu,

M. F. PEREIRA,
Vicar S. Diocese, Director St. John the Baptist's, Thana, India.

OBITUARY.

Mary E. Early, St. Alphonsus' Centre, New York City; John Burns, St. Anthony of Padua's Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mary Theresa McIntee and Lewis Kiltz, Immaculate Conception Centre, Milwaukee, Wis.; Rev. George Keller, South Farrington, Polk Co., Wis.; Aloysius George Crowe, Chicago, Ill. brother of Rev. J. W. Crowe, Jacksonville, Ill., Rev. D. L. Crowe, Utica, Ill., Rev. J. B. Crowe, Chicago, Ill., and Sister Camilla of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Chicago; Mrs. Margaret Walter, Church of our Lady of Good Counsel, New Orleans; Col. Elmer Otis, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal.



IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 119,418.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v, 18).

Special Thanksgiving.—"A Promoter had long wished to become a religious, but was greatly opposed by a brother. She promised publication and a novena to the Sacred Heart for the souls in purgatory, and her brother immediately became reconciled to her entering the convent."

"Recovery from a serious attack of the jaundice. After fearful sufferings for six months, when all medical treatment had failed and I had made up my mind that an operation would have to be performed, I had recourse to the Sacred Heart. In a moment of great agony I placed the Badge on the seat of pain and promised, if the trouble was removed, to have two Masses said for the souls in purgatory and to say daily the 'Thirty Days' Prayer' in honor of Our Blessed Lady for two months, besides having the recovery published in the MESSENGER. The very next day the trouble was entirely removed, and from that day to this, nearly a year, I have never had a return of the pain."

"A young girl of eighteen had a miraculous escape from drowning. In company with her brother and a friend of his she went for a sail on the Hudson River. The boat capsized off Fort Lee, N. J. A steam yacht went to the rescue. The captain says he saw only one man in the water, and when they were about to reach him he sank The boat hook was thrown into the water, but instead of bringing him to the surface, it caught in the clothing of this young girl, who, they thought, was dead. With the help of a physician consciousness returned and she is quite well. The other two were drowned. Although a very gay young girl, her devotion to the Sacred Heart and League Practices have been a source of edification for the past few years."

"For more than ten years I suffered from a disease that became chronic and from which I could get no relief. I made a novena for the Feast of the Sacred Heart, at the same time using the Badge on the afflicted part and promising publication. The cure was granted on the Feast of the Sacred Heart."

"Out of a situation at a time when I could ill afford to be idle, I placed a petition in the Intention box, with a small offering, promising that, if my prayer was granted, I would publish it in the MESSENGER. Within two or three days I received word from an unexpected source that a place was vacant. I applied for and got it. It turned out to be a far better place than the one I had previously filled, and my health has been much benefitted, thanks to the prayers of the Holy League."

Spiritual Favors.—Conversion on his death-bed of a man who had not practised his religion in fifty years: a novena to the Sacred Heart was made and the Badge worn; return to his religion of an apostate Catholic, after a promise to make the novena of the Nine First Fridays; conversion of a young man after ten years' neglect; of another who had not received the Sacraments in seven years, and of a brother from a life of indifference; other conversions after years of intemperance and neglect of religious duties, including one special conversion, and the conversion of a lapsed Catholic woman, who, after prayer by the League, was married by a priest and made her Easter duty; the edifying death of two persons.

Temporal Favors.—Reconciliation of many friends long estranged; the favorable settlement of a lawsuit, giving means for education; many successful lawsuits and many lawsuits averted; many cases of relief in financial embarrassment, the recovery of lost money, and success in business and examinations; return of a father to his family after thirty years of neglect; employment obtained for many; positions retained in business stagnation; a successful retreat and a successful operation for appendicitis; restoration to health of a boy afflicted with nervous trouble and heart disease; also cure of a child's sore head; of a child afflicted with rheumatism in the limbs and of children vari-

ously afflicted; recovery of a sister from typhoid fever; of a man at the point of death from a hemorrhage; cure of a long-standing case of dyspepsia and another of eczema after novenas to the Sacred Heart; also cure of a missionary from a severe illness; protection in storms; the cure of threatened consumption after a Mass and promise of publication; recovery of a little girl from lung trouble, after a novena and promise of publication: though the doctors had given her up an immediate improvement was noticed, the lung that was affected being now in a perfectly healthy condition; also recovery of two children from scarlet fever and kidney disease; employment obtained for a brother after novenas by two sisters and mother in honor of the Sacred Heart, the Precious Blood, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph; cure of a father from a very serious brain trouble, causing complete collapse of mental powers; colds cured; tenants obtained for rooms and a house long vacant; a lawsuit obviated, another won after promise of publication; a third lawsuit won unexpectedly after promise of a Mass for the holy souls in honor of St. Anthony; cure of a lady from virulent typhoid fever after applying the medal of the Holy Child of Prague; restoration to health after a novena of First Fridays to the Sacred Heart and saying the Thirty Days' Prayer to our Lady; recovery of young nephew who had been given up by the doctor after a Mass was offered, a novena made and publication promised; restoration of domestic peace; financial help received from unexpected sources; recovery of a woman threatened with insanity; complete recovery, after promise of publication, of a sister who had been despaired of by the doctors; many cases of rheumatism cured; threatened diphtheria averted and child cured; a great temporal favor obtained through St. Joseph and St. Anthony of Padua after promise of publication; the successful sale of property; a Protestant examining board decided a much coveted prize in favor of a Catholic competing against fifty Protestants; a bookkeeper having lost his position in a bank, through financial stress, sought employment in vain, until a Sister of Mercy suggested a novena to the Sacred Heart, the miraculous Infant of Prague and St. Anthony, when he was immediately appointed teller at an advanced salary in another bank; many positions retained under adverse circumstances; the permanent cure of heart trouble where medical skill had failed, publication having been promised; cure of a broken arm in a twelve year old child, who, the doctors said, would be a cripple, after novena to St. Francis Xavier, Our Lady of Good Counsel, and promise of publication.

Favors Through the Badge and Promoter's Cross.—Cure of a very sore foot, the Promoter's Cross having been applied; relief from violent pain by applying the Badge; cure of severe pain in the back; cure from sting of a bee, the Cross having been applied; recovery of three children upon application of the Badge and Promoter's Cross and promise of publication; the instant cure of a sore wrist on application of the Badge; "a dear friend had a serious operation performed and wore my Promoter's Cross; she is now well, thanks to the Sacred Heart;" cure of a severe case of grippe, the Badge having been applied; cure of a sore arm.

"During the past Spring a little girl who was afflicted with St. Vitus' dance was brought to Holy Cross College. St. Ignatius' water and a Sacred Heart Badge were recommended. Publication, if cured, was promised. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, the child is now well. The same treatment brought about a cure in the case of a young boy who, also, was suffering from the same cause."

Spiritual and temporal favors obtained through our Lady under various invocations, St. Joseph, the Angels, St. Anne, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Edward, St. Expeditus, St. Blase, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Anthony, St. Bridget, Ven. de la Colombière. Bishop Neumann and the Holy Souls.

THE·READER·

CONSIDERABLE criticism has been evoked by an article by Edmund Gosse in the August number of the *North American Review*. He treats "Ten Years of English Literature," and seems to see a decadence in literary taste. He is not surprised at this, because, as he says, "There have always been bursts of genius, followed by pauses or drops into mediocrity," but he sees "a more unusual phenomenon in the literary developments of these last ten years in England than would be caused by the mere fluctuation of talent." He then analyzes the decade and finds that "it has been a period of the removal of landmarks," such as Tennyson, Browning, Newman, Jowett, Tyndall, Huxley, Kinglake, Froude, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, Pater, Freeman, Church, Lightfoot. According to him, "there are surviving in England at the present time only two aged writers whose appearance on a public occasion could excite universal enthusiasm. Only two; for Mr. Gladstone does not solely or even considerably owe his prestige, as Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Herbert Spencer do, to the exercise of the pen." He remarks "the enormous extension of literary activity, by no means symptomatic of creative and intellectual force," but rather due to the extreme lucrativeness for the successful writer. But he notes with regret "the cessation of activity in the higher branches of literature," while "fiction has flourished to an extremely disproportionate degree." The novel, he says, "is manufactured to amuse without a demand for mental effort, and to be thrown away." In his opinion, "there is no dignity or value in a story apart from the skill with which the author tells it, while a work of history or philosophy or science, if it exists at all, has a basal value upon which any graces of the writer are superimposed." He is not surprised to find novels "abounding in an age indifferent to equipment, and rebellious to the intellectual hierarchy, for this is work which demands no training and bows to no tradition." He does not deny the excellence of many of the novels published during these ten years and their singularly various order. "The realistic, the antiquarian, the social-didactic, the supernatural, the military, and the idyllic schools have all flourished."

He considers that "the extreme vogue for the prose story has drawn into its vortex many talents which had no original tendency in that direction," and he instances, among others, Stevenson, "manifestly born to be an essayist, and perhaps a philosopher." He is "acutely alarmed to see the finer talents being drawn from the arduous exercises to which nature intended to devote them to the facile fields of fiction. The result of all this is that, to an extent which ought to occasion all serious observers no little alarm, the great reading public is rapidly becoming unable to assimilate any ideas at all; and to appreciate impressions it requires to have them presented to it in the form of a story." He admits that "specialists push the subdivision of observations about facts to an even more extreme nicety; but they only address other specialists. The rest of the world prefers to take its information and its excitement from two sources of entertainment, the newspaper and the novel." And now comes the proposition that has provoked criticism. He says that "it is almost certain that if *Modern Painters*, or *The Grammar of Assent*, or even *The History of Civilization* had been published within the last ten years, it would have scarcely attracted any attention at all, outside a narrow circle. It is more than probable that Buckle and Newman, if not Mr. Ruskin, would have resigned themselves to the inevitable, and have tried to present their views and convictions in the form of tales." He is borne out in this by the fact of Newman's *Loss and Gain*. He attributes this phenomenon to the over-attention paid to the body, so that "the elements of education have come to reduce themselves

more and more into a sort of disciplined athleticism, in which the mind is not indeed entirely neglected, but is made to take a very inferior position to the limbs." He is speaking of the English, but it seems to be quite as applicable on this side of the water—witness the many pages of newspapers devoted to a chronicle of sports, to say nothing of special magazines and papers solely for this purpose. As Mr. Gosse well remarks: "If you spend the day in violent strain of the muscles in the open air, it is absolutely impossible to work your brain at night, and it would be hurtful to you if you were to try to do so," but a novel will act like a sleeping draught. He deprecates, and we think justly, the way in which "the athletic ideal has pushed all others to the wall within the last few years," and "that hundreds of thousands of persons should be encouraged by their educated leaders in the press to consider a champion billiard-player a more exalted personage than a great statesman or a great scholar." Though disquieted and alarmed at the turn which taste has taken during these last ten years, he is far from supposing it to constitute a lasting danger. "It is easy to have too much intellectual strenuousness. A sedative is what we wanted, not a stimulant; rest for the brain, and not the stress of mental gymnastics." So he concludes by disclaiming that he is a scoffer or a satirist, but claiming that the ten years since 1887 seem to him to have been marked in England, so far as literature is concerned, by an extraordinary removal of the great traditional figures which gave their tone to thought; by an excessive and unwieldy preponderance of one class of book—and that, the class least amenable to criticism—namely, the novel; and by a growth of combined athleticism and commercialism highly unfavorable to art and letters.

We agree in the main with the view of Mr. Gosse, but we can readily understand why the editors of newspapers and publishers of novels and story magzines would be unfavorably disposed towards him.

* * *

In the Notes and Comments of the *North American Review* for August there is an excellent paper by Miss Charlotte W. Porter on "The Opportunity of the Girls' Private School." If we mistake not, Miss Porter is the principal of a famous school at Farmington, Conn., and, if this surmise be true, she is well qualified to treat the matter. What she says of the private school, with few changes, is true of Sisters' academies. She contrasts the nineteenth century girl and the eighteenth century maiden, admitting that they are extreme types, and inclining in her judgment to the latter type, which she thus describes: "The eighteenth century maiden was the product of rigid discipline, hardships, self-denial, much introspection and a stern devotion to duty." Of course such training produced model wives and mothers. The girl of to-day grows up under changed conditions "which have admitted no check upon the spirit of independence; and the result is seen in every class, in the enfeebled sense of the virtue of obedience and the necessity of discipline, in the unrestraint of expression, and the readiness to question and to resent the exercise of authority." This is the statement of "a recent writer," which Miss Porter endorses. She signalizes a lack of discipline in the family, and a want of reverence for parents and even for God Himself. As she well remarks "the growth of a spirit of license is invariably followed by a decline in the sense of duty." She asks: "Why is it that in all departments of work, from the kitchen to Congress, it is so next to impossible to find faithful service? Is it not because our people have ceased to ask themselves what they ought to do, and ask only what they wish to do? The least work with the smallest effort, and the largest pay and most liberty—that seems to be the ideal." "Twin-brother of this decline in the sense of duty is the desire to avoid everything that is hard." This, she maintains, holds good of men and women in every stage of life. With the avoidance of what is hard goes an excessive devotion to pleasure. These are alarming tendencies; we cannot deny their existence. Much depends upon the training of the girl who is one day to be wife and mother. Miss Porter thinks that the private or pay school can do much to stem the tide, but only "by insisting upon obedience to its regulations, promptness and regularity in the performance of duty, thoroughness in everything undertaken, concentrated study, clear thinking, definite expression; realizing that a slipshod performance of school work means later a slipshod performance of life's work. . . . It can help girls to self-control.

first, by making them obedient and industrious; second, by impressing upon them that every slight physical discomfort is not sufficient cause for discontinuing work, and that tears over trifles are a sign either of disease or of unwomanly childishness; and, finally, by teaching them to subordinate the lower to the higher." She would stop all eating between meals, and restrict the use of candy; she would banish every pleasure that unfits for the performance of duty, and would make social amusements only a relaxation from work—a re-creation for renewed effort. But the school is not merely to restrain: it is to insist upon honest intellectual work and good reading, and excite a love for the best in nature, literature and art. Better than this, it can teach its girls the sacredness of duty, the joy of self-sacrifice, the happiness of unselfish friendship, the love of God.

To accomplish all this, however, requires teachers of no ordinary stamp. Miss Porter grasps this and puts the requisition forcibly. "What does the work demand of the teacher? Absolute consecration—a consecration that shall continually inspire to new acquisitions of mind and character; that shall ennoble drudgery; that shall hesitate at nothing that can help her girls; that shall be brave enough to speak the unpleasant truth, to impose the disagreeable restriction, if the good of one soul committed to her demands it. It calls for a consecration that shall make the teacher willing to be disliked and misrepresented, to sow in tears with but little prospect of reaping in joy, to give with no thought of receiving in return."

Well may religious teachers apply this admirable description of a model teacher to themselves and see if they are up to its standard; if they are, then shall the nineteenth century girl be one for whom we need not blush.

BOOK NOTICES.

Brother Azarias. By Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL. D. New York: William H. Young & Co. 1897. Pages 280. Price $1.50.

This is the life of the well-known educator and literary man told in a very interesting way. It cannot fail to do much good, recounting, as it does, the life work of the most prominent of the Sons of Blessed J. B. de la Salle in this country, and showing him to be a devoted religious man as well as a leader in the work of education. It is strange, however, that the author should describe Brother Azarias as a *monk*, and so characterize him throughout the book, for the Brothers of the Christian schools are not monks, as the Church understands the term. But, although it is not, as the sub-title puts it, "The Life Story of an American Monk," it is the life story of an excellent religious man and devoted Christian Brother, and will be welcomed not only by those who knew him, but by those who will first make his acquaintance through this book.

The Romance of a Jesuit Mission. By M. Bourchier Sanford. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 12mo., cloth. Pages 292. Price $1.25.

The scene of this story is laid for the most part at Port Sainte Marie, the central station of the Missions to the Huron Indians. The time is the middle of the seventeenth century, and the celebrated missionaries Fathers Brébeuf, Bressani, Garnier and their companions play prominent parts. The author, a Protestant, does not fail in the appreciation of the sublime courage and devotion of these noble men, but unfortunately makes the plot hinge upon a love episode which Catholic instinct at once brands as untrue. It is a pity, for the descriptions are extremely graphic and the style remarkably pleasing.

How a Protestant Became a Catholic. Published by the Christian Press Association. 1897. Pages 39.

An itinerary of the road traversed in passing from Anglicanism to the fold of the true Church. The writer was led to her change of faith mainly by the study of Protestant historians, and her quotations from them should be of great service in helping others to reach the light.

Short Life of the Venerable Servant of God, John Nepomucene Neumann, C. SS. R., Bishop of Philadelphia. By Very Rev. J. J. Magnier, C. SS. R., St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1897. Pages 99. Price 40 cents.

It should be a duty of love and loyalty for all American Catholics to make themselves acquainted with the life and labors of this saintly Bishop of Philadelphia.

The sketch furnished by Father Magnier, as announced by its title, is indeed short, but still sufficient to give us a fair insight into the holiness of this model missionary and bishop. We cannot say that we are pleased with the make-up of the book as to binding and the headings of paragraphs—it looks to us too much like a primer of literature, or history intended for school use. However, this we suppose is due to its low price, or in pursuance of the author's design of presenting a story told in the most simple style.

The Christian Child. Published by the Sisters of Mercy, Manchester, N. H. Price 5 cents.

This is a text-book of etiquette for children, neatly and attractively printed. If introduced into schools, it would go far towards rounding off the education of our children and to imparting a charm and kindness of manner of more value than even correctness in spelling and a mastery of "the rule of three." We would be glad to see the book given a wide circulation.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, August 1 to 31, 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Covington	Jellico, Tenn.	St. Boniface's Church	Aug. 16
Dubuque	Livermore, Iowa	Sacred Heart "	Aug. 16
Helena	Deer Lodge, Mont.	St. Mary's Academy	Aug. 9
Kansas City, Mo.	Slater, Mo.	St. Joseph's Church	Aug. 16
Louisville	Louisville, Ky.	Holy Cross "	Aug. 16
Monterey and Los Angeles	Coronado Beach, Cal.	Sacred Heart "	Aug. 16
New York	Rye, N. Y.	St. Benedict's Home	Aug. 19
Sacramento	Jackson, Cal.	St. Patrick's Church	Aug. 26
Trenton	Atlantic Highlands, N. J.	St. Agnes' "	Aug. 1
"	Highlands, N. J.	Our Lady of Perpetual Help "	Aug. 1
Winona	Owatonna, Minn.	Sacred Heart School	Aug. 31

Aggregations, 11: churches, 8; academy, 1; school, 1; institution, 1.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued from August 1 to 31, 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Number
Baltimore	Woodstock, Md.	Woodstock College	8
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Sacred Heart of Jesus and Maria Church	20
"	" "	St. Francis de Sales' "	9
Buffalo	East Buffalo, N. Y.	Holy Name of Jesus "	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Agatha's Academy	1
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	Good Shepherd Convent	11
"	" "	St. Lawrence Church	3
"	" "	St. Xavier's College	4
Cleveland	Cleveland, "	St. John's Hospital	2
"	Toledo, "	Ursuline Sacred Heart Convent	1
Columbus	Ironton, "	St. Lawrence Church	15
Dubuque	Farley, Ia.	Presentation Convent	1
Green Bay	Chilton, Wis	St. Augustine's Church	8
"	Portage, "	Immaculate Conception "	5
Helena	Livingston, Mont.	St. Mary's "	1
Leavenworth	Leavenworth, Kans.	Immaculate Conception Pro-Cathedral	1
Louisville	New Haven, Ky.	St. Catherine's Church	18
Marquette	Marquette, Mich.	St. Peter's Cathedral	1
Milwaukee	Janesville, Wis.	St. Mary's Church	3
Mobile	Mobile, Ala.	St. Joseph's "	6
Nashville	Nashville, Tenn.	St. Bernard's Academy	6
Nesqually	Vancouver, Wash.	St. James' Cathedral	2
Newark	Newark, N. J.	St. John's Church	1
New York	Batavia, N. Y.	Mercy Convent	22
"	New York City	Sacred Heart of Jesus Church	3
"	Piermont, N. Y.	St. John's "	6
Omaha	Omaha, Nebr.	St. Joseph's Hospital	1
Oregon City	Portland, Ore.	Immaculate Conception Pro-Cathedral	2
Portland	Deering, Me.	St. Joseph's Academy	4
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Francis Xavier's Church	5
"	" "	St. Joseph's "	5
"	" "	St. Patrick's "	12
Savannah	Macon, Ga	St. Stanislaus' Novitiate	1
Springfield	Pittsfield, Mass.	St. Joseph's Church	7
Syracuse	Syracuse, N. Y.	St. Lucy's "	3
Vincennes	Leopold, Ind.	St. Augustine's "	3
"	Vincennes, Ind.	St. Rose's Academy	2
Wilmington	Wilmington, Del.	Visitation Convent	2

Receptions, 38. Total number of Diplomas, 206.

CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, OCTOBER, 1897.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for **Religious Instruction in Our Schools,** for the intentions of the Apostleship throughout the world, and for these particular intentions recommended by the American Associates.

1	*F.*	**First Friday.**—St. Remy, Bp. (Apost. of the Franks, 533) —1st D., A.C.	Hold fast the faith.	119,418 thanksgivings.
2	*S.*	Holy Guardian Angels.	Honor the angels.	64,677 in affliction.
3	**S.**	**17th after Pentecost.**—Most Holy Rosary.	Say the beads.	52,427 sick, infirm.
4	*M.*	St. Francis of Assisi, F. (O.S.F., 1226).—Pr.	Spirit of charity.	75,489 dead Associates.
5	*T.*	SS. Placidus and Comp., MM. (541).	Reparation.	45,006 League Centres.
6	*W.*	St. Bruno, F. (Carthusians, 1101).	Detachment.	15,371 Directors.
7	*Th.*	St. Mark, P. (336).—St. Justina, V.M. (I. Century).—H.H.	Fortitude.	39,328 Promoters.
8	*F.*	St. Bridget, W. (1373).—B.I.	Honor the Passion.	158,603 departed.
9	*S.*	SS. Denis and Comp., MM. (117).—St. Louis Bertrand (O.P., 1581).	Confidence in God.	117,719 perseverance.
10	**S.**	**18th after Pentecost.**—Maternity B.V.M.—St. Francis Borgia (S.J., 1572).	Filial love for Mary.	324,505 young persons.
11	*M.*	St. Kenny, Ab. (598).	Perseverance.	60,165 First Communions.
12	*T.*	BB. Camillus and Comp., S.J., MM. (1622). St. Wilfrid, Bp. (709).	Avoid slight faults.	82,960 parents.
13	*W.*	St. Edward the Confessor, K. (1066).	Love purity.	97,960 families.
14	*Th.*	St. Callistus I., P.M., (22).—H.H.	Respect authority.	64,449 reconciliations.
15	*F.*	St. Teresa, V. (Carmelite, 1582).—Pr.	Loyalty to Christ.	115,429 work, means.
16	*S.*	St. Gall (Ab. 614).—St. Colman, Bp. (550).	Pray for Missions.	161,269 clergy.
17	**S.**	**19th after Pentecost.**—Purity B. V. M.—B. Margaret Mary, V. (1690).—C.R.	Honor the S. Heart.	130,429 religious.
18	*M.*	St. Luke, Evangelist (Physician, 90).	Read the Gospel.	138,592 seminarists, novices.
19	*T.*	St. Peter of Alcantara (O.S.F., 1562).	Spirit of penance.	62,351 vocations.
20	*W.*	St. John Cantius, Parish Priest (1473).	Prudence.	40,121 parishes.
21	*Th.*	SS. Ursula and Comp., VV. MM. (383).—St. Hilarion, Ab. (372).—H.H.	Christian courage.	59,110 schools.
22	*F.*	St. Mary Salome.	Respect the innocent.	49,583 superiors.
23	*S.*	The Most Holy Redeemer.	Pray for sinners.	54,044 missions, retreats.
24	**S.**	**20th after Pentecost.**—St. Raphael, Archangel.	Trust in the angels.	37,535 societies, works.
25	*M.*	SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, MM. (284).	Prudence.	128,660 conversions.
26	*T.*	Holy Relics.—St. Evaristus, P.M. (109).	Respect holy relics.	610,099 sinners.
27	*W.*	Vigil.—St. Elesbaan, K. (523).	Despise the world.	114,604 intemperate.
28	*Th.*	SS. Simon and Jude, App.—A.I., B.M., H.H.	Firm hope.	97,148 spiritual favors.
29	*F.*	Ven. Bede, D. (735).	Fidelity in trifles.	92,529 temporal favors.
30	*S.*	Vigil. — St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, Lay Brother (S.J., 1617).	Spirit of prayer.	172,762 special, various.
31	**S.**	**21st after Pentecost.**—St. Siricius, Bp. (398).	Honor bishops.	MESSENGER readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship.* (D.=*Degrees*, Pr.=*Promoters*, C. R.=*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.=*Holy Hour*); A. C.=*Archconfraternity*; S.=*Sodality*; B. M.=*Bona Mors*; A. I.=*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.=*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.=*St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society*; B. I.=*Bridgettine Indulgence.*

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	148,681	11.	Masses heard	174,724
2.	Beads	354,438	12.	Mortifications	141,105
3.	Way of the Cross	95,582	13.	Works of Mercy	100,955
4.	Holy Communions	78,121	14.	Works of Zeal	275,567
5.	Spiritual Communions	240,057	15.	Prayers	6,964,045
6.	Examens of Conscience	173,202	16.	Kindly Conversation	46,583
7.	Hours of Labor	534,562	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	101,874
8.	Hours of Silence	195,316	18.	Self-conquest	95,069
9.	Pious Reading	86,389	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	198,496
10.	Masses read	15,003	20.	Various Good Works	218,110

Special Thanksgivings, 1,978; Total, 10,239,857.

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

SAINT STANISLAS RECEIVING HOLY COMMUNION.
(Guido Francisci.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXII. NOVEMBER, 1897. NO. 11.

HAINAN.

By Rev. William Hornsby, S.J.

OUR best thanks are due to the non-Catholic contributor to the April number of the *Dublin Review* for his fairly correct and appreciative account of the lives and the work of Catholic missionaries in China. In the last paragraph of his article he disposes of the mission of Hainan in two or three lines. Mr. Parker was himself, as British Consul, a resident of Hoihow, the chief port of Hainan, and his summary account of the Catholic mission in the island, however far from consoling, is for the present, it must be confessed, only too true. But the mission of Hainan was not always at such a low ebb of prosperity, nor, please God, will it long remain so. From its earliest foundation the mission has never been free from persecutions, more or less severe. The history of the mission in the present century has been particularly sad; and its actual condition having little to relieve the gloom, there would be no reason for calling attention to this distant portion of the Lord's vineyard, were it not for the well-founded hopes of a brighter future. The actual superior of the mission, the Rev. Sebastian d'Oliveira Xavier, a young missionary of zeal and enterprise, has kindly furnished an account of the mission, giving a sketch of its history in the present century and of its actual condition. His relation will be given at length, after a few words of introduction concerning the island itself and the early history of the mission.

Hainan, though far away in an obscure corner of the China Sea, is large enough to be easily picked up even on a general map of Asia. It is just south of China, separated from a promontory of the mainland by a narrow strait, and it forms the eastern boundary of the Gulf of Tonkin. It is an island of little less than half the size of Ireland, but its population of 2,500,000 is, perhaps, proportionately larger. It was occupied by the Chinese about a century before our era, and has ever since been governed as an integral part of the Celestial Empire.

The inhabitants of the island are chiefly Chinese, originally from the neighboring province of Canton, but the Chinese settlement of Hainan dates so far back that the language has become an entirely different dialect and almost unintelligible to a Cantonese. In the interior of the island the remnants of the aboriginal tribes still exist, leading their wild forest life and not subjected to Chinese rule. They have no racial affin-

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ORPHAN ASYLUM IN HAINAN.

ities with the Chinese, but seem to be allied with certain other aboriginal tribes still to be found in parts of southern China. They are a wild but timid race, and though from time to time they have, perhaps under provocation, made desultory attacks upon the Chinese islanders, still they manifest none of that savage and sanguinary spirit which characterizes the natives of other Pacific islands. They are almost inaccessible in their woody homes among the mountains, and no missionary, Catholic or Protestant, has ever worked among them.

Hainan, lying below the twentieth parallel of latitude, enjoys the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, and it is noted as the only place in China where the cocoanut grows. Its commerce was deemed of such importance that Hoihow, its principal port, was opened by treaty to foreign commerce in 1876. Its principal exports are scented woods, spices, rattan, birds' nests and sugar cane, and it enjoys almost daily steam communication with the ports of China and Tonkin. The first mention of Hainan that I heard in the Far East, was on the voyage between Yokohama and Hong Kong, when a resident of the latter colony recommended our island as an excellent place for the exciting diversion of tiger hunting.

The missionary history of the island has been of the most varied, and does not lack elements of special interest. It dates back to the end of the last Chinese dynasty, to 1632, thirteen years before the Tartars, who now rule China, had placed their chief on the dragon throne. The first missionaries were sent there at the request of a native of the island, a person of distinguished rank, by the name of Paul Wong, the son of the mandarin who introduced into the court of Pekin Father Matthew Ricci, the first missionary to China in the sixteenth century. Paul was converted at Pekin, and, when returning home from the capital, he stopped at Macao to visit the superior of the Jesuits and ask for missionaries to evangelize his native island. Father Peter Marquez, who had just been driven from Japan by the severity of the persecution, was chosen for this enterprise. He was one of two brothers, natives of Macao, who both entered the Society of Jesus in that colony and became missionaries in Japan. Their father was a Portuguese merchant, and their mother a Japanese lady of a distinguished family, converted to Christianity by the early missionaries. Father Francis Marquez suffered martyrdom in his mission together with four companions; Father Peter, after his short mission to Hainan, returned to Japan, where he was tortured for the faith, and escaped with his life, only to meet his death at the hands of pirates.

Father Marquez remained at Hainan a little over two years, when he was replaced by Father Benedict Mattos, a younger missionary more familiar with the Chinese language. Father Mattos, destined to be regarded as the founder of the mission of Hainan, entered the island in 1635. He was a zealous young missionary, in his thirty-fifth year, and

he devoted himself ardently to the cultivation of the field entrusted to him. The details of his work and the methods employed have not been handed down, but it is known that in the course of the first year he administered as many as 335 baptisms ; the number is not small, in view of the difficulties experienced in the conversion of the Chinese, particularly during the first years of a mission in a new place. After five years of a zealous and successful ministry he was forced to withdraw from the island, in the face of a violent agitation, excited against him by the bonzes of a popular pagoda, whose superstitions and falsehoods he had vigorously attacked. An excellent native catechist, whom he left behind to attend to the interests of the mission and instruct and console the neophytes, was poisoned by the bonzes soon after the Father's departure.

In 1643, after an interval of one or two years, Father Mattos was back in his mission, working as zealously and as successfully as ever. He established four principal stations in different towns, with the headquarters and central church at Kiung-chow, the capital. Of the latter establishment the Rev. Father, quoted below, says that "not even the ruins are left. An arch in honor of the Emperor has been raised on the site." Father Mattos was joined by other Fathers from Macao, as the mission developed, but the disturbances caused by the Tartar conquest of China in 1644 were felt even in that remote portion of the empire, and several Fathers had to seek safety at Macao. However, notwithstanding such adversities, at his death, in 1651, Father Mattos left in Hainan an organized mission with several chapels and schools and about 3,000 neophytes.

The little Christianity of Hainan has never enjoyed a sufficiently long period of peace to develop naturally and grow into a flourishing mission. It has been continually harassed by persecutions of one kind or another, as will appear from the following sketch of its history in the present century, kindly furnished by the present superior of the mission. "At the beginning of this century," writes the Rev. Father d'Oliveira Xavier, "the Christians who remained, or rather who escaped from the fury of the continued persecutions, instigated now by the mandarins and now by the pagan population, went to Macao to ask the Bishop to send them a priest for the administration of the sacraments. These Christians were the descendants of the old neophytes, who had taken refuge in the interior of the island, to be free from persecution. The Bishop of Macao sent them a Chinese missionary, who at first did not reside in Hainan, but used to go there before Lent and return to Macao after Pentecost. The first visit of this Chinese priest was in 1810, as was to be seen on a stone tablet erected in the chapel of Dangpo ; at present, however, nothing remains of the tablet, as everything was destroyed in the persecution of 1884. When the number of Christians had increased, some Chinese priests began to reside in Hainan ; they constructed some chapels and opened several schools.

ORPHAN ASYLUM IN HAINAN.

Among these Fathers two, distinguished for their zeal, were natives of Hainan; in the native village of one of them, we still have not a few good Christians. It is less than a month ago that I went there to celebrate the feast of Pentecost. Things went on thus under the direction of the Chinese priests, until this mission was handed over, in 1850, to the French Fathers of the Paris Congregation of Foreign Missions, who remained until 1876."

It may not be out of place to insert here a short passage from the narrative of the British Consul, who visited Hainan in a semi-official capacity, when the mission was in the hands of the French congregation: "I found the Rev. Michel Chazot," he writes, "in a small one-roomed cottage by the side of a farm. He was preparing a larger room, attached to the farm-house, for a chapel. The Christians were scattered about the country at long distances apart, the priest told me, and were now much diminished in numbers. His district was the western half of the north of the island, while the eastern half was under the control of a second French missionary. The two met only once every three months. . . . After the suppression of the Jesuits the Christians were for a long time deprived of missionaries. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the Bishop of Macao sent some Chinese priests. In 1849 these priests were replaced by French missionaries, the first of whom was so badly beaten by the people that he died of his wounds. . . . I stayed the night with the worthy priest and partook of his humble fare. Humble it was, indeed, and great must be the faith that impels a man to desert the comforts of civilized life for such a state of wretchedness!"

To return to the interrupted letter of the Rev. Father Superior: "When they [the French priests] withdrew from Hainan there were, according to a report drawn up by them, 838 Christians in Hainan, scattered throughout the whole island. Upon the departure of the French Fathers the Portuguese [of Macao] took possession of the mission again, and in their hands it still remains. The Portuguese continued the missionary work, according to the methods of their predecessors, when a persecution broke out, such as had never been known in Hainan." (The immediate cause of this persecution was the war with France and the rumors that the French were about to occupy the Island.) "Chapels, residences, schools and other houses of the mission, as well as the homes of the Christians, were pillaged and destroyed. The stolen property could not be recovered but at the price of an ignominious submission to the conditions of the persecutors. Many Christians fled to Macao, Hong Kong and Canton, and those who remained apostatized."

"But," some one may ask, "were there none to die for their faith?" The question finds a prompt answer in the fact that the alternatives were apostasy or exile, not apostasy or death. Not daring to go the full length of taking their victims' lives, the persecutors contented themselves with making it impossible for such as refused to apostatize to remain in the island. That there should have been so many apostates must have been disheartening for the missionaries, but may be accounted for by the inadequacy of the small number of missionaries to maintain the scattered neophytes in the firm spirit of faith, capable of withstanding a trial.

"These unfortunate apostates," continues the Rev. Father Superior, "are still Christians at heart, and I am certain that they would return to the bosom of the Church if it were possible to restore the chapels and the rest, but as I, like my predecessors, have not the means for that, nothing can be done. If some help for this mission could be obtained from America, God, I am sure, would repay the charity with interest. The mission has at present about three hundred

Christians, not counting the numerous apostates.

"Notwithstanding the present depressed state of the mission, I am certain that it will return to some of its former vigor, when the Sisters of Charity come to Hainan, which will not be long delayed, as everything is prepared and nothing is wanting but their presence. The house, which is to serve as their residence and as orphan asylum, was built last year, as you are aware, and a photograph of it is in your possession. The coming of the Sisters will certainly be one of the best means of raising the state of the mission. They will not be at a loss for something to do, for so many are the children exposed, principally in Hoihow and Kiung-chow, that it excites commiseration and pity to hear what people say on this subject. Moreover, there are more than fifteen children of European Catholic families in Hoihow who stand much in need of religious education. In a word, the Sisters are indispensable.

"As you desire some information about the Presbyterian mission here, I send you what I know, which is little or nothing. They have only one mission in the interior, and what they do there I don't know. In Hoihow they have a hospital where, for a few coppers, the sick are received and cared for. Some of the ministers go about the markets selling Bibles; thus, for each Bible sold they count a conversion. They are thirty in number, counting them all, ministers, male and female, and children (*ministros, ministras e ministrinhos*)." It may be added that an English resident of the island, giving an account of Hainan,

A CHINESE SILK-SPINNER, HAINAN.

says significantly, with regard to missions, that he could not ascertain how many converts the Protestants had, though the Catholic missionaries had given him the number of their Christians.

There are at present only three Catholic missionaries in the island for the population of 2,500,000. The superior, whom we have been quoting, has, to aid him, a Chinese priest from Canton, and a Portuguese just arrived from Europe.

So much for the actual state of the mission; one word more about its prospects. About seven years ago the late Bishop of Macao, having no religious orders in his diocese, and finding it difficult to supply adequately the several missions under his jurisdiction, invited the Fathers of the Society of Jesus to assist him and his clergy in their missionary labors. The invitation was accepted by the superiors of the Society in Portugal, and the Jesuit Mission at Macao was immediately founded. Up to the present all the efforts of the newly founded mission have been confined to Macao itself, and more particularly to the diocesan seminary, which was immediately entrusted to the Fathers. But when once the mission is fully established, and can count upon its yearly contingent of new associates from Portugal and elsewhere, Hainan will have its regular supply of missionaries, and it may be hoped that, with God's blessing, not only the apostates may be brought back to the fold, but that numbers of others, who have never known the truth, may find the hour of their enlightenment.

A population of 2,500,000 in a rich and settled land is not to be despised. If we think of the heroic sacrifices and the large amount of missionary funds lavished upon little tribes of a few thousand unlettered savages, doomed perhaps to extinction, or at least without any possible future influence as a race, will not a settled and industrious population, already up in the millions and so far from extinction that it can hardly find place for its overflow, be deemed worthy of efforts at least as great, and of no less generous sacrifices and alms? The soul of a savage, it is true, is as precious as any other soul, and savage tribes must have their heroic missionaries. But there is a good old principle: the more extended the good, the more divine; and it can hardly be questioned that missionary work among an intelligent and thriving population, with some future before it, will be more far-reaching in its results than the same amount of labor among unfortunate tribes, which, if not doomed to disappear to-morrow, will certainly never exert any influence outside of their torrid wildernesses or icy plains.

WHEELBARROW USED BY MISSIONARIES IN HAINAN.

THE FIRST PASTOR OF PENNSTOWN.

By S. Trainer Smith.

PENNSTOWN is not beautiful. A dusty, smoke-begrimed, raw-looking manufacturers' paradise, it swelters in the sun of summer and shrivels in the blasts of winter. It has no fine buildings. It has no library, it has no theatre, and even the homes of its successful manufacturers are mean and shabby or mean and tawdry.

But Pennstown is old—a veritable grandmother among the cities of the New World—and in its youth it was beautiful. Lying low in the angle of the swift-flowing river with the sleepy creek that wound its slow way to its mouth through a green-hilled country, the old Quaker town, even then, basked in the glow of genial prosperity. Long, low houses of quiet hues, each under sheltering arms of its own forest trees, each girdled by its own quaint gardens, stood back from the streets. Out of their tiny upper windows the inmates looked across lush, green meadows to the shimmering boundaries of river and creek, and watched the traffic of the little wooden wharves—easy-going traffic with the opposite shore—and more distant neighbors up and down the river. The King's Highway wandered through the town's heart, and there were dim and prim old taverns to which the coaches, north and south, brought the interests of the outer world and the topics of the times. Now and then travellers stopped there for the quiet night, and the country people of the outlying farms came in for refreshment or for business. But such visitors were not frequent. The Friends were social and family-loving, whether rich or poor, and it was under their overhanging eaves and around their great fire-places that the traveller and the neighbor gathered, when in town, for rest and warmth and interchange of adventure and opinion. There was no lack of eager life and pleasant ease in the daily routine of Pennstown's strictly fulfilled duties then. Under the Quaker régime, all its days were days of pleasantness and all its nights were peace.

Yet are these later—and uglier—days of Pennstown more blessed than the first. For they had not known the Reverend Arthur Kevin, and Pennstown as he left it.

He came to it half a century ago, a young, bright, eager Catholic priest, on fire with holy love and mad—as men say—with zeal for the salvation of souls. He came unknown and unheralded, for there were no Catholics in Pennstown proper; rather, a shuddering fear of the name. But the Friends are truly a peace-loving people, and the Friendly element was strongest.

His arrival once made known, it required neither discussion nor remonstrance, but simply endurance as a necessary evil, never spoken of, never exactly tolerated, but silently ignored. Since Friend Guthrie needs must open his quarries and Friend Denise had builded his great factory, workmen and workwomen for both must come to them and bring their religion with them. That was all there was of it.

So, no one helping and no one hindering, in Pennstown he came. In his love and his eagerness, in his madness and his zeal, the young priest was alone. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, he wrought steadily among the quarrymen and the mill-hands. He went out literally to his people in the hedges and the by-ways, far up the wild glens hidden in the richly cultivated farmlands, where the rocks were rent and the stone ribs of the earth shattered by the rough toil of the first,

and where the whirr of the spindles and fluff and grime of the spinning made hideous earth's quiet and freshness for the last. In sickness, in trouble, in wild anger and fierce despair, he was with them far oftener than in joy or thanksgiving. He begged for them, he prayed for them, he gave his all to them, and offered his very life for them. No man made note of it. Growing older, thinner, grayer of face and head among them with each day, Pennstown still passed him unheeded, less antagonistic at heart, but no less rigid in their outward disapproval.

For Pennstown had its own churches, in addition to the square stone meeting-house where the Friends gathered every "First Day." The Episcopalians had an old stone church, to which Queen Anne had sent greetings and a silver communion service, long, long ago, and its congregation carried itself with a staid and stately dignity that befits a queen's acknowledged fellow-worshippers, even when the queenly rule has become a discarded shadow to them. In very different spirit from the churchmen of to-day, the good people of St. Martin's—so called for the donor of the ground on which the church was built a hundred years before—met the Catholic priest and passed by on the other side. The Presbyterians were newcomers themselves, and everybody knows the Presbyterian opinion of Catholics fifty years ago. Ah, well-a-day for the Reverend Arthur Kevin!

But, begging and praying and daily offering his all for them, he saw light at last. First, it fell upon a lot of rising ground on the outskirts of the town; then upon a small, plain church, very white of paint and very flat of roof, whose cross-crowned gable faced the country by-road and the lovely sweep of meadow, beyond which lay the deepest curve of the ever-curving creek, and the glory of the sunsets. As finishing touch to the church, there was a tiny priest's house, with the narrowest bit of porch before its narrow door, and the Reverend Arthur Kevin had his own home. Pennstown observed it, but no one in Pennstown welcomed him to it, and no one asked welcome of him. No one in Pennstown ever crossed the threshold of the church to learn more of it than its outside told, or than dropped in sonorous music from its exquisite bell, the sweetest that ever hung in country belfry.

It was thus for thirty years. Who can tell what those years were to the Reverend Arthur Kevin! God alone knows. God alone, friend, consoler, confidant and comforter, for the brave soul sought no other. Thirty years without change. Thirty years among a town full of men and women, who lived as though he "was not."

Then Pennstown awoke to find itself changed.

There had been the war—but it was not *that.*

There had been such an influx of strangers and capital, energy and recklessness as had carried the whole population into new ventures and turned the quiet old Quaker head of it—but it was none of *these.*

The change was in its mind and its manners towards the Catholic priest.

No one knew whence it started or who sent the wave onward and upward. But when it broke on the shore of public opinion, it carried Father Kevin far into the hearts of the townsmen he had never known. Noiselessly, wordlessly it almost seemed, it began to go about that he was a man of ability, a man of power, a man of worth, a man of wonderful purity of life, of wonderful, unspeakably wonderful, charity and patience and long-suffering. That was it and all of it. A blameless life had wrought "its perfect work."

He was "Father" Kevin now, at once and forever with every one. Everywhere and by every one, good words were spoken of him, and the desire to show him kindness was in every house. The thirty years were counted up to him as

honors now. The kindness overflowed upon his people, and, Pennstown's prosperity still keeping a golden glimmer of its old-time ways, this kindness glinted in unexpected places and lit up many a lonely corner. Some knowledge of the life of Catholics and of its standby and support crept in unheeded, and was unconsciously welcomed where the fear of Catholic doctrine was strongest, because most ignorant and unreasonable. In other quarters, that knowledge walked in boldly and with majesty.

"Thirty years at my very door without a sin laid to his account!" said the worst man of all Pennstown's "old people"—not a Friend, but a man of the world and a man of war, General Porter Anderson—"By Jove!"—they used such exclamations in his young days, principally, it seems, because those who did not use them, thought they were wicked. "I could not have believed it, if I had not seen it. That man's religion is real. I'll make a friend of him."

He did. The General was no longer "strong and hearty," as he used to respond to every inquiry, and it was not long before he sent for the priest, as—in old Pennstown—one sick neighbor sends for another. Courtesy it was beautiful to see, graciousness that honored as it was meant to honor, warm, true liking and trust grew out of the meeting, and the one influence for good, of his long and masterly life, came to the General through the priest's "life at his gates."

Father Kevin throve in the sunshine that came so late. But his beautiful, hidden life was secured to him. It was "second nature," now, and he took into its calm retreat all the happiness that earth could give.

Now Pennstown thronged with Catholics. Spreading right and left, and up and down, crowded out of all beauty of peace and plenty, dirty, noisy, busy, the heart of it all was a Catholic heart, unselfish, hopeful and patient, the warm, Irish heart that moves the worker's hands. The little old church was not large enough. Father Kevin alone was not enough. There came an assistant, then two assistants. A new parish was started and a new church hastily built on the other side of the creek. A new priest came to it and brought with him an assistant. Soon, stately and beautiful churches swept away the very remembrance of the first little church on the rising ground that faced the sunset, and of the second temporary church of the new parish. New priests' houses were beside them, perfect in every appointment and abounding in hospitality. Wonderful things are done in Pennstown to this day, and a visitor, returning to it after an absence, would not know it for the same place. A stranger would not care for it. But to one who knew it long ago, to one who knows the life of Father Kevin during those thirty years, the very stones of the street cry out of him. What an echo fills and swells with the Angelus dropping musically from the bell of the little old church, swinging high and free in the splendid belfry of the new St. Michael's! The real good that has come to Pennstown, the good that has gone forth from it, both had their small beginnings when the Reverend Arthur Kevin came, young, eager, zealous, and yet patient, to wear his life out in its service.

For he wore himself out. With his acceptance and his due honor came the end of earth. The burden he had borne so long in silence—the burden of his Master's sorrow, the cloud of his lonely battling with the sins that are that sorrow—had rested heavily upon him, more heavily than he or any one knew. In the lightening of his labors, in the confidence that the work was indeed his Lord's and safe in His care, came his release.

He did not die in Pennstown. Every one had been tender with him, full of reverence that never wearied, and he was taken away for rest and change. He found both, far sooner than they thought. But they brought him home to bury him.

What a funeral it was! From the very centre of his heroic labors, from the foot of the stately altar he had reared, from the walls into which he had built his prayers, his hopes and his substance, he was borne to his grave by all that was best and most honored among "his fellow-townsmen." Protestant and Catholic, Episcopalian and Quaker, they were one in heartfelt sorrow, in every sympathy, on that day. Those who were not Catholic asked "the privilege" of bearing his beloved body to its long rest, and in every way possible showed that the request was no mere form. The Reverend Arthur Kevin had become to them the holy Father Kevin of blameless life.

The busy world goes past him in his blessed grave. But it does not forget him. All Pennstown knows, and tells with ever-new pride to the newcomers, that its first Catholic priest lived nearly forty years among them, and no man could charge him with a sin. It has been told so often that it will pass into the story of the future, as a very cornerstone of Pennstown's faith in man's faithfulness to God.

When the record of the past lies open before the Eternal Future, how many, many times shall its Angel point to such a story (a true story) as has here been simply told! Not alone to the missionary, according to the strictest sense of the word, belongs the bloodless cross and the painless cross of martyrdom. In silence, in loneliness, in soul-racking yearnings over the sinners of the world, lives such as this are wearing out day by day, building their very hearts' strength into the foundations of our Lord's kingdom, and pouring out their all upon His altars and for His sake with the Reverend Arthur Kevin in Pennstown's churches.

FATHER PAUL'S STRATAGEM.

By John P. Ritter.

(*Concluded.*)

THE inhabitants of small towns take more interest in religion than those of large cities. In small towns religion enters more largely into the social life of the inhabitants than is possible in great cities. Each denominational church is the centre of a circle, more or less separated from the others by religious differences, but all combining in a common opposition to Catholics.

It is observable that the rich and well-to-do people in such communities are generally Protestants, while the wage-earners and very poor are content with the ancient faith. Ridgeview was no exception to this rule. Its inhabitants might have been divided into three distinct groups, according to the churches they attended. Those who prided themselves upon their exclusiveness were, for the most part, Episcopalians and Presbyterians. There was a second group made up of Methodists, Baptists and the members of other religious denominations; while beneath all were the Catholics, forming, as it were, the foundation of the social fabric.

When Jeremiah Norris had made his fortune, he began to entertain the ambition of mingling with the very best people in the town. With this idea in view he erected a costly mansion and entered upon an ostentatious manner of

living, that displayed his deficiencies in a glaring light and laid him open to the ridicule of the very persons he wished most to impress with his grandeur. He gave extravagant entertainments, to which he was very particular to invite none but the foremost families —thus incurring the displeasure of the old friends of his humbler days—and employed his money in many other ways to accomplish the end he sought. But it is doubtful that, with all his wealth, he would have succeeded in scaling the charmed walls that surrounded Ridgeview's exclusive circle without the assistance of Dora.

Besides being very beautiful, the girl was naturally refined; and, as she was the richest heiress in the town, people were disposed to forgive her many deficiencies of breeding and to accept her as she was. They were more amused than displeased at her arrogance, and admired her ambition to elevate herself above the station she was born to, and become one of themselves. Designing mothers, having sons to settle in life, regarded her with particular favor, and so it happened that she was invited to the best houses, and her parents were accepted also on her account. On her part the girl's head was turned by the attentions bestowed upon her by such superior people, and in her vanity she failed to see that she was not courted for herself, but for her money.

Now, Father Paul was one of those priests who take a paternal interest in the affairs of every one of their parishioners. He had known the Norrises intimately in the days of their poverty, and was fully sensible of the change that riches had wrought in their hearts. It pained him to observe how sedulously they courted the society of Protestants, to the exclusion of their former Catholic friends, and he had more than once seriously entertained the thought of openly warning them against the consequences which were likely to follow from their pride. Fearing, however, that such a rebuke, though kindly given, might do more harm than good, he had held his peace. But now it seemed his clear duty to interfere; for it was obvious to him, as to every one else, that Dora Norris, a Catholic, was deeply interested in Philip Vandenberg, a Protestant, and that her parents regarded the probable match with favor.

Deeply versed in the perversities and sophistries of human nature, Father Paul knew full well that, if he should enter a vehement protest to the union, the proud girl would be sure to disregard it. He knew that Dora's heart was as warm and true as of old, but that she was charmed by the glare and glitter of fashionable life and the pleasures—new to her, and consequently fascinating—of gratified pride and ambition. Moreover, he rightly surmised that her vanity was more involved than her heart in her affair with Philip Vandenberg, and that, girl-like, she was dazzled by his apparent refinement of manners and elegance of dress. Nor had he forgotten his promise to Gerald—that he would help him in his love for Dora to the extent of his ability. He believed that she could easily be brought to return the young man's affection, if certain harmless concessions were made to her vanity and her eyes were opened to his real worth. Certainly it was impossible that she should altogether have forgotten the gentle boy playmate of her girlhood. So he devised a cunning stratagem — a little social drama in which the characters should all unconsciously act out their destinies in accordance with their natures.

In one of the handsomest houses in Ridgeview lived an old lady who had formerly been very prominent in New York society. She was aristocratic and wealthy, and, though she did not now mingle much in society, was, on account of her past prestige, universally looked up to as an oracle on all nice questions of social etiquette and observance. Father Paul had recently ad-

mitted her into the Church, and a warm friendship existed between them, so that he had no hesitancy in asking her assistance in his present design. He broached the subject to her one evening during a call.

"Mrs. de Birmingham," he began, "I have often spoken to you about a young man in whose advancement I take the greatest interest. Until yesterday he was a poor printer; but this morning he was installed as the editor and part proprietor of the *Ridgeview Gazette*. He has risen to the position through his own ability and industry. He has a noble character and is a gentleman. It is time he received the social recognition he deserves. Will you assist me in obtaining it for him?"

"Why, what can I do, Father Paul?" faltered the old lady.

"You can become his patroness. You can throw open your house and give a great reception in his honor. You can introduce him to the best people in Ridgeview, and, thus endorsed by you, his position will be assured."

"And do you advise me to enter again into the vanities of life?" asked Mrs. de Birmingham, regarding the priest with surprise.

"Social functions are not necessarily vanities, Madam," replied Father Paul smiling. "If given in the right spirit and with proper motives they may subserve the very best purposes."

"Very well, then," said the old lady, "I will do as you ask."

"But I have not explained the kind of reception you are to give," continued the priest, still smiling. "You are to invite both grand and humble people—rich and poor alike—the friends whom Gerald Fullerton is to make for the future, as well as those with whom he has associated in the past; for in making new connections I would not have him forget the old"

"In that case," broke in Mrs. de Birmingham, "you will have to send out the invitations yourself, as I would not know whom to invite."

"We can make out the list together," said Father Paul.

It was decided that the reception should be given a week from the night of this conference, and that those who were invited should be especially requested not to wear evening dress. This was done out of consideration for the poor guests, so that they would not appear at a disadvantage; and, to prevent any of these humble people from remaining away through diffidence, Father Paul went among them in person and exacted promises from them to attend the gathering. He had no fear that any of the rich would stay at home, for he knew that they would put aside all other engagements to accept the hospitality of such a notable woman as Mrs. de Birmingham.

In the meantime the young editor, in whose honor the reception was to be given, was undergoing one of the hardest trials that he had ever been called upon to bear. He was treated with contempt by the woman who had every reason to accord him the greatest respect. On several occasions, since his quarrel with Philip Vandenberg, he had met Dora Norris, and each time she had not attempted to conceal her scorn, as she passed him by with averted face. Once he had met her in Vandenberg's company, and the latter gave him such a mocking, exultant glance that Gerald was no longer puzzled to account for the girl's strange conduct. That look informed him as plainly as words that Vandenberg had told her of their quarrel, and had presented his part in it in the most unfavorable light. To bear this grievous wrong in silence required all his patience and fortitude. It deprived him of all capacity for enjoyment; so that even when Father Paul, in pursuance of his design to advance him in life, obtained for him the appointment of editor of the *Gazette*, with a part interest in the paper—a promotion which, under other circumstances, would have filled him with delight—he experienced no pleasurable emotions.

At last the evening of the reception arrived. Mrs. de Birmingham, elegantly but plainly attired, stood near the mantelpiece in her front drawing-room, smiling affably and greeting her guests with a pleasant word as they passed before her, and by her side stood Gerald Fullerton—the hero of the occasion. He looked remarkably handsome in a dark cloth suit that fitted his athletic form to perfection, and bore himself with such a modest dignity that the impression he made upon the exclusive people of Ridgeview was decidedly favorable. But he treated them with a courteous reserve that was in marked contrast to the cordial manner he displayed toward the poorer guests. It was evident that he wished it to be understood that the latter were his friends, and that no high associations he might enter into would ever wean him from them.

Father Paul, who had been one of the first guests to arrive, and was now standing opposite the hostess and her protégé, was quick to observe this, and it gave him the keenest pleasure. "The boy is good and true," he thought. "Even if suddenly exalted to the highest rank he would never be a snob." Then he looked around him anxiously, to see if all the actors in the little drama he had arranged had yet arrived.

Gerald was there, of course, and, bending over a chair in earnest conversation with his mother, stood Philip Vandenberg; but none of the Norrises were in evidence. Half an hour passed away, and still they did not come. Father Paul began to grow anxious, for without their presence at the reception his stratagem would fail.

Mrs. de Birmingham and Gerald had left their position in the front drawing-room and were going about from group to group among the guests, when Jeremiah Norris and his wife, accompanied by their daughter Dora, at last made their appearance. They had purposely delayed their coming in order to make their entrance the more effective, and, despite the request in their invitation, were in full evening dress. Never did man look more awkward than Jeremiah Norris in swallowtail and pumps, and never did woman appear more vulgar than Mrs. Jeremiah Norris, in trailing green silk gown and diamonds. They swept into the apartment with a lofty condescension in their manner, as if the whole assemblage had been anxiously awaiting their arrival.

Behind them glided Dora, her face suffused with blushes, trying to conceal, as best she could, the annoyance she felt at her parents' lack of breeding. She, too, was attired in evening dress, but in the best of taste; and she looked so very charming that it was easy to forgive her for disregarding the hostess's request.

Mrs. de Birmingham left the group where she was conversing, and advanced quickly to greet the newcomers.

"I am so glad you have come," she said with a pleasant smile. "I had almost abandoned the idea of seeing you here to-night."

"We wouldn't slight you that way, ma'am," said Jeremiah grandly.

"No, indeed, we wouldn't, Mrs. de Birmingham," chimed in his better half. They seemed utterly unconscious of the incongruity of their costumes. Not so Dora. Advancing toward her hostess, she dropped a pretty little curtsy and said with a sweet smile:

"You will pardon our dress, Mrs. de Birmingham, I am sure. You see, we did not quite understand your request."

"Don't mention it, child," said the old lady kindly. "My request must certainly have seemed a strange one; but if you will look around you, you will understand why I made it. You see, many of my guests to-night are ordinary people, and of course I had to consider their feelings."

Dora cast her eyes over the assemblage, and was surprised at what she saw. The company had separated into two distinct groups—one occupying the front drawing-room, the other the rear. In the

first group were the wealthy and aristocratic acquaintances she had recently made; in the second the poor and humble friends of less fortunate days. The first group was composed of the Protestants of Ridgeview; the second of the Catholics.

If it had been Father Paul's intention, in bringing these two widely separated social classes together, to create a closer relationship between them, his scheme had most signally failed; for the aristocrats of Ridgeview held themselves coldly aloof from the common people; while the latter, with the honorable pride inherent in the respectable poor, had no desire to push themselves forward. But the good priest had entertained no such idea. He had brought these people together to influence the actions of the principals in his drama, and that they should not mingle was part of his stratagem.

Dora's first impulse was to turn haughtily away from the group of Catholics and devote her attention exclusively to her high-bred Protestant friends; but she saw so many of the companions of her girlhood in the former group—friends once very dear to her, but whom she had of late slighted and neglected—that she forgot for the time her vanity and obeyed the dictates of her truer nature.

"Did you ever see the likes of Dora?" said Jeremiah Norris to his spouse, when he saw his proud daughter pass into the rear drawing-room and extend a cordial greeting to her friends of former days. "To pass by all these grand folks, to hobnob with the scum!"

"She's forgot her station quite," answered his wife, with an airy toss of the head. "But we'll not disgrace ourselves, Jerry, by noticing those people. I wonder how they came here, anyway."

"It's clean beyond me, Jennie," replied Jeremiah; then, in an annoyed tone of voice, "If I'd known the likes of such would be here, I wouldn't have come."

In truth this very grand couple were placed in a most embarrassing position by the presence of their old associates, and openly displayed the vulgarity of their minds by snubbing them without ceremony. Their conduct vastly amused their aristocratic acquaintances, who contributed to their annoyance, in the many spiteful little ways known only to persons who profess fine breeding.

If Dora's conduct was displeasing to her parents, it was highly gratifying to Father Paul. "I was right in my calculations," he said to himself, as he saw her sitting on a sofa in the rear drawing-room, affectionately holding the hands of a modest little seamstress who sat by her side. "The girl's heart is true, despite her vanity. We will now see how her high-bred lover likes her to consort openly with these poor Catholics, in the presence of his proud and lofty Protestant friends."

As Father Paul expected, Philip Vandenberg was greatly put out by Dora's apparent preference for such very common people, and he resolved to speak to her about it at the first opportunity. When that time came he took her aside and began as follows:

"Don't you think, Miss Norris, that it is rather beneath your dignity to mix so familiarly with such low-bred persons?"

Dora's eyes flashed indignation.

"And don't you think, Mr. Vandenberg, that it is rather presumptuous in you to question my conduct?" she answered. Then, in a tone of exquisite sarcasm, "But I forgive you, as you are probably unaware that those low-bred persons are my co-religionists."

Vandenberg was dumbfounded. Never before had the girl answered him with so much spirit. She had rather looked up to him as an oracle, whose word on all matters of fashion, taste and deportment was final. He did not know that, in her meeting with the little seamstress, she had just renewed one of the sweetest relationships of her girlhood, and that she was too generous to listen silently to any adverse criticism of her friend. So, in order to punish her for her temerity,

he assumed the air of lofty superiority which had heretofore been so effective with her, and replied in a tone of impudent commiseration:

"I am very sorry to see a bright girl like you, Miss Norris, wedded so closely to Catholic superstition."

He could not have made a more fatal mistake. With all her vanity Dora had the liveliest faith in her religion. It was the first time that Vandenberg had ever ventured to speak of it in this contemptuous manner; and now the arrogance of his tone was a revelation to her. Was it possible that an alliance with this man would mean a complete translation from her old associations into a new sphere? That, in marrying this Protestant, she must undergo the daily humiliation of hearing her religion referred to with disrespect and scorn? Her proud spirit rebelled at such a thought. Turning to Vandenberg disdainfully, she said:

"You are a true Protestant, Mr. Vandenberg. You venture to speak of things of which you are profoundly ignorant. Will you conduct me to Mrs. de Birmingham, please? I have something important to say to her."

The hostess was conversing with Father Paul in a corner of the front drawing-room.

"And now, Madam," he was saying, "that I have explained to you the situation to the best of my ability, I leave it to your tact to bring these two young people together again. Remember that they were the dearest friends in childhood; that a quarrel, the cause of which is a mystery, has occurred between them, and that at present they are not on speaking terms. But here comes the young lady herself, so allow me to withdraw."

As he was moving away Mrs. de Birmingham said to him in an undertone:

"O GERALD," SHE CRIED, "WILL YOU FORGIVE ME?"

"You may rely upon me to make them friends before the evening is over." Then she turned to Dora, who was approaching on the arm of Philip Vandenberg.

"Now, my dear child, I want to have a long talk with you," she said with her sweetest smile. "I want to have you for a few minutes all to myself. I know you will excuse her, Mr. Vandenberg; you see so much of her at other times, you know."

This cordial greeting relieved Dora of an embarrassment. She had asked to be conducted to her hostess, ostensibly to communicate something of importance to her, when in reality her only idea in making the request was to administer a deserved rebuke to Vandenberg. The old lady conducted her to an ante-room on the opposite side of the hall, where they could be alone, and, drawing her down on a sofa by her side, commenced the conversation, as follows:

"My dear child, you know I do not go out very much in society now, and therefore am not very well posted on social happenings. But I have heard to-night that you are likely to marry Mr. Vandenberg. Is it true, dear?"

"He has never asked me to," answered Dora, blushing."

"Well, dear, I was only going to say that, if your friendship does end in marriage, be careful to have it understood beforehand that you are to be free to enjoy your beautiful religion. Never let anything come between you and that, child. No! I am sure you won't. Nor will you allow your children to be brought up other than Catholics; but," she ran on garrulously, "if you have ever entertained the remotest idea of making a convert of your husband after marriage, abandon it at once. Men are rarely, if ever, converted by their wives. I know whereof I speak, child. I was a Catholic at heart years and years ago, and would have been baptized into the Church, had my husband let me; but, whenever I suggested the idea, he would go on most terribly. Why, he even threatened to divorce me, if I took such a step. And so I was obliged to wait until he died, before I could obey the dictates of my conscience. So really, dear, for your own sake, I am very sorry that Mr. Vandenberg was not born a Catholic."

"I have not married him as yet," interposed Dora with an amused laugh.

"Not yet, but then you will, you know," rejoined Mrs. de Birmingham confidently. "And now, having had my say," she went on, "I want you to remain here, like a good girl, until I return to present you with a very agreeable surprise."

With these words the artful old lady went off in search of Gerald Fullerton. She found him talking earnestly to Dora's little friend, the seamstress, and bore him off in triumph to the ante-room.

"Miss Norris, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Gerald Fullerton, the accomplished new editor of the *Ridgeview Gazette*."

She presented him to Dora as if the two had never met before, and then, excusing herself, hastily withdrew.

Gerald, with the innate delicacy that was a part of his character, determined not to take advantage of their peculiar situation, but to relieve Dora of her embarrassment at once.

"I trust you will believe, Miss Norris, that this meeting is not the result of an attempt on my part to force myself upon you," he said in subdued, respectful tones; "for you have made me aware of late that my presence is exceedingly obnoxious to you. But, before parting, permit me to assure you of my sincerest friendship and good wishes."

He was about to go away, when Dora, overcome by an emotion which she could not explain, asked him to remain.

"Since we have met again in this unlooked-for manner," she began coldly, "it is just as well that we should under-

stand each other fully. Pray, be seated."

She pointed to a chair near the sofa she occupied, and continued:

"You no doubt consider me vain, and I admit that I am; but vanity has had nothing to do with my refusing to recognize you of late. I would cut any man, Mr. Fullerton, no matter how dear a friend he might have been, who could be so mean and base as to make me the subject of envious gossip. Do you understand?"

"That you believe me capable of speaking of you disrespectfully, yes," answered Gerald, with an effort to appear composed.

"Disrespectfully? No, that is too mild a word—shamefully, basely, Mr. Fullerton!" she exclaimed with passionate scorn; then, as if struggling to suppress a tender memory, she added in a tone of infinite regret, "O Gerald, how greatly you have changed from the gentle boy I used to know!"

At the sound of his name, uttered with so much feeling by those dear lips, Gerald's self-command completely left him.

"Changed! How have I changed?" he cried impulsively, "Who dares to charge me with doing you a wrong?"

Dora looked into his face intently, as if to read his inmost thoughts, and answered slowly:

"The man who struck you for the words you uttered."

At the same instant Philip Vandenberg appeared in the doorway. He glanced suspiciously from one to the other and frowned darkly. Then, totally ignoring Gerald, he advanced to Dora, and said in hard, constrained tones:

"May I have a few words with you, Miss Norris?"

The girl excused herself to Gerald, and went off on his arm; but she had not failed to notice the great difference in the behavior of the two men, as they stood confronting each other. Gerald had never once taken his eyes off Vandenberg from the moment he entered the room. There was an heroic expression on his noble countenance, and a compelling power in his glance, that contrasted forcibly with the uneasy look and downcast eyes of Vandenberg. When they were alone together the latter turned to her, and said sneeringly:

"I suppose that low fellow has been giving you his version of our altercation."

There was something in his tone and manner that aroused Dora's suspicions. "Has this man been deceiving me?" she thought. No sooner had this idea entered her mind than it took complete possession of her, and she determined to probe the matter to the bottom.

In the meantime the following conversation was taking place in the hall between Mrs. de Birmingham and Father Paul:

"Well," began the latter, "have you succeeded in bringing our two young friends together?"

"Yes, and under such circumstances that they could not avoid speaking if they would. I contrived to leave them alone in each other's company."

"Admirable!" exclaimed Father Paul delightedly. "They will now be friends again."

"What makes you so sure of that?" asked the old lady.

"My knowledge of their natures," was the confident reply. "But did you find out if the girl is really engaged to marry Vandenberg?"

"She is not as yet," replied Mrs. de Birmingham.

"Then, depend upon it, she never will be," said Father Paul with a beaming countenance. "I believe she realizes now her true position. She has seen the wide gulf that lies between her old associations and her new, and it is my opinion that she will prefer to marry the honest Catholic, who loves her for herself, to the haughty Protestant, who only wants her for her money."

"If her vanity will permit her," said the old lady laconically.

"You seem to forget, Madam," answered the priest with decision, "that Gerald Fullerton, as editor and part owner of a prosperous journal, the friend of so notable a lady as yourself, is a very different man, in the opinion of society, to Gerald Fullerton, the struggling printer, whose loftiest friend was humble Father Paul."

On parting from Vandenberg, Dora sought out "Stumpy" Flynn, whom she had seen earlier in the evening among the humbler guests in the rear drawing-room.

"I would like to have a few words with you alone, if you will grant me the favor," she said in her sweetest manner.

"I am at your service, Miss," replied "Stumpy," blushing with confusion.

She conducted him to the ante-room, where she had before met Gerald, and took a seat beside him.

"Mr. Flynn," she began earnestly, "I know that you and Mr. Fullerton are very dear friends. Do you know the cause of his quarrel with Mr. Vandenberg?"

"I know all about it," answered "Stumpy," "although Gerald never opened his mouth on the subject."

"Would you mind telling me what you know?"

"I'd rather not, Miss," was the stammering answer.

"I understand your reluctance," rejoined the girl artfully. "You do not wish to say a word against your friend. Then Mr. Vandenberg's version of the affair must be the true one."

"Why, what does he say about it?" asked Gerald's friend, now all curiosity on the latter's behalf.

"That Mr. Fullerton spoke of me in a scandalous manner, and that he chastised him for his insolence."

"If 'Pony' Vandenberg says that, he lies!" cried "Stumpy," forgetting good manners in his indignation. "Why, he couldn't lick one side of Gerald Fullerton. You have only to look at the two men to know that."

Then he told her the whole story of the affair as it had actually happened, and as it had been related to him by an employee of the Golf Club, who boarded at his hotel. It appeared that this man had been standing within sight and hearing of the quarrel, in a front room of the club-house opening on the piazza, and had been very much chagrined that Gerald had not resented Vandenberg's blow.

"But he didn't do it, Miss, for your sake," concluded "Stumpy" Flynn apologetically. "He said he didn't want the name of an innocent girl made the subject of talk through any act of his."

Dora remained for some time buried in thought. It was evident from the flush on her cheeks and the heaving of her bosom that she was greatly agitated. Presently she raised her head proudly and said in a low, firm voice:

"I have a duty to perform before leaving here to-night. Mr. Flynn, will you be so kind as to inform Mr. Fullerton and Mr. Vandenberg that I am waiting here to see them?"

"Stumpy" departed to do her bidding, inwardly reproaching himself for having revealed what he knew.

Vandenberg was the first to answer her summons. He entered the room with a smile, but became grave and uneasy the moment he looked at her face, which was now as white and fixed as marble.

"So, Philip Vandenberg," she began, flashing ineffable scorn from her eyes, "you would elevate me to your own proud level by forcing me to abandon my family and religion. We are vulgar; we are Catholics; we are not your social equals, I admit, for my eyes were opened to the way in which you and your highborn associates regard us, from the moment I entered this house to-night. In the presence of our humble friends I realized the truth that we are but plain folks, who are tolerated solely for our money. But," she added, drawing herself up grandly, "we at

least possess the honorable pride that scorns deceit and lying."

While she was speaking Gerald entered the room, and, at sight of him, her manner quickly changed. The blood returned to her cheeks, her eyes softened and her countenance took on a tender, pleading expression.

"O Gerald," she cried, "will you forgive me the many wicked wrongs I have done you?"

She turned to him and gave him both her hands, drooping her head to conceal the tears that gathered in her eyes. "I have been blinded by my vanity, Gerald, but I see all clearly now. I said that you had changed, when the change was in myself; but you, who are so noble, will forgive and forget all, won't you?"

In all his life Gerald had never known a more exquisitely happy moment.

"I have nothing to forgive you, Dora," he said gently. "You had not changed, but were deceived."

"Yes, deceived, basely deceived!" she cried. Then, as if the words recalled to her the grievous wrong she had suffered, she suddenly resumed her haughty bearing and turned to address herself again to Vandenberg; but he had stealthily withdrawn from the scene. And in his place stood another, older man, attired in clerical garments, glancing first at her and then at Gerald with eyes that danced with joy.

"So you are friends again at last," he said in tones that betrayed the deepest satisfaction; and, without waiting for a reply, Father Paul hurried away to communicate to Mrs. de Birmingham the success of his stratagem.

SAINT WINEFRIDE.

By Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J.

BLESSED Saint Winefride, at thy fair shrine
Still to this hard-hearted people of thine
God His ineffable mercy unveils,
Healing the halt and the blind and the dumb,
All who for love of Saint Winefride come,
Gentle Saint Winefride, Flower of Wales.

Glorious Alban, first fruit of our seed,
Cuthbert and Dunstan and Wilfrid and Bede,
Thomas, our martyr, who fought the good fight,
Edward, our King, and a thousand saints more,
Plead for poor England, but not as of yore
Showing their splendor; for Oh! it is night.

What a dear joy, then, O Maiden, is thine,
Chosen by God in our darkness to shine,
Chosen to comfort, to soothe, to uplift!

As, when the merle hath forgotten his song,
Through the wild winter, so dreary, so long,
Pipeth the robin upon the snowdrift.

ST. WINEFRIDE'S SHRINE, HOLYWELL, WALES.

Taller the lily and sweeter the rose,
Brighter full many a flower that blows
In the glad summer-time; yet we love best
That little blossom that taketh its birth
From the cold heart of the snow-covered earth,
Emblem of love with deep sorrow oppressed.

Emblem of hope in a joy that shall be,
Emblem of maidenhood, emblem of thee,
Maiden and martyr! Then bid us arise.
Winter is passing, and spring near at hand,
Bringing the sun, the warm sun to our land,
Leaves to the forest and light to the skies.

Winefride! Winefride, gentle and kind!
Heal the dull ears and the eyes that are blind.
If, as thy fountain, thy love never fails,
Flood the whole land with thy mercies, and show
God is not far from us e'en in our woe.
Winefride! Winefride! Flower of Wales!

DUCHESS AND NUN.

MARIA FELICIA ORSINI.

By J. M. Cave.

"THE life, the sorrows, and the virtues of the very high and illustrious princess, Maria Felicia Orsini, wife and widow of Duke Henry II. de Montmorency, Religious of the Monastery of the Visitation (third house of the order), at Moulins on the Allier, France."

Under the above title, Mgr. Fliche, domestic prelate to His Holiness Leo XIII., Canon of Troyes, etc., has admirably told the story of the Duchess de Montmorency. We borrow freely from his fascinating pages.

History holds dear great names and great deeds; when found united in the same person, the name and the deed and the person seem blended into one, and stand forever, clearly outlined, a symbol and a sign for man's instruction, and for a warning to him, will he but profit by it. "*Tolle lege*," take and read, and when read, let us hope, dear reader, that one more name may be added to your list of heroines, in the subject of this sketch.

Maria Felicia dei Orsini belonged to a long-famous race. To go back to her great-grandfather only, Geronimo Orsini, Prince of Bracciano, in the States of the Church, no name in history, among all the great names of his day, surpassed his for courage and virtue. Remark well the latter title, "Virtue." "If the former be dear to man, the latter is dear to both God and man."

This Geronimo, Prince of Bracciano, was the son of Giovanni Giordano Orsini, and Maria, daughter of King Ferdinand of Arragon. The history of the elder Orsinis has been written by the Prior of Juvigny, who tells us that the prince was placed, while yet young, at the head of a company of Pontifical guards, under Leo X. (1513); that he served in the imperial army with great distinction, and notably, in the expedition against the Turks.

By his wife, Frances Sforza of the ducal house of Milan, he left two children: Felicia, married to Maria Antonio Colonna, and Paul, one of the heroes of Lepanto, who, like his ancestors, bore the title of Prince of Bracciano. Pope Paul IV. made him commander-in-chief of his infantry. He won the favor of all men by his goodness of heart and his courage. His wife was Elizabeth de Medici, daughter of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, aunt of Marie de Medici, wife of Henry IV. and grandmother of the greatest of all French kings, Louis XIV.

Virgineo Orsini was one of his sons; to him was transmitted the name and princedom of Bracciano. His other son took holy orders and became a Cardinal and prince of the Church. Virgineo showed himself worthy of the great names he bore. General and commander of the Florentine galleys in the expedition against the Turks, he destroyed their fleet off Chios, and had the honor of delivering five or six thousand Christians there enchained. Pope Sixtus V. gave him the hand of his niece in marriage. From this union sprang seven sons and three daughters. The two elder sons became successively Princes of Bracciano. The third, Don Carlo, met a martyr's death while warring against the Saracens. The fourth died young. The fifth became a Cardinal, while the two youngest entered religious orders, one becoming a Carmelite, the other a Jesuit.

Of the three daughters the eldest, Isabel, married Cæsar Gonzaga; Camilla, the second, became the wife of a prince of the house of Borghese, while the third is our glorious heroine, Maria Felicia, "one of that race of valiant women whose names fill the pages of Church history; the Melanies, the Marcellas, the Theresas, down to Mlle. Legras, Madame de Chantal and Louise of France." The list is far from ending here. Let us add to it the name of her who, at the court of Louis XIII., was called, both by king and courtiers, the "wise." To have gained such a name at that age, and especially at that brilliant and giddy court, required almost supernatural gifts, as we shall see. She is said to have resembled perfectly her illustrious ancestor, Virgineo Orsini. She possessed all the elevation of mind, all the dignity of deportment and all the goodness of heart that made her sire so dear to all who knew him.

MOTHER MARY FELICE,
HENRIETTE DE MONTMORENCY.

Of all the branches of the Orsini family that of the Dukes of Bracciano was the most eminent. It could count no less than fourteen imperial electors, three popes, forty cardinals, three marshals, a great number of bishops, patriarchs, generals, senators and prefects of Rome, all princes, counts and dukes. Nay, more: it possesses four martyrs who shed their blood generously for the faith in heathen countries. It is directly allied with other great saints, among whom shine in the first rank St. Benedict and his sister, St. Scholastica, St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angel of the Schools, the illustrious Cardinal St. Charles Borromeo, St. Aloysius Gonzaga, and, finally, Blessed Margaret Orsini, a Carmelite. It is only justice to our heroine thus to set forth the claims and titles of her race.

At Rome, November 11, 1600, on the Feast of the generous St. Martin, whom she was to resemble by her immense charities, Maria Felicia Orsini was born. She was baptized a few days later at St. Peter's in the Vatican. Queen Marie of France was her godmother. The Queen was represented on this occasion by the Duchess of Mantua. The little one was named "Maria" for her godmother and aunt, and "Felicia" for her maternal uncle, Pope Sixtus V. (Felix Perretti).

From her cradle Maria Felicia showed wonderful traits of character. The expression is hackneyed, but, did space permit, it would indeed be easy to show that this is no empty form of words when applied to this remarkable child. Goodness of heart, exquisite sensibility, grace inexpressible, grew with her growth. They seemed to spring naturally, rather than to be infused—to be gifts, rather than acquirements. When barely five years of age, little Maria Felicia and her two sisters were placed with the Benedictine nuns at Florence, in the convent founded by their uncle, the grand-duke, for the noble maidens of the country. Her perfect candor, her constant submission and angelic mod-

esty, caused her to be remarked, even at that tender age, as a living example of the most Pure Virgin in the temple at Jerusalem. From her birth she had been dedicated to the Virgin. Her obedience was perfect and instantaneous. Not an instant beyond the allotted time would she give for recreation. At the first sound of the bell she would spring up and say to her sisters: "Come, let us rejoice the good God by quick and pleasant obedience!"

She had so great a love of truth that she could not bear the least deviation from it, even in jest. She would not listen to imaginary stories or phantastic tales, and once was known to throw a beautifully bound book into the fire, when told that it was a work of fiction. She had the habit of asking, "Is it true?" of everything told her; "if not," she would add, "please do not let me hear it."

The most serious fault she could recall was once having taken a little fruit while in her father's garden, and hidden it from her attendants. The trouble of hiding it was so great that at last she threw it away in disgust, and never again attempted the least concealment.

While still at the convent Maria Felicia lost her mother. Her tender young heart was inconsolable. Her tears were only checked when the good religious showed her a picture, in which the artist had depicted the joys of heaven. "Your dear mother is now with that happy band, rejoicing with the saints," they told her, "do not make her regret her happiness, or fill her paradise with sighs and tears." The affectionate child at once controlled her grief, and was consoled by the thought of her mother's happiness.

Her young life knew great physical suffering. The most painful remedies had to be used for a partial paralysis of her limbs, that followed upon a serious illness. She was gentle and patient under the greatest torture. She called her bed "the good and dear Cross of her Master and Saviour," and profited by the long interval in which she lay helpless on "that good and dear Cross" to give to her sisters and companions, and to all who visited her, the most admirable example of self-forgetfulness, renunciation, resignation and patience.

When able to leave it and to take exercise she began to study with the greatest ardor. Childishness and childish amusements were forever put away by little Maria Felicia at the early age of nine years, and to such a degree that the religious of the Convent conceived a curious sentiment for their charge. Seeing her so reserved in speech, so discreet, so pious in her conduct, they would even tell her their secret thoughts, and entreat her to recommend them "to the Holy Spirit that lived in her heart." With the utmost simplicity the child acquitted herself of the task, and was never known to fail in keeping her promises to them inviolable. These religious often took her into the choir with them, there to chant part of the great office, that her pure voice, like a winged arrow, might help them to pierce heaven with their invocations.

As the time of her first Communion approached, Maria Felicia wished to practise certain acts of corporal austerity and penance, in order "to be humbled and suffering before being united, by mystical union, with the adorable body of Jesus Christ." But this ardor had to be moderated on account of her health, the wise Superior substituting works of mercy and abnegation, in which the pious child found consolation, and in which she was to excel all her life through. While yet a baby in the arms of her nurse, it was her joy to reach out her hand to the poor, and, when her little purse was empty, she would look at her nurse with pleading eyes, mutely asking her to give her more and more. The sight of distress always brought tears to her eyes, and the resolution Maria Felicia formed at the time of her first Communion was "to

succor, generously and abundantly, the poor and the unfortunate."

She was ambitious to give her life to God in religion, but the example of her eldest sister, who entered the Benedictine Order as novice and soon withdrew, made her prudent. She gave her heart to wisdom and prudence in her youth, and in her age she reaped a rich reward. Her favorite verse of the Psalms was, "My God, direct me in Thy truth, teach me Thyself to do Thy will, for Thou art my God."

Hardly had Maria Felicia entered her fourteenth year when the Queen of France, Marie de Medici, sent for her. This was a great blow to her father, who loved her more tenderly than any of his other children. When told that a matrimonial alliance was proposed for her by her aunt, the Queen of France, and accepted by her father, she quietly submitted. She afterwards said: "I did not hesitate to wish what my father wished; he was, for me, the image of God, and, as I had neither sought nor desired the position that was offered me, I gave myself up, hoping that the Saviour, to whom I wished to belong without reserve, would not suffer that a different manner of life should be given me from that for which He had destined me from all eternity."

But the celestial seed of holy desires for a religious life was only buried deep. It would yet spring up resplendent in flowers and fragrance, though after many storms and contradictions.

The husband chosen by Marie de Medici for her young relative was the brilliant Henry II., Duke of Montmorency, one of the greatest and most accomplished nobles of his day. "First Christians and first Barons of France" is the proud title of the house of Montmorency. Illustrious, and fruitful in great men, for ages and ages, no scion of the line surpassed young Henry II. The branch to which he belonged (there are several branches of the old Montmorency tree), sprang from William, Lord of Montmorency, Ecouen and Chantilly. His grandfather was the celebrated Constable Anne, so familiar to us through the part he played in the Anglo-French wars during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Henry II. had only one sister, Charlotte Marguerite, married March 3, 1609, to the Prince de Condé. Henry II. was born in 1595. "Great souls make their appearance, like the sun at its rising, with great splendor," says one of his biographers; thus the youth of Henry de Montmorency showed forth what he was to be, a dauntless soldier. Henry IV. ever called him by the name of son, confided to him the greatest charges of state, made him, at the age of eighteen, Governor of Languedoc, at the death of the Constable, his father. And all this and much more of honor, heaped upon his young head, was little or nothing in exchange for that valiant sword, that invincible courage, that military genius that gave to king and crown such trophies in the way of conquered cities and provinces.

The brilliant life of Duke Henry is too well known to dwell upon it here. It is the history of France at that day, for his is the most brilliant and remarkable figure in it. Let us look at him as he advances to meet his bride, escorted by a hundred young nobles, the most distinguished of Languedoc, all, like himself, splendidly mounted on richly caparisoned steeds.

Marie de Medici herself leads forward the maiden she has chosen for him and presents her with these words: "Here is my cousin, and, I believe our choice will not displease you. You are agreeable and handsome. She is not less so. You will be proud of her. I give her to you, as uniting in herself the merits and perfections of many."

The Queen knew of whom she spoke. From the grand-ducal court of Tuscany she had learned perfectly the character of the child-bride—how the whole court dreaded the arrival of the vessel that

was to bear away their favorite, for Maria Felicia had drawn all hearts to herself during the days, all too short, of her sojourn there. Her father could not bear the parting, and was forced to withdraw from the festivities consequent upon the betrothal of his daughter.

In a letter written by him at this time, in speaking of the portrait painted for Duke Henry of his future bride, the Prince said:

"I would not have permitted the artist to add anything to nature, had he wished to embellish or correct it, but, if it were a question of sending a true likeness of my daughter's mind, I would have it made without fault, for I never knew one in her."

The marriage by proxy took place in the grand ducal palace at Florence, Francis Orsini, Marquis of Traisnel, having been chosen by the queen to marry the princess by proxy. Maria Felicia was overwhelmed with costly gifts. That of her aunt, the Grand Duchess, surprised them all, for it was the testimony of her affection for the admirable young princess. We shall learn the fate of these wedding gifts later.

In December, 1614, Maria Felicia embarked for France. On landing in Provence, her first visit was to the grot of Mary Magdalen, "to demand of the illustrious penitent how to love our Saviour as she had loved Him," and at the same time to love in, and for God, the spouse chosen for her.

The Constable de Montmorency, Governor of Languedoc, had hastened to meet his daughter-in-law at Avignon. The venerable old prince was prodigal in his expressions of joy and welcome. He was indeed proud of the honor conferred upon his house, by the Queen having chosen his son to be the husband of her niece, a tie which was to unite his family still more closely with the royal family of France. He travelled several days in company with the princess and her splendid suite of nobles and dames of high degree. "My son," said he to the Marquis of Traisnel, "is to be the most favored spouse in all the kingdom." Well might he be captivated by the sweet dignity, the rare penetration and modest bearing of this fair child who gives him already the name of father.

Marie de Medici, on beholding her young relative, repeated the same words as the old Constable, "who had blessed God for the blessing sent to his old age." The exquisite gentleness, precocious intelligence, humble simplicity and delicate sensibility in one so young held him as by a charm. He was never weary of listening to her. Louis XIII., then thirteen years of age, led the young princess into the embrasure of a window which had been arranged expressly for them, that, unperceived, they might behold the arrival of the young duke and his escort.

The nuptial feast was held the same day in the palace of the Louvre. All Paris was stirred by this great marriage. The Queen wished to keep Maria Felicia with herself. To a great lord who congratulated her on the possession of so charming a niece she replied: "It is true, I have the pleasure of loving in Maria Felicia much virtue; where can one find more dignity, wisdom and modesty?"

Perfect happiness seemed the natural consequence of such a union, yet these joys will give place to mourning and to pain beyond words to tell. Let us once more quote the words of a grave historian in regard to the young Duchess of Montmorency, so that, when sorrow comes and ploughs deep furrows in her heart, we may know of what soil it was composed, and that, when the recompense of sorrow comes, we may know something of the heart of the woman who places the nun's veil upon her too-early whitened tresses.

"Heaven had given to the Princess Maria Felicia Orsini a very noble heart which never stooped to love anything that was not noble and worthy of her;

a heart generous enough to forget her dearest interests for the advantage and the good of those she loved; a heart pure as crystal, incapable of being led by evil, or by any guilty impression of the senses; a tender heart, that caused her to compassionate like a mother the least pain confided to her, or that came beneath her notice; and finally, a faithful heart, incapable of comprehending either inconstancy in friendship, or regret for having formed it." It is said that she loved her young husband with the utmost power of earthly love, and never loved but him. The glory and the happiness of that husband was her continual study.

The vain amusements of the court and the world left her indifferent. The Bishop of Saint-Pons, who had known her at the Louvre, said, on finding her the superior of the Convent of Moulins, that he had never known any one to love so nobly and so purely, and that, had not the object of that love been visible before one's eyes, it would have been easy to believe that it was not a mortal being who was loved so perfectly. "One may wonder to day," said the prelate, "that God permitted her to enter the marriage state, were it not that He wished to give to women of the world this great model of chaste and admirable earthly affection. And therefore is it, that God has taken His servant from the world, that He alone may be loved, with that unique and holy love, that in His supreme law He exacts of us."

Another prelate, at the same time, said of Mme. de Montmorency: "Providence, having destined this illustrious soul to be the example of many others, willed that she should know the dangers of the world even in a life, the wisest and best regulated that can be known, for the instruction of those who do not fear those obstacles and temptations therein found, and who permit themselves to be carried away by them, as well as to show her invincible patience in prodigious reverses of fortune, for the edification of those who suffer lesser ones." In a word, God caused all things to work together for good for the princess whom He had called to such eminent sanctity in a religious life.

It would not be easy to-day to follow, even in fancy, the royal progress of the young duchess, when called to go to her lord in Languedoc, the governorship of which had fallen to him on his father's death.

Cosmo Orsini accompanied his sister, and was thrilled with admiration at the manner in which she received the homage rendered to her at every step of the journey. Let it be remembered that Languedoc was one of the greatest provinces of France, containing no less than twenty-three bishoprics. Toulouse was the chief city. At Montpellier the duke awaited his wife. She knew how dear he was to the people of the province, by virtue of his courage, and, loving him ardently, she loved all who loved him; it cost her no effort, therefore, to return with interest the cordial greetings lavished upon her.

She won all hearts by her demeanor and her generosity. At one place she was welcomed by the gift of ten thousand pounds, which sum she at once handed over for works of charity. The people thronged about her at every step of her path, and for one and all she had a gracious word and deed to bind them to her. Her fame had preceded her. From the giddy circle of the court with its fascinations, she had come unscathed by the least whisper of its impure breath. It was well known that her presence, from the hour of her arrival, had been an effectual check to license, in any form whatsoever.

"Sh! sh! here comes Mme. de Montmorency" was enough to arrest all light speaking.

What was remarkable in this was, that she preserved herself and yet offended no one. Her manners were a model for the most accomplished. "Be

graceful as the Duchess de Montmorency," was so often repeated that she became the mirror, as it were, of all that was perfect in manner, dress and bearing. Even to our own day it is said, as the highest commendation, "with all the grace of a Princess Orsini."

In spite of all this Maria Felicia had been kept unspotted from the world. "But that was not enough to fit her for heaven," says her venerable biographer. At the end of her almost royal progress from Paris to Languedoc, crosses many, and each one heavier than the last, awaited her.

The first was the dangerous illness of the duke. An epidemic suddenly broke out with great violence, spread through the centre of France with great rapidity and made fearful havoc among the soldiery. The duke, ever careless of himself when his soldiers were suffering, was soon stricken down. Before she had an hour of repose after her fatiguing journey, she hastened to him.

At the door of the sick-room she was met by her uncle, the Marquis de Portes, with the gravest news: the duke was dying. At the same time the Marquis tried to place in her hands the last will and testament of her husband, which had just been confided to him for that purpose.

The Duchess put it aside. "He will not die!" she exclaimed, "Heaven will not take him from me now!"

She made her way to the bedside of the sufferer, who lay unconscious, and there knelt and prayed for hours.

Her supplications were heard, though it might have been for her happiness had she not thwarted the designs of Providence by her ardent petitions.

On this and on two or three other occasions the duke declared that his life had been spared in answer to his wife's prayers.

"What an example was given to the world in that day!" cries Mgr. Fliche. "One of the sweetest women, remarkable even among the brilliant women of the court of Henry IV., with extreme youth and no previous knowledge of life, unites the greatest tact, the greatest discretion, the greatest prudence in word and deed, with the greatest love of God, love of the poor and suffering, love of her husband, which nothing can shake. Frequently separated from him by the exigencies of their high position, he in command of the Catholic army, she beside the queen, the admirable Maria Felicia Orsini never sought, or desired, or could have enjoyed a moment's happiness without the support of her religion, which filled all her life and heart that was not given to the duke. Some called her cold, and so she was to the gallantries and flatteries of that giddy circle, which made wreck of so many lives in those days, by making light of everything."

And yet the young duchess shared in all the pomp and pageantry of the court. It was part of her duty. No great lady, says the court gossip of the time (we still quote Mgr. Fliche) was dressed with anything like the taste and richness of this princess. Everything that came in contact with her person was of the richest and daintiest. From Arabia and the far East the most exquisite perfumes were brought, at great cost, for her especial use, as well as the rarest jewels and the richest stuffs of cloth of gold and silver, wrought with embroideries of rare dyes and set with gems of every hue.

What could be too good for the young wife of the great Constable of France, the commander-in-chief of all her military forces by sea and land, and she herself the daughter of a long line of warriors, great by virtue of their faith and their courage? Nothing, assuredly! Therefore, nothing was wanting to make Maria Felicia, not only the peer of any lady of the court of Marie de Medici, but her superior in all things. And yet, notwithstanding their intrinsic value, which must have been very great indeed, all these things are worth mentioning

only because, when the day of trial comes, we shall see her lay them all down, willingly and unsolicited, at the foot of the altar. And those hands of hers, so beautiful as to have caused her to wear gloves constantly to hide their perfect beauty, will accept, nay will consider as a favor, permission to perform the humblest employment. There is a black-robed figure stooping low in the convent garden at Moulins. See! another black-robed figure, broom in hand, sweeps the walks, and piles in little heaps the masses of rotten roots, dead leaves and the cleanings of the flower-beds. Bird and bee and slimy insects have been among them and contributed to make the débris anything but inviting. Yet that figure, so humbly stooping, carries away pile after pile in her ungloved hands, and in the kitchen the same hands perform the humblest, most menial services, take delight in the labor, yet meekly acquiesce when the command comes to use the little strength left for other, though not less holy, uses.

That was indeed an evil day for the brave Montmorency when his beloved friend, his almost brother, came to the Castle of Pézenas to beg his aid.

"Friendship betrayed the duke that day." For its whole length the two men were closeted together. The duchess was ill in bed, yet something told her that Gaston d'Orleans had come on no innocent errand, and she insisted upon being dressed, and aided to the room where the conference was being held. The king's brother would have drawn her into the plot, too, but she would not hear of it.

"If I had any power, my lord, thou shouldst not speak thus," she cried, "and I pray the duke, my husband, to have nothing to do with the business."

Had the duke or his tempter listened to these words, the former had not laid his noble head upon the block, or the latter shed useless tears of remorse above his bier. But this was one of those startling lessons that stir the whole world for a time, and then are, alas! forgotten. Others have since shared the same fate, but none nobler than Henri de Montmorency.

Maria Felicia had known some very happy days. If, as the scandal of the day would have it, the duke would have chosen another bride, he was not long in finding out the worth of the one chosen for him by his sovereign. He gave her right speedily his confidence, then his affection, which, if stinted at first, soon increased until she became to him as the apple of his eye. For her alone he grieved, when, sorely wounded, they bore him prisoner from the fatal field of Castelnaudary. For her were his last thoughts and prayers, as well as his regrets for not having taken her advice.

Political history says she was ambitious. "Maria Felicia, of the ambitious house of Orsini," it calls her—but a truer history, founded upon surer knowledge (that of her spiritual directors), shows us that, if she was ambitious, it was for God, a lawful and laudable ambition, in which neither plot nor deceit had any part. The proof of this is the fact that she never lost the affection of the queen, her aunt, or of her successor, Anne of Austria, and, when the blindness and the fury of passion had cleared away after the duke's death, the queen dowager and the young king and queen strove to make her amends for the fearful injustice she had suffered.

The king himself came to Moulins to see her, to mourn with her, "for he had truly loved his cousin Montmorency. And not he, but Richelieu, had been inexorable, and would not allow him to interpose to save the life of the hero of a hundred well-fought fields."

It was not easy for Maria Felicia to listen to all this. But, from the foot of the scaffold, Père Arnoux, the duke's confessor, had brought her a solemn message, to which she had not turned a deaf ear. He charged his beloved Felicia "to pardon all, freely and fully." So,

for love of that precious memory, she let her heart be pierced through and through, when the Cardinal came in person to pay her homage in her cloister. "She spoke gently and charitably," say the witnesses of that meeting, "to the man who had sent her husband to that terrible death." Perhaps, because she had idolized him, she was forced to pay so fearful a price for her days of happiness.

The life of Maria Felicia, as religious and finally as superior of the Visitation of Moulins, is one of those admirable biographies that make us proud of human nature. To abridge it is almost a sin. What sort of a religious she became, is told by the eloquent fact that St. Jane Frances de Chantal left her the heritage of her heart. Her sisters in religion tell us "that she inherited all their mother's virtues and sanctity, and it was but just that to her should be given this priceless treasure."

Long before she had left the world her life and her virtues had aroused love and admiration in the heart of the foundress of the Visitation. When the king refused to let her go and comfort the widowed duchess, in her overwhelming bereavement, Mme. de Chantal sent her her own greatest earthly treasure—the portrait of her father in Christ—St. Francis de Sales, that had been painted expressly for herself. What feelings this precious gift awakened in the heart of the recipient may be imagined. "To despoil herself of this for me!" cried Maria Felicia, as she pressed her lips over and over again to the portrait and the precious letter of sympathy that accompanied it.

It became the great happiness of her life, after that time of sorrow, when her heart had become, as it were, absorbed in the divine Heart of our Lord, to spend herself and her wealth in the cause of the canonization of the Prince Bishop of Geneva, now her father in Christ. Nowhere were the rejoicings in honor of the event one-half so imposing as at Moulins, thanks to the boundless generosity of Madame de Montmorency and her family.

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After years of effort the widowed duchess, at length, received permission to have the remains of the duke transferred to Moulins. At her own cost a chapel had been built in which to place them.

A few words in reference to the duke's last days may not be superfluous here. From the fatal field of Castelnaudary he was conveyed, grievously wounded, a prisoner to the castle of Lectoure, thence to Toulouse to stand his trial. Condemned after a brief examination, he made no complaint, no appeal. Sustained to the last by Père Arnoux, S.J., he had the courage to mount the scaffold with a firm step, and there, on his knees asking a last blessing from his confessor, with the words, "Sweet Saviour, receive my soul," upon his lips, he laid his noble head upon the block. He had not once pleaded for his life, or made the least effort to palliate his fault. "Tell the king I die his very humble servant," was the only message he had sent to Louis XIII.

The greatest efforts had been made to save him by the Pope's nuncio, by his sister, the Princess de Condé, the Dukes de Chevreuse and Epernon, the Cardinal Lavalette; but in vain had these petitioners knelt weeping before the king; *he* could do nothing, and the Cardinal (Richelieu) was inexorable, as the king assured the unhappy duchess over and over again. In the square within the court-yard of the capitol or Hôtel de Ville of Toulouse, at the foot of the statue of Henri IV., his godfather and cousin, the execution took place. It is to this day sorrowfully interesting, and the headsman's axe is still shown to the traveller. When the axe fell a roar of fury arose from the multitude outside the barriers. In an instant they were forced, and the crowd rushed to the foot of the scaffold to gather up the blood of the beloved victim.

The body was quickly borne away by the clergy and placed in the Abbey of St. Sernin. The whole city put on mourning, and all Languedoc was about to rise to avenge its beloved chief. Between the sentence and the execution no time had elapsed, so that nothing had been done to prevent the consummation of the cruel deed. The people were taken by surprise; they expected to see the duke come forth from the tribunal free, when the sound of his death-knell rang forth, which explains the mad rush they made to the place of execution.

The monks of St. Sernin had offended king and court and Parliament by the unparalleled honor they had shown to the duke's memory, in giving his body sepulchre within this chapel. They were, therefore, most unwilling to give up their treasure, even at the king's command.

A second and more peremptory command of the king, however, decided them to lose no further time, and the duke's remains were transported with great pomp and ceremony from Toulouse to Moulins.

The duchess wished to avoid all display. Her sufferings were renewed at this time, and she would fain have hidden herself and her wrongs in the shades of the convent. The people would not have it so. All that was noble in the land arose, as by one accord, to form an escort of honor, even to the doors of the beautiful chapel prepared to receive the dust of Duke Henri. That chapel and the magnificent tomb, still very carefully preserved for its historical and artistical value, now belong to the state. The convent was appropriated by the revolutionary government, and is now the Lyceum. No one travelling from Paris and Lourdes to Paray-le-Monial should miss visiting the ancient tomb and the new Monastery of the Visitation, for the sake of the memorie they evoke.

The life of the highest and holiest of those chosen souls called to found religious houses, that should resist the powers of evil for long generations, was not more perfect than that of Maria Felicia Orsini.

St. Jane Frances de Chantal found her "another self." Her spiritual directors have left us the full story of her humble life, as the world's history has left us the story of her courtly days. In both she was perfect. How precious is the record of such a life!

In her retirement she was not forgotten, as the convent records show. Here are a few notes from them:

"Sister Marie Henriette is visited a second time by the King and Queen of France."

"The Cardinal Orsini visits his sister, the widowed Duchess de Montmorency, now Sister Marie Henriette of the Order of the Visitation."

"The venerable founder of St. Sulpice, Monsieur Olier, has twice visited Moulins to pay his respects to Sister M. Henriette. "Nothing in her disturbs the work of the Holy Ghost," said he to the Mother Superior."

"Queen Christina of Sweden visits Mme. de Montmorency in her convent."

"Henrietta Maria of England (Queen of Charles I.) visits the widowed Duchess in her retirement."

And so the list goes on.

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All her life Sister Marie Henriette continued her early practices of piety. She fasted every Saturday in honor of the Immaculate Conception. By her manner of life she made familiar the famous sentence of St. Catharine of Genoa: "Let Jesus be in your heart, eternity in your mind, the world beneath your feet, the will of God in all your actions, and His love shining in you above all things else." June 5, 1666, the same mortuary pall that had covered the bier of the good duke and that had been held over her when she made her religious vows was placed upon her coffin. This coffin was enclosed in one of lead and deposited beside that of her husband, beneath the costly monument she had erected to his memory.

THE VEN. LEONARD LESSIUS, S.J.

By G. J. Dillon.

A PROCESS of canonization, which was interrupted by the suppression of the Society of Jesus and the French Revolution, has been reopened, to the satisfaction of the Belgian bishops, professors, and people. As everything foretells a speedy and favorable ending, we present to the readers of the MESSENGER a short account of the life and virtues of this servant of God.

Leonard Leys, better known under his Latinized name of Lessius, was born at the little village of Brecht, near Antwerp, in Belgium, on the first day of October, 1554.

FATHER LEONARD LESSIUS, S.J.

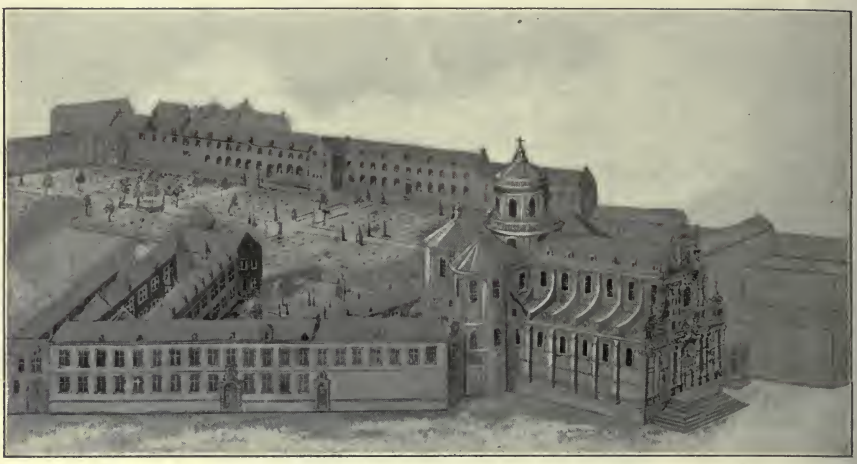
His parents died when he was five years old, and he was received into the home of his paternal uncle, who cared for him with a tenderness equal to that which he displayed towards his own children. Although the lad was of a joyous, lively disposition, he was fonder of study and prayer than of play. He gradually acquired considerable influence with his playmates. They respected him for his piety and candor, and at his approach they would often interrupt their games and gather round him to listen to his explanations of the catechism. Seventy years later one of them used to repeat a prayer he had learned from Lessius on such an occasion. Small boys love nicknames and they called Leonard "the little prophet."

His industry and application were untiring. At table he would place an open book beside his plate, and, if you had entered that home on a long winter evening, you would have found him, not among the merry children that were grouped around the cosy fireside, but apart, conning his authors and occasionally trying to warm his chilled hands at the flame of the one poor candle that was allotted him.

His family planned to make him a merchant, but at the age of thirteen he won a scholarship in Louvain University, which was then the rival of Paris for the title of first university of the world.

Lessius remained four years at the university. The first two years were devoted to the study of literature, the remainder to philosophy. He was only seventeen years old when he was graduated at the head of his class.

In our age and country we find it difficult to realize the importance of this achievement; but at Louvain, in the sixteenth century, the "Primus," as he was called, stood on the threshold of a most brilliant career. The different



THE OLD JESUIT COLLEGE, LOUVAIN.

professors vied with one another to attract him to their lectures, and if he upheld his high standing during the post-graduate studies, the highest offices in the state or university were at his command.

But the call of a greater teacher sounded in the heart of Lessius. It showed him the vanity of every earthly honor; it bade him say farewell to that bright prospect, and to devote himself body and soul to the service of God in the Society of Jesus.

The Jesuits had been established in Louvain some fifteen years, and had made a deep impression on its studious youth. Bellarmine, the great theologian, to refute whom a professor's chair was founded at Oxford, and another, two years later, at Cambridge, had been sent by St. Francis Borgia to combat heresy by his preaching. He spoke in Latin, and so great was the fame of this young scholastic (for at that time he was not yet ordained) that heretics came to hear him from Belgium, Holland and England: "many of whom," adds the old Latin chronicle, "returned home converts to the true faith."

Lessius was assiduous in his attendance at these sermons. Yet his determination to enter the Society was perhaps less due to the influence of Bellarmine than to the impression produced upon him by the modest demeanor of a lay brother named Bertrand Cornelis, who fulfilled the duty of porter at the college. This, Lessius himself testified a few days before his death.

Whilst considering his vocation Leonard applied himself to the study of divinity under the famous Baius, whom we shall meet again in the course of this narrative.

He was not quite eighteen years of age when he entered the Society, whose black robe he donned on July 16, 1572, the day Bellarmine took his last vows. He spent the two years of noviceship, as the novices now spend it, learning the Institute of the Society and studying the life of Christ and of the saints. The novitiate at Louvain was poor, and he often suffered actual want; but what did this matter to one eager to share the poverty of Him who was born in a stable at Bethlehem? It was his joy to eat the food that had been refused by the college boarders, and many of his former fellow students at the university were so much edified by his holy life that they followed him to the Society. Alas! they were not permitted to remain together long, for those were troublous times.

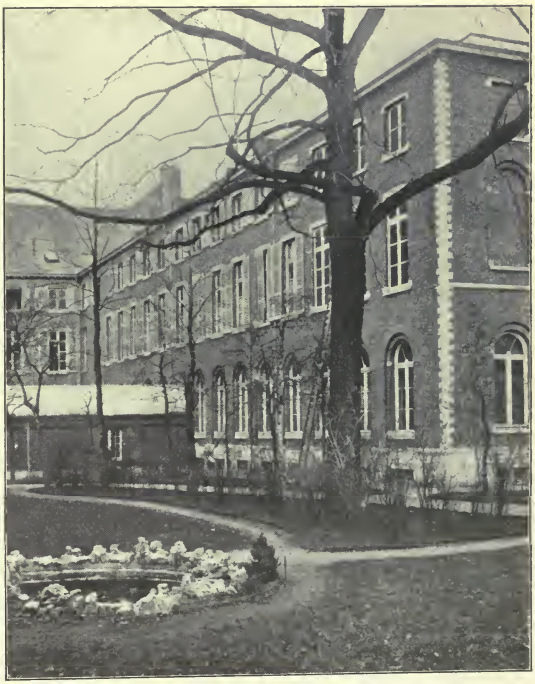
The Netherlands were in the throes of civil-religious warfare. William the Silent, Prince of Orange, was advancing on Louvain at the head of an army mostly composed of Calvinists, who claimed it as their right to murder priests and to destroy churches and monasteries. Thus, two months before, the martyrs of Gorcum had been put to death, because they would not deny the supremacy of the Pope and the real presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. The Prince of Orange had captured Mechlin, and defenceless Louvain was certain to fall into his hands.

The Superiors of the Society, knowing the fate that awaited them, determined to leave the city. As Lessius was still a novice, he was given the option of returning to his home. He refused the offer, and, with another Jesuit, set out on foot for St. Omers, where the Society had a college. He pronounced his religious vows June 24, 1574, and a few days later, although he had not yet completed his twentieth year, he was appointed to the chair of philosophy, in Douay.

Then, as now, writers, who had but a superficial knowledge of the Society, objected to the practice of placing young men in the most important professorships of colleges and universities. The objection, however specious it may appear at first sight, is not well founded. Lessius received from his pupils a most enthusiastic reception, and it was his good fortune to number among them Robert Southwell, the future poet, priest and martyr.

Four peaceful years ran their course, and again the storm lowered. The Northern heretics hated the Jesuits and feared their influence upon the youth of the land. The College of Douay was considered to be a stronghold of the Society, and it was marked out for destruction. It was surrounded on the night of October 6 by a turbulent mob. They demanded the surrender of the arms and English gold, which, they asserted, were in the vaults. They attempted to burn the building, and torches were already applied to the doors and windows, when the troops appeared and dispersed the rioters. The soldiers remained several days to guard the college. As it seemed that peace was restored, the guard was withdrawn. The mob, which only awaited this event, quickly reassembled, surged into the city hall, and forced the council to sign a decree which ordered every Jesuit to leave Douay by four o'clock in the evening.

The pupils were driven from the classrooms, and Lessius set out in company with some of his fellow-religious; but whither to direct their steps, they did



HOUSE AND GARDEN OF THE THEOLOGIANS, LOUVAIN.

INTERIOR OF THE PRESENT CHURCH.

not know. One evening, worn out by a long day's journey, penniless and footsore, they arrived at a poor inn. They were given shelter, but it was of the meanest kind. Lessius threw himself upon a wretched mattress and was soon in a profound sleep. Unfortunately, on the preceding night, this bed had been occupied by a soldier afflicted with a loathsome and contagious disease. At midnight Lessius awoke from a troubled dream. A cold perspiration covered his entire body. Alas! he had awakened too late! The poison had already entered his system. Medicine was of no avail; the horrible disease clung to its unfortunate victim and made his life one long and ceaseless torment, until, forty-five years later, death came to his relief. But Lessius was never heard to utter a complaint. A few weeks later he was back in the chair of philosophy at Douay, but ah! what a different man!

Condemned by his sufferings to a sedentary life, he applied himself with increased ardor to his many studies. His general method of study was as follows: he attentively read the author's exposition, and after he had extracted its pith and marrow, he darkened the room, by lowering the Venetian blinds, and asked of himself a strict account of what he had read. He went over the arguments given by the author in favor of the thesis, and the objections urged against it. These he carefully weighed, and then pondered over any thoughts on the subject that his own mind might suggest. He would next let in the light of day and write out the whole subject in his own way, and then, opening the book, he compared the two. It is no wonder that professors and doctors submitted to his decision the difficulties they encountered in canon and civil law. He was an adept in the Hebrew tongue, and one of the foremost mathematicians of his day. His intimate acquaintance with Greek was acknowledged by all—a matter of prime importance, as their great proficiency in that language was one of the chief causes of the high standing attained by the Jesuits among the learned men of Europe.

There was something characteristic in the way he had studied Greek. One day he happened to hear two of his fellow-scholastics conversing in that language, and, impressed by their familiarity with what was to him almost unknown, he applied himself diligently to its acquisition.

He shortened his hours of rest, to lengthen those of study; he learnt by heart long passages, and his memory was so tenacious that, after the lapse of half a century, he could repeat them word for word.

After two months of study he was able to translate Aristotle at sight, and during the dinner hour he used to occupy himself by turning into Greek the book which was being read in the refectory.

When he was ordained to the priesthood on Easter Day, 1580, and sent to Rome to perfect his theological knowledge under the great Suarez, the fame of his science and piety had preceded him in the Eternal City.

Lessius remained two years in Rome, and during the latter part of his stay taught theology in the English College. He renewed his early friendship with Bellarmine, whom he had known at Louvain, and by Bellarmine and Suarez was introduced to many members of the Sacred College, among others to the Cardinal Maffei Barbarini, afterwards Pope Urban VII. Later on we shall see the impression made on the Cardinal by the learned and humble religious.

In 1585 we find him again at Louvain, lecturing on theology to the scholastics of the Society. When, at the age of thirty-one, Lessius mounted for the first time the steps of the pulpit, which is still used at Louvain and known under his name, he may be said to have begun his life work; that work which has placed him amongst our foremost writers. There, also, he continued to practise those solid virtues which, as we hope, will soon cause him to be inscribed among the canonized Saints of God.

Those were glorious days for theologians. The great questions of grace and predestination were the subject of ardent discussion, and the controversy, which originated in Salamanca, had reached Louvain. Some theses of Lessius, published in 1586, seemed to his opponents at variance with the doctrine of St. Thomas. Baius, formerly a professor of Lessius, had an investigating committee appointed, and thirty-seven propositions contained in the theses were condemned. The University of Douay reiterated the condemnation. Lessius, however, calmly faced the storm. St. Francis de Sales, in a letter still extant, complimented the author upon his learning and subscribed to his doctrine on grace and predestination. The great Pontiff, Sixtus the Fifth, a man who favored no school, but judged every question on its own merits, declared that the doctrine in the theses was sound—"sanæ doctrinæ articuli." This solemn vindication raised Lessius' doctrine in the esteem of all.

As his books issued one after another from the press, they were received with the greatest enthusiasm. Some twenty-five in number, they are full of pure and solid doctrine. Depth of thought is joined with all the charms of style. His works are clear, touching and full of interest. Some have been translated into English, French, Dutch and German, some into Polish and Hungarian, and a few into Chinese and Arabic. The charm of his ascetical works is to be ascribed to his deep study of John Van Ruys-

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, NOW ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, WHERE LESSIUS WAS RE-BURIED.

broeck, from whom also Thomas à Kempis drew inspiration.

But we are considering the virtues of Lessius rather than his learning, as it is to them we look for his canonization. It was remarked that, although he was the most learned, he was also the most humble man in Belgium. The Apostle says that learning puffeth up, yet humility is never brought into such clear relief as when it has learning for its background. Justly may we admire the humility of this servant of God, for at the time when he was called the "Oracle of the Low Countries," when he was consulted by doctors and bishops, nay, even by the reigning Pontiff, he shunned, as far as possible, all public attention.

ST. IGNATIUS' CORRIDOR, LOUVAIN.

Indeed, it never seemed to Lessius that he was a learned man. He frequently compared what he knew to the whole sum of erudition acquired by the human race, and his own science seemed by comparison a grain of sand on the seashore, or a drop of water falling into the ocean. At other times he would consider the intuitive and almost boundless knowledge of the angels, and behold his own shrinking into significance by contrast.

He would never publish a book until he was commanded by his superiors. He thought he could draw instruction from the answers of his pupils in the lecture hall, and a word of praise, even from his religious brethren, caused him acute suffering. A poet wrote some verses in his honor—the same, we believe, that are prefixed to the Plantin edition of his works. "My dear friend," he said, "could you not find some one worth praising? Take St. Ignatius or St. Francis Xavier: they are great men, but I am of no account." A publisher, who wished to form a gallery of distinguished writers, ordered an artist to paint the portrait of Lessius. On the refusal of the latter to sit, a Father tried to induce him to consent. "Now, there was your friend, Justus Lipsius—he allowed his portrait to be painted."

"Yes," said Lessius, "but had he then known, as he does at present, how much glory is gained in heaven for the least act of humility, he would never have given his consent. I am sorry, my dear Father, but I cannot grant your request."

Humility is always accompanied by charity, by kindness; and this virtue, which warms and cheers the atmosphere of home, has as bright and joyous an effect in religion. He gave to his suffering brethren the delicacies which were sent him in time of sickness. One day a secular clergyman of the city came to consult him, but retired at the end of their interview, seemingly unconsoled. Next day, before Mass, Lessius sought him out. "My dear friend," he exclaimed, "you were unhappy last evening when you left me, and this thought

has caused me to pass a sleepless and wretched night." Then for an hour he continued to pour upon that afflicted soul the oil and wine of the good Samaritan. The poor of the city held his name in benediction. He pleaded their cause with the rich, and it was his delight to distribute to them what remained of the dinner provided for the community. Truly he might say: "I wept for him that was afflicted, and my soul had compassion on the poor." (Job xxx, 25.)

But the virtue which shone most brightly in Lessius was his patience in suffering. From the very beginning of his religious career he had asked God for suffering, and had offered up his body and soul as a holocaust. His desire was granted. We have seen how, from his twenty-second year, a horrible disease had settled down upon and vitiated his whole system; his vital organs were impaired and his stomach almost entirely refused its functions. He could neither sit nor stand without pain, and, for forty years, even to recline on a couch was the cause of continual torture. Yet his constant cry was: "More suffering."

HEART OF ST. JOHN BERCHMANS, LOUVAIN.

In the year 1615 he started for Rome, to attend a General Congregation of his Order. At Lucerne, in Switzerland, the carriage was overturned and his leg broken. He thanked God for it, and accepted it as a relic of the Cross. When he reached Loretto and was carried into the "Santa Casa," his prayer was not that he should be cured, but that he might suffer more and more. After his return to Belgium he was summoned to Brussels. On the road he experienced a pain more excruciating than any he had ever before suffered. It was a new disorder added to those that already distressed him, and it lasted without interruption for the space of four years. Lessius, however, still continued to exclaim: "Who am I, O Lord, that I should be honored to partake of the bitterness of the cross!"

To these bodily pains, greater than which no man ever suffered, add his mental sorrows. What were his feelings when doctrines were imputed to him which he had not taught, when his efforts in behalf of religion served only to unite his enemies to crush him and the Society to which he belonged, when his works were condemned as heretical by bishops and doctors of that Church whose advancement was the aim of his every thought, word and action?

In truth, Lessius suffered much, yet never complained, but turned every pain and sorrow into an occasion of merit and greater glory in heaven.

What, then, were the motives with

which he nourished his patience in suffering? For to suffer is the common lot, and the suffering of many is lifelong. To these souls his motives may be a solace and a stay. His first source of consolation was trust in God, an idea that appears in every page of his devout considerations on God's Providence. Again, the fixed thought that God would reward him for every suffering was ever in his mind, so that eventually, almost without conscious effort, he would find himself repeating such psalms as: "The mercies of the Lord I will sing forever" (Ps. lxxxii), "Blessed be the Lord my God, who teacheth my hands to fight, and my fingers to war" (Ps. cxliii). He also renewed his strength in the remembrance of our Lord's Passion. When still a child he had read a Flemish book entitled "The Little Passion." This work, which is highly prized even in our century, deeply impressed the young Lessius. Now, in the days of his own suffering, he divided the Passion according to the canonical hours; this precious little work, which he called the "Horologium Passionis," was translated into French, a few years ago, by the Duc d' Alençon.

Lessius was a priest of the Most High, and his greatest consolation was the celebration of the Divine Sacrifice. "I can never complain," he said, "as long as I am not denied this heavenly bread." Yet the half hour spent in saying Mass was a time of the greatest physical suffering. Sometimes the strain would cause his wounds to open, sometimes the acute pain would make great tears roll down his cheek, and at other times he would return, half fainting, to the sacristy. But he never interrupted the Divine Sacrifice.

TOMB OF LESSIUS ON THE SANCTUARY STEPS IN THE CHURCH OF THE SOCIETY, LOUVAIN.

He celebrated his Golden Jubilee of religious life on June 23, 1622. Poems and congratulatory letters poured in from all the towns and cities of Europe, grateful tokens of the affection in which he was held by pupils and friends. But the wish "ad multos annos" was not to be realized. His health was completely shattered. Towards the close of the same year the heart of St. John Berchmans was brought to Louvain from Rome. A novena was made and while his brethren prayed to their saintly brother in heaven for the preservation of Lessius' strength, he himself asked one only favor: a speedy passing. It was

easy for him to die. In his youth he had quitted home and friends. Pleasure and riches he had never possessed. Light was the only enjoyment that was his, and he closed his eyes to it, at the age of sixty-nine, on the 17th of January, 1623, the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus falling on that day.

Seventeen years after, when his body, already precious in the eyes of the faithful and an object of great veneration, was removed to the altar of the church, the brain was found in a state of perfect preservation. A lady from Lille, afflicted with an incurable cancer, was touched with the relics and instantly recovered. The old Jesuit church was torn down and the new one, called the Immaculate Conception — now St. Michael's—was completed in 1666. The body of Lessius was again placed beneath the altar. During the French Revolution, the church became a "temple of reason," and the bones of Lessius were hidden in the crypt.

When the Society arose to a new life, another generation had grown up, but they searched in vain for the body of Lessius. In 1890, there was accidentally discovered, in the Bollandist's Library, a paper by means of which the body could be recovered. With this paper two scholastics descended into the crypt of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The body was found, identified, and removed to the present Jesuit Church and placed in the sanctuary, on March 15, 1892.

Almost immediately after the death of Lessius, the process of canonization of the servant of God had begun. The circumstances of twenty-eight miracles were presented to the Bishops of Belgium, duly attested and certified. No difficulty was apprehended.

Four years after the death of Lessius, Cardinal Maffei Barbarini became Sovereign Pontiff under the name of Urban VIII. He rendered the following tribute to the humble religious: "I knew Lessius very well, I may say familiarly. I appreciated fully his learning, but admired ever so much more his humility and solid virtue. No doubt he is a great saint in heaven."

But the suppression of the Society and the French Revolution caused an interruption of the process. It is now once more being actively pushed forward, with every prospect of a favorable result.

LA RABINA; OR, WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

By Padre Luis Coloma.

Translated from the Spanish by P. J. Whitty.

READER, I do not quite understand it, but perhaps you may be able to unravel it when I tell you the story and give you all its details.

The events to be narrated occurred about the year 18—, a time when the Society of Jesus was menaced by one of those bitter persecutions which seem to have been bequeathed to it, as an inheritance, by its illustrious founder, St. Ignatius—a man, who, we may remark, would, by virtue of his admirable clear-sightedness and prudence, have undoubtedly attained the highest dignities of the state had not God, as a reward for his singular holiness, called him to a higher and a holier sphere.

The illustrious son of Guipuscoa well understood that nothing is more prejudicial to the moral energies of man than worldly prosperity and ease; and that, on the other hand, there is nothing more useful for the development of these energies than persecution and adversity. He was aware that the soldier's zest for the battle was only too likely to decline,

when times of peace reigned and his rusting sword was idly laid aside.

And here in this connection we may mention a tradition which has been handed down among the sons of Ignatius, and which seems credible enough. Father Ribadaneira once came upon the saint at a time when he was gayer and brighter than usual. He inquired the cause. "Rejoice with me, Pedro," replied Ignatius, "for to-day has been granted me what I have long prayed for with tears: that the blessing of persecution may never be wanting to the Society!"

How faithfully this promise of the Lord to His servant has been fulfilled the centuries have proved, and still continue to prove.

Though it is a considerable number of years since the events I am going to narrate took place, yet my memory of them is as fresh and as vivid as if they happened but yesterday.

The catastrophe of Sedan was approaching; Bismarck had enkindled a spark in Spain which was soon to cause a conflagration in France; Napoleon had thrown down the gauntlet alongside those two harbingers of death, the chassepot and the mitrailleuse; Wilhelm had taken it up and answered back the cry: "To battle, then, let it be so!"

And *I*—well, it was a certain morning in March; and, while beset by feelings of great indignation against the above-mentioned gentlemen for throwing Europe into such turmoil and confusion, I was arranging my couch with, what I considered, very admirable nicety and skill; vying in the operation with the brilliant genius of the mysterious Von Moltke himself, who was then studiously arranging the plan of battle that was to bring him to Sedan—a consummation, by the way, as astounding as that formerly achieved at Sadowa.

At this particular period I was the proud possessor of a gorgeous coverlet of Spanish chintz, one side of which was snowlike in its whiteness, while the other was variegated by a profusion of magnificent panels, in which were wrought all shades of red color, ranging from cayenne pepper to the sunburst. Adorning these panels were to be seen magnificent bulbs, bearing not a very distant resemblance to tomatoes—dubious roses suggesting to one's imagination sections of slaughtered watermelons, and fascinating flocks of the most impossible-looking cranes and the most preposterous ducks and ducklings. I am happy to say that these last were most kind and considerate creatures, for they never once thought of disturbing my slumbers, by gabbling in any of those primitive, defunct languages known before the times of the Pharaohs; or by any of those philosophical *rapraps*, which Andersen puts into the mouths of his web-footed heroes. No doubt Wilhelm slept profoundly at Ems, and Bismarck at Friedrichsruh, and Napoleon at the Tuileries, but not one of them all enjoyed such peace in his dreams, as I amid my mild and silent aquatic birds of chintz.

Ah! no fears had I of earthly ill; no vain ambitions disturbed my soul's repose; but, calmly ready for all that Heaven might arrange, I was, on this particular morning in March, dutifully engaged in manipulating my many-colored coverlet; an operation on which I was bestowing as much punctilious solicitude, as if the then-endangered equilibrium of Europe depended upon each tiniest wrinkle (which might possibly be overlooked, to the regrettable detriment of palmiped feet and very much elongated shanks); when lo! the servant most unseasonably knocks, and tells me I am wanted in the parlor; a visitor desires to see me.

Who could be in need of me at this preposterously early hour? Some early-rising devotee, perhaps.

The parlor was wide, spacious, and abnormally long; its windows were high and narrow; and the faint light that came through them on this dark

and dismal morning seemed to fill the place with gloom and mystery.

On entering I discerned an aged female seated on a sofa in a distant corner. While giving vent to sighs and groans she rocked to and fro, like a pendulum, and kept her arms extended towards a picture that hung on the wall in front of her, as if she were appealing for aid to some saint represented by it. Our poor old friend could not, in the dim and insufficient light, detect that the picture was but a figure of an honest water-dog gravely seated on his haunches.

I could not help laughing, unkind as my laughter was. The woman heard me, and knew at once that she was not alone. As if seized by some sudden and uncontrollable alarm, she sprang from her seat, and, crossing herself, uttered some cry of prayer; and then, recognizing me, darted towards me like an arrow. At a glance I saw that the woman before me was far from being a type of female grace and loveliness; she was, on the contrary, singularly ugly and repulsive, her eyes being particularly awry and goggle.

Agitated and trembling, she clasped her hands before her, and cried out in tones of alarm and terror: "O Father, Father, the devil has appeared to my mistress."

Dear reader, has it ever occured to you on some solemn and serious occasion to have been set upon by a fit of unseasonable laughter which no biting of the lips could stay, no saddening reflection restrain, no cruel arm-pinching subdue—laughter which you knew in your heart was vulgar, hurtful, heartless; but which, nevertheless, you must perforce permit to find a vent in an outburst of boisterous mirth? Such, alas! was my unhappy plight, when so strangely and ridiculously addressed by this strange and ridiculous old woman. It was cruel, I know, to mock her trouble by laughter, boisterous and reckless as the laughter of a boy.

She was evidently much perplexed to see me laugh, as much indeed as if she had seen a statue laugh. Perchance she had a preconceived idea that risible capabilities were not amongst the endowments of such a specimen of humanity as a Jesuit. Twice I strove to curb my mirth, and twice it burst forth anew; till at length I was restrained by her falling tears and her cry, again repeated:

"Yes, Father, yes, the Evil One has appeared to her; or, maybe, it was not he, but some poor soul in trouble. . . . Come then, quickly; come and see my mistress; she has sent me for you."

"But who is your mistress?"

"Doña Adela."

"Doña Adela what?"

Here she gave a name which is to be found on the genealogical trees of certain illustrious families, but which I did not then recall as such, hearing it connected with the Doña Adela.

"I am not acquainted with the lady," I said.

"Oh yes, you do know her, Father; Doña Adela de" ——and, with a certain hesitation, she added in a sort of whisper:

"La Rabina."

"La Rabina!"

On the instant all my inclination for laughter vanished as if by enchantment; for it now seemed to me not at all impossible but that his dusky majesty might have put in an appearance to the lady in question; there were remote probabilities even that he might have come to claim her as his own—such uncanny things did the tongue of gossip say about her. The strangest part of the business appeared to be that La Rabina should have expressed a desire to see a Jesuit Father.

"And do you say that La Rab—that the Doña Adela wishes me to visit her?"

"Yes, Father, it was for this she sent me to you; come, and be sure to fetch some holy water with you."

"But what is it? What has happened?" I inquired, endeavoring to elicit some fact that might throw light upon a subject which now, in spite of

its absurdity, was beginning to have an interest for me, seeing the mysterious name of La Rabina so intimately connected with it.

The old lady, raising her hands to her head and receding a pace or two, commenced to roll her eyes about in a ludicrous and terrified manner. I thought within myself, what could possibly be coming? Was she going to give me a mysterious answer like that given by the witches in Macbeth: "A thing without a name"?

Bracing up her courage, but still under the influence of her terror, she gasped out: "It was something awful, something horrible, Father; though I can't say what it was. I was dusting some clothes in the bedroom, and the lady was in the library, writing, when quite suddenly there was a noise as of glasses tumbling and crashing. I looked, and there was the lady, as white as a corpse and standing speechless and rigid, as rigid as a statue. Oh! I was frightened to death. Then at once she shrieked: 'There! here! My sister! Concha! Concha!' In my mortal terror I jumped upon a chair, as if I had beheld a thousand horrible rats swarming into the room." And, as if in truth she did see the dreaded rat-plague coming (to her certainly the most dreadful of all mortal things), she started wailing and weeping and wringing her hands around the room.

"But, Madame," said I, endeavoring to recall her to herself, "what reason had the lady for calling on her sister's name?"

"Oh! do you know, Father, her sister is dead this day six months, six exactly; the sister it was who appeared to her surely; or if not the sister, then it must have been the devil, yes, the devil, no one else; for her sister was a saint; Señora Concha, Father, Señora Concha was a saint."

"But what did the lady say about the matter? Did she tell you anything?"

"Tell me anything! Why, she wasn't able to catch her breath; and I was screaming and screaming; and she was frozen with fright, until, oh! the floor began to go round and round, and everything seemed to be turned topsy-turvy, and a body's head began to be giddy and dizzy and to go bobbing around the corners of the room as if it was a cork. And then the servants came; and everybody came—but that lady is something wonderful! and I don't say it because she is my mistress and I have been with her these twenty years; but she is wonderful; there is a courage, a something about her, not about any other woman in the world. The moment she saw the people coming she became calm and perfectly self-possessed, and, turning to me, said: 'Go, bring me a Catholic priest.' I went first to the parish presbytery; but the priest there was saying Mass, with organ and all, praise be to God; but little Juanito Ordoñez, the lad from the wax-chandler's, told me there was a lot of priests over at the Jesuits; and that's the reason why I came for you, Father; that's why I came here."

At this point the old lady became once more mightily vociferous in her wailings and lamentations.

Having reflected for a moment, I thought I could detect something of moment behind this grotesque and incoherent story. One tangible fact, at all events, there was, which appeared to me even more extraordinary than the apparition of the Evil One, or the reappearance on earth of a departed soul; and this was that La Rabina should have thought of soliciting the aid of a minister of religion. Before coming to any definite conclusion, however, I was desirous to know for certain if such were the case; so I inquired of the affrighted messenger:

"But are you quite sure that the lady ordered you to come and bring a priest?"

"Oh! yes, Father, yes; with her own very lips she ordered me. By this, if the earth were to open and swallow me up, she did"; and suiting the action to

the word, she caught hold of one of her ears, and tugged and tugged most unmercifully at it—an ear, by the way, gifted with most inconceivable elasticity, and bearing, as to color, a close resemblance to a piece of very ancient parchment.

I no longer hesitated, but immediately got ready to follow this aged Ariadne, my guide, through the labyrinthine ways before me. Not desiring the honor of her immediate companionship, I told her to move on in front of me. She did so, setting out at a sort of shambling trot; meantime, turning her head and her looks now to the right and now to the left, after the fashion of the weird character described by Hoffman, who, missing his shadow, kept perpetually glancing behind to see if it were following him, by this means gaining the advantage of colliding with street-corners, floundering into mud-holes, and tumbling over dogs.

Whilst we were traversing the several streets that led to the residence of La Rabina, I was engaged in reviewing in my mind such things as were current among the people concerning the life of this lady. I had never had any acquaintance with her, and indeed, so great was the seclusion in which she lived, in the populous city around her, that few were privileged with any intimacy whatever with her.

However, one personal incident I now recalled as having reference to La Rabina. I was returning one evening with a gentleman from the well-known hospital situated in the suburbs of the city, when I noticed on the road leading to some adjacent fruit-gardens a carriage of antique appearance, with emblazoned panels, saffron-colored upholsterings, and drawn by a pair of very sedate-looking mules. Sunk in the cushions of the back seat, a dark shadow was reclining, while an aged duenna, extremely unhandsome, but neatly clad, was seated near the window.

My companion, who yet lives, though aged and invalided, gave me to understand that the shadow was La Rabina, and the window "beauty" was her attendant, or rather, as he banteringly said, her familiar devil.

Putting my remembrances in train, I came to the conclusion that this attendant devil and the phantom now trotting on before me as my guide, were one and the same. The many pious gesticulations I had seen her make, and the evident devotion with which she had recommended herself to the water-dog in the reception room, were to me a source of much mental ease and comfort, for I felt that, if she at any time could have been designated a devil, she was now at least a penitent one, somewhat after the fashion of Abdiel-Abbadona, whom Klopstock saw in his dream.

Doña Adela de———, or, to call her by the sobriquet by which she was known throughout the city, "La Rabina," should be at that time about seventy years of age. Her father who, though a younger son of a noble house, was very wealthy (a circumstance not very usual with the young scions of nobility), had figured at the court of Madrid at the same time as Argüelles, Quintano and Toreno. When the reaction of 1823 came about, he had to leave Spain and migrate to Paris. And here it was that the young Adela received her education.

Her long term of residence in Paris took in that epoch in which the genius and depraved taste of Europe produced, in the way of literature, so many romances remarkable for heroines with pale faces, and heroes with dangling locks in the style of the Merovingian king. She was in Paris when "The Brothers" of Victor Hugo was the rage; and when the second series of revolulutionists were pleased to settle accounts with the usurper Louis Philippe, much in the same style as one is tempted to employ when dealing with a lackey who obstructs him in the passage. Admirable progress of the Parisians!—to get rid of a king in 1793 it was necessary to guillo-

tine him; to cause his royal exit in 1848, all that was required was to pummel him with a broom.

At this latter period there shone in the literary firmament two luminaries of the first magnitude, who were intimate friends of Doña Adela; one was known as "La Muse de la Patrie," Delphine Gay, later, Mme. de Girardin; the other was the Baroness de Dudevant, already celebrated, unfortunately, under the title of "George Sand."

A certain fondness for literary pursuits, which these ladies possessed in common, cemented and enhanced the friendship between them; and it was no unusual thing to see the three together at the literary gatherings and in the most fashionable circles of the then worldly and voluptuous society of Paris, from this circumstance gaining for themselves, at least among their admirers, the flattering title of "The Three Graces." It is said that Jeronimo Paturot took his inspiration from this trio of muses, when he described the three poetesses who, in the halls of the imaginative Princess of Filibustoskoi, extemporized in the style of Corinna on the Capitol; the first of them being attired in Grecian fashion; the second, in the garb and accoutrements of the middle ages; and the third, in top-boots and pantaloons. I do not know how far in all these Jeronimo adhered to truth; but I do know that the friendship between Adela and George Sand was most sincere and intimate. Many years later I had in my hand a copy of "La Mare au Diable" which the celebrated French novelist presented to her friend with the brief, expressive, though somewhat pedagogic inscription:

ALTERI EGO;
GEORGE S.

No one could ever understand how it was that La Rabina had forsaken the gay life of the city, fifteen years prior to these events, and should have shut herself up within the decaying mansion of her ancestors, having no other companion than her elder sister, who was a sea-captain's widow and then stone-blind—a simple and excellent woman who spent much of her time in knitting and in recounting all sorts of wonderful stories, in connection with her voyages with her husband to various parts of South America. This was the Señora Concha, who, as Doña Adela's servant said, had died six months before.

La Rabina did not receive visitors, and she never left the retirement of her house, excepting for an occasional carriage-drive into the country to breathe its purer air. During this long period she had never approached the sacraments, nor had she been known to enter a place of worship, and on the first and only occasion on which the parish priest had gone to visit her, she had courteously, indeed, but firmly, refused to see him.

The public, with that marvellous instinct by which it gauges character and fathoms the mysterious, had dubbed her "La Rabina"; being moved to bestow this sobriquet upon her, no doubt, by her evident contempt for religion and her fame as a literary character.

There was a rumor current among the cultured classes that she was engaged in writing a work, the subject of which was the "Freedom and Emancipation of Woman"; an event which, when realized among the sex, was to revolutionize the world. Whether such was the case I cannot say; but of this I am aware, that when the first great convention of women was held at New York in 1867, for the purpose of demanding universal female suffrage, one of the most prominent amongst the foreign ladies who espoused the cause, and one of the first adhesions, which this feminine committee with masculine pretensions received, was that of La Rabina. I remember seeing her name among the list of members drawn up by a certain North American periodical, published in the city of Boston.

While I was turning these various things over in my mind, I also recalled

the fact that La Rabina had never been married; and that, notwithstanding the whirl of dissipation in which she had lived, the singularity of her manners, and her absolute rejection of all religious ideas, the breath of scandal had never on any occasion cast an aspersion on her honor. This was a strange and singular anomaly, taking into account the manner in which vices usually course; for roses do not spring from onion-stalks, neither will you see lilies blooming from the roots of radishes. In trying to discover an explanation for what seemed such a mystifying paradox, I came at first to the conclusion that she must have been one of those Lucretias who seem to possess the safeguard of their virtue in the ugliness and deformity of their features; but in this I admit, as I afterwards discovered, I was entirely in error.

At length we came in sight of the house, supposed to have been visited by the Prince of Darkness; and here I must again declare myself subject to another mortal infirmity. I might well at this moment have expected great coolness and calm and courage of myself, for in my past career I had gone through many difficult and trying circumstances; yet on my first sight of the solemn-looking old mansion, certain feelings came upon me, akin to those which an indolent schoolboy experiences, when he is about to present himself for a difficult examination, or to those of an untried and unskilful orator, when he is about to make an address before some dignified personages.

The house before me displayed a coat-of-arms above the entrance; on one's entering, a large tiled hall presented itself, having on either side some stone stairs that led to various apartments, and at the further end a massive door of well-carved oak. This latter seemed to open of its own accord, the moment we entered. Passing through, we crossed a court-yard of very imposing appearance, ascended a flight of broad marble stairs, and then proceeded along an extensive gallery, which, besides being devoid of furniture and adornment, seemed to be dingy and neglected, as if the place had been for some time quite untenanted.

Silence reigned; not a living thing was anywhere to be seen, save three coal-black cats, which, seated on the topmost stair-step, fixed their round eyes upon me in a settled glare, but immediately on our coming close to them simultaneously arose, arched their necks, elevated their tails as if in welcome, and then scampered off, waking the echoes with their mournful mews I thought of the witches in Macbeth and asked myself could the mew-mewing of these ebony pussies be, by any process, interpreted as being identical in meaning with the Witches' refrain: "Double, double, toil and trouble; fire burn, and cauldron bubble"!

At the end of the gallery there hung a crimson screen, which my attendant drew aside, and, grimacing queerly at me, though now her tears were dried, said to me with genuine politeness: "Enter, please, Father, enter; I shall give word at once to Madame."

Inside the screen the scene was changed. I found myself within a small, regular apartment, in every respect typical of a Parisian lady's boudoir of the time of the Directorate. One thing only was wanting to complete the delusion, viz., a *Merveilleuse* ensconced on the Roman lounger (an elaborate piece of furniture of beautifully worked mahogany and bronze). A great lady, however, there was, hanging framed on one of the walls. The charmingly colored picture before me represented her as somewhere between thirty and forty years of age. I recognized the distinguished individual at once; a hand different from that of the artist, had written around the bust the well-known saying, attributed to Manon Phlipon (Mme. Roland), when, on ascending the scaffold, she beheld the statue of liberty in the distance: "Liberty! how many are the crimes com-

mitted in thy name!" A beautifully sounding phrase! thought I. What a pity it did not occur to the mind of the fair Republican, before it became her own fate to die by the guillotine!

Opposite this portrait was another of more recent date, and of somewhat inferior merit. It was that of a pale-featured young man, with lofty brows and dark-flowing locks, in a tight fitting dress-coat, and a prodigious neck-cloth that reached as high as his ears. It represented Victor Hugo as writer of romances.

There was a third portrait occupying a conspicuous position, which was a perfect work of art, and might have been from the brush of David, in his palmiest days. In this there were two figures, one a lady robed in white and reclining on a mossy bank within a garden. She held in her hand a book from which she seemed to be reading or rather declaiming. There was but one word visible; it was on the title-page: "Lélie."

"Lélie," thought I—the novel, which Chateaubriand, who, despite his poetical mysticism, was certainly not very scrupulous, would not dare to read alone, which is the most pernicious of all the works of George Sand, a writer whose pen, unhappily, has diffused abroad such a vast amount of poisonous literature.

At the feet of the French novelist (for she was the individual in the picture) lay a young man of graceful appearance, reclining his head against her knee; he was smoking a meditative pipe and seemed to be listening with profound attention to the reader.

I could not make out for certain who this person might be, for it was not possible to discern, in the comely features of that apparent boy, a resemblance to those of La Rabina of seventy years, whom now I was about to meet face to face for the first time.

A low, narrow door, which was completely disguised by the olive-colored papering on the walls, unexpectedly opened, and my Ariadne appeared, wearing the same troubled aspect as before, and said: "Enter, Father, Madame is ready to receive you."

I passed into the lady's room, but was taken quite by surprise on beholding La Rabina, for she was not at all the caricature I had imagined her to be: shrivelled, decrepit, and "black enough to sweat ink," as Louis XIV. used to say of Madamoiselle Scuderi, a famous writer of his time. Far from this, she still showed traces of a haughty beauty, which eclipsed even that of Delphine Gay, and would be but dishonored by a comparison with the vulgar presence and excessively prominent cheek-bones of the third of the Graces, Mme. Sand.

I found the lady seated in a ponderous arm-chair, richly upholstered in flesh-colored satin, and close to a glowing fire; and I noticed that, although the season was mild, and she herself was enveloped in an old-fashioned cashmere shawl, yet a sort of nervous trembling would seize upon her frame at times.

On my presenting myself, she rose from her seat, with some difficulty, however, and, when she had assumed her full height, I could not but admire that erect and imposing figure, which the weight of seventy years had not in the least been able to curve.

Her hair, now completely silvered, was arranged *en bandeaux*, as fashionable folks in the forties would put it; (the locks forming a smooth band; that, covering the forehead, reached almost to the eye-brows, and then descended to cover the ears). The whiteness of the glossy hair contrasted strongly with the bronze of her complexion and the jet-blackness of her eye-brows; these last being features that gave to her an expression of energy bordering on fierceness.

"I regret the inconvenience I have caused you, Father," she said, "but that servant of mine blundered in the discharge of my message, and summoned you instead of the parish-priest."

These few words were spoken in the most musical of voices. Never did I hear tones so sonorously sweet, or so charming to the ear. It occurred to me that the Sirens of old must have had voices like to this. Sweet, however, as her accents were, and courteous as was her manner of addressing me, yet my admiration for her did not make me forget that I might be intruding, so I replied, meantime making a movement as if I were about to leave:

"Oh, no inconvenience whatever, Madame; but if there has been a mistake"——

"No, no," she exclaimed eagerly, "remain, I beseech you. Things are just as well so, if not better. *You* can give me counsel as well as another; I want a doubt solved for me."

We then sat down, and for a moment there was an embarrassing silence, such as generally occurs before entering on a subject which promises to be perplexing.

I was the first to break it by remarking: "Your servant just now informed me that both she and you have been affrighted greatly by something that occurred this morning."

"Affrighted?" said she.

And she glanced at me in feigned surprise, as though she would appear not to understand the word; yet the poor old lady was, meantime, visibly trembling.

"Affrighted? No," she continued slowly, "surprised, confused, undoubtedly. I would never have believed it. When in Paris I knew Allan Kardec well, and often in our conversations he used to speak to me of spirits and supernatural things; but I used to make sport of all his foolish fictions, and yet——"

Ah, we are beginning to make way, I thought, as I listened. This visitation from the other world, whatever it be, has gone some way to transform this incredulous soul into a believer in the world of spirits; so, folding my arms beneath my cloak, I set myself to listen patiently to see what would be the end.

Proceeding, after a moment, she said: "I do not know if you are aware that, six months ago, I had the misfortune to lose my only sister?"

I nodded, to give her to understand that I had heard so.

"She was an excellent woman, quite harmless, but very——"

I thought she was going to say superstitious, and looked her steadily in the face.

"Devout, and rather much wanting in mental gifts. By her will her husband's nephew becomes her heir, and she has named me as her executrix; she has likewise empowered me to use my discretion as to the number of Masses to be celebrated for her soul." (here La Rabina gave a faint smile). "To this latter affair I paid little attention, and here, I confess, I was wrong, for though our opinions differed very much, yet I should have respected hers. Viewing things in this light, I wrote some fifteen days ago to the parish priest, requesting him to celebrate a Mass daily for my deceased sister until further notice.

"This morning, having arisen early, as is my custom, I set about writing to the parish priest to notify him that from to-day the Masses should cease."

At this point of her story she seemed to become embarrassed, and, as if suffering from excessive warmth, she cast aside the rich cashmere in which she was enveloped.

"I had finished the letter, a short one, in the adjacent room, which is the library; it needed only my signature; this I was about to affix, when a very strange and unpleasant sensation came upon me. I felt that I was not alone; that my departed sister was with me, close to me, behind me, to my right. Having remembered that people are sometimes visited by tremors like this in the darkness, I at once mastered my weakness, and subscribed my name to the letter, without once turning my head. However, as soon as I had laid

down my pen, without being able to prevent myself, I turned round—and here is the marvellous, the mysterious part of the affair, Father; the part I am so desirous to solve, but am unable."

Here she leaned forward in her seat, her body trembling as if it were under the action of a magnetic current, and she went on in a low tone, seeming as if she were in fear of the very sound of her voice:

"I cannot explain it, Father, but this is certain, quite certain; there does not exist a shadow of a doubt. Close to my side, touching the very chair on which I sat, I saw something which I cannot define, for to see it was in itself a prodigy, and to describe it would be another. But the sight of it was as clear before my eyes as the sight of you at this moment. It was an indescribable thing, like a column of smoke rolling among clouds. There was form without matter, without color; speech without voice. And in the midst there was a presence, a something which I was convinced was my sister; a pair of eyes, her eyes; the same sad look, sad to such a degree that it seemed as if she wanted to ask for, crave for something, while meantime scalding, igneous tears were coursing down her cheeks. Immediately I rose, and so hastily that my chair, coming in contact with some crystal vases, broke them to pieces. The mysterious phantom, then spreading itself out until it reached the table, touched with its extremity my letter, and erased the signature."

A smothered groan came from La Rabina; she fell back, as if exhausted in her chair, and, gathering her cashmere around her shoulders, trembled both from chill and terror. As for me, I could not shake off my amazement at hearing this singular story; and felt, I confess, like La Rabina a considerable fear.

"But might not the whole be an illusion?" I asked. "Perhaps it was yourself erased the signature, on your arising so abruptly from the table. May it not be that the fringe of your shawl or the sleeve of your dress has had something to do with the matter?"

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed. "I had not on the shawl at the time; and as for the sleeves, how could they? Look at them!"

And extending her arms, she showed me the close-fitting sleeves of her gray-silk morning-gown, with her cuffs of whitest lace, on which there was not the faintest trace of ink-stain.

"This is what awes and terrifies me," she added, no longer trying to conceal the fear she felt. "This is what I want to understand. Is it a thing possible, think you, that the spirit of a departed person should come back to this world again, to forbid the cutting-off of suffrages offered up in its behalf?"

"Yes, Madame," I answered unhesitatingly; "I believe it to be possible; but I do not think it probable. I believe it possible, because all things are in the power of God; and if you admit that God exists, you cannot deny His attributes; and if you cannot deny His attributes, neither can you maintain that He may not and does not exercise them. I do not think it probable, because God seldom employs supernatural means to bring about His ends; He is content to do so by means that are natural; which, however, are sometimes in men's minds confounded with the supernatural. Now tell me, Madame, do you ever suffer from insomnia; last night did you sleep well?"

"For seven successive hours, as soundly as if I were but a girl of fifteen."

"Were you greatly affected by, did you receive any considerable shock from your sister's death?"

"No, indeed, sir; my sister was a simple, plain, rather uneducated woman; she and I had no sympathies in common. When her death occurred I was very little affected by it; and six months later I should necessarily be still less affected by it."

"But when you set about writing that

letter had you, or did you not feel, remorse for not carrying out the wishes of your deceased sister?"

"Remorse!" she cried, sitting up quite erect in her chair. "None whatever. What I did feel was, chagrin for expending in Masses money which had much better been given to the poor, or—pitched out of the window."

It would be impossible to describe the tone of acrid conviction, and the species of satanic rage, with which she flung out the last few words of this sentence.

My feelings were somewhat shocked at hearing her express herself in such terms; however, I quietly remarked: "But at least you were thinking of your sister; you experienced some regret at not having done as she desired."

"No, sir; such thoughts were not at all in my mind. I had just despatched a letter to Paris, a very important letter; and was so entirely preoccupied with the contents of it, that I was betrayed into no less than three mistakes in the four short lines I penned to the parish priest. Even when writing these lines I scarcely mentally connected them with my sister."

"But if the illusion cannot be attributed to any of the causes we have mentioned, then it must be in some way the result of physical phenomena. Does the light come directly into this apartment? Could there be an optical illusion, a reflection of some kind?"

"I cannot think so; but even if there were such, how could any effect produced by reflection have the result of effacing a signature from a letter? See, sir; the letter is here yet; examine it yourself; examine it carefully, and see if it will throw any light on the mystery."

And here La Rabina assumed an erect and haughty mien, as she meant to defy me. The tables were turned: *I* was now the unbelieving one, while she was the advocate of the supernatural, and was endeavoring to convince me accordingly.

"But you," said I, "have you examined the letter?"

"No, sir; I have not had sufficient courage to look at it."

I was about to say that I dared not do so either; however, I arose and led the way to the door of the library, where we both stood still for a moment, having such feelings as ants must have when they gaze up in wonderment and awe at the gigantic Sphinx.

The library was a small but elegant apartment, furnished in accordance with the unchanging tastes of its owner, who still clung to the ideas and fashions of her youth.

On the table in the centre lay a writing-desk inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and on the desk a single sheet of note-paper, on which a few lines were written, and beneath the lines a long, narrow, horizontal stain.

La Rabina stepped forward and took the paper in her hand tremulously, as if she were taking hold of a serpent, and handed it to me. The signature was in truth erased. I made a careful and exhaustive examination of the entire letter, both sides, turning it this way and that in the light.

Ah! La Rabina was right; the long, narrow stain at the bottom was not an ink-stain; it was not the result of the signature being brushed by the shawl or being rubbed by the sleeve—it bore the appearance of a dull, brown mark, making the paper like leather; a mark identical in color and crispness with the scorched impression which the contact with some burning substance leaves upon smooth, white paper.

I glanced at La Rabina; she was pale as death and leaning against the door-frame. As for me, I felt a cold chill steal over me, and the paper trembled in my hands.

We returned from the library and had a long conversation together. Verily, that woman, Doña Adela, seemed to me to be some grand fallen spirit; and one, too, who retained most amazing intellectual gifts.

* * * * * * *

Three years later, when in a foreign

country, the post brought me a mourning note, which informed me that Doña Adela de——— had died at——— on the twenty-fourth of April, 18—, having previously received the Sacraments of the Catholic Church. No mention was made in the note of relatives or friends; it was her spiritual director only who had issued invitations to the obsequies.

I hastened to recommend the soul of the deceased lady to the Almighty; but I confess it was not my charity alone that urged me to offer prayers on her behalf. Thrice the following night I awoke from my slumbers, but did not venture to look, lest I should in the darkness behold those two sad, sad eyes looking, as if piteously asking, imploring, craving for something; and those burning tears coursing down those cheeks so indistinct and changed—a picture of smoke rolling among clouds.

A CHRONICLE OF THE PADRES.

By the late Rev. George O'Connell, S.J.

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to the chronicles of the old Franciscan Padres in New Mexico. Wherever the traveller goes to-day, whether to the rock-towns of Zuñi and Ácoma, the fertile valley of Taos or the vine-grown plains about Isleta, the missions they founded and the churches they built still confront him. Colossal structures the churches are, rising up like huge and solemn giants over the adobe homes around them. First landmarks seen across the flat landscape, they appear, like the holy Faith they betoken, to defy the ravages of time and to remain as everlasting monuments of a zeal and self-sacrifice unrivalled in all the world. The missions over which they preside were consecrated with the blood of their builders. Martyr footprints are everywhere. Scarcely a pueblo can be named which has not its story of some Padre cruelly slaughtered by the flock he had come to save.

To-day, however, not one Franciscan remains in New Mexico, in the land which his brethren bought for Christ at so dear a price. The Order of Saint Francis did well their work in exploring, building up and holding through dark and discouraging days, till a newer dawn should break. Then death and persecution thinned their ranks, and one by one they disappeared till, less than half a century ago, their brown habit and sandalled feet ceased to be known in the land. Many a printed tome would be needed to do them justice in their long and patient labors, but to-day we can only glance through their chronicles and record a few of the greater names that adorn their pages. This much at least the student of Church history must know, if he would form a fair idea of how the Faith was planted and nourished in New Mexico for its first three centuries.

I.

AN EPOCH WITHOUT A BISHOP.

It is a pleasure to dwell upon the fact that a priest, burning with zeal to enkindle that fire which Christ came to cast upon the earth, was the first to throw open New Mexico to European faith and civilization. The name of the Franciscan friar, Mark of Nice, is a household word in the territory. Historians have long since discarded the theory that the honor was due to Cabeza de Vaca. That brave and pious soldier, one of the ill-starred expedition of Narvaez that met with so disastrous an end in Florida in 1528, wandered with a few companions for eight years in untold sufferings over Louisiana and Texas, but turned south to Culiacan, in Old Mexico, before reaching the limits of

our territory. One of his party it was, Estevanico the negro, whom Father Mark afterwards employed as his vanguard on his journey to Cíbola or Zuñi.

When Father Mark came back from Cíbola, to seek the assistance of Coronado in exploring the new land more completely, Old Mexico, it must be remembered, was still comparatively new. Hernando Cortés was still carrying on his conquest there. The Aztecs were by no means wholly subdued. Hence also the Church organization was crude, and the limits of episcopal authority were very vaguely defined. Few bishops were then in the country, and of these none seem to have laid any claim to the region beyond the Rio Grande.

A ZUNI PUEBLO RESTORED.

In this uncertain state of affairs, it is quite probable that Father Mark and his immediate successors governed themselves by the bull *Exponi nobis* of St. Pius V., which had been published in 1567. Where a bishop could not as yet locate any secular priests of his own diocese, this bull granted to religious who were in charge of the mission there, the full powers of parish priests, not for the savages alone, but equally for all white people who might locate within their district. The missionary field of New Mexico had been assigned to the Franciscan Province of El Santo Evangelio, and the ever-needed royal permission to enter on the work had been obtained by Father Mark through the viceroy, Mendoza.

The coming to New Spain of this first viceroy, Don Antonio de Mendoza, in 1535, was partly the result of an appeal made to the King by Bishop Zumárraga and his clergy of Mexico. The *audiencia*, or royal court, which had been established in that country in 1528, had become so tyrannical under Nuño de Guzman that the clergy declared they could accomplish no good, either for whites or for Indians, and that they could not even protect themselves against persecution. The extent of the tyranny can be imagined from the pious artifice which the Bishop had to employ in order to send his petition safely to Spain. It was secreted in the hollow of a wooden

figure which he pretended to send home, as a specimen of native handicraft. In another sketch, we hope to speak more at length of the work of this enlightened prelate.

Mendoza was a man of noble birth and of the loftiest integrity. Austere and abstemious as a monk, he executed his office with the most unflinching honesty and wisdom. In ecclesiastical matters he was scrupulous to consult with the prelates of the country. All the earlier divisions of dioceses, the building of churches, schools and hospitals, and the expeditions of the missionaries were conducted under his personal supervision. The mission interests suffered greatly when the Emperor Charles V. found it necessary, in 1550, to use his talents in allaying the distractions which then beset Peru.

After the return of Coronado, in 1542, from his bitter undeceiving in pursuing the phantom gold of the seven cities of Cíbola and the equally enchanting, but delusive, land of Quivira, the great Mixton rebellion of the savages of Nueva Galicia prevented the Mexican from continuing his explorations immediately. The route which he took was, also, considered much too circuitous and expensive. Instead of first crossing west almost to the Gulf of California, and then north and northeast over the deserts of Arizona, a line directly north was thought much more feasible. A breach of forty years thus occurs in the history of the territory, till another Mendoza became viceroy of New Spain. This was Don Lorenzo Suarez de Mendoza, Count of La Coruña. From him, in 1581, Brother Rodriguez (or Ruiz) obtained a license for himself and his priestly companions, Fathers Santa María and Lopez, to open active missionary work amongst the New Mexican pueblos.

These three holy men were, therefore, the first real missionaries on the soil of New Mexico. Alas, that they were to achieve little more than to water it with their blood, though indeed that blood became the seed of a mighty Church, strong in many other martyrdoms and in the saving from heathenism of countless thousands!* The Fathers who accompanied Espejo in 1582, and Castaño, in 1591, were unable to start new missions. Their commanders were engaged purely in a work of exploration, and the latter, it will be remembered, had undertaken an unauthorized *contra bando* expedition.

Every Spanish explorer felt bound to have at least one priest in his company. A hundred blessings followed the spirit of faith which prompted this rule, but none so evidently as the saving of the Indian races with whom they came in contact. It was only where the authorities turned against the priest and despised his counsel, as in California, that the blight of extermination fell upon the Indian. In Mexico, he learned all the ways of civilization and grew into power side by side with the sons of his conqueror, and to-day shares with the white man the highest posts in civil, military, and ecclesiastical life. So in New Mexico, the poor Padre was always protesting, pleading, commanding, threatening in behalf of his neophyte, until now we find the Pueblo Indians just as numerous as when they first heard the crack of a Spanish rifle and first beheld a Spanish colony take up the land near their ancient villages.

How different a story greets us in New England, where Spanish atrocities are a favorite theme of orator and scribe! "The Rev. Samuel Peters, of London," says a recent writer in the *Providence Journal*, "in his history of the colony, published in 1781, noted that the English colonists had been industrious in spreading the Gospel in the howling wilderness of North America. Upward of 180,000 Indians, at least, have been slaughtered in Massachusetts Bay and

*See "In the Land of Pretty Soon," in the MESSENGER for February, 1895. For a more detailed account of their labors, see also the *Pilgrim* for February, 1890.

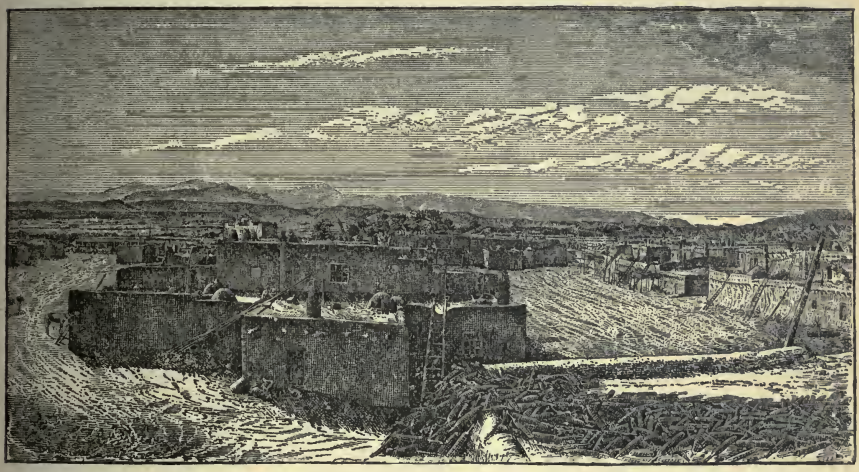
Connecticut to make way for the Protestant religion, and, upon a moderate computation for the rest of the colonies on the continent and in the West Indies, nearly 2,000,000 savages have been dismissed from an unpleasant world for the honor of the Protestant religion and English liberty!"

II.

THE CUSTODIOS OF ST. FRANCIS AND THE DIOCESE OF GUADALAJARA.

The first trace of episcopal authority in New Mexico appears in 1596. The excitement aroused by the accounts of Castaño's long and adventuresome excursion into the far north, as well as by the indefinite rumors concerning a second but much later, contraband expedition, under Humaña, had resulted in a perfect siege of applications to the viceroy, Don Luis de Velasco, for permission to lead a colony of permanent settlement into the territory. The viceroy selected Don Juan de Oñate as the worthiest of these applicants, and confirmed his contract about October 15, 1595. A hundred vexatious delays were caused by Velasco's successor, Gaspar de Zuñiga, the Count of Monterey, and it was not until April 20, 1598, that the expedition reached the Rio Grande and really began its work.

The Bishop of Guadalajara had meantime found, in 1596, that New Mexico lay within the limits of his lately erected diocese, and accordingly he claimed its jurisdiction. It would have been simply impossible, however, that he should supply the vast and distant region with secular priests and maintain any regular communication with them. The thousands of miles that lay between were in many places only a horrible desert of sand or lava, and where the country was arable and picturesque it was infested by the murderous Conchos and other savages. A strong military escort was always in demand for travellers, and the expense of reaching the settlements, when not borne by the Crown, was enormous. The Bishop, therefore, gladly committed the territory to the veteran missionaries of St. Francis. Thus their *padre custos* became at once superior of his order there, vicar-general of the Bishop, and ecclesiastical judge; and, in later years, according to Dr. Shea, by virtue of the privilege granted by Popes Leo X. and Adrian VI., he also exercised the power of administering Confirmation.



SAN JUAN DE LOS CABALLEROS, NEW MEXICO.

The first *custodio* to wield this general authority over New Mexico was Father Alonzo Martinez. The first distribution of the friars amongst the pueblos was made by him at San Juan de Los Caballeros on September 9, 1598. Would that we had now the time and skill to fully portray the beauty and heroism of this going forth of the missionaries! The area of the field assigned to each one, the number of widely scattered pueblos to which he was to minister, was alone appalling. Poorly provisioned and unattended, they started away joyously for a tramp of hundreds of miles, over a new and desert country and through hostile tribes, to live alone among strange people, not knowing the moment when the demon whose power they sought to subvert would urge these people to put them to a cruel death! Not a single human or earthly attraction can be imagined to sully the perfect purity of their devotion. The love of God is the only motive capable of exciting such a sacrifice.

The efforts of these holy pioneers were so speedily crowned with success that, in March of the following year, Oñate persuaded Father Martinez to return to Mexico for a new supply of missionaries. The appeal was gladly responded to, but Father Martinez himself was detained by his superiors for other labors in Mexico and his place as *custodio* supplied by Father Juan de Escaloña.

A petition to allow that other religious orders should share the work with the Franciscans was made to the King in 1600 by a brother of Oñate, but the petition was very wisely unheeded. The Franciscans were equal to the task. By their extraordinary labors, they had erected eleven truly colossal churches of stone or adobe, and had converted more than fourteen thousand natives in less than twenty years.

Hard days were the lot of Father Escaloña. Bad management on the part of Oñate had reduced many of the pueblos to the verge of starvation, and soon the greater number of the priests and settlers had been obliged to fly from New Mexico to seek the very means of subsistence. It even seemed for a while as if the *custodio* himself would be obliged to follow them. Their numerous complaints, however, were well received in Mexico and seem to have averted the worst part of the calamity. Oñate was severely reprimanded by the Viceroy, and a new arrival of priests and settlers well-provisioned brought new life to the threatened territory. With the new arrivals came Father Francis Escobar as *custodio*, and Father Escaloña retired to the pueblo of Santo Domingo, where, after a long and singularly successful career in the salvation of souls, he died in 1607.

The first extensive exploration of Arizona was made at this time by Oñate. Father Escobar accompanied him. They visited first the six towns of the Zuñi province, so fraught with memories of the disappointment of Father Mark and of Coronado, and then pushed their way, the friars always on foot, past the five towns of the Moquis, the most isolated and stubborn of the Pueblos. Crossing the present Colorado Chiquito, thirty miles further west, they entered a country largely clad with pine forests and, otherwise, exceedingly fertile. The natives here had a pretty custom of wearing small crosses pendant from the hair over their foreheads, having been taught, they said, the value of this saving sign by a strange white man who had once visited them, doubtless some Jesuit from the missions of Sonora. The explorers called them the Cruzados. Striking shortly afterwards what is now named the Bill Williams Fork, they continued along its banks south till they reached the great Rio Colorado, in the land of the Mojave Indians. Thence they directed their steps past the Rio Gila until they halted at the head of the Gulf of California. A large island here formed the waters into a magnificent bay, on whose surface Oñate reported that a thousand ships could ride at

A PUEBLO VIEW.

anchor. The explorer took possession of the country for the Crown of Spain, and, assigning the spiritual care of the inhabitants to the Franciscans, returned again to New Mexico. Ten different languages were spoken amongst the various savages whom they encountered on their home journey, and with all of them, the pious chronicler tells us, Father Escobar was familiar.

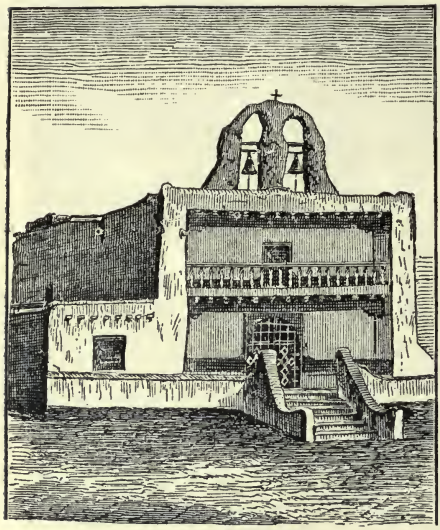
With the founding of Santa Fé in 1607, Father Alonzo Peinado came from Mexico with new recruits, and replaced Father Escobar as *custodio*, to be himself replaced in 1614 by Father Estévan Perea. The remains of the martyr priest Juan Lopez were discovered by the latter Father in the same year, lying still in the grave where Brother Rodriguez had reverently buried them thirty-three years before. They were disinterred with every show of respect, in spite of the evil weather which prevailed, and placed in a coffin and borne in solemn procession to the church at the pueblo of Sandía. They repose there to this day, and many a story is told of miracles attributed to the prayers of the martyr.

The peaceful life of the missions was often disturbed in these days by controversies between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. In every instance, the Padres were complaining of injustice done their neophytes. Whether their zeal in this regard ever carried them too far, as their enemies retorted, it is impossible to say at this late date, but at all events little seems to have resulted from the controversies, except that both parties were impartially admonished by the *audiencia* in Mexico.

III.

THE CUSTODIOS AND THE DIOCESE OF DURANGO.

The diocese of Guadalajara had now become too populous to be administered by a single bishop, and accordingly, in 1620, the upper portion was erected into the separate see of Guadiana or Durango. New Mexico remained within this diocese as late as 1850, when, having passed into the hands of the United States, it was included in the new see then erected at Santa Fé. The first Bishop of Durango was confronted with the same difficulties of administration



NEW MEXICAN CHURCH OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

as his predecessors of Guadalajara, and begged the Franciscan Padres to continue in all their rights and privileges as before.

Two names appear in our chronicle at this period which deserve more than a passing mention.

The great first historian of the missions, Father Gerónimo de Zárate Salmeron, spent some eight years amongst the Pueblos, from 1618 to 1626, and was famous for the eloquence of his discourses in the native languages and for the number of his converts. He labored especially amongst the people of the Jemes region, converting six thousand of them and writing a *doctrina*, or catechism, in their language. He also worked at Cia and Sandía, and, on one occasion, so great was the respect which the natives bore him, he induced the rebel warriors of the rock-town of Ácoma to lay aside their arms and sue for peace. With a view to overcome certain difficulties in the way of establishing new *entradas* among other tribes, and to secure fresh recruits to assist him, Father Salmeron returned to Mexico in 1626 and published his famous *Relaciones*, the best account written of the spiritual and material progress and opportunities of New Mexico and the surrounding countries, from their first exploration till the author's own time. It was afterwards considerably improved and supplemented by the Jesuit Father Niel, a missionary of Chihuahua from 1697 to 1710.

No less illustrious is the name of Father Alonzo Benavides. The Provincial chapter of the Franciscans of Mexico in 1621 formed all the missions of New Mexico into one grand "*custodia de la conversion*," under the patronage of St. Paul, and appointed Father Benavides its first custodian. The term *custodio* was used, however, quite as freely in former years as the more correct one of *comisario*. The viceroy, Don Diego de Mendoza, Marquis of Galves, authorized the Father to take twenty-six Franciscans with him, their expenses being borne by the Crown; and in 1627, as death had been busy in their ranks, permission was given to add thirty more to the number. It was no life of ease to which the valiant friars were called, and yet as fast as one fell by the way, a dozen more were eager to take his place.

The first church in Santa Fé was built by Father Benavides about the year 1622. He also it was who established the mission among the Jumanas, a people of five towns and ten thousand inhabitants dwelling near the southern Rio Grande, celebrated as having been first instructed in the faith by the miraculous visits of the Poor Clare nun, María de Ágreda.* He founded altogether no less than ten convents and missions. On his return to Spain he was of much service to New Mexico by the memorials he addressed to Philip IV., and his talents and virtues recommended him so highly to the Pope that he was afterwards created Archbishop of Goa, in the East Indies. In his memorial of 1630, he states that ninety thousand natives had already been converted, and were attended from

*See "New Mexico and the City of Holy Faith," in the MESSENGER for December, 1896.

twenty-five mission houses by fifty friars.

At this time, the comisario-general of the Order petitioned the king to erect a separate bishopric for New Mexico, as there was now no clergyman there authorized to administer Confirmation, while the population was rapidly increasing. A bishop, he said, could be supported by tithes, which the Indians and whites always paid very liberally. A little later, the Pope was solicited to empower some friar with authority to confirm, until a bishop should be appointed. It was probably this latter petition which brought about the privileges to which Dr. Shea alludes, as already quoted, but nothing was effected regarding the bishopric. An effort was also made in 1645, in the general chapter of the Order at Toledo, to have New Mexico erected into a separate province, independent of that of El Santo Evangelio, in Mexico, but this effort met with a similar failure.

So much confusion now confronts us in the documents of the period that we cannot attempt to name all the successors of Father Benavides. One cause of this confusion is undoubtedly the sacking of the convents during the rebellion of Popé, but another, which occurred in recent years, was an order from one of the Franciscan superiors, that all important historical documents be gathered from the mission houses in New Mexico and forwarded to the central house, in Spain. It is probably intended that these be published at some future day, but till then our chronicle must be unsatisfactory in many particulars.

We do know, however, that the office of *custodio* was held in 1629 by Father Thomas Manso, who afterward became Bishop of Nicaragua, and that one of his companions in New Mexico was Father Juan de la Torre, who, later on, succeeded him as bishop. Other sacred names which survive the confusion are those of the martyrs, Martin Arvide and Francis Letrado, killed near Zuñi in 1632; the famous church-builder, Francis Acebedo, whose monuments survived him at Abó, Tenabo and Tabira; the miracle-worker, Francis Porras, whom the Moquis poisoned in 1633; the saintly Gerónimo de la Llana, of Quarac, whose sacred remains are still venerated in the cathedral of Santa Fé, together with those of Father Ascensio de Zárate, who labored at Picuríes, the most savage of the Pueblos; García de San Francisco,

A PUEBLO EXTERIOR, NEW MEXICO.

who founded Socorro, and Antonio de Arteaga, the founder of Senecú. This epoch, too, is marked with a number of quarrels between the governors and the clergy, while, in several brief rebellions of the Indians, more than one of the Padres was slain through hatred for the Faith.

The Indian restlessness was meantime being fomented in various ways by the medicine men and others, who clung tenaciously to their immoral *cachina* dances and the pagan mysteries of their

PUEBLO WOMEN.

estufa pits. The imprudence of the governors often assisted them, as was especially true of Don Diego de Peñalosa. This rash governor went so far as to arrest and imprison the *padre custodio*, Alonso de Posadas, who had dared to withstand his insolence and tyranny. The evil effect of his conduct cannot be overestimated, though he was punished severely by the home government. He was compelled to do public penance in the city of Mexico, marching bareheaded through the streets and carrying a lighted green candle in his hand. He afterwards traitorously endeavored in London and Paris to organize an armed expedition against the Spanish colonies, but failed miserably. This is the same Peñalosa, the forger, who wrote such a long and baseless account of a wonderful expedition he had made to Quivira, the falsity of which has been proved only quite recently.

Father Posadas, who had been on the missions for ten years before becoming *custodio*, is well known to students of New Mexican history by the exhaustive report he wrote of the territory and neighborhood in 1686. His name sometimes appears by mistake as Paredes. The ignominy with which he was treated by the governor certainly had its part in fanning the flames of rebellion. It has been the infallible consequence in every government that, where its officers have shown disrespect toward the Church and its clergy, the effect has reacted disastrously upon themselves. Once weaken the authority of religion in the hearts of the people, and they soon come to despise all authority. During the custodianship of Father Francis de Ayeta, in 1675, the Indians went so far as to slay several of the Padres, and their friends made the direst threats against Governor Treviño to force him to release the guilty parties.

The notorious Popé was one of the prisoners on this occasion. He escaped in some way, and thereafter did not rest till he had precipitated the rebellion and massacres of 1680. At the outbreak of this rebellion, Father Juan Bernal was *custodio*. He was warned of the plot by some friendly Tanos, but seems to have made no effort to escape. He and Father Domingo de Vera met death bravely at their post of duty in Galisteo. As we have already described the rebellion in a preceding sketch, we need only add that twenty of his fellow friars met a martyr's death at the same time.

IV.

FROM POPÉ'S REBELLION TO THE CLOSE OF THE CHRONICLE.

In the first attempt at the recon-

quest of New Mexico, Father Ayeta returned with Governor Otermin as procurator-general of the province, but during the subsequent years, till Vargas had completed the work of subjugation, Father Nicholas Lopez was *custodio* of the mission. This zealous and scholarly Franciscan sought to atone for the loss of the missions in the north by establishing others in the south, but these were successful in only one instance. Where the Rio Conchos from the south joins the Rio Grande, the Indians soon drove the Padres from the mission with the greatest cruelty, and shockingly profaned everything connected with the Church. Among the Tanos, they destroyed the church and murdered the pastor, Father Beltran, while at Socorro they attempted to kill Father Guerra and then fled. They also apostatized and fled from the mission among the Sumas. Among the Jumanas, on the other hand, Father Lopez was eminently successful. He learned their language thoroughly. He preached in it fluently, and prepared a dictionary of it, and acquired great influence among the people and the neighboring tribes of Texas.

While the reconquest of New Mexico by Vargas was yet incomplete, the Franciscans of the College of Santa Cruz de Querétaro applied for the mission, but were refused. Meantime, Father Salvador de San Antonio was appointed *custodio*, but it was only under his successor, Father Francis Vargas, that the second general distribution of friars among the pueblos was made, toward the close of 1694. Father Juan Alvarez held the office in 1705, and after him appears the energetic Juan de la Peña. This Father refounded the abandoned pueblo of Isleta, and is distinguished for his effective opposition to the pagan rites of the *estufa* and to the scalp dancers. He also defended his neophytes against the exactions of the governor, and obtained an order from the Viceroy forbidding the employment of the Indians without just payment.

Another warm defender of the Indians was Father Juan de Tagle, the successor of De la Peña. Governor Mogollon had sought to deprive them of firearms, and forbade them to paint their bodies or wear caps of skin, thus, as he claimed, to resemble the savage tribes and disguise themselves for the commission of crime. Father de Tagle answered that to take away their guns would greatly incense the pueblos, and would deprive them of a means of protection as well as a great help in hunting. Painting the body was only a Pueblo's idea of personal adornment, and he was never known to resort to it as a disguise. The only objection to it could be made when practised in connection with superstitious rites, but, even then, not summary laws, but the mild persuasion of Christian teaching should abolish the abuse. The Governor was not convinced, and took the firearms

SNAKE DANCE OF THE MOQUIS.

from all except a few whom he considered highly trustworthy. We cannot discover what his decision was with regard to the painting.

In 1716, we find the new *custodio*, Father Antonio Camargo, accompanying Govenor Félix Martinez on his unsuccessful campaign against the rebellious and deceitful Moquis of Arizona; and, in 1719, Father Juan Pino acted as chaplain for Governor Valverde's equally fruitless expedition, through the present Kansas and Colorado, against the Utes and Comanches.

The last Franciscan to exercise a general ecclesiastical authority in New Mexico, was Father Juan de la Cruz, the successor of Camargo. He was one of the members of the famous *junta* or meeting held at Santa Fé, in 1722, by the visitador-general, Captain Busto, to investigate the affairs of the province. One of the reports of the *junta* was in reply to the query why New Mexico was not better settled and more prosperous, to which they answered that the colonists were always poor and hard to secure, and continually threatened by the savage Indians, but that the establishment of several military stations at important centres, and government aid in farming, stock-raising and mining would soon improve matters. No action seems to have been taken on their report, and the same complaints are heard again fifty years afterwards.

It is at this time that we find the first active part taken in the administration of the territory by the Bishop of Durango. Father de la Cruz had acted as ecclesiastical judge, like all the preceding *custodios*, but in 1725 Bishop Crespo found considerable fault with him and his successor, Father Andrés Varo, and appointed to the office the secular priest, Don Santiago Roybal.

With the accession of Bishop Crespo, the chronicle of the Franciscan Padres is so interwoven with that of the Bishops that a separate history is almost impossible. We cannot close our sketch, however, without at least a brief review of their final labors in the territory.

A mission was founded among the Jicarilla Apaches, ten miles or so from Taos, while Father José Guerrero was

A PUEBLO INTERIOR.

custodio, and flourished for a time under Father Mirabal, until it was deliberately broken up by Governor Mendoza. This officer also thwarted the Padres in their attempt to bring back all the Tigua refugees, who during Popé's rebellion had fled to the Moqui towns, and, instead of a thousand whom they might have reclaimed with his assistance, they could secure only some four hundred and fifty. Even these they had to scatter among the different missions, instead of reinstating them in their former pueblos.

While Father Gabriel Hoyuela was *custodio* in 1747, Father Miguel Men-

chero made what is probably the last tour of a *visitador* through the missions. Coming from El Paso with a large party of soldiers, settlers and friendly Indians, he avoided the desert Jornada del Muerto (the Dead Man's Journey), and went west as far as the upper Gila River. He then travelled north through the timber-belt and over the plain of San Augustin till he reached Ácoma, and thus explored an entirely new region. Father Menchero's attempt to settle five or six hundred Navajos in the Ácoma region, in 1750, met with failure; and the raids of the Utes, Comanches and Apaches now became so frequent and murderous as to render almost all missionary work dangerous and fruitless.

There were twenty-two Padres in the territory at this time, but with troubles from the savages, the white settlers, the civil and even the ecclesiastical authorities, their lot was daily growing more unenviable. Fathers Escalante, Dominguez and Garcés made a number of long and perilous expeditions in various directions, in the interest of the Moquis and for other missionary objects, but with little or no result. Shortly afterwards, famine and pestilence fell upon the Moquis and upon the pueblos at home. In a long report made in 1776 on the growing dangers which threaten New Mexico, Colonel Bolilla insists that large bodies of troops at every central location are an imperative necessity to save it from the savages, who, he says, have now no longer any fear of the Spaniards and have become experts in the use of horses and firearms. He had also his cruel word for the Padres, in urging that all their missions be secularized.

Secular priests were first introduced into the territory in 1801 by Bishop Olivares, and canonical parishes were duly erected. By 1808, we find that twenty-two Franciscan Padres still remained, but of these only five lived in pueblos which were altogether inhabited by Indians. They came from the College of San Fernando in Mexico. That unhappy country, however, was suffering in various ways because of troubles in the mother-country, Spain; and New Mexico showed the result in a visible decline of religious spirit. Matters were not improved by the revolutions which accompanied the rise and fall of Iturbide, the short-lived Emperor of Mexico. An effort to avert the accumulating evils was made by Father Sebastian Alvarez, one of the last *custodios*, who sought to establish at Santa Fé the college for religious which had been decreed some years before by the Spanish Cortés. Thus, he hoped, the supply of Franciscan missionaries would be maintained, but the day of his Order seemed over. He could not succeed, and, in 1826, Bishop Castañiza's ecclesiastical representative, Don Augustin de San Vincente, increased the number of secular priests in the territory. The Mexican republic passed its infamous "Expulsion Law" in 1828, driving from the country all natives of Spain. Only two of the Spanish Padres were able to avoid the law, Fathers Albino and Castro, two aged missionaries, who were forced to pay five hundred dollars each for the privilege of remaining.

The few Mexican Franciscans who still lingered in the territory worked zealously, but, for the greater part, as parish-priests amongst the white people. Their last *custodio*, Father Mariano de Jesus Lopez, was also the last of the genuine missionaries, being conspicuous for his labors amongst the Zuñis in 1847; but the Order in Mexico was itself too much persecuted to supply any longer the places of the sick and the dead, and at the coming of Archbishop Lamy in 1850 not a single Franciscan was left in New Mexico. The chronicle of the Padres was ended.

AMENDMENT.

By Eamon Hayes.

I took a treasure from the Master's hand—
Purer than snow—more excellent than gold—
Swearing my trust inviolate to hold,
And seek its temple in a distant land.

Proud of my strength, I sought the sunny path
Where silken snares caress unwary feet,
Where luscious melody and perfumes sweet
Enchantment weave about the aftermath.

Pleasure grew eloquent of its sweet thrall;
Languorous zephyrs hung upon my kiss;
And dulcet voices whispered of the bliss
They only taste, who laugh at Duty's call.

I steeped my soul in unbelievers' wine:
I courted sin and boasted of its scars:
I, that should lift my brow among the stars,
Rivalled the baseness of the carnal swine.

Prone upon earth disconsolate I lay:
I heard the jackal chuckling in his den:
A vulture stared with sodden eye, and then
Flew for his mate exultantly away.

Couldst Thou forget how wickedly I warred
Against Thy bounty and Thy tenderness!
The Name it is a privilage to bless
That I forswore; couldst Thou forgive, O Lord?

Yea; for as sunbeams on a wintry mist,
Upon my hopeless spirit shone Thy grace;
And dew from heaven cooled the fevered face,
Shamefully conscious of a broken tryst.

I gained my feet as from a drunken sleep;
The vapors melted from my haggard eyes;
And lo! the silent splendor of the skies
Revealed the weary harvest I should reap.

I broke the idols I had deified;
I tore the strings of Passion's mocking lyre;
And, kneeling with a purified desire,
Humbly entreated Thee to be my guide.

So black the mire I wrapped about my soul,
As white the garb of penitence I wear!
So deep my fall thro' dark, abysmal air,
As high my flight to where the planets roll!

GENERAL INTENTION, NOVEMBER, 1897.

Approved and blessed by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

SOULS IN THEIR AGONY.

IN the month of November our thoughts tend naturally to a remembrance of the faithful departed, but the Holy Father, by selecting, for the General Intention, souls in their agony, bids us direct our attention to help those who are in the very act of departing out of this life, that they may be in the number of the elect.

The hour of death is the crucial moment of existence, that on which hangs our eternal lot No one will deny its importance, but many give no heed to it while in the enjoyment of health. Many unwisely relegate to it their preparation for eternity. To all, wise and unwise, it is a dread moment, full of suspense, for the soul is leaving its earthly tabernacle, to go forth alone on a journey, of which it knows but little.

In order to impress upon the minds of her children the need of assistance at that awful moment, the Church teaches them in the prayer, second only to Our Lord's own, to beg our Blessed Lady to pray for them at the hour of death, when her powerful intercession will be such a consolation. Then, above all other times, we entreat her to show herself a Mother, and to plead and intercede for us, her sinful children.

So important does the Church consider a preparation for death, that she has approved and enriched with indulgences a confraternity, whose express object is to prepare its members for a happy death; hence, its title of *Bona Mors*. It encourages its members to cultivate devotion to Our Lord dying upon the Cross, and to His sorrowful Mother. It incites them to make use of the means of grace frequently, by approaching the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist at stated times, by assisting often at Mass, by acts of mortification and works of mercy, especially in visiting the sick and seeing that they receive the Last Sacraments, if in danger of death. Thus do faithful members of the *Bona Mors*, in health, provide for a happy death for themselves and for their neighbors. Would that it were more generally known and established!

But every Associate of the Apostleship of Prayer offers daily his prayers, works and sufferings for all the intentions of the Sacred Heart. Surely, in the first rank of those intentions is the eternal happiness of souls in their agony. For them, then, and particularly this month, pray, work and suffer. Yes, suffer. For how much suffering goes to waste in this world that might be turned into merit! The suffering may be physical or mental, it may come from within or without, it may be inflicted by others or by self. Let it not go to waste; use

it for the salvation and perfection of souls.

This idea is embodied in the "Apostleship of Suffering," originated by Father John Lyonnard, S.J., in a very beautiful treatise under this title, which he bequeathed to the League as being but a phase of the Apostleship of Prayer. In it he shows the apostolic power of suffering, and the advantages of sickness and infirmity, if borne with patience and resignation, in union with the passion and death of Christ. "St. Paul," he says, "gives to all of us this encouragement, when he teaches that all our pains and sufferings are but so many sufferings of Jesus Christ. '*For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so also by Christ doth our comfort abound.*'" (II. Cor. i. 5.) He explains this "by the close union between Christ and ourselves, as between the head and members of the same body. Hence, the sufferings of the members are the sufferings of the head. When the foot is trodden on, the mouth, in the name of the whole head, cries out for pain; yet it is not the head, but the foot, which has been trampled on." He instances how Christ did not say to Saul: "Why dost thou persecute My disciples?" but he says: "Why persecutest thou Me?" He quotes St. Ambrose, who suggests another reason: "When we suffer for the love of Jesus Christ we make our sufferings His, by the offering which we make of them to Him, while we endure them. Again they are His, because it is He who sends them to us. Through the designs of His divine and infinitely merciful Providence they come upon us."

A further reason is that we could not endure our infirmities and maladies and death-agony in a Christian way, except by His aid and through the grace of the Holy Ghost, whom He sends down upon us. It is He who mingles with our sufferings that supernatural element which gives them their great price, without which they would be useless and of no worth. Truly, we join to this our own personal cooperation; but we are capable of this very personal cooperation, only through the help of His grace. Finally, Jesus Christ looks upon our sufferings as His, because they are what is left over of His own sufferings. This is St. Paul's "*filling up*," final completion "*of the sufferings of Christ.*"

Such are some of the reasons of the apostolic power of suffering. We may look upon it as a talent confided to us by God, to be used in His service and for His interests. How many wrap it in a napkin and say of the Lord who gives it to them "He is a hard Master," and He, in turn, has to rebuke them as "unprofitable servants." Let us avoid the risk of incurring such an awful judgment, by making use of the talent committed to us. Souls are languishing in the darkness of error, multitudes are daily departing this life. Shall we let them go to the "exterior darkness," when, by offering in their behalf our prayers, works and sufferings, we may win them the light of faith, of grace and of glory?

How immense is the reward; for "he who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his way, shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins." What an incentive to apostolic activity on our part! What an honor accorded to us: we can by our poor efforts save souls, and add courtiers to the multitude who now praise God in heaven.

We may not, it is true, know here how many owe their salvation to our intercession, but the record is faithfully kept in the Book of Life. Even now it happens at times that some one will say to us: "How grateful I am for what you have done for me!" In surprise, we ask: "Why, what have I ever done for you? I am not conscious that I have done anything at all." It may be that you do not even recall ever having seen the person or spoken to him. Yet he claims that you have been instrumental, it may be, in his conversion. He has stored up

some casual word which made an impression, quite unperceived by the speaker. As for the influence of books for good or ill, it is incalculable. So, too, prayer has a power measurable only by those who enjoy the vision of God, and see its effects in the graces granted. Speech, writings, personal example—all are limited, for they are material, and need material contact. But prayer has, as it were, no limitations. It can penetrate all barriers, can travel over all space, from one end of the earth to the other, to the prison-house of purgatory, to the gates of heaven, which open to its appeal. In hell alone it finds no answering echo.

Shall we not do our utmost to keep souls from falling into those awful depths? Let us consider, then, the various states in which souls may be at the hour of their departing from their bodies. Look at that soul created by God, and for Himself, with the capacity to know and love Him, with the ability to serve Him, and thus reach its last end. It may be that this soul, through no fault of its own, has never known God, except in the dimmest glimmering of a child of nature, say in the African jungle. Some idea it had of a supreme being, but mixed up with a confusion of minor deities, none of them beneficent or lovable, but rather malevolent and terrible, who needed constant propitiation. A faint inkling of right and wrong was there, the traces of the law of nature. Never had it known the story of its Saviour, and of the forgiveness of sin, and the other means of grace. It had lived as an unregenerated heathen, and is about to depart this life. Of *ordinary* means of grace it has been destitute. Shall God in His goodness supply the *extraordinary?* Are you the one whom He delegates to act for Him? If you implore a special grace for that poor soul in its agony, in the African jungle, specifying, perhaps, only the fact that it is there in that condition, will not the grace be granted, and will it not be recorded, by the recording angel, as due to your intercession? Conversion is not a matter of time. It takes but an instant. God vouchsafes to enlighten the mind to see the truth, and moves the will to accept it; the poor dying savage cooperates with grace, says: "I believe," and his soul goes forth to meet his God, who is his Saviour. Bystanders know it not. They treat him as a pagan, perform over the lifeless body their horrible rites, but the soul is saved, and your prayer won for it the saving grace.

Put for the supposed heathen in Africa a similar one in any country, and the effect may be the same. But instead of one who has never had the opportunity to know the truth, let us imagine one who has been brought up a nominal Christian, but not a Catholic. He has been taught some of the articles of the faith, though mingled with errors. He has a fair knowledge of what is expected of him, as one who is to give an account of himself, to a Judge who cannot be deceived. He is careless, however, and does not live up to the light that has been given him. Death approaches; as he has lived, so will he die. No Catholic influence has been brought to bear on him in life, and in death he is destitute of supernatural helps. Shall a grace be granted him at that supreme moment? In the twinkling of an eye he can see and embrace the truth. Who will obtain that grace for him? You. But you do not know him, you say. No need of knowing him. His may be the soul that is most in need. This will stand for his name on God's list. Offer up your prayers, works and sufferings of the day for him. He may owe the salvation of his soul to you. It is never known to the world, but the angels and saints rejoice over this sinner saved from the jaws of hell.

Here is a poor Catholic dying; relations and friends are far away. He is among strangers, and, worst of all, they are not of his faith. Who will think of procuring for him the consolation of the

Last Sacraments? Not having them in their sect they do not realize their importance. He has been careless, perhaps—so careless that he hardly dares ask for a priest. Besides, whom shall he ask? Will not such a request prejudice those around him against him? Oh, if a priest would only come to him! But he dare not ask, and in the hospital in which he is lying, no priest may come, unless he be asked for by the patient. The devil whispers: "Be prudent, don't ask; you will not be treated well if you do. At least, don't be in a hurry about it. There is plenty of time yet; wait awhile, you may get better." The poor sick man is too weak to argue with the clever and wily adversary. He delays asking. He is so weak that he does not dare to court opposition, perhaps ill-will. Will no one help this poor soul in its agony? No human aid is at hand. The ordinary channel of grace is the sacraments, but the power of God is not shackled. He will visit that poor, lonely soul in its mortal struggle. It is the soul that will be first to leave the body, after that fervent appeal of yours for mercy for it. You, unbeknown, are its benefactor, and its gratitude for all eternity will be for you, though you do not know it.

Here is a Catholic dying, who has been fairly practical during life. He is one of that great class which keeps within the bounds prescribed by the Church. His life has been, it is true, full of imperfections. His ideal has not been very lofty. The height of his religious ambition was to keep the commandments. An occasional fall has varied the even tenor of his ways, but, by the grace of God, he arose and went on again. He is taken ill; the sickness is unto death. He faces it manfully. In one sense he is not afraid, though death has its terrors for all, in spite of disclaimers to the contrary. He receives the sacraments with composure and decency, if not exactly with fervor. Is he ready now to die? Has he made, and is he making, use of his sufferings as a means of merit? Does he try to turn his thoughts from things of earth to those of heaven? Do those who care for him suggest holy thoughts and aspirations? Do they read to him selections from the Gospel, the "Imitation of Christ," and other consoling books of piety? Do they offer to say the litanies and other prayers out loud for him? How many neglect these means of real consolation and spiritual advancement to the sick! They foolishly fear to make such suggestions, lest they alarm the patient and reveal to him his real state of approaching death. Of course, prudence is to be used, but Christian, not worldly, prudence. The sick-room is a fertile field for apostolic work—do they produce the harvest that they should? The soul of that man may be saved, but how much we might have advanced it in holiness, and thus have made it fitter for heaven, and shortened its stay in purgatory!

Deaths there are truly precious in the sight of God. One comes to mind of a man stricken in the prime of life with wasting consumption. At the time he was not a Catholic, although his wife and son were of the true faith. He was remarkably successful in business, and had everything that would naturally make the world attractive. Although not religiously inclined, he was extremely interested in and generous to works of charity, and the Little Sisters of the Poor and Sisters in charge of orphans found in him a most kindly and liberal benefactor. As in many another case, sickness proved the greatest blessing to him. Forced by his failing health to abstain from business, he had leisure to reflect on his higher interests. Doubtless the prayers of the poor and the orphan, and of the good Sisters, were winning for him extraordinary graces. He did not turn a deaf ear to the voice of Christ, Who had long been knocking at the door of his heart. He was received into the Church, made his First Com-

munion with sentiments of great piety. For nearly a year he lingered, giving much edification to all who saw him. Two months before he died he sent for his partner, settled all his affairs, made his will, and said that thenceforth he wished to hear nothing more about the business of the firm in which he was so largely interested. Newspapers and light literature he banished from his room, as unseemly distractions from his preparation for death, which he faced like a soldier, fearlessly and unflinchingly. "I am surprised," he said, "at the strength of my faith. I feel so happy at the thought that I am a Catholic." When the time came to anoint him, instead of shrinking from it, as indicating the approach of death, he at once acceded, and when he had been anointed he said: "I have never been happier in my life." Yet he had had everything to make life desirable and pleasant. Whenever Holy Communion was brought to him he would say to the priest: "How strong this makes me!" Perfect resignation to the will of God was often expressed by him: "I am willing to live if God sees fit to grant me life; I am willing to die if He wills me to die." In the peace which this conformity to the will of God begets, he could patiently endure the sufferings and calmly make arrangements for his own funeral, as of that of a third person. When the end drew near—it was the feast of our Lord's Ascension into Heaven—his voice failed, but he nodded good-bye to all; then, raising his eyes to heaven, as if he saw some one, he bowed his head as though in answer, and, looking up, never lowered his eyes again. His request, "that I may die a happy death," was answered. This was truly what the apostle calls "dying in the Lord." His works followed him, yes, with the prayers of thousands of innocent children, foundlings and orphans, and of the aged poor under the sheltering care of the Little Sisters, two hundred of whom had offered up their Holy Communion for their dying benefactor.

If we once realize the value of souls in the sight of God; if we once grasp the fact that "*God, our Saviour, will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth;*" if we once apprehend the part that God expects us to play in the salvation of souls; then will we gird ourselves manfully for the work; then will we make use of every opportunity to win grace for others; then will we offer with all our hearts our prayers, works and sufferings for the living and the dead, but especially for those poor souls in the throes of their mortal agony. It is estimated that every minute a soul passes from this life to the next; let us apply our apostolic efforts to save them.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING.

By T. M. Joyce.

MAXIMILIAN OLIER was reading, for the third time since morning, the letter he had received from his son. Having finished it, he folded it carefully, and replaced it within the wide, square envelope, which bore stamped evidence of having travelled through many lands and over many seas, to reach its destination in the quiet village in Northern Minnesota.

He took down from a rack over the mantelpiece an old carved pipe which he used upon rare occasions, and, settling himself in his deep leather armchair, prepared to enjoy a quiet smoke.

The ruddy glow of the logs burning in the huge hearth illuminated the stern features of the old man, softened the lines upon his brown, furrowed cheeks, and, with saucy freedom, flashed glitter-

ing streaks and patches of gold upon his thin gray hair. Little stars gleamed on the teacups and saucers, that were daintily exhibited upon the old oak sideboard behind him, and the surface of the long black panels shone with a glossy polish in the broad firelight.

Maximilian's thoughts dwelt upon the subject nearest to his heart—the success and brilliant career of his son, who was at present making an extensive tour in Europe, having completed a long course of studies in one of the finest colleges in Rome. Maximilian wished it had been some other city. Rome he had always connected with religion, and he had enough of that long ago. He hoped Antoine would have none of it, his handsome, talented son, the very thought of whom filled his heart with proud love and esteem.

Years ago he had planned out a rose-strewn path for his boy—a broad, winding pathway which led through long, glistening avenues of wealth to the portals of honor and fame. For Antoine had descended from noble ancestry, Maximilian's father having seen much service in the Austrian army; while, on his mother's side, his great-grandfather, as a member of the Imperial Guard of France, had joined in the last cheer and salute ever given by the famous Old Guard, and which was the last the Emperor ever received.

Antoine had visited the field of Waterloo, and his mother cried over the written account of the feeling he experienced on that occasion.

While the letters, which crossed the broad water and were received in the quiet home, expressed contentment, praise of the beauty of the world, and often contained sketches of travel, they lacked the brilliancy and ambition of purpose which the father wished to see developed in his son, and which he looked for in vain.

After much consideration, a lengthy letter was despatched to Antoine, in which Maximilian divulged his cherished hope, that he might live to see his son admired and courted among the nobility, and far above the common rank of men. It was possible for one who had for his credentials wealth, birth and education to gain admittance into the most exclusive circles, and it was his earnest wish that Antoine should take advantage of these, that the world might hear of him and of his talents.

The tardy response had at length arrived and fulfilled the father's most extravagant desire. His heart swelled with pride, as he puffed wreaths of smoke into the air and dwelt upon the contents of the letter which lay on the table beside him. His most exalted hopes were realized; it told him that Antoine had been entertained by most distinguished personages, at various assemblies, and among men of great learning. He also stated he had good reason to believe he was looked upon with favor by the king, for he had been informed by one of His Majesty's highest dignitaries that he would soon have the honor of being formally received into the royal court.

Maximilian looked far out upon the broad, fertile acres stretching away to the shimmering blue lake in the distance, and a longing, which had daily increased during a decade of years, that he might once more look upon his son, took strong possession of him and would not be thrown off. Heretofore, the thought of leaving the old home had always intervened and checked the ardor of his desire. The homely brick house with the avenue of pines leading up to it, the heavy, panelled doors with the words "Salve, Salve!" inscribed in deep scroll-work over the archway and which no one but Antoine had ever translated; the wide veranda overlooking the lake; the observatory from which a grand view of the Red River of the North, in all its broad windings, was plainly visible; the trout pond at the foot of the hill; the spacious stables—all held varied attractions for Maximilian, and, he had brought

himself to believe, would show the need of his presence. Yet, while he reflected in the deepening twilight, quietly enjoying the outlook and his pipe, he decided to overcome all trifling obstacles and undertake the journey, that he might witness the progress of the courtly honors that were being heaped upon his Antoine's curly head.

When presently the shadows in the room became longer and the streams and flashes of light grew fainter and less discernible, his thoughts reverted to another channel, and he found himself contrasting his dead son with the happy living one His mind was flooded with the memory of a time long past, when Antoine was a child, and upon one dark December evening, amid the raging of a furious storm, the lifeless body of his wayward son was borne beneath the conspicuous, mocking inscription of the panelled doorway, and into the brilliantly lighted hall, which, in preparation for his arrival, was decked in all the festive glory of the season.

Loud were the lamentations of the household on that night of gloom, when joy was changed to mourning; but the bitter cup was filled when the intelligence was received from the parish priest, that the dead son, on account of his negligence in religious matters, and the manner of his death, must be refused admittance into the church.

This was a sad blow to the stern father, whose religious instruction to his sons had been chiefly in regard to the fear of God. He had then imposed a law upon his household to the effect that he would allow no member, servants included, ever to attend service in the Catholic Church.

Notwithstanding this severe injunction, however, a tall, angular woman, veiled in black, might frequently be seen kneeling in the rear of St Anthony's convent, and Masses were regularly offered for the repose of the soul of her wayward son.

The ambition of the father then was centred in the absent Antoine. For him the earth bloomed bright and fair; for him the golden harvest yielded wealth abundant; for him the hillsides were alive with roaming cattle.

"The day of reckoning has come," he said to his wife, "and found Antoine advancing to meet it."

"Thanks be to God for His blessings," exclaimed the fond mother, piously.

"Thanks to His Majesty, the King, whom Antoine serves," was the irreverent rejoinder.

* * * * * * *

Three months later found Maximilian newly arrived, and alone in the Eternal City.

Having dined in a fashionable hotel on the Corso, he prepared himself for the long drive to the abode of his son. He dwelt with pleasure upon the anticipated meeting, and the joyful surprise the news of his coming would bring to Antoine. He bowed respectfully to the porter whom he passed in the wide court, and touched his broad-brimmed hat to the polite waiter, who responded with alacrity by placing his hand on his heart, and bending his body in an acute angle.

The father of a son like Antoine could afford to be affable with the world. Filled with happiness at the triumphs he was soon to share, an idea suddenly occurred to him that possibly Antoine would look upon the work-people with a disdain becoming a distinguished person like himself; and before the feeling was well formed, the love of his fellow-men began to waver and to die, as, with some confusion, he regretted having bestowed so much amiability promiscuously, and at once checked the lively air a bell-boy whistled, while carrying a heavy satchel up the stairs, by frowning at him.

At the Palazzo Venezia a poorly clad woman bewailed her sad lot and begged for alms in the name of St. Anthony. The sound of the name alone he understood, and he knew she was asking for alms. A fashionable carriage was approaching,

and he stood aside until it passed him in a cloud of dust. The face of a woman, rouged and whitened, stared condescendingly upon him from the velvet cushions, and a flash of jewels sparkled through the network of lace upon her bodice. Maximilian experienced an odd sensation in the thought that possibly Antoine had a wife, who was like this woman.

Many carriages following in the direction of the first, he dropped a few coins in the poor woman's hand and passed quickly out of the road. He did not understand her pious invocations to the "miracle-loving-saint," to guard him wherever he went, and if he did, he would have had no faith in them.

A few moments later he was being driven to the home of his son, the great Antoine on whom the king had bestowed such choice favors. He fumbled within a side-pocket and found a card on which his name was largely written, for he had spent a whole day in reading an old copy of Chesterfield, and was prepared to receive the greeting of the courtly company, and to conduct himself with easy grace in the presence of royalty.

The cab drew up before two high, iron gates that were deeply set at the inward curve of the stone wall. He alighted and rang the bell. The massive pile of buildings arose imposingly among the tall swaying trees, and against the clear depths of the sky. The sight of the abode of his son exceeded Maximilian's fondest hope, and caused a flame of pride to swell within his heart. He straightened himself, caught his heavy, gold watch chain between his finger and thumb and coughed affectedly, for beneath the low, waving branches a figure was slowly approaching. The gates swung noiselessly open.

"Is my son, Mr. Antoine Olier at home?" asked the visitor loudly.

"He is," came the quiet response, "I will conduct you to one who will bring you to him."

The man placed his hand on something which flashed in the gathering darkness from beneath the heavy folds of his cloak, and Maximilian thought it to be a sword. He smiled with satisfaction, as he realized how perfectly Antoine had anticipated his desire, and how well he had carried out his plans.

When he ascended the broad staircase, a second attendant received him and led him to a quiet apartment, where he bade him remain until his son should join him.

The silence of the dim room became oppressive, after the first quarter of an hour had passed. All manner of excuses formed and presented themselves, as to his son's delay in coming to greet him

He was possibly receiving other guests in the presence of the king, or he might be, at that very moment, in audience with His Majesty and could not be interrupted

Slowly, however, turning things over in his mind, with a pain of most bitter anguish, the thought came to him, crowding out all others, that his son had no welcome for him. He had raised him by his toil and labor, cheerfully raised him to that exalted position, and this was the result. The minutes seemed to be years, as he sat in the dim room waiting, still waiting for the greeting he had crossed the continent and the ocean to receive For this he had left his humble roof, his patient wife, the homely little village—all divided from him now by thousands of miles—and the responsive word was grudged by Antoine's lips. The father's heart was wounded to the core. All the love which he had lavished upon his son seemed wasted.

His rough hands, coming in contact with the smooth black cloth of his coat, caused him an uneasy sensation, and he felt his linen collar to be very uncomfortable. A hopeless misery was upon him; he found himself unable to cope with circumstances.

Presently the door opened and out of the deepening gloom a figure moved

towards him, and a calm, gentle voice exclaimed: "Father, dear father!" and an affectionate embrace followed. There was no hauteur or coldness in the tones or manner of his son, only tenderness and love.

Maximilian could not bring himself to speak, so great and sudden a change had wrought itself within him, until he heard the anxious appeal, "Father, dear, have you no word for me?"

His poor brain seemed sadly confused, and he leaned forward to clasp his son's hand, and thus make sure of his presence.

In a moment, then, all his pride and self-consciousness returned, in consequence of his grasp having accidentally closed over the shining metal which protruded above the broad belt worn by Antoine. His voice being fully restored to him, he asked, "Were you with His Majesty, my son, that you kept me waiting so long?"

"You have guessed rightly the cause of my tardiness," was the quiet response; "I have been before His august presence with an urgent petition, which, even since your arrival, required immediate attention."

"May I know the nature of such an important request?"

"Yes, father, it was that peace be restored between Him and one whose love is very dear to me."

"And did your appeal find favor with His Majesty, my son?"

"I do not know, father, but we leave all things to Him and His superior judgment. We are His subjects, you know, and it is our duty not to question His decisions."

"Ah, my Antoine," exclaimed the father, wisely, "you have much yet to learn. The wisest of Kings are often misled by their own ambition."

"Hush, father, there are loyal hearts about us," interposed Antoine softly, and with ready skill turned the conversation by many inquiries for the loving mother, far away in the quiet home.

A sound outside, however, and a noise, as of many treading feet, aroused them both.

"The King will now receive us;" announced Antoine, "father, come with me."

From the dim, wide hall they entered a court which led into a well-lighted apartment, and whence a flood of light issued.

They stood aside until a body of men attired in long dark cloaks, with the metal Maximilian loved to see glistening at their belts, filed slowly past them.

"His Majesty's guard, I have no doubt," whispered the father with much deference. Notwithstanding Maximilian's failing sight, he plainly discerned an air of recollection in the men, in the anticipation of an event which had come to be their daily duty, and the knowledge surprised him not a little.

From within a deep archway strains of low music broke forth, and soon increased in intensity, until the very recesses of the court were filled with the sad, sweet strains. There were voices too—exquisite, vibrating voices—and Maximilian was strangely conscious of having listened to the same music in times gone by.

The sounds ceased, and deep quiet reigned again, except for the peal of a silvery bell.

Addressing his father, Antoine's former subdued manner disappeared, and he stood with his cloak thrown back from his shoulders, his head proudly erect, and his large eyes shining. "Father," he exclaimed, clasping the metal at his belt, "we go before our beloved King. Him alone I serve, and no other king in heaven or earth."

The words of his son hurt Maximilian somewhat, perhaps for the reason that Antoine's evident lack of faith he felt to be his own fault. The thought jarred discordantly within him. His poor heart was sadly wounded.

"Father, behold our King!" Maximilian advanced beneath the arch, and

within a hall brilliant with dazzling lights.

A large body was assembled and every knee was bent and every head bowed down.

Upon a throne of purest marble where hangings of the finest silk, quivering in the radiant brightness, were looped with ropes of gold, Maximilian recognized the King.

Falling upon his knees in sudden humility before his Royal Majesty, he besought Him with tears of submission to reckon him among His followers.

Antoine's petition was granted.

A few moments later the men arose and marched in single file towards the entrance. Maximilian again beheld the glistening metal at each belt,—the image of the Crucified.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was over.

ZIONISM.

The recent Zionist Congress held at Basel, Switzerland, has brought to public attention the subject represented by this title. What is Zionism? Dr. Emil Reich, in the August number of *The Nineteenth Century*, states "that it is a term admitting of more interpretations than one," for there is "Zionism political, religious and trading." Of the last we need not speak, for Zionists political and religious "look down with contempt upon the votaries of trading Zionism," and we can follow their example. Let us remark that Judaism has a dual character, *national* and *religious*, really inseparable, but capable of different emphasis. The religious Zionists, or "Lovers of Zion," as they style themselves, emphasize the religious character of Judaism and love Palestine as its true home. They do not mean to go back, however, to the Holy Land in a body, or at any given time, but gradually, and without giving any unnecessary offence in public. The political Zionists, on the other hand, emphasize the national character of Judaism, some, indeed, to such an extent as to leave it out of the question. They contend that, since the present social condition of Jews is becoming more and more insufferable on account of the spread of anti-Semitism, the Jews should leave Europe and found a state of their own, preferably in Palestine, but if necessary anywhere else. The leaders of the latter class are Dr. Theodore Herzl and Dr. Max Nordau, at whose instigation the Basel Congress assembled.

The religious Zionists have been content with introducing colonists, quietly and without noise, into parts of Palestine. They hope by slow but continuous colonization to reconquer the land of their fathers. At present their agricultural colonies do not pay, and personal safety is at a discount. The former difficulty is obviated by the liberality of their wealthy sympathizers, especially the Rothschilds. The work of the political Zionist has been one of open propaganda for the establishment of a new Jewish state proper, whose constitution, laws and institutions have already been sketched by Dr. Herzl. He proposes to weld the heterogeneous mass of Russian, Polish, French, German, Spanish and other Jews into one homogeneous community of citizens, enthusiastic for one and the same grand ideal. Palestine is to be the country; Jerusalem, the ancient Zion, is to be the capital. He is sanguine that this can be effected, because "the finances of Turkey are in a shattered condition," and he thinks the Sultan would not withstand the tempting offer of an annual tribute and a loan. On these conditions, he thinks that the Jews would be granted the right of settlement and the autonomous government of Palestine.

The foundation on which the political Zionists build their scheme for a Jewish state seems to us to be of sand. It is the supposition that the condition of Jews throughout Europe is at present intolerable. Dr. Herzl represents them as victims of anti-Semitism, as objects of sympathy. To us they seem to be rather the oppressors than the oppressed. Their bankers are said to hold the balance of power in Europe, as they hold all the national debts. They are getting control of the public press, perhaps nowadays the greatest source of power. By foreclosing mortgages and skilful investments they possess a vast amount of real estate. On commerce they have a firm grasp. In politics they play a prominent part wherever they are. A comparative handful of them, for instance, in France run in their own interest that paradoxical republic. As Prof. Abram S. Isaacs, in the August number of the *North American Review*, well puts it: "In losing Palestine, the Jew gained the universe. He was denationalized to become an international and cosmopolitan. The Orient was only one phase of his history." Such being the case, we admit, it is not likely that the Jew is going to surrender the universe to resume Palestine, nor forego being international and cosmopolitan to become a national Jew; however instant Dr. Herzl and Dr. Nordau may be on the matter, the Jew knows a good thing when he sees it, and the universe is good enough for him.

All Judaism turned on the notion of the Messiah. Until Christ came there was no question of any but a *personal* one, King Messiah. Witness not only the prophecies, but even the pseudo-christs who gained more or less hold over the people. The rejection of Christ, however, necessitated new explanations. To deny that Jesus of Nazareth fulfilled the prophecies of course was urged in the first place. Messiah had not yet come, they said, but they still expected him. From time to time a pretender arose and gained some followers to his cause. Now it is becoming prevalent to deny the notion of a personal Messiah. A rabbi lately declared that the female race, perhaps meaning the New Woman, was Messiah. There is no need of returning to Judea to meet this Messiah, whose kingdom is becoming world-wide.

Dr. Emil Reich, in the article before alluded to, takes another view, and holds that the Hebrew nation is Messiah, for he says:

"Between the individual Jew and God stood, as mediator and as Saviour, the people of Israel. Forgiveness and pardon, atonement and salvation, could come to the individual only through the forgiveness and salvation bestowed by God upon the people as a whole. This is the fundamental belief, the one ineradicable creed, that made and makes the distinctive feature of Judaism. The Messiah," he says, "whose type the prophets and later seers were elaborating, did not touch on that basal conception of the nation of the Jews being the mediator between the individual Jew and God."

"The Messiah is, at best, an agent of God, in the interest of the Jewish nation; not of this or that Jew. He who believes in that mediatorship of the Jewish nation is a Jew. He who does not believe in it is no Jew, and if all his ancestors were 'Semites.'" Later on, he makes this contrast: "Both Jew and Christian rest their dearest hopes in one surpassing Personality mediating between them and God. The personality of the Jew is one particular nation, clearly differentiated from all other nations. The personality of the Christians is that of Jesus, the Saviour, than whom no individual has ever been endowed with richer elements of religious inspiration." We do not know whether these definitions will be generally received by his fellow-religionists, but it is at least instructive to learn his theory of the Messiah, however untrue it may be.

Dr. Reich prophesies that both brands

of Zionism will come to naught: for the religious Zionists, by suppressing the national element in Judaism, place themselves in an altogether false position, and will achieve nothing; while the political Zionists, of the school of Herzl and Nordau, by suppressing the religious element, will accomplish still less than their opponents. He brands Zionism as "cowardice," and says there is only one alternative: "either Jews remain the old orthodox kind, contemned and contemning, or they get social recognition as real citizens of their several countries by honest, staunch fighting for it." He is careful, though, to explain that the fighting he advocates is not actual bloodshed. We do not apprehend much danger in the line of bloodshed by fighting. They have other and very effective ways of letting blood. What Dr. Reich does mean is "unrelenting opposition to one's enemies, and readiness to sacrifice comfort and ease to ideals temporarily unprofitable. "This," according to him, "is what the Jews ought to do; this is what, especially on the Continent, they, as a body, do not do; and it is for this wretched cowardice of theirs that they have called upon themselves, and rightly so, the contempt of the world." We cannot agree with this explanation. Instead of cowardice and willingness to be crushed, we see, rather, boldness and determination to crush. Social recognition, it is true, is about the one thing they have not achieved. For the failure they are responsible. That the fault is with themselves is proved by the fact that the tendency nowadays is for the better class of Jew to be rather ashamed of his race, and his religion is fast losing hold on those who are "liberally" educated. The very rabbis are becoming rationalistic, and ethical culture is the subject of their discourses. Temple, priesthood, sacrifice have passed away long centuries ago; the synagogue and the rabbi are unable to fill the void. Even the distinctive dietary laws are falling into desuetude. The wall of separation of the Jew from Gentile is crumbling. Has Judaism a future? Prof. Isaacs says it has, but "not in a rehabilitated Jewish state, with Jerusalem its capital," but "in the permeating of mankind by the spirit of Judaism," and this spirit he declares to be: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "When the nations shall have reached the heights of perfect brotherhood" (when, Oh when, we ask, will that be?) "Judaism's future will have dawned." Alas, for Judaism's hope of dawning if it depend upon the hour of the nations reaching the height of perfect brotherhood. The true religion does not wait, but acts.

THE JUST MAN'S DEATH.

By Rev. Michael Watson, S.J.

As when in those bleak months that own the sway
Of rugged Winter, monarch stern and hoar,
A toil-spent traveller cometh to a door
That opes into a lighted mansion gay,
And findeth friends that press his hand and say:
"O welcome, welcome! we have goodly store
Of comforts; rest, thy dreary toil is o'er—
Abide thou here for one long, pleasant day":
So, at thy death, supreme and solemn hour
Of life's great journey, all good deeds of thine
Shall come, ambassadors from realms divine,
And, clad in splendid raiment, shall, with dower
Of blessing, cheer thy soul, for they have power
To bid thee rest and drink of Heaven's new wine.

EDITORIAL.

CATHOLIC CONGRESSES.

CATHOLIC CONGRESSES are the order of the day, and, both in their number and the enthusiasm that marked their sessions, we have full proof of the good they are effecting. Besides the Catholic Scientific Congress at Fribourg, there were the Eucharistic Congress at Venice, from August 8th to 12th; the annual meeting of the Catholics of Germany at Landshut, beginning August 29th; the Congress of Italian Catholics at Milan during the first week of September, and, last in point of time though not in importance, the forty-second annual Convention of the German Catholic Central Verein opened at Columbus, Ohio, on September 19th. Both the Italian congresses were honored by the presence of upwards of thirty bishops, while that in our own country was addressed by Bishops Watterson, Horstmann, Messmer and Rademacher. What the purpose of these gatherings is has been thus clearly set forth by His Eminence, Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, in his opening address to the Congress held in that city. "The mission of the Church is the restoration of society, and to accomplish that mission she has need of liberty in sanctifying, and consequently in inspiring, the family, the school, the State, the laws and institutions. This is no usurpation, but the exercise of a right conferred upon her by Christ, the source and depositary of all authority. If Christ does not reign over the world, heresy and paganism will, and corruption must, then, prevail in every order of life. Consequently freedom in the education of the young, and liberty and independence for the Sovereign Pontiff, are of strict necessity. . . . These congresses aim at practical results. From them have sprung the rural loan fund banks, trade-unions, co-operative societies, free schools for the poor, charitable institutions, the Catholic press. Out of them also have arisen the admirable organization of provincial, diocesan and parochial committees, so especially favored by the Holy Father, and which are considered by him as the links that may unite Catholics in an association for universal well-being."

ABOLITION OF THE CATHOLIC INDIAN BUREAU.

After twenty-three years of usefulness, the Catholic Bureau of Indian Missions, at Washington, has been abolished. Why? Because the Indian Missions have no further use for it? No, but because the Government, which some Catholics are perpetually lauding to the skies for its fairness and justness, has yielded to fanatical pressure, and will no longer give any contracts to religious schools. Were this last really true, we might not complain, but true it is not; for the schools which are henceforth to be under Government control are, we may say, distinctively Protestant. The teachers are taken from the sectarian ranks, and not a few are missionary ministers and their wives. It is but the final stroke of the Grant policy which distributed, against their will, thirty Catholic tribes, aggregating about 80,000 Indians, among vari-

ous sects, leaving only eight to their former Catholic missionaries. At first the sectaries were willing to take a part; now they want the whole, although pretending to get nothing. Salaried positions are very attractive, hence the eagerness of politicians to provide for their needy followers, at the expense of the Government. Compare these hireling teachers with the noble men and women who give their services for the love of God and the good of souls! What will be the results? What the attempts have already augured. There was no fault to be found with the Catholic schools, except that they were Catholic. On the contrary, Protestant champions, like Senator Vest, have again and again made the Senate Chamber ring with the unstinted praise of the Catholic work, and with contempt for that of the sects, but their voices were drowned by the incessant din of jealous bigotry. Henceforth the whole burden of educating Catholic Indians must fall on Catholics. They, doubtless, will take up the burden, just as they patiently bear it all over the country where all are supposed to have equal rights.

A CENTRAL SEMINARY.

An important step in ecclesiastical education has been taken by the opening of St. Mary's College, Oscott, as a great central seminary for Southern England. Oscott has long been famous as an educational institution, but under the sole direction of the Bishop of Birmingham, in whose diocese it stands. The question had long been under discussion, whether it were advisable for each bishop to have his own diocesan seminary, or whether it were not more advantageous to have one or two, to which the students of the various dioceses should be sent.

The difficulties besetting the first plan were many and great: the necessity of providing suitable buildings, and a suitable staff of professors. The latter was a serious matter, as it entailed the depleting of parishes of the most talented and learned priests to fill the various chairs in the diocesan seminary. The expenses would be very great in acquiring property, erecting buildings, and supporting the teaching body as well as the students. Whereas, by a coalition, the expenses would be reduced to a minimum, one body of professors, who would be selected from a greater choice, and, consequently, would be abler men, would serve instead of many different faculties. But how about jurisdiction? Would not the bishop, in whose diocese the proposed Central Seminary would lie, have undue influence? Moreover, would it not be better for each bishop to have his own subjects directly under his own eye, and, as it were, under his own personal formation? All these matters were duly discussed by the bishops of Southern England. The happy conclusion is a Central Seminary at Oscott. The diocese of Birmingham supplies the buildings and the equipment for the seminary, while six other dioceses, Westminster, Newport, Clifton, Portsmouth, Northampton and the Welsh Vicariate have contributed between them the capital to be invested to produce an income of £1,000 a year, which is considered sufficient for the maintenance of the teaching staff. Besides this, each bishop will pay for his own subjects.

A board composed of the seven interested bishops, the president of which is the Archbishop of Westminster, has the supreme government of the college. It appoints the rector and the professors, and regulates all matters connected with the studies and discipline. The board has expressed its entire satisfaction with the past working of St. Mary's by the reappointment of the entire teaching staff, and the selection of Mgr. Parkinson as Rector, to succeed the Bishop of Birmingham, who had held this position for eight years, and who has implicit confidence in his successor and former colleague.

The curriculum is entirely ecclesiastical, being devoted to philosophy, the-

ology, church history, Scripture, liturgy and so forth. It covers a space of six years and a half, and is expected to fit the clergy to meet the difficult and varied demands of the day. There are at present seventy-four students in residence.

What Oscott will be for Southern England, Ushaw has been for the North, receiving, as it does, ecclesiastical students from the dioceses of Liverpool, Hexham, Middlesborough, Leeds, Salford and Shrewsbury. The dioceses which are not yet in either of these combinations are Southwark, Nottingham and Portsmouth. Liverpool, besides supplying a large number of students for Ushaw, has its own seminary at Upholland. Ushaw differs from Oscott in that it takes students not studying for the priesthood. Some of the advantages of central seminaries for groups of dioceses have already been mentioned. To some minds the economy in expenditure, both in building and maintaining one instead of several, will appeal. The same may be said of the saving for other offices those who would have to teach in the various seminaries, and the having one strong staff of professors in their stead. Perhaps, however, not the least advantage is the broadening of minds by contact with the many students in one central seminary, which force would be wholly wanting in smaller theological schools of a score, or so, of candidates from the same diocese. The whole body of the clergy would be more united by becoming personally acquainted, as fellow theologians. Emulation in studies would be enkindled, which must be lacking in a handful of men. Nothing has so deadening an effect on professors as a small audience. Idiosyncrasies of bishops would not be inflicted upon their perforce submissive candidates, and a uniformity and breadth of training would be imparted under the guidance, however, of the governing episcopal board. Both bishops, then, and their subjects are to be congratulated upon this important move in ecclesiastical education.

BEWARE OF CONFOUNDING AUGUSTINES.

Apparently the Protestants of England are not supposed to be well versed in Church history. For, anent the recent thirteenth centenary of the Landing of St. Augustine, London papers, like the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, take care to warn their readers against supposing that the Augustine in question was the Bishop of Hippo. As the latter died in 430, and he of Canterbury in 607, there would not seem to be any great danger of confusion. The better to safeguard the English people against so dangerous an error, it is wisely suggested that "the real St. Augustine," as the *Daily News* styles him, should retain this name, while the founder of the See of Canterbury and apostle of England should have his name shortened into "Austin." This is one of the outcomes of the great Catholic celebration at Ebbs Fleet. A more important point to which to call the attention of the English Protestants would be the exact identity of faith, as well as of name, of the two sainted Augustines. Unfortunately the faith of Augustine of Canterbury has suffered, at their hands, the proposed treatment of his name.

THE HISTORIC PARALLEL AT EBBS FLEET.

Cardinal Vaughan, in his address at Ramsgate, drew in masterly lines the parallel between the scene at Ebbs Fleet in 597 and 1897. Put Leo XIII. for Gregory I.; contrast the jurisdiction now over the old and new worlds for the restricted jurisdiction over the then known world. Compare the Apostolic desires of Leo XIII. and of Gregory I. for the conversion of England. As the pagan Anglo-Saxons had all but exterminated the Catholic Church in Britain by a persecution lasting a century and a half, so had the English Protestants, by a like persecution, for three centuries attempted to sweep the Catholic Church out of the land. For St. Augustine, Archbishop of Canterbury, put the holder of the See of Westminster. His mission,

or merely "good." Thus, for instance, if any one would gather boys for the promotion of their amusements *almost exclusively* — with only desultory and chance attention to their spiritual needs —we would make bold to suggest organized devotional exercises, to be added to the programme. On the other hand, where there would be question of collecting the select few for religious exercises *only*, we should not hesitate to advocate the addition of natural attractions, as encouraging a much larger number of lads to avail themselves of the spiritual advantages already provided.

Naturally enough, these pages will insist on the importance of the work— on the importance of securing the boys of the present, in order to have gained in advance the men of the future — the coming leaders of families and communities — on the importance of taking young men, not fruitlessly *when they are already old in their ways*, but in their real and pliable mental youth. After all, is not our very troublesome parochial "young man" question in reality a "boy" question? And is it not true that every reason justifying the present outlay of time, energy and money in efforts to organize the former, demands, with far greater weight, the organization of the latter?

Perhaps some one will truly observe that the importance of gathering boys is clearly evident and needs no argument. Be it so. On this point it will not be so much our purpose to argue as to remind, and with the hope that, through our reminders, this work of importance may sometimes be favored with practical attention, where at present it receives only a silent, inactive and barren recognition.

It is clear that the burden of our task will consist in dealing with the *feasibility* of religious organizations for boys. From the standpoint of practicability the work certainly needs substantial support, more than can be had by mere reminders of its merit. It is beset with real and apparent difficulties, which, even to willing minds, are most discouraging. Indeed, it is only by the existence of such difficulties that we can well explain a comparative neglect of boys in their teens, which stands in such marked contrast with their recognized moral and social value.

Notwithstanding all this, the boy apostolate will become bright with promise, if its graver difficulties, as we confidently hope, can be shown to be such in appearance, rather than in reality. This task will be gladly essayed by the suggestion of tried methods and expedients already successfully employed against these same difficulties, by those who have been actively engaged in the care of boys. By this means we hope to reveal to themselves many hidden "boy savers," who, with the very best qualifications of heart and head, have failed to perceive that, in this undertaking, as in others, "Where there is a will there's a way."

Such is our self-imposed task—conceived for the benefit of the young so dear to the Sacred Heart, but planned in vain unless supported by prayer. Therefore, we beg for it a remembrance from each and every reader, for: "Neither he that planteth is anything, nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase."—I. Cor. iii. 7.

In the passing away of R. H. Hutton, editor of *The Spectator*, the public at large has lost an eminent literary man. To Catholics he is a loss, for, as Wilfred Ward says in the *Tablet*, he "did very much to get rid of the old 'no-popery' prejudices which long had so paralyzing an influence on English Catholics. Ever since 1864, when his strong words aroused the public to an enthusiastic acceptance of Newman's *Apologia*, he has repeatedly said the word in season for the 'Papists' of England, and been to them a friend in need. He has rightly ascribed the great change of public feeling in their regard, mainly to the influence of Cardinal Newman. But it needed a certain relation between Newman and the public for the creation of that influence. When in 1851 Newman lectured on the Position of English Catholics, the press did its best to boycott him. It may be open to question whether Newman would ever have completely emerged from the cloud, which stood between him and the English public after the events of 1845, had it not been for the outspoken and independent admiration of *The Spectator*." Although Mr. Hutton was strongly drawn towards many features in Catholic belief, and had many intimate friends among Catholics, he never could see his way to embracing the faith.

The dedication of the tower and the blessing of the four bells of the basilica of the Ven. Jeanne d'Arc at Domremy, took place August 26. The spire is remarkable for its beauty, and its gilded copper ornaments produce a beautiful effect. At the top eight angels hold a crown. The tower is equally effective with its ceiling enriched with mosaics. The crypt is frescoed with military subjects.

The promise of Christ to be with His Church, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her, is verified by the following table of statistics of her continual growth, compiled by German Protestants, who are not likely to have given her any more than is her due.

Century		Century	
I	500,000	XI	70,000,000
II	2,000,000	XII	80,000,000
III	5,000,000	XIII	85,000,000
IV	10,000,000	XIV	90,000,000
V	15,000,000	XV	100,000,000
VI	20,000,000	XVI	125,000,000
VII	25,000,000	XVII	185,000,000
VIII	30,000,000	XVIII	250,000,000
IX	40,000,000	XIX	280,000,000
X	56,000,000		

At first sight we expected to see a great falling-off in the XVI century epoch of the awful apostasy; but on the contrary, we perceive a great increase. How account for this fact? By the extraordinary impulse given to missionary effort, by the discoveries of the great explorers, and the conversion of savages and infidels in the Indies.

In every Catholic church in England the thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Augustine was celebrated on Sunday, September 12, the Feast of the Holy name of Mary. Commemorations of St. Gregory and of St. Augustine were made in the Mass, and the *Te Deum* was sung. On Tuesday, September 14, the Cardinal-Archbishop pontificated at Ebbs Fleet, in presence of Cardinal Perraud and all the bishops of England. The Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport, preached the sermon, attended by forty Benedictine monks in imitation of St. Augustine, O.S.B., and the forty brethren of his order who accompanied him when he met St. Ethelbert, King of Kent. The monks chanted their ancient anthem and Litany as described by Venerable Bede.

The cause of a saintly Visitandine, Mother Marie de Sales Chappuis, has been introduced. She was superior of the Visitation Monastery at Troyes,

France, where she died in the odor of sanctity, October 1, 1875. She was remarkable for her apostolic spirit. The Congregation of Rites, at a meeting held June 27 last, recommended the introduction of the cause, and Leo XIII has signed the order for it, thus declaring her Venerable.

Very beautiful must have been the closing of the Eucharistic Congress held last August in Venice. It was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament which was carried by Cardinal Svampa under a canopy borne by members of patrician families. Three cardinals, thirty bishops and archbishops, the clergy, regular and secular, and all the members of the Congress took part. A banquet was given to five hundred of the poor of the city at the expense of the Congress.

A well-deserved honor has been conferred upon Mr. James Britten, the honorary secretary of the Catholic Truth Society, in recognition of his labors in the cause for the last thirteen years. The Holy Father has made him a Knight of St. Gregory. He was invested with the insignia by Cardinal Vaughan, at Ramsgate, during the conference held there in memory of the thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Augustine.

The miraculous cure wrought at Pompeii, October 17, 1896, through the intercession of B. Margaret Mary, has been accepted as authentic by the Congregation of Rites. Consequently, but one more miracle is needed before the Church will place the name of the Apostle of the Sacred Heart on the catalogue of the saints. This is the earnest wish of the Holy Father.

A remarkable example of fulfilling that most difficult command, to love one's enemies, has been given lately by Mme. Canovas del Castillo, at the funeral of her murdered husband. Addressing the Duke de Soto-Mayor, she said aloud: "I wish the representative of the Queen Regent to take notice, in presence of you all, that I pardon the assassin of my husband. It is the greatest sacrifice I can make for the good of his soul, and I do it because I know his greatness of heart."

In the Summer Irish Intermediate Examinations, the Catholic students have distinguished themselves. Out of a total of 932 prizes awarded by the Board of Education, 727, or 78 per cent. of the whole, were carried off by Catholic boys, whilst the girls from convent schools took 60 out of 130 exhibitions. This has been done in spite of the disadvantages under which Catholics in Ireland still suffer in the matter of University education.

Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, has appointed a commission, to prepare for the introduction of the cause of the martyrs of the French Revolution. The first steps have been taken with regard to the Carmelite Nuns of Compiègne, executed in Paris during the Reign of Terror. The next cases will be those of the bishops and priests massacred, September 2, 1792, in the Carmelite Church, Paris.

A service held some weeks ago in the church of St. Julien-le-Pauvre, in Paris, gives an idea of the universality of the Church. It was *in memoriam* of the late Mgr. Youssef, Patriarch of Antioch, Jerusalem and the East, who died in Damascus last July. Cardinal Richard and Mgr. Clari, the Nuncio Apostolic, occupied thrones in the sanctuary. There were also present Mgr. Dubs, a Maronite Bishop, Mgr. Berlious, vicar of the Maronite Patriarch, Mgr. Decmac, vicar of the Syrian Patriarch, the Abbé Nourdizien, an Armenian priest, the Abbé Tolstoï, and many others anxious to pay their respects to the deceased prelate who had so successfully carried out the wishes of Leo XIII. concerning the reunion of Oriental churches.

Among the numerous miracles reported during the recent jubilee pilgrimages to Lourdes is one of a nun of the Order of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. Sœur Lazare had been stone-deaf for thirty-five years, the result of falling into a river when on an errand of mercy. She went to Lourdes, not on her own account, but as companion to a lady and her invalid daughter. After assisting her patient in the bath, August 27, she was induced to try one for her deafness. Whilst in the water she cried out for the pain in her head, but as she was leaving to go to the Grotto, she suddenly heard the voice of a priest preaching there. She has been examined by several doctors, and one thus concluded his report: "The patient's age, and the long

persistence of her affection, quite preclude the possibility of a natural cure."

Leo XIII., by brief, has forged a new weapon for the subjugation of England. He has erected an Archconfraternity of Prayers and Good Works for the return of Great Britain to the unity of the Faith. He has placed it under the patronage of the most sorrowful Mother, St. Joseph, St. Peter and St. Augustine. The seat of the Archconfraternity will be at St. Sulpice, in Paris, and its chief director will be the Superior-General of the Sulpicians. M. Olier, the founder of the Society of St. Sulpice, was much interested in the conversion of England, and the Holy Father refers to him in his brief, as well as to St. Paul of the Cross and his noble son, Father Ignatius Spencer, and to Cardinal Wiseman, as to those who, during their lives, did so much to promote the Apostolate of Prayer for England. Leo XIII. desires by this means "to concentrate upon the Island of Britain the prayers of Christendom. The Church in France was in great sympathy with the efforts of St. Gregory for the conversion of England. The first missioners spent nearly a year in Gaul, with St. Syagrius, Bishop of Autun, for their counsellor, friend and host. At the hands of St. Virgilius, Bishop of Arles, St. Augustine received episcopal consecration. The friendliest relations always existed between the Church in France and the Church in England, and these countries were ever mutual asylums when persecution enforced exile. Already united prayer, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, has accomplished wonders in the return of the English to the unity of the Faith. The movement will receive a fresh impulse by the establishment of this new archconfraternity.

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW.

The New Handbook.

In answer to our appeal to Local Directors for suggestions for the Handbook of the Apostleship of Prayer, which we are now revising to meet the few changes called for by the statutes, we have received several letters, for which we are very grateful, and which will aid us greatly in making the Handbook more useful than ever. It is not yet too late to send us more suggestions, and we shall gladly receive them, even if they do no more than confirm us in thinking that certain points of our own observation should be introduced into this new edition.

Diocesan Directors.

At the request of the Director General of the Apostleship of Prayer we have lately addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States a copy of the new statutes, calling attention to the clause requiring the appointment of Diocesan Directors for our Association. Some of these appointments have been made already, and we hope to print the complete list of them in our next number.

Their Importance.

The importance of the charge of Diocesan Directors will be readily seen by the motive given for their appointment, in a letter written by the Director General. He says: "In every diocese in which the Apostleship is established there should be a Diocesan Director to represent episcopal authority and to manifest publicly in behalf of the Association its Catholic character; to extend the invitation made by the Church to all the faithful to take part in it, and to show its union with Rome by its submission to the hierarchy. The Bishop designates this Director; the Director General gives him his faculties. To derive from this canonical organization the greatest possible good, it is necessary to seek out in each diocese the ecclesiastic, whether secular or religious, who will best look after the interests of the work."

The Clause an Old One.

As our Local Directors know, this clause in our statutes is not a new one. It was contained in the statutes issued in 1879, and in countries where our League was regularly established, such as in France, Portugal and Spain, each diocese has had its Director for the work since that time. Even in our own country we have had some few Diocesan Directors, though they have not been very active. We trust that the newly appointed Directors will inspire a new life into our Association wherever this be needed, and do all

they can to promote the work where it is already flourishing. This is why we earnestly recommend these appointments to the prayers of every member.

Annual Reports. We are going to call on our Local Directors for accounts of their League Centres during the past year. The League Director for November will contain an offer to print these records and incorporate them in special editions of our annual Almanac, for Centres that will order a number of this publication. The same periodical will give a programme of the topics which should be treated in such a report.

Against Bogus Agents. Once more, though it seems we cannot repeat our warning too often, Directors should caution Promoters and Associates not to receive any one as agent or collector for the MESSENGER, or for any other publication connected with our work, who cannot show a letter bearing our seal and signature, giving authority to act as our agent.

TO PROMOTERS.

1897 Intentions. Our Promoters will remember that among our General Intentions this past year were two events, which have, in answer to our prayers, been attended with all the blessings that were looked for from them—the Thirteenth Centenary of the Landing of St. Augustin in England, and the Tercentenary of the death of B. Peter Canisius.

From private letters we learn that a great deal has been done to advance the cause of beatification of Ven. de la Colombière, another of our Intentions of the past year. The gratifying reports coming from all sides about our schools and colleges justify our belief that our prayers for the Intention of October have helped to this result.

The Holy Souls. Promoters must not forget the holy souls in November. It has been our pious custom to increase the Treasury of Good Works this month, so as to multiply our offerings in their behalf. Let this be done again this year quietly, but steadily. It is a splendid way of helping them, and no matter how we may feel about writing down our good deeds, we need not mistrust our motives when doing so for their sake. If, at any time, we can act out of the purest motive of charity, it is when praying for them; so let those who have a morbid dread of indulging vanity, when they record that they have performed the extraordinary good act of saying an *Angelus*, reassure themselves by reporting it in love for the suffering souls.

For Conversions. We have been saying extra prayers for the conversion of our country, and recommending the conversion of individual friends and relatives by name. The *Missionary* for September has quite a long list of conversions which have been made in different places during the past few months. This ought to encourage us to keep praying and to pray with greater fervor, the more so that it is well known that the priests who make most converts say least about the number, and that one of the advices usually given to converts to our religion is not to draw public attention to the fact of their conversion, any more than the outward observances of the Church require.

Two Things to be Remembered. Two things we recommend strongly to every Promoter at this time. One is, good Promoters will not make it a point to multiply the number of Associates in their bands so much as to train some of them to act as Promoters themselves; another is, that our League never prospers when Promoters strive to build it up by sudden and spasmodic outbursts of enthusiasm, or, when they try to make it exclude every other church organization. It must help every other pious Association and not hinder any; it thrives best when it works, like its Master, quietly, gently, but with perseverance.

Correct Addresses. Every month we receive from the Post Office letters addressed to Associates by Promoters who resort to this method of distributing Decade Leaflets, without having in every instance the correct address. We have just received one from the Dead Letter Office, postmarked Chicago, August 16, 1:30 A.M., and addressed to Miss A. M. Mahon, 38 Loomis Street, City. It contains three certificates of admission, as well as Decade Leaflets, and this is why we call attention to it. A return notice on the corner

of the envelope would bring these letters, when not delivered, back to their writers.

Two Things of Interest.

Two things should interest our Promoters at this time. One is the latest Encyclical of Our Holy Father on the Rosary; the other, the decision lately adopted in regard to the division of the hour of adoration practised by members of the Association of Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and the Work for Poor Churches. This decision is announced in the last number of the *Annals of the Tabernacle Society* of Philadelphia.

The Apostleship at Home and Abroad.

San Francisco, Cal., Sacred Heart Centre.—"Our Centre is in a most flourishing condition; the Promoters are most zealous, the number of members is daily increasing and crowds of people approach the Sacraments every succeeding First Friday. A Triduum was preached by the Redemptorist Missionary, Rev. Father O'Shea, in preparation for the Feast of the Sacred Heart in June. At its close three hundred new members were received, and more than forty Promoters given diplomas."

Batavia, N. Y., Convent of Mercy.—The work credited to Le Roy, N. Y., in our last issue should have been credited to this earnest and devout Centre. The Promoters' Reception on the First Friday of September was a memorable ceremony. The church was crowded and the ceremonies very impressive and solemn. There were over three hundred Communions at the two morning Masses, two priests having heard Confessions until a late hour the previous evening. At the reception the ceremonial in the *Hand Book* was fully carried out—first a hymn to the Sacred Heart, a sermon, then the blessing and distribution of crosses and diplomas, after which the Act of Consecration was read by one of the Promoters, Benediction closing the evening. Twenty-one new Promoters edified the congregation by professing their desire to promote devotion to the Sacred Heart. Very Rev. Dean Brougham, himself a devoted member, is untiring in his zeal in getting every member of his congregation enrolled in the League.

Taunton, Mass., St. Mary's Centre.—The Rev. James Coyle writes: "The League, thank God, is flourishing in St. Mary's and the Promoters are all I could wish."

Chicago, Ill., St. Joseph's Home and Ephpheta School for the Deaf.—Our school for deaf-mutes was assisted wonderfully last year through the devotion to the Sacred Heart and the practices of the League. The children were simply transformed, thanks to the Sacred Heart.

Washington, D. C., St. Aloysius' Centre.—We had our September meeting of Promoters on Sunday, 26th, and a very encouraging meeting it was. There were 170 Promoters present, men and women. We sometimes find it hard to keep track of the addresses of our Promoters, as they migrate occasionally like birds, and expect us to get their new addresses by revelation. Here was a chance of being sure of 170, anyway. So we passed slips of paper around and lead pencils bought and sharpened expressly for the occasion. Each Promoter wrote name and residence legibly. We are safe now till the next migration. It was suggested to the Promoters that the only way to be in touch with the Holy League was to read, every month, the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Men are very materially aided in their various lines of business by subscribing to and reading reviews which give reports about articles of trade from all parts of the world, such as the *Book Exchange*, the *Furniture and Trade Review*, etc., etc. Shall the children of light, who profess to spread the Kingdom of the Christ, have less zeal to read about the interests of the Sacred Heart? It had been stated that some could not afford two dollars a year to subscribe for the Messenger. It was suggested that they should not patronize, so often, the street railways, but rather exercise their limbs by healthy walking. Ten cents a day saved would amount to $36.50 a year—enough to pay for eighteen subscriptions to the Messenger.

Another pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land is announced for this winter. It is being organized by Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Throop, of Seventy-fourth Street, Brooklyn, who have so successfully organized and managed the American pilgrimages to Rome and Lourdes

during the past five years, and the pilgrimages that left here last Winter for the Holy Land.

This year's pilgrimage will sail from New York about the first of February, by the North German Lloyd steamer "Aller," which has been specially chartered for the entire journey of 13,000 miles and over two months' time from New York back to New York, visiting Gibraltar, Malaga, Grenada and the Alhambra in Spain, Algiers in Africa, Alexandria and Cairo in Egypt, the Island of Malta, Jerusalem and the places of sacred interest in the vicinity (two weeks being spent in the Holy Land, various places along the Syrian coast, Smyrna) and stopping at Constantinople, Athens, Naples and Rome, where a week or more is spent, with arrangements for an audience with the Holy Father; those who may desire can remain longer for Easter at St. Peter's.

An altar will be erected on board the ship and the Holy Sacrifice offered daily. A programme giving full particulars has been prepared, and can be had on application to Mr. Throop, at 111 Broadway, New York.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Emma Stuart and Mrs. E. L. Johnson, Immaculate Conception Centre, New Orleans, La.; John Hanly, St. John the Baptist's Centre, West Ridge, Iowa; Mrs. Ellen Monroe, St. Patrick's Centre, Iowa; M. J. Howard, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. Ida B. Lee, St. Francis Xavier's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Coghlan, St. Felix's Centre, Wabash, Minn. Of Miss Coghlan her pastor writes: "The last few years she devoted almost exclusively to the promotion of the League of the Sacred Heart. I shall find it very difficult to manage the work as successfully as she did. She was the very soul of the League in the parish, and in private life she was exemplary—a religious in the world."

Rev. Daniel Murray of St. Vincent's parish, Mobile, Ala., died on September 24th, of yellow fever. Father Murray, who was only thirty years old, was a native of Middletown, County Cork, Ireland. After studying with the Jesuits at Mungret College, Limerick, he finished his theology at the American College, Rome, arriving at Mobile in 1893. The Sunday before his death he preached at St. Vincent's, warning the congregation to be ready for the last summons, and that very afternoon he fell a victim to the epidemic.—R. I. P.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 7,826,648.

In all things give thanks." (I. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgiving.—A lady was afflicted with a growth in her nose, which increased so rapidly that two physicians decided the only remedy was to remove the obstruction by an operation. She begged her friends to postpone the operation, and commenced a novena through the intercession of St. Anthony. A candle was lighted every day for thirteen days, and the growth has entirely disappeared—miraculously, the doctors say.

"A widow whose property is all mortgaged and who was unable to get suitable employment, a year ago promised to publish in the MESSENGER favors received. She made the nine first Fridays, and just before the close of the novena she obtained suitable work, and has heard that the mortgage proceedings have been stayed for the present."

A local Director writes: "The most wonderful miracle effected during the past month in this Local centre, through the merciful intervention of the sweet Sacred Heart, is this: A lady, between fifty and sixty years, who had been married outside of the Church, very young, to an unbaptized person, has been reconciled to God and His Church and made her first Holy Communion."

"A young lady had been desirous for a year or two back of becoming a Catholic. Conviction of the truth of the faith had done its work, and she was thoroughly dissatisfied with the Anglicanism in which she had been brought up, and correspondingly desirous of leaving its darkness for the light of the Church. What made her case more difficult than many was that she was a confirmed invalid, and surrounded by those who were known to be so hostile to anything Cath-

olic, that opposition to her design was naturally expected to be of the bitterest order. However, thanks to the grace of the Sacred Heart, obtained principally through the prayers of some members of the League, everything has come out happily. Her relatives have even expressed a certain amount of satisfaction that the ministrations of the Church have restored to her a contentment to which she had long been a stranger. As she is bedridden and rapidly nearing her end, they have gone so far as to invite a priest to say Mass at their home for her benefit."

"My sister, a violent religious monomaniac, had been confined in an insane asylum, where her case was considered hopeless. She was recommended to the prayers of the League, and shortly afterwards gave unmistakable signs of being cured, by writing me a most lucid letter, in which she said she had been able to attend Mass the Sunday before, and hoped to receive Holy Communion the following Sunday—thanks to the mercy of the Sacred Heart."

A girl who had long wished to become a Catholic, but was bitterly opposed by her family, was received into the Church while visiting her cousin, a Catholic, and led a most exemplary life among her Protestant friends, though she was so removed from all Catholic surroundings that she was specially dispensed, by her pastor, from going to Mass on Sundays in wet or very warm weather. Taken suddenly ill in July last, it seemed impossible for her to have the priest before death; but her faith in the Sacred Heart was strong, and a young curate, four miles away, had a sudden impulse at midnight to visit the sick girl, although he had not been told the case was urgent. He walked to her home, and arrived just in time to administer the last rites of the Church before she died. The priest attributes his miraculous visit to the Sacred Heart, of which the dead girl was an ardent client, her great prayer since her conversion having been that she might not die without the last sacraments.

A woman who had lost considerable money through the failure of the bank in which she had deposited it, had recourse to the Sacred Heart during the impending litigation. Her claim was executed on the first Friday of May, went through the Brooklyn courts on the first Friday of June, was signed by the judge on the first Friday of July, and the money was refunded the next Saturday.

A man, who had been recreant to his religion for sixteen years, refused to see a priest in his last illness. A friend prevailed upon him, as a personal favor, to make the Morning Offering every day for a week. The sick man did so, and, at the end of the week, asked for the priest, was reconciled to the Church, and died an edifying death.

From Pendleton, Oregon, comes the following: "We wish to offer thanks to the Sacred Heart. A child, having fallen into a well, twenty feet deep, with seven feet of water in it, was saved by supernatural strength given to a man who was in a helpless condition at the time. Two religious were present and promised to publish thanks in the MESSENGER, if the child was saved.

Spiritual Favors.—A priest returns thanks for the great favor of having had his parents present at his ordination; a lady, who had not been to the sacraments in twenty-five years, was induced to wear a Badge by a member of the League: on the first Friday of August, she returned to her religious duty, and received Holy Communion; an entire family of eleven Protestants received into the Church; a young lady, anxious to enter a convent, was confronted with difficulties that seemed to render her vocation impossible: after promising two Masses and publication, all obstacles were removed, and she entered on the day she had appointed; return to his religious duty of a brother, after five years' indifference; a mother who, to the knowledge of her family, had never practised her religion, was afflicted with a mortal illness: the daughters appealed to the Sacred Heart, and she had the happiness of receiving Holy Viaticum; return to a devout life of a grandfather who had been intemperate for twenty-three years: the favor was obtained through a Badge which his little granddaughter induced him to wear, and to his practice of every day reciting the Litany of Loretto, when he had given up all other Catholic practices: shortly after putting on the Badge, he made a mission, and is now an exemplary Catholic; another man, addicted to drink for forty years, has returned to a life of temperance; "thanks are returned for peace and a right understanding between certain persons, where serious unhappiness might have resulted: the favor was received after Holy Mass had been offered and publication promised."

Temporal Favors.—The mother of a family that needed her care was confined to her bed for six months, with what was, apparently, an incurable disease: in May she promised the Sacred Heart to have Mass said every month, for a year, for the Holy Souls, as also to have the favor published: she is now out of bed and rapidly improving, though still suffering from heart trouble and spinal disease; after a novena to the Sacred Heart, and promise of publication, a young lady was cured of a sore that threatened to develop into cancer; a mother suffering from heart disease noticeably improved after prayer by her daughter; the recovery of a lady who was dangerously ill; also of two children from diphtheria; a young lady, who had grown so weak from long illness that she could not speak, was restored to health, after thirty-one members of the League had offered Communions for her on the first Friday in June; recovery of a Sister who had suffered for three months from swollen limbs, after a novena and promise of publication; a daughter-in-law, threatened with insanity, was cured after promise of publication and nine Masses for the Holy Souls; a Sister of St. Dominic, threatened with total blindness, according to physicians, had her sight restored after a novena and promise of publication; also recovery of a woman who had been given up for death, and of a mother seriously ill with fever; after a novena to St. Anthony, a four-year-old boy was cured of an affliction of the eyes, which threatened to disfigure him for life; also cure, after promise of publication, of a severe cold that threatened to develop into consumption; many other cures of colds, headaches, grippe, pneumonia, catarrh, skin disease and diphtheria; preservation from illness during an epidemic in a Dakota school, and the immunity of three persons from diphtheria when their household was afflicted with it; recovery of a lost child, after promise of a Mass and publication; also recovery, after prayer, of two valuable horses that had gone astray in a Louisiana forest; threatened loss of money averted, after Our Lady of Prompt Succor and Saint Anthony had been invoked; payment, after St. Anthony had been invoked and publication promised, of a sum of money ong due and much needed; a woman, who wanted to borrow money to meet an urgent obligation, appealed in vain to banks, trusts, and loan associations, though her security was good: after a novena to the Sacred Heart help came unexpectedly; the successful sale of property; two successful church fairs; a delicate boy and lax Catholic had decided to go to Klondyke: his sister, fearing alike for his physical and spiritual health, prayed to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, St. Anthony and the boy's patron, St. Thomas Aquinas: after all human opposition had failed to dissuade him, he relinquished the project suddenly and voluntarily; a great favor, on which a person's future happiness depended, miraculously granted after human means had failed and recourse was had to prayer; many successful examinations; many reconciliations of estranged friends; three persons out of employment for two years secured good positions after novenas and promised publication; many other positions obtained.

Favors Through the Badge and Promoter's Cross.—A Promoter's mother had suffered intensely for several days from an inflamed and swollen eye, and had tried various remedies in vain: publication was promised and the Badge applied, the pain becoming even more violent for awhile, after which she sank into a peaceful sleep: she awoke in about an hour completely cured, and, though she is seventy-four years old, her eye looks better than it has looked for years; cure of a contagious disease through the Badge and invocation of the Infant Jesus of Prague.

"I was about to take a long journey with a little child in my care, when I was seized with a sudden illness: the journey was inevitable, and the hour for my train fast approaching: The severity of the attack increased, and all remedies failed. As a recent convert from the Episcopalian body, I am troubled with some lingering skepticism as to Catholic practices for obtaining temporal favors. In my extremity, however, like St. Peter, I cried, 'Save, Lord! or I perish!' There remained but two hours before my train left, and the spasms of pain increased. I resolved to put on the Badge and to offer three Our Fathers in honor of the Sacred Heart, with the petition that I might recover sufficiently to accomplish the journey. From that time the remedies began to be effectual—not suddenly, but very perceptibly until the cab came for me. The journey was made in no discomfort and with less than usual fatigue. My faith

has been stimulated, and I send this brief account of an otherwise trivial circumstance, in the hope that other converts, trained as I was to scoff at such 'superstitions,' may be encouraged;" cure, after application of Badge and Promoter's Cross, of a painful swelling of the hand of three months' standing; cure, after applying the Badge, of a person violently ill with fever and suffering from severe pain in the back; cure, after prayer to the Sacred Heart, our Lady, St. Joseph and St. Anthony, together with application of the Badge, of a mother on the point of insanity from chronic insomnia and headache; a person about to undertake a journey was delayed by a sudden and severe illness, but was relieved sufficiently to make the trip after wearing the Badge; relief from a painful cancer by applying the Badge; also relief from toothache; a baby, taken sick in July and growing steadily worse for some days, was given up by the doctors, but some members of the League began a novena to the Sacred Heart, applied the Badge and Promoter's Cross, promised publication and administered Lourdes water: the little one passed the crisis safely as the novena was being finished; another child, violently ill with convulsions and despaired of by the doctors, was cured by applying the Badge and Promoter's Cross; also cure by applying the Cross, of a little boy suffering from toothache.

Spiritual and Temporal Favors obtained through Our Lady under various titles, St. Joseph, St. Anne, St. Anthony, St. Thomas, St. Francis Xavier, St. Expeditus, St. Eulogius, Blessed Rita, Ven. de la Colombière and the Martyrs of Auriesville.

I WAITED, LORD, FOR THEE.

By J. A. Mullen, S.J.

My heart was light, my spirits gay,
I waited, Lord, for Thee;
And nearer, nearer, came the day,
And though with fervent heart I pray,
Thou hear'st me not, Thou bidst me stay,
And wait awhile for Thee.

My prayers I blended with the rest,
Who waited then for Thee.
Thou calledst me not to be Thy guest,
My worth by deeds Thou wouldest test,
Thy will to me was manifest,
I waited, Lord, for Thee.

Dost Thou not say, now knock, now seek,
And I will come to thee?
I came, I knocked—Thou didst not speak;
Again refused, my soul grew weak,
And all around is cold and bleak,
While waiting, Lord, for Thee.

Thy loving voice again I hear,
Still waiting, Lord, for Thee.
Thy joyful welcome without fear,
Oh pass me not, nor fail to cheer
The heart of one to Thee so dear,
That patient waits for Thee.

THE·READER·

IS THERE UNDUE DISCRIMINATION AGAINST CATHOLIC AUTHORS?

A timely and fair criticism appeared lately in the Boston *Pilot* on the proposition of Dr. Thomas O'Hagan to establish a "Catholic Authors' Club." It was not the proposal to have such an association that is criticized (for there can be no objection to Catholics of literary pursuits banding together), but the motive assigned for its creation is certainly open to discussion. It was this, "that the fact of being a Roman Catholic exposes an American author to unfair treatment." The *Illustrated American* denies this, and says: "If a Roman Catholic author writes good literature, those who care for good literature read him. Besides these readers, this fortunate author gets a host of other readers who read him because he is a Roman Catholic."

We agree with this assertion in the main. There may be some writers who have never received the recognition that perhaps they deserve, but this befalls Protestants quite as well, nor can we always account for the public verdict. Why *Dion and the Sibyls* should be comparatively unknown, while *Ben Hur* has a world-wide reputation, cannot be accounted for by the fact that Miles Gerald Keon was a Catholic and Lew Wallace a Protestant. Indeed it has been said that *Ben Hur* was coldly received in the beginning. Many a book owes its popularity to successful advertising and favorable notices—booming we call it nowadays. Be that as it may, we hold that Catholics can have a hearing, or rather a reading, if they write what is readable; otherwise, Catholic or no Catholic, they have no claim, nor just cause of complaint.

Again, if an article is obtrusively Catholic it cannot be expected to gain admittance into distinctively Protestant publications, any more than a Protestant one of the same stamp would be received by Catholic editors. The *Pilot* makes the following good points, saying: "The real grievance, of which Dr. O'Hagan as a writer and other Catholics as readers have a right to complain, lies in the fact that secular publications so often forget to be secular. They give columns of room to distinctly Protestant matter, while rejecting anything Catholic as sectarian." It refers as a parallel to the Protestant and Masonic ceremonies quite common at public functions, though an outcry would be raised by these people were a priest to officiate on such occasions in his vestments. Majority in numbers does not justify the way in which even the non-religious press reflects Protestant opinion, while appealing for support to people of every creed. Speaking of Catholics buying papers which treat their faith disparagingly, it remarks: "It is so easy to get insulted without paying a cent for it, that it is sheer extravagance to buy what can be had for nothing." It considers "Dr. O'Hagan's chief complaint well taken against compilers of so-called manuals of American literature, in which Catholic writers are treated with very scant courtesy or none at all. One of them gives just a single line to the work of Catholic authors, and others less grudgingly recognize the part of Catholicity in American letters."

In our opinion, the less fuss Catholics make about want of recognition because of their faith the better. In the world of letters let them produce what is really worthy of public attention, and they will command it, without any undue discrimination. Nicholas Wiseman was a Catholic, yea, a Roman Cardinal: do his *Fabiola* and other writings lack readers? John Henry Newman was a Catholic, yea, a Roman Cardinal: do his works lie uncalled for on the booksellers' shelves? Henry Edward Manning was a Catholic, yea, a Roman Cardinal: were the products of his pen unacceptable? James Gibbons is a Catholic, yea, a Roman Cardinal: are his writings unpopular? If, then, Catholics of the deepest *red*, the Pope's own scarlet counsellors, can get a strong hold on the reading public, let not the want of success of pretentious but unmeritorious writers be attributed to their Catholicism.

It would seem that Catholics in England are open to the same or similar absurd treatment as their American brethren at the hands of reporters of church functions. The London *Times*, for instance, in describing the Mass celebrated by Cardinal Vaughan at Ebbs Fleet, records that "the consecration and elevation, a particularly solemn and striking portion of the service, was (*sic*) performed by Cardinal Perraud, who later on administered the sacramental kiss." Doubtless the good reporter was accustomed to Mosaic performance of Anglican Protestant services in which all the most distinguished bishops or ministers take a share. With this in mind he probably took for granted that the two Cardinals must certainly participate. "Administer the sacramental kiss" is truly a novel way of describing the *pax* or kiss of peace. For variety, perhaps, he called Cardinal Perraud, at times, "*Dr.*" Perraud. As the editor of the *Weekly Register* remarked in this connection, "it reminded him of a query of an Anglican rector in Rome, who lately roamed about St. Peter's asking if 'Dr. Pecci' were to be seen at any of the Lord's Tables." The average American reporter of Catholic services is quite on a par with his English *confrère*.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Eucharistic Christ. By Rev. A. Tesnière. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Pages 187. 12mo. Price $1.00.

This is an excellent English translation, by Mrs. Anne R. Bennett-Gladstone, of the French work by Father Tesnière, priest of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament. It is not in the form of a treatise, but of "Reflections and Considerations on the Blessed Sacrament"; and it is intended primarily for use by those who make the hour of adoration, although it will be profitable for those who have not this practice. There is an admirable preface by Rev. D. J. McMahon, D.D., the General Director for the United States of the Apostolic Union of Secular Priests. This book is calculated to promote devotion to our Lord in the Holy Eucharist.

True Politeness. By the Abbé Francis Demore. Translated from the French by a Visitandine of Baltimore. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Pages 203. 16mo. Price 60 cents.

This is "a little treatise addressed to religious," and made up of short conferences given by the Abbé, who was the spiritual director of the Poor Clares of Marseilles. The counsels it contains, however, would be useful for every member of society, *mutatis mutandis*. The translation is well done.

By Branscome River. By Marion Ames Taggart. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Pages 165. 16mo. Price 50 cents.

We congratulate the authoress on this, her latest production. The boys and girls are true to life, and consequently interesting. It suggests excellent points to its young readers for imitation.

The Lamp of the Sanctuary. By Cardinal Wiseman. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Pages 97. 16mo. Price 25 cents.

This beautiful little tale, in the attractive form of the new edition, will be welcomed by all admirers of the great Cardinal's writings.

The Old Faith and the New Woman. By Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J. League Tract XI. 317 Willings Alley, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 5 cents.

The League Centre of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, deserves our gratitude for publishing in pamphlet form Father Tyrrell's paper in the July *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. It is by far the best thing written on this much-discussed question. After clearly explaining the Church's attitude with regard to all new movements, Father Tyrrell goes on to point out how false is the charge that the Church has stood in the way of the higher education of women. But she must not be educated out of her proper sphere in life, or given that perfect equality with man advocated by J. S. Mill and other rationalistic writers. The low price at which the pamphlet is sold should insure for it a wide circulation.

Bone Rules or Skeleton of English Grammar. By Rev. John B. Tabb. Benziger Brothers, New York. Pages 109. Price, 50 cents.

Under this somewhat odd but expressive title, the poet-priest, Father Tabb, has presented us an excellent outline of

English grammar. It embodies his many years of experience as a teacher of the lower college classes, and should prove of great assistance to those engaged in like duties. As a text-book, it is marked by clearness, simplicity, apt illustrations, and the avoidance of the many newly-invented technical terms which have served to introduce confusion into the study of the grammar of our language.

Tales of Good Fortune. Vol. I. Acorn Grandee. By Rev. Thomas Jefferson Jenkins. Akron, Ohio: D. H. McBride & Co. Price 25 cents.

Father Jenkins has wrought a good work in bringing out an adaptation of Canon Schmid's far-famed tales for children. The present volume is the first of a proposed series of six books, and its neatly-printed pages and attractive binding should catch the eye and through it the mind and heart of the young readers for whom it is intended.

History of the Catholic Religion in the Sandwich Islands. 1829 to 1840.

Now that it appears a settled fact that Hawaii is to be annexed to the United States, this sketch of its missions possesses special interest. The book is a reprint of a "Supplement to the *Sandwich Island Mirror*, Containing an Account of the Persecution of Catholics at the Sandwich Islands." Unfortunately the new publishers do not give their name or address, and so our notice will add nothing toward making its details of Protestant intolerance better known.

The Life of Saint Roch, Patron of the Sick. Translated from the French by the Sisters of Mercy, Worcester, Mass. Price 10 cents.

In France and Italy no saint is better known or more generally invoked in time of sickness, and especially of plague, than St. Roch. We are told that this is the first edition of his life in English. It will help to spread devotion to him in this country, and at the same time to aid the Orphan Asylum in Worcester, for whose benefit the book is being sold.

Examination Bulletin No. 13, June, 1897. College-Entrance English. University of the State of New York.

What must strike every reader of this pains-taking compilation of Professor Jones, is the want of anything like a system in the teaching of English in our so-called great colleges. As pointed out by the Literature Inspector of the University of the State of New York, the methods of study suggested by the various colleges are fundamentally different. We cannot say that the present work does much towards solving the difficulty or to remove "the one defect of English teaching in our schools, its unrelatedness, its disjointedness, its vagueness of aim, its uncertainty of method."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Twenty-first Year Book of the New York State Reformatory, for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1896. With illustrations and anthropometric tables. Elmira, N. Y. 1897.

FROM BENZIGER BROTHERS: NEW YORK.

The Illustrated Prayer-Book for Children.—Price 35 cents.

The Little Path to Heaven. Price 20 cents to $1.60, according to binding.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS AND PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, September 1 to 30, 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Boise	Moscow, Idaho.	Holy Trinity . . . . . Church	Sep. 20
Boston	West Roxbury, Boston, Mass.	St. Teresa's . . . . . "	Sep. 22
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. John the Evangelist's "	Sep. 26
Brownsville	Laredo, Texas.	St. Augustine's	
Charleston	Florence, S. C.	St. Anthony's . . . . . Churc.	Sep. 8
Cleveland	Clyde, O.	St. Mary's . . . . . "	Sep. 8
"	Galion, O.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	Sep. 8
"	New Berlin, O.	St. Paul's . . . . . "	Sep. 8
Duluth	Pine City, Minn.	St. Mary's . . . . . "	Sep. 13
Grand Rapids	Harbor Springs, Mich.	Holy Childhood of Jesus . "	Sep. 30
Green Bay	Pulaski, Wis.	Assumption . . . . . "	Sep. 8
" "	Hofa Park, Wis.	St. Stanislaus . . . . . "	Sep. 8
Harrisburg	Lewistown, Pa.	Sacred Heart . . . . . "	Sep. 30
Hartford	West New Haven, Conn.	St. Laurence's . . . . . "	Sep. 28
Leavenworth	Holy Cross, Kans.	Holy Cross . . . . . "	Sep. 28
Monterey and Los Angeles	Castroville, Cal.	O. L. of Refuge . . . . "	Sep. 8
Peoria	Ottawa, Ill.	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	Sep. 20
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	Annunciation . . . . . "	Sep. 28
"	"	Holy Angels . . . . . "	Sep. 28
Scranton	Scranton, Pa.	Holy Cross . . . . . "	Sep. 8
Scranton	Williamsport, Pa.	Annunciation . . . . . "	Sep. 30

Aggregations, 21: cathedral, 1; churches, 20.

Diplomas issued from September 1 to 30 (inclusive), 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Number.
Albany	West Albany, N. Y	St. Francis de Sales . . . . . Church	1
Boston	Boston, Mass	Boston College	4
"	" "	" Catholic Deaf Mute . Mission	3
"	Canton, "	St. John's . . . . . Church	6
"	Hopkinton, Mass.	St. John's . . . . . "	3
"	Roxbury, Boston, Mass	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	2
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y (Flatbush).	Holy Cross . . . . . "	1
"	" "	St. Charles Borromeo's . . . "	1
"	" "	St. John's . . . . . Home	1
Brownsville	San Patricio, Tex.	St. Patrick's . . . . . Church	1
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y	Holy Angel's . . . . . "	21
"	" "	St. Mary's . . . . . School	25
Charleston	Charleston, S. C	St. Patrick's . . . . . Church	7
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	St. Peter's . . . . . Cathedral	
"	Kenton, Ohio	Immaculate Conception . . . Church	1
Cleveland	Napoleon, Oh o	St. Augustine's . . . . . "	2
"	Norwalk, Ohio	St. Mary's . . . . . "	8
Covington	Newport, Ky	Immaculate Conception . . . "	1
Dallas	Denison, Tex	St. Xavier's . . . . . Academy	1
Fort Wayne	Notre Dame, Ind	Notre Dame . . . . . University	1
Galveston	Galveston, Tex	St. Mary's . . . . . Cathedral	1
Green Bay	Portage, Wis	Immaculate Couception . . . Church	1
Hartford	Derby, Conn.	St. Mary's . . . . . Church	5
"	New Haven, Conn.	St. Patrick's . . . . . Convent	1
"	New London, Conn.	St. Mary's Star of the Sea . . Church	4
Leavenworth	Hanover, Kans.	St. John the Baptist's . . . . "	3
"	Palmer, Kans.	St. Louis' . . . . . "	3
"	St. Mary's, Kans.	St. Mary's . . . . . College	1
Manchester	Manchester, N. H.	St. Anselm's . . . . . "	5
Milwaukee	Highland, Wis.	St. John Nepomucene's . . . Church	2
"	Watertown, Wis.	St. Bernard's . . . . . "	2
Monterey and Los Angeles	Fresno, Cal	St. John the Baptist's . . . . "	9
Nesqually	Vancouver, Wash.	St. James' . . . . . Cathedral	2
New York	Brewster, N.Y.	St. Lawrence O'Toole's . . . Church	4
"	Mt. Florence, Peekskill, N. Y.	Good Shepherd . . . . . Convent	3
"	New York City, N.Y.	Our Lady of Good Counsel . . Church	2
"	" "	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel . . . "	1
"	" "	Sacred Heart . . . . . "	1
"	" "	St. Ignatius Loyola's . . . . "	5
Ogdensburg	Cherubusco, N. Y.	St. Philomena's . . . . . "	10
Oregon City	Gervais, Ore.	SS. Gervase and Protase's . . "	1
Philadelphia	Falls of Schuylkill, Phila., Pa.	St. Bridget's . . . . . "	
"	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Anthony of Padua . . . "	2
Providence	Taunton, Mass.	St. Mary's . . . . . "	56
St. Augustine	San Antonio, Fla.	St. Anthony's . . . . . "	3
St. Cloud	Rices, Benton Co., Minn.	Immaculate Conception . . . "	4
St. Joseph	Chillicothe, Mo	Franciscan . . . . . Monastery	1
St. Louis	Arcadia, Mo	Ursuline . . . . . Convent	1
"	St. Louis, Mo	St. Francis Xavier's . . . Church	3
"	" "	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	2
"	" "	Visitation . . . . . Convent	2
St. Paul	Red Wing, Minn	St. Joseph's . . . . . Church	2
San Francisco	Los Gatos, Cal	Immaculate Conception . . . "	10
"	San José "	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	1
Wheeling	Wheeling, W. Va	St. Joseph's . . . . . Cathedral	3

Total Number of Receptions, 55.

Total Number of Diplomas issued, 251.

CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, NOVEMBER, 1897.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for **Souls in Their Agony**, for the intentions of the Apostleship throughout the world, and for these particular intentions recommended by the American Associates.

1	*M.*	**All Saints.**—A.C., A. I., B.M.	Honor the saints.	252,003 thanksgivings.
2	*T.*	All Souls.—St. Victorinus, Bp. M. (303). —A.C.	Help the holy souls.	67,192 in affliction.
3	*W.*	St. Winifred, V.M. (1050). —St. Malachy, Bp. (1148)	Patience in trials.	72,405 sick, infirm.
4	*Th.*	St. Charles Borromeo, Bp. (1584).—H.H.	Pray for seminarians	81,095 dead Associates.
5	*F.*	**First Friday.**—SS. Zachary and Elizabeth.—1st. D., A.C.	Union in family.	43,341 League Centres.
6	*S.*	St. Leonard, Hermit (575).	Recollection.	18,832 Directors.
7	**S.**	**22d after Pentecost.**—B. Anthony Baldinucci (S.J. 1717).	Generosity.	42,145 Promoters.
8	*M.*	Octave of All Saints. — Four Brothers Crowned, M M. (304).	Think often of heaven.	312,230 departed.
9	*T.*	Dedication of the Lateran Basilica (324).—St. Theodore, M. (304).	Respect God's house.	165,431 perseverance.
10	*W.*	St. Andrew Avellino (Theatine, 1608).	Filial confidence.	224,729 young persons.
11	*Th.*	St. Martin, Bp. (Tours, 400).—St. Mennas, M. (303).—Pr., H.H.	Self-sacrifice.	76,727 First Communions.
12	*F.*	St. Martin I., P.M. (655).	Morning offering.	89,620 parents.
13	*S.*	St. Didacus (1463).	Pray for schismatics.	81,686 families
14	**S.**	**23d after Pentecost.**—St. Stanislas Kostka (S J., 1580)—Nov. 13 for S.J.	Union with God.	54,395 reconciliations.
15	*M.*	St. Gertrude, V.—Ab. (O.S.B., 1301).	Peace of heart.	102,982 work, means.
16	*T.*	St. Josaphat (Bp. M. (1623).—St. Edmund, Bp. (1240).	Confidence in God.	91,717 clergy.
17	*W.*	St. Gregory, Wonder-Worker, Bp. (270).—St. Hugh, Bp (1200).	Spirit of faith.	166,706 religious.
18	*Th.*	Dedication of Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul (Rome, 1626).—H H.	Zeal for God's house.	49,215 seminarists, novices.
19	*F.*	St. Elizabeth, W.Q. (Hungary, 1234).—St. Pontian, M. (235).—Pr.	Charity for the poor.	58,820 vocations.
20	*S.*	St. Felix de Valois, F. (Trinitarians, 1212).	Honor the Trinity.	47,463 parishes.
21	**S.**	**24th after Pentecost.**—Presentation B.V.M. —C.R.	Self-oblation.	55,805 schools.
22	*M.*	St. Cecilia, V.M. (230).	Angelic purity.	55,124 superiors.
23	*T.*	St. Clement I., P.M. (100).—St. Felicitas, M. (150)	Despise the world.	28,383 missions, retreats.
24	*W.*	St. John of the Cross (O.C., 1591).—St. Chrysogonus, M. (304).	Patience in suffering.	39,551 societies, works.
25	*Th.*	St. Catharine, V.M. (310).—H.H.	Spirit of wisdom.	377,881 conversions, sinners.
26	*F.*	St. Sylvester, Ab. (1267).—St. Peter of Alexandria, Bp. M. (310).	Zeal for God's glory.	178,943 intemperate.
27	*S.*	Patronage, B.V.M.—(3d S. Nov.) St. James Intercisus, M. (Persia, 421).	All for Jesus.	150,834 spiritual favors.
28	**S.**	**1st of Advent.**—St. Sosthenes (Disciple, Corinth I. Century).	Kindliness	93,826 temporal favors.
29	*M.*	St. Saturninus, B. (650).	Zeal for conversion.	111,904 special, various.
30	*T.*	St. Andrew, Ap. (62).—A.I., B.M.	Pray for Scotland.	MESSENGER readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship.* (D.=*Degrees*, Pr.=*Promoters*, C. R.=*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.=*Holy Hour*); A. C.=*Archconfraternity*; S.=*Sodality*; B. M.=*Bona Mors*; A. I.=*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.=*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.=*St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society*; B. I.=*Bridgettine Indulgence.*

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	141,327	11.	Masses heard	159,034
2.	Beads	399,814	12.	Mortifications	149,555
3.	Way of the Cross	66,361	13.	Works of Mercy	106,264
4.	Holy Communions	252,933	14.	Works of Zeal	631,742
5.	Spiritual Communions	311,855	15.	Prayers	3,841,767
6.	Examens of Conscience	149,615	16.	Kindly Conversation	76,763
7.	Hours of Labor	549,462	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	107,828
8.	Hours of Silence	206,792	18.	Self-conquest	94,638
9.	Pious Reading	118,078	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	272,856
10.	Masses read	23,489	20.	Various Good Works	164,901

Special Thanksgivings, 1,574; Total, 7,826,648.

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

MARY'S JEWELS.

By Rev. John B. Tabb.

IVE deep for pearls, as did the Messenger
Who learned in earth's humility to know
A gem that Heaven itself, apart from her,
Had not in all its treasury to show.

BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE

OF THE VISITATION.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXII. DECEMBER, 1897. NO. 12.

IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.

CORTINA D'AMPEGGO.

By E. McAuliffe.

WE had heard from some English ladies, whom we had met in our travels, the most enticing accounts of a summer resort in the Austrian Tyrol: a valley of verdure near the highest Alpine peaks, and a people of primitive simplicity. At the close of a very warm Spring we determined to seek out this delightful spot; but inquiries as to its whereabouts elicited nothing; we had omitted to get the exact directions; we knew not how to reach it. We called at Cook's office—they knew nothing about it, it was not on any of their charts; we called on our Consul—he had never heard of it; we could not find it in our (hitherto) infallible guide-book, and began to think it must be

"The lost Atlantis of our dreams,"

when, one day, we found in a book-store a little, unpretending-looking Austrian guide-book. We searched through it eagerly, and, behold! here were all the points we required. From Innsbruck to Toblach by train. From Toblach a drive of four hours through the most enchanting scenery in Europe brings you to Cortina, in the Ampeggo valley. The road lies in a defile, which narrows as you proceed, until you reach an open space surrounded on all sides with the singularly beautiful Dolomites. Conspicuous among them is Mount Popena, Mount Cristallo, the Drei Zinnen, the Cadinspitze and the Rorthwand. We pass the beautiful lake, Dürrensee, whose waters are of an emerald green, and where the snowy mass of Mount Cristallo is reflected in absolute perfection. Schluderbach is just a resting place, to stop and digest the exquisite surroundings. From Schluderbach it is a charming walk to Cortina, every step disclosing new beauties. As we draw nearer our destination we see the grand peaks of Pelmo, of Autelao, and of Anrapis, and, sleeping in the sunshine at their feet, the valley of repose.

The village consists of one long street. The principal object is the church, with its tall bell-tower. A mountain stream, dignified with the name of river, the Roïte, foams and frets its way through the centre of the valley; the green banks

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sloping upward on either side are all dotted with picturesque, many-gabled chalets; higher up a deep fringe of pines skirts the base of the mountains, whose summits seem to pierce the clouds. Although not yet patronized by tourists in general, Cortina is well known to the best class of Germans, and much frequented by members of the Alpine Club, all of whom belong to the nobility. There is a train every day goes from Toblach to Vienna. When we arrived, it was the middle of July; the four hotels which the village boasts were full, and lodging out their guests in the houses of the peasants. Our quarters were in a small house opposite our hotel, the home of a most interesting family, consisting of four daughters and two sons, besides the parents. Religious emblems met our view on every side; in every room little shrines with lamps burning, on every face the peace of God shining.

The men of the family we did not see; they were off on the distant Alps, herding cattle. Pasturage is so scarce that the shepherds spend the short Summer season going from Alp to Alp, until the cattle have consumed every square inch of herbage, by which time the Winter has set in and they return to their homes. Besides herding cattle, the Tyroleans make a livelihood by acting as guides to tourists, and also as hunters. Deer are found here, as well as many other kinds of game. The Alpine guides and hunters look very picturesque, with their tall, pointed hats, wreathed with wild flowers, the former carrying a coil of stout rope over his shoulder and a strong axe in his belt.

All the field work, as well as the domestic, is done by the women and girls; they take in the hay, they stack it in the barns; the dry season is so short they have to accomplish much while it lasts. They do not talk here about the "rights of women;" they know the "duties of women." They do whatever the hand finds to do, unrepiningly, unquestioningly. Their industry is beyond all praise. During the long Winter of nearly ten months they occupy themselves in making lace. Very fine and beautiful lace, called in our market "antique lace," and sold at a high price, but it can be bought here for anything one offers. All the guest-cham-

LAKE DÜRRENSEE, WITH MONT CRISTALLO IN BACKGROUND.

CORTINA.

bers in the cottages are adorned with this exquisite fabric. There is no class but the peasant class, no baronial residence, no castle; all the grandeur is Nature's. The older women are sun-browned and toil-worn, the younger beautiful in their native costumes, but quite unconscious of their own beauty, innocent and pious, like the young Rebecca leading her father's flocks to the fountain. It was late in the afternoon when we reached Cortina. We recalled the words of Dante:

"Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart,
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell.
And pilgrim newly on his road, with love
Thrills if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day."

The mass-bells are ringing at five o'clock in the morning. The whole population goes to Mass every day, the greater number at that early hour. At every Mass, at the elevation of the Sacred Host, the church-bell rings, so that any who are kept away by illness or other causes may assist in spirit and intention at the holy sacrifice. These people are truly pious. Untainted as yet by heresy, the Tyrol is the most Catholic region in the world. Here, when the priest bears the Viaticum to the sick, it is not done secretly; he carries it openly through the street, followed by a crowd of devout worshippers. A canopy is held above his head, and, when the sound of the little bell is heard which an acolyte rings in advance, every one comes to the door of his house to kneel in adoration while the Majesty of Heaven passes. For the moment, all business is suspended; if you were in a store, the person waiting on you would drop his goods and hasten to perform his act of homage. I have seen the servants of the principal hotel running to the door in a crowd, to prostrate themselves on such an occasion. Another beautiful custom prevails here, which I have not seen elsewhere. When a dying person is in the last agony, the church-bell rings a solemn peal, which gives notice, and at once the whole village unites in prayer for the passing soul. They stand at the doors of their houses and shops, praying devoutly as long as the bell is ringing. We live here in an atmosphere

of holiness; the extreme purity of the air in these lofty regions is a fit emblem of the lives of the inhabitants. One is near heaven, in a double sense, physically and spiritually.

Before the High Mass on Sundays, the priest gives four benedictions from four altars, one on each side of the church, to bless the fields on every side. After Vespers, the young men who come down to the village for Sunday, play their games of ball, etc., in the square outside the church, the priest looking on approvingly, while placidly smoking his long German pipe.

When we arrived in July the rose-trees were putting forth their first little tender buds; in the last week of August the snow was lying on the near hills. For any one in search of a sensation, snowballing in August is a genuine one. Mountain climbing is the principal amusement of the place. Parties go out on long expeditions (there are no bandits here), and each one boasts of the number of high peaks he has achieved. We wished to stay a little longer; the immense stoves were lighted, softening the temperature indoors, but in the first week of September the cold, outdoors, became unendurable, and we had to seek a milder climate on the southern slopes of the Tyrol.

We left Cortina in the stage at eight in the morning, wrapped up in heavy cloaks and furs. The morning was clear and bright, the pine-trees, under their mantle of snow, exhaled sweet odors; we passed through Schluderbach and took our last look at "Cristallo," forever mirrored in the emerald waters of the lovely "Dürrensee." By the time we reached Toblach, after a drive of four hours, our wraps had been discarded, and were piled up on the seat beside us nearly as high as our heads. We were quite out of the cold region and had found Summer again.

From Toblach we took the train to Botzen, a beautiful little town, and, after Innsbruck, the most important in the Tyrol. Meran, where Mary Howitt passed some years of her life, is not far from Botzen. The situation of the town is charming: on a cultivated plain, with the giant mountains standing around and guarding it from Winter blasts. All the way from the station to the principal square the path is bordered with the public gardens (*Anlagen*); these gardens make a most beautiful feature in every German town. The *Pfarrkirche* (parish church) is on the grand square or *Platz*, a very beautiful edifice; with its bell-tower and roof covered with glittering tiles, it looks like a gem "on the green enamel of the plain." One of the Archdukes has a magnificent residence here and is much beloved by the people, as indeed are all the imperial family, I might say, adored. On entering Austria after a prolonged stay in Italy, the first thing that strikes a stranger is the absence of poverty. Every one seems to be well off and comfortably dressed; no rags, no bare feet offend the eye; beggars are rare. A general well-to-do appearance prevails in every Austrian town, so that it is not without reason the people love their Emperor. In Italy the poverty is so widespread that the highest nobles gladly seize any opportunity of renting a suite of rooms in their palaces; while in Austria, on the contrary, such a thing would not be thought of. No private family would, on any consideration, admit a stranger into their house.

Before leaving Botzen I must describe a funeral which affected us very much. One evening, the melody of psalms sung by many voices was wafted in from a little quiet street at the rear of our hotel. On looking out, we perceived several benches outside a poor-looking house, and a number of men and women singing the office for the dead. We made some inquiries and were told that the child of a poor laundress was dead, and as the house was not large enough to hold all the sympathizing friends, they seated them outside, where they joined in the devotions being carried on inside.

Needless to say, we were at once interested, and watched the progress of the ceremonies. When the singing ceased, prayers were commenced, and thus alternated until a late hour, when the members quitely dispersed, leaving a few silent watchers for the night. There was no chatting or conversation of any kind, no levity, none of the heartless insensibility so evident at funerals elsewhere. Our advanced civilization might well take a lesson from these people, whose enlightenment is from a purer source. Next morning the funeral left the house, the little casket borne on the shoulders of friends, the parish priest and the entire Chapter of Canons walking in procession. A child of the Archduke's could not have received more honor; it was a striking example of the equality of all in God's Church. She was no longer a child of the meanest subject:

"To the height of the sinless angels
The little one had grown."

While dwelling in these Catholic lands where the highest morality is the rule, where religion is the basis of every action, one feels toward the rest of the world as the poet did, when from the heights of heaven he

. . . . "Saw this globe
So pitiful of semblance, that perforce
It moved my smiles: and him in truth I hold
For wisest, who esteems it least: whose thoughts
Elsewhere are fixed, him worthiest call and best."

On leaving Botzen we decided to go to Trent, a spot of such interest to all Catholics. Our road lay through a country of surpassing loveliness, still descending the fertile slopes. The distant snowy peaks still in view, the wide-spreading, vine-covered plains, dotted here and there by a castle or monastery; a little river bubbling and foaming over its stony bed accompanied us all the way. As we neared Trent we passed through the famous porphyry gorge. The railroad at this place is cut through a rock of red porphyry. On either side, the crimson wall, draped with delicate green vines, towers high above our heads; the bed of the river is full of broken stones, which through the water look redder still. We had a great de-

SCHLUDERBACH.

sire to gather some of the precious specimens, but we were in the train, and had to leave the porphyry as well as many other delightful things behind.

Trent is a small but beautiful town, like Botzen on a fertile plain at the foot of the mountains, but with richer vegetation, as the situation is more exposed to the sun. The grapes in Trent were the largest we had ever seen; they looked like the pictured grapes brought by the twelve spies from the "Promised Land." There are some beautiful churches here, the cathedral dating from the fifteenth century, and the church of Santa Maria Maggiore from the sixteenth. In the latter was held the great Council from A. D. 1545 to 1563. We lingered for hours in the grand Hall of the Council, examining the many objects of interest, especially the portraits of the distinguished men who had composed it.

There is a ruined castle not far from Trent, the castle of Lizzana, where Dante found an asylum in A.D. 1304, when he was banished from Florence. It was destroyed in 1439 by the Venetians. There are charming excursions and drives, which make a stay in Trent very agreeable; among others, to the ruins of a monastery said to have belonged to the Templars. We were here on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and were edified to see the manner in which it was celebrated—all business suspended, banks and public offices closed, a veritable Sabbath.

There is a very beautiful little town called Riva on the northern extremity of the Lake of Garda. It is really in Austria, although situated on an Italian lake. Having a southern exposure, it is a favorite Winter resort, and we determined to explore it. A journey of four or five hours by train brought us to Mori, a small station where the railroad terminated. From thence by stage to Riva. Where the waters of the lake wash the shore there is a deep border of gardens; there, under the shade of fine old trees, one can spend hours watching the ever-varying beauty of the lake. The Catholic spirit of the place is felt at once, when we see on the principal square the statue of the Patron Saint, St. John Nepomucene. Riva has a grand cathedral, and, as the town is small, one can have the privilege of attending at all the church services without being prevented by distance or weather. At one point, on the lake of Garda, three dioceses meet: those of Trent, Verona, and Brescia; Dante alludes to it thus:

"A lake there lies, at foot of that proud Alps
That o'er the Tyrol locks Germania in,
Its name Benacus,* which a thousand rills,
Methinks, and more, water between the vale
Camonica and Garda and the height
Of Apennine remote. There is a spot
At midway of that lake, where he who bears
Of Trent's flock the pastoral staff, with him
Of Brescia, and the Veronese, might each,
Passing that way, his benediction give."

*The lake of Garda was called *Benacus* in the time of Dante.

SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER.

By Rev. Michael Watson, S.J.

For Love, his queen, his gallant deeds were done:
For Love, he stood firm and unblenched beside
Dread mounts aflame with pent-up lava tide,
And braved hordes fiercer than the savage Hun.
In storms his look was calm, as if the sun
'Mid laughing waves cast gold with kingly pride;
And when his glory thrilled the whole world wide,
O lowly heart! he fled the praise he won.
To sloth or selfish greed he was no slave:
Love's low, sweet voice and tender smile he knew;
And in the path she traced, he ran, he flew.
Fear had no need to menace with sharp rod.
Why scorned he death by fire and sword and wave?
—He loved his fellow-men, he loved his God.

The sunshine glittered on the fretting sea;
The tide crept o'er a ribbèd waste of sand;
And breathless hung the air above the strand,
Where Xavier, Christ-like in extremity,
Lay dying slow: a piteous sight was he!
His burning brow by no cool wind was fanned,
And to his wan, dry lips no brother's hand
Gave soothing draughts in love and sympathy.
Abandoned, left to die upon the stones,
He saw relentless Death's fast-thickening gloom
Enwrap him round; drops, chill as icy spume
Of Arctic seas, bedewed his face, and moans
Surged from his heaving breast. Gape wide, dark Tomb,
And give him swift surcease of pangs and groans.

Man, great in life, but greater in thy death!
Thy captive spirit longs from earth to soar;
Slow, faint, and still more faint, thy failing breath
Sobs like the wave that laps upon the shore.
Anon, there comes a blest and peaceful calm,
That, as a fresh, dew-laden breeze from heaven,
Steals gently o'er thy soul and brings sweet balm:
Lo! now thy bright eye flashes like the levin,
Thy shrunk cheeks flush, and thy wet, pallid brow,
With splendor touched, is lifted to the sky—
Thy glory's dawn, O Saint, is breaking now!
Out from thy full heart leaps th' impassioned cry:
"*In Thee, Almightly Lord, I've hoped in Thee:*
O Love, O Joy, Thou'rt mine eternally!"

THE MOTHER OF A FAMOUS PRIEST.

By L. W. Reilly.

FAMILIAR as a household word throughout Italy is the name of Don Bosco. He was a priest of Turin who devoted the years of his manhood, from 1840 to 1888, to the care of neglected children, and who for their sakes, with Divine Providence as his banker, opened refuges, built schools, established workshops and published books. For them, too, he founded the Salesian Society—which consists of an institute of priests for the training of boys and a congregation of Sisters for the education of girls—which has spread his work throughout Europe and America.

John Bosco was once a poor boy himself, a peasant, ignorant, with no prospects beyond a life of rude labor in his native Becchi, on the east slope of the Alps. His father died when he was two years old. His mother, left a widow at nineteen, with a stepson and two boys of her own to rear, had a fierce struggle to make a living on the mountain homestead left her by her husband. She toiled and stinted herself, to give her youngest an education that would open to him the gates of the sanctuary.

As soon as Don Bosco was ordained, he began his apostolate among the waifs, the orphans, and the offspring of careless or vicious parents in Turin. He had not yet finished his theological studies, when he commenced to bring them in off the streets, to teach them their catechism, to hunt employment for them, to beg clothing for them, to conduct a night-school for them. On Sundays he assembled them in some street, marched them to church, celebrated Mass for them, preached them an instruction, and then walked with them into the country, where they spent the day together.

The boys swarmed around him. They were attracted by his magnetic love for them. They brought to him others like themselves. At the end of two years, they numbered three hundred.

When the Archbishop of Turin designed to send Don Bosco to assist in a parish, the latter was docility itself, but he asked: "What will become of my poor boys?" Their evident need of him prevailed. He was made almoner of a hospital, with permission to give part of his time to his wild flock, and to use one of his two rooms in the institution as a chapel for their accommodation. But they were so noisy, so rough, and so mischievous, that at the end of six months the hospital closed its doors against them. Then their pastor got permission for them to meet on Sundays in the courtyard and vestibule of St. Peter's Church in Turin, but from there they were driven by the civil authorities, on complaint of the neighbors. Next, as it was Summer, they had no rendezvous, but used to meet in a different place every Sunday, and have a picnic pilgrimage to some sanctuary in the suburbs. When Winter came, however, three rooms were rented for their use. But the cold weather was hardly over when the landlord served notice on Don Bosco to get out, for "his vagabonds were a nuisance." Next he hired an open field for them in the Valdocco quarter; but from it, too, they were shortly dispossessed, for they were "too much of a rabble" for its owner. Finally, the use of a shed and a large lot was obtained on a long lease from a man named Pinardi; there to-day stands the mother-house of the Salesian founda-

dations — an immense asylum, with schools, church, workshops, dormitories and other buildings.

Under the strain of his labors and anxieties, Don Bosco's health broke down, and his doctor in Turin sent him home to die. But the mountain air revived him, and was not his mother the best of nurses for him?

Margaret Bosco was a notable woman. She was resolute, energetic, high-minded, and full of faith. Although she could neither read nor write, she was quick in wit and retentive in memory; brought up among rude folk, she was by nature gentle and considerate; fated to be a drudge, she made use of celestial motives to uplift herself in spirit from her sordid state. Religion molded her character, defined her principles, elevated her sentiments, filled her mind with beautiful images and flooded her rough pathway with the glory of immortal hope.

When the parish priest of Murialdo told her that her little John had in him the making of a priest, her Catholic soul felt a thrill of bliss. Thenceforward no work was too hard, no economy too close. A dish of polenta was a feast, when with it came a vision of her bairn at the altar, holding up in his anointed hands the Holy Host! So she sent him to school and kept him there at a great cost.

While John was still at college, he thought of joining a religious order. He mentioned this project to his pastor, and the latter told his mother about it, adding that he had dissuaded the youth from it, on the ground that she might yet need help from him. At once she set out for the school to see her son. After greeting him, she asked:

"Our pastor tells me that you are thinking of becoming a friar; is it so?"

He hesitated a moment.

"Is it so?" she repeated.

"Yes, mother," he answered, "and I hope you'll not oppose me."

"Oppose you? Not I. I have always earned my own living and, so long as these two hands can work, I will be dependent on nobody. Let nothing that has been said to you of my possible need of your help keep you from following your vocation. Think only of your own salvation and the good of souls. Do you imagine that I have hoped to see you a priest in order to live off you? God forbid! If you are called by Him to be a friar, let nothing stand in your way!"

Could he help being valiant with such a mother?

As soon as Don Bosco found himself convalescent he worried about his boys in Turin. But now came a new anxiety. He knew that he would have to give up either them or his position as almoner. If he resigned the latter, with it would go his room, his board and his salary. If he abandoned the boys—but that was not to be thought of. For shelter he could board off a corner of the Pinardi shed, and for food—Oh, that would come somehow. But who would take care of him? He had no apartment for a housekeeper, no means to pay her wages, and the Valdocco quarter had such a hard name that a respectable woman would not like to live there alone; yet, on the other hand, he needed just such help. He laid the difficulty before his mother, and diffidently asked her if she would go to live with him in the city.

"Me!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; you, mother, if you can bear to make the sacrifice."

"What! Leave Becchi, the mountains, our church, the vineyard, the neighbors, this home, and Joseph's children! Why, John, how can you ask it?"

Before he could utter a word, off she bustled to her own room. The suddenness of the proposition had set her mind in a whirl. She couldn't think. Now down on her knees she went. "Lord, what shall I do?" she prayed; "show me Thy will." Quickly she went over the pros and cons. Soon she reached a

decision. Back she hurried to John. "I will go with you;" she said, "Joseph and his children do not need me—you and your boys do."

Her son Joseph expostulated, his wife echoed his entreaties, his children wept their protest—but they could not shake her resolution. She was needed in Turin, there she would go.

Don Bosco and his mother set off on foot, he carrying a bundle of books, she, a basket of clothes. Thirteen miles lay between their hamlet and their destination. When they reached the town they met Don Vola. The latter, after being introduced to Dame Margaret and congratulating John on his return of health, inquired:

"Where do you come from?"

"From Becchi, near Murialdo."

"But not on foot?"

"Yes, on foot, for a good reason."

"And what is that?"

"We haven't a cent."

"Where are you going?"

"To Pinardi's."

"Have you hired any rooms?"

"No, not yet; I don't know that any of his are vacant; but the shed is a nice shelter, and perhaps we'll build an addition to it."

"And about furniture and provisions?"

"My friend," replied Don Bosco jocosely, "you ask too many questions. We expect to get everything we need from Divine Providence, which is rich."

"Well, well," cried Don Vola, "you have no rooms, no beds, no food, no one expects you, and no money! May God be with you! May I—hold—forgive me—I have something which you will do me a favor to accept—it is of no use to me—take this and sell it."

"What, your watch!"

"Yes, I don't need it at all. I'd offer you money, except for the same reason that you walked—my pocket is empty. However, sell the watch for whatever it will bring. And now, as your good mother looks tired, I'll say—good bye." And off he hurried.

When mother and son reached Pinardi's, they found that he had two furnished rooms for rent, in his dwelling near the shed that was Don Bosco's Oratory for his boys. These they hired. In them they kept house for many a day.

To live on the alms of the charitable is sometimes precarious. Don Bosco and his mother occasionally had a vacant larder. He sold his portion of the vineyard, Joseph sent some cartloads of wood and sacks of potatoes, and Dame Margaret disposed of her bridal outfit. Her best dress was made into a vestment, her linens into altar-cloths and surplices, her gold chain went to ornament the tabernacle, and the rest was sold. Once she told a friend:

"I had tears in my eyes when I looked at them for the last time, before sending them away or breaking them up; but, perceiving my weakness, I said: 'Go, dear souvenirs of my parents and my husband, you cannot end better than for the relief of poor children or the use of God and His priest.' And having made this offering I experienced a sense of deep peace, and then I wished that I had many trousseaux to give up in the same way."

Great was the change for Donna Bosco from the quiet, the cool sweetness and the frugal comfort of Becchi to the squalor of the Valdocco neighborhood, the cramped living in a tenement, and the noise of a thousand boys. Only once in ten years did she utter a complaint; then she was wrought up in nervousness by a thousand vexations, and she said to her son:

"I cannot stay here any longer. The children are incorrigible. One in running upsets my table with all my washing still damp upon it; another tears his clothes so often as to make one think he did it on purpose; they all shout until my head aches. I am tired of them. Let me go back to Becchi."

Don Bosco did not answer her in words.

He only pointed to a crucifix on the wall. It was for His sake that they were both working. Margaret understood. Her fretful look gave way. "You are right, John," she said, "you are right."

Her labors soon increased, for Don Bosco began to take in homeless boys and to give them bed and board, in more rooms rented from Pinardi. The first of these guests was received in 1847. The next year their number was thirty. Soon it was a hundred. Dame Margaret worked for them like a mother—cooked for many, washed their garments, patched, darned and sewed for them, nursed the sick among them, and planned for them as for a large family, without rest or reward.

Her lips were always praying, even when her mind had to take thought of her tasks. Many a day, in the midst of her work for the boys, she had a dozen things to attend to at one time, and would be reciting the rosary, as well as she could, while about them. To one of the lads she would say: "Get a knife and begin to peel the potatoes." Then she would commence to say the beads, and when she had reached the first "Our Father," let us say, would go on somewhat like this: "who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name"—"John get some wood"—"Thy kingdom come"—"Take that off the stove"—"Thy"—"There, the wind's blown down the clothes; go, James and Dominic, quick and put the line up again"—"Thy will be done on earth as"—"Ah! little one, your trousers are torn again; will you never quit playing marbles on your knees?"—"it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread"—"You, Peter, go see if Don Bosco has returned; he works too hard, dear man; however, I must not scandalize you by my thoughtless words, dear children, no one works too hard when it is for God"—"and forgive us our trespasses as we"—"Go, there is the bell."

So scrupulous was she not to take any of the portion of the poor that even on feast-days she would not depart from her habit of eating only the very coarsest fare; no extra dish would she touch, even after cooking it for the boys; and as for the clothing, while it was neat in its cleanness, it was so shabby from long use that Don Bosco often told her that the poor were better dressed than she.

When Dame Margaret died, in 1856, there were one hundred and fifty boarders and about fifteen hundred other boys belonging to the three establishments of the Salesian Oratory then in Turin. They all loved her as a mother and had all experienced multiplied proofs of her maternal solicitude for them.

She instructed many to justice; who can doubt that she will shine like a star for all eternity?

THE ORIGIN AND RISE OF THE KNIGHT HOSPITALLERS.

By J. Arthur Floyd.

FROM the time of Constantine's conversion to the early years of the seventh century, the Holy Land reposed under the protecting rule of the Christian Emperors of Constantinople, and pilgrims found there a peace to which Europe had been a stranger during the irruption of the Goths, the Huns, the Vandals, and the breaking up of the Western Empire.

In 637 Jerusalem fell into the hands of the followers of Mahomet; thenceforward the right to practise the Christian religion had to be purchased by the payment of tribute. At times its adherents were tolerated, then came periods of fierce persecution when the courage of the Christians "in the midst of torments only added to the hatred of their tormentors; the prayers, even, which they

addressed to Jesus Christ to put an end to their evils, were considered as a revolt, and punished as the most guilty treasons." At last came the preaching of Peter the Hermit, followed by the Council of Clermont, and it needed but the voice of Pope Urban II. to unite the chivalry of Europe in a crusade for the recovery of the holy places and the protection of pilgrims. With irresistible courage the Crusaders cut their way through the Mussulman armies in Asia Minor, drove them from their strongholds in Palestine, and finally replanted the Cross on the towers of Jerusalem.

During all these vicissitudes, the stream of pilgrims had continued to flow into the East, increasing in volume as, one after another, the nations of Europe rose out of the wreck of the Roman Empire, and were added to the conquests of the Church. To trace that stream to its origin we must go back to the times of the Apostles. "From the date of the ascension"—so we read in the third or fourth century letters of Paula and Eustochium—"a continuous stream of pilgrims had resorted to the holy places."

It was as a pilgrim that St. Alexander, in the year 212, set out for Jerusalem, of which city he was afterwards consecrated bishop; and that, a century afterwards, St. Helena followed in his footsteps. A few years later the great St. Jerome took up the palmer's staff, and, in company with his friend, St. Eusebius, set out for the East. "Having performed their devotions in the spots sanctified by the presence of Christ," they settled in Bethlehem, and there founded a monastery, "which was soon filled with religious men disposed to follow the rule established by St. Jerome himself. But the crowds of pilgrims becoming daily more considerable, and not knowing how to feed and lodge them, the two friends were obliged to return to Italy, to sell the property they had there, which they destined for these pious purposes. With the money thus raised they founded in Bethlehem a hospital for pilgrims, and there the two friends died, and were laid to rest near the stable within which our Lord was born." England, too, contributed to the number of pilgrims; from her shores St. Arculphus set out for the East, and the account of his pilgrimage—arranged by the great Adamnan in 690—is still extant in the publications of Mabillon.

Still later on, when Palestine had passed under the yoke of the Saracens, the political influence and renown of the Emperor Charlemagne obtained for the Christians a respite from persecution and the payment of tribute, and his friendly relations with the enlightened Kaliph Haroun-al-Raschid enabled him to found in the Holy City a hospital, consisting of twelve hostelries and a library, for the benefit of Latin pilgrims.

To shelter and protect pilgrims was one of the objects for which the celebrated hospice and monastery, founded in 962 by St. Bernard of Mentone, was erected on the highest part of the road leading over the Great St. Bernard mountain. Other hospices, solely for the use of pilgrims, were to be found on the borders of Hungary, and, later on, in Asia Minor. Before the close of the eleventh century they had been established in many parts of Europe on the roads leading to the East, "on the banks of rivers, upon the heights of mountains, in the midst of cities, and in desert places," and those unable to visit the Holy Places contributed instead their alms toward the maintenance of these institutions.

Such hospices were, therefore, by no means unheard of when, toward the middle of the eleventh century, certain merchants of the Italian city of Amalfi had their attention drawn to the sufferings of many of the pilgrims in the Holy Land. At the time of which we speak, these merchants—in common with those of Venice and Genoa—had commercial interests in Palestine which brought them into direct contact with the palmers. Their hearts were filled with compassion

for those they were constantly meeting on the roadside and in the Holy City, whose means had been exhausted by the expenses of the journey, or who had been the victims of Mussulman extortion, or the prey of robbers. Then, as now, wealth was a very potent factor in the affairs of the world: it could tone down the fanaticism of the disciples of Mahomet, and bend them to an obsequious tolerance of the adherents of a detested creed. Hard, indeed, was the lot of the penniless pilgrims; footsore, hungry, and without a shelter, they sank beneath the ill usage to which they were subjected, and many died within sight of the holy places they had come to venerate, but which the ruthless Mussulmans would not allow them to visit. Doubtless the hospices already founded in Europe were known by report to the merchants of Amalfi—perhaps may have been visited by them in person—whilst their close connection with Jerusalem must have placed them in possession of the history of the similar establishments once existing in the Holy City, and of the good work they had accomplished. When, therefore, their charity moved them to take active steps to relieve the distress and suffering of the poorer pilgrims, we may well suppose that their knowledge of these earlier hospices—founded with the same object that they had in view—may have influenced them in their decision to found and endow a hospital and a community of nurses, for the benefit of Latin pilgrims.

With the consent of the Kaliph—he was not the man to say no to the merchants, when he found them willing to pay for what they wanted—the work was commenced, about the year 1048, on a site close to the Holy Sepulchre. Hospitals for the reception of pilgrims of both sexes, and a monastery, were built. Attached to them, a Latin church was raised in honor of our Lady, and dedicated under the title of St. Mary *ad Latinos*. Here the brethren of the Hospital commenced their noble work, and, centuries before an ambulance corps had ever been thought of, these good men were to be seen bringing in the wounded and the sick from highways and streets, and carrying on within the bosom of the Catholic Church a work which the present age looks upon as peculiarly its own.

Such was the origin of the community which, sixty years later, developed into the military order of the Knight Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. The establishment of an armed force, bound together by monastic vows, and having for its object the defence of the Church and her children, was, however, no part of the original plan of the merchants of Amalfi. They could, indeed, have had no premonition of the heroic part the Hospitallers would play when, side by side with the Templars, they fought for the Faith with a singleness of purpose, and a dauntless courage, which gained the two orders the proud distinction of being the mainstay of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. And when, ages after the Templars had succumbed to a hard, and, seemingly, unmerited fate, the Hospitallers in Rhodes and in Malta stemmed the flood of Ottoman invasion, and thus repaid the charity which had brought the order into existence, by saving the descendants of its founders and their Italian fatherland from the horrors of Mohammedan servitude.

Up to the beginning of the eleventh century, "the expenses of the hospital were defrayed chiefly by alms annually collected in Italy by the benevolent founders, and all Latin pilgrims were sheltered and relieved without distinction of nation or condition. Those whom robbers had plundered were reclothed; those whom disease had debilitated were tended with skill and tenderness; and those who died were buried with Christian rites." Within the Xenodochia, as the hospital was called, the Mahometan, too, found a ready welcome whenever distress or disease led him to seek a shelter therein, and it is not too much

SHOWING THE MANTLE OF THE KNIGHT HOSPITALLERS.

to say that thousands of pilgrims found their way back to their homes, who, but for the nursing and assistance of the Hospitallers, would have perished unheeded and unknown.

During those earlier years, up to 1118, these "Servants of the Poor of Christ," —to use a title by which the Hospitallers were known—seemed to have confined themselves to the special work of the institution placed under their care. Their willing presence in the midst of a population intensely hostile to Christianity is evidence of no mean courage. This was even more conspicuously seen, when they remained to discharge their duties at the time when the horrors related by Peter the Hermit, and the exhortations of Pope Urban, had launched the army of the first crusade on its victorious course; and when the reduction, one after another, of Nicea, Tarsus, Antioch and Edessa, had announced the near approach of the Crusaders to the Holy City, and filled the rulers and people of Syria with an exasperation that endangered the lives of all Christians within their power.

On July 15, 1099, the Crusaders under Godfrey de Bouillon recovered Jerusalem, after it had been under Mussulman bondage for 460 years. At the beginning of the siege, the hospital was under the direction of its rector, Peter Gerard. Undaunted by the perils of his surroundings, he remained in the city, and was thrown into prison, although his devotion to the poor and suffering had won the esteem even of his persecutors. He was liberated by the Crusaders, and, soon after, Duke Godfrey visited the hospital and found it filled with wounded soldiers "who loudly extolled the humane attention that had been bestowed on them."

In Godfrey, so we are told, the bravery and virtues of a hero were united to the simplicity of a cenobite; his devotion was sincere and disinterested. Earlier in life he had waged war on the Holy See in the interest of the Emperor. "He afterwards repented of having embraced a party which victory itself could not make triumphant, and which the greater

part of Christendom considered sacrilegious." As a penance for his offence, "he made a vow to go to Jerusalem, not as a simple pilgrim, but as a liberator." He joined in the first crusade, and, as its leader, fulfilled his vow to the very letter. He was unable to stay the carnage with which, in the intoxication of victory, the Crusaders sullied their triumph, though, to his honor be it remembered, he abstained from any participation in it. His vow accomplished, he walked barefooted and without arms to pay his devotions in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This act of piety stayed the fury of the Crusaders, and recalled those lessons of mercy and forgiveness taught, more than a thousand years before, by One whose footsteps had hallowed the very ground on which they stood. Motives of policy and self-preservation may have suggested the necessity of crushing the Moslem garrison beyond hope of recovery; certainly the ideas of justice prevalent in those unsettled ages must not be tested by the standards of modern times, though, even on that score, the history of Cromwell's exploits in Ireland and the testimony of the native races of Africa and America, might suggest a prudent reserve. Animated with regret for their shortcomings, the knights and soldiers threw aside their blood stained trappings, and, headed by the clergy, followed the example of Godfrey, and marched in penitence to the tomb of the Redeemer.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

The work carried on by Abbot Gerard and his brother Hospitallers at once secured the sympathy of Duke Godfrey. As a token of his favor he endowed the order with the lordship of Montboise in Brabant, together with all its dependencies. Others followed his example, and soon the Brethren found themselves owners of lands and possessions in all parts of Europe, and before the middle of the thirteenth century they are said to have held nineteen thousand manors in different parts of Christendom. With part of the endowments they were enabled to build a noble church in Jerusalem in honor of St. John the Baptist, the tutelar saint of the order. At about the same time subordinate hospitals—or commanderies as they came to be

called—were established at St. Gilles at the mouth of the Rhone, at Messina in Sicily, at Taranto in Italy, and at other seaports; they increased in number till they were to be found in all parts of Europe. These commanderies "were the palmer's special asylums—the places where he found guides and convoys, and heard of ships and caravans to carry him to his destination."

The noble, self sacrificing labors of the Hospitallers inflamed many of the Crusaders with a desire to share their meritorious work. Temporal objects and love of romantic adventures may have been among the minor motives which had led many of those Crusaders to take the cross, but only deep-seated devotion to their Faith could have sunk all national animosities and united them to carry on a crusade for the deliverance of the holy places and the defence of the Church. For them the life beyond the grave was something more than a theory; it was a very real fact; and this consideration led them to look on the joys of earth of little importance, when compared with the rewards to be gained in heaven by a life devoted to the sick and poor in the wards of St. John's. There these heroes took up a task for which they could have had no previous training. They washed the feet of the weary, tended the sick, and dressed their wounds with gentle care, and, when all human skill proved unavailing, they brought in the chaplains of the order, and, the last sacraments having been administered, they watched on by the bedside till death ended the vigil, and freed them for the service of still other sufferers.

Amongst the knights engaged in the crusade was Raymond du Puy. He had been wounded by the paynims, and, after being nursed by the Hospitallers, he joined the order. He was a valiant gentleman, of commanding ability and great moral pre-eminence, who, from his youth upwards, had been associated with the court of his sovereign and the chivalry of his native Dauphiny. At the death of Abbot Gerard, in 1118, he was appointed to the government of the order, and first took the title of "Master." The Mussulmans still occupied many of the strongholds and fastnesses in Palestine, and they, as well as the Saracen peasantry of the country, infested the roads, robbed and killed the Christian pilgrims whenever chance placed them at their mercy, and carried hostile expeditions up to the very walls of Jerusalem. Not only this, but the very existence of the kingdom was threatened by Turkoman armies on the frontier. This state of affairs led Raymond to form the "project of combining the duties of the monk with those of a soldier, by giving a martial constitution to the establishment, which should bind the Brotherhood to defend the holy places, and to wage a perpetual crusade against the enemies of Christ." He divided the order into three classes: Knights, exclusively men of noble birth; priests, to serve in the camp and in the hospitals and churches; and serving brethren, who followed the knights to war and attended in hospital, but did not serve in any menial capacity. Later on—in the year 1130—when the order had increased and spread far and wide throughout Europe, it was divided into seven languages: Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, Germany and England. To Arragon was subsequently added Castile and Portugal.

At its first institution the Hospital of St. John had been a secular establishment, under the spiritual direction of Benedictine chaplains, but Abbot Gerard, actuated "by a desire of attaining greater perfection," induced the brothers to renounce the world and "dedicate themselves at the altar as servants of the poor of Christ." The order was recognized by Pope Paschal II, confirmed by him in the right of electing its own superior; freed from the payment of tithes, and placed, with all its possessions, under the protection of the Holy See and St. Peter. Freedom of election seems

also to have been exercised in the appointment of the Grand Priors throughout Europe, although the military status of the order might appear to demand the selection only of such provincial superiors as were acceptable to the national secular authorities. On one occasion Edward IV. of England, oblivious of the fact that the Hospitallers were monks as well as soldiers, required the brethren in London to elect a lay kinsman of his own as superior of the Hospital of St. John, Clerkenwell; they refused to do so, and, instead, made a choice of their own.

The rule adopted under Raymond du Puy was exceedingly severe: all the brothers, knights and serving brethren, as well as clerks, "were required to take the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience." Abstinence was to be kept on all Wednesdays and Fridays, and from Septuagesima to Easter; all faults were sternly punished, grave sins visited by expulsion, and any brother found so unworthy as to flee in battle from the enemies of the Cross was publicly stripped of the white cross and habit of the order. A part of their income was declared exigible for the defence of the Holy Land, and the hire of soldiers for that purpose. It was also a rule of the community to remain neutral in all wars between Christian nations, and to take up arms in defence of the Catholic Faith.

Thus, "from the bosom of an hospital consecrated to the service of pilgrims and the poor, issued heroes armed against the infidels—the humanity and bravery of the Knights of St. John were equally conspicuous. Whilst some grew old in the offices of hospitality, others went forth to combat with the enemies of their faith . . . Retired from the world, they had no other country but Jerusalem, no other family but that of Jesus Christ. Wealth, evils, and dangers were all in common amongst them; one will, one spirit, directed all their actions and

INTERIOR—CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, LITTLE MAPLESTEAD, ESSEX.

all their thoughts; all were united in one house, which appeared to be inhabited but by one man. They lived in great austerity, and the severer their discipline became, the stronger appeared the bonds by which it enchained their hearts and wills. Arms formed their only decoration; precious ornaments were never seen in their houses or churches, but lances, bucklers, swords and standards taken from the infidels abounded. 'At the cry of battle,' says St. Bernard, 'they armed themselves with faith within and with steel without; they feared neither the number nor the fury of the barbarians; they were proud to conquer, happy to die for Jesus Christ, and believed that every victory came from God.'"

The military friars were in every respect worthy of the praises of the great Cistercian saint. In the sequel to the disastrous battle of Tiberias their courage and constancy in their faith were alike conspicuous. In that battle the military orders had taken part with their numbers greatly reduced by losses sustained in the defence of Acre. The King of Jerusalem and many of his knights were taken prisoners by Saladin, and Garnier, Grand Master of the Hospitallers, was about the only person of distinction who managed to escape; covered with wounds he cut his way through to Ascalon and there died. Saladin regarded the Hospitallers and Templars as the bulwark of the Christian power in the East; he knew they would accept no terms which would permit of his rule in the Holy Land, and would fight till their last breath rather than see the Holy Places again defiled by Mahometan rites. The king and the other prisoners he treated with kindness, but departed from his usual magnanimity in his treatment of the brethren of the military orders. On the day following the battle, they were brought into his presence and offered the choice between death and submission to the faith of the False Prophet. Not one of the noble band hesitated in his choice; firmly and bravely they refused to apostatize. The Saracen scimitars did their work, and the white cross on the shoulders of the Hospitallers, crimsoned with their life's blood, told of a Faith stronger than the terrors of death.

Saladin's character appears in a better light in his treatment of those of the Hospitallers who were resident in Jerusalem at the time of the surrender of the city in 1187. At that time he found a number of wounded and sick in the Hospital of St. John, and was so much struck with the benevolent care of the few remaining brethren, that he allowed them to stay on till they had completed the cure of all entrusted to their care.

Affiliated to the order of the Hospitallers was a sisterhood, known as the Nun Hospitallers of St. John. They remained in Jerusalem till the final surrender of the city, and then, with the consent of the Grand Master, they returned to Europe. Many of them found refuge in a house of the order, founded by Queen Sancha of Arragon, at Sixemre, near Saragossa, where, says a monastic writer, "these pious ladies passed the remainder of their lives in watering with tears the memory of the heroes belonging to their order, who had perished in hot battle against the paynim foe, and in invoking victory on the Christian banner wherever it should be unfurled in the same holy strife."

Of another of the Nun Hospitallers—the blessed Sister Ubaldina of Pisa—we are told by a Protestant writer: "She was the mother of the poor, the restorer of the sick, the comforter of the stricken-hearted; and, in short, that there was no kind of misery for which she had not a remedy or consolation. Those moments she could spare from her duties of mercy, were spent before the crucifix, and in continual meditation on death; and so cruelly did she mortify her body, that her biographers do not scruple to assign her, on that account, equal glory with the knights, her brethren, who suffered

martyrdom in captivity, and on the field of battle."

The site of the Hospital of St. John was indeed holy ground. Directly opposite lay the Holy Sepulchre, over which a sumptuously decorated church had been built, and consecrated in 336. The present church is, however, more recent, and is largely the work of the Crusaders themselves. "The rotunda of the sepulchre is the principal part of the building. It has a dome 65 feet in diameter, open at the top like the Pantheon at Rome, and beautifully decorated with mosaics. In the centre of the rotunda, immediately beneath the dome, is the Holy Sepulchre." There too, set on marble, is placed the stone which the angel rolled away, and on which he sat when, early on the first Easter morn, the two Marys came and found that our Lord had indeed triumphed over death.

Four churches still exist in England built as copies of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre: the Temple Church, London, erected by the Knight Templars in the twelfth century, and the Churches of the Holy Sepulchre at Cambridge, Northampton, and Little Maplestead in Essex. The three last named are said to have been connected with the Hospitallers, the distinguishing feature in all being a rotunda similar to the one which encloses the Holy Sepulchre. Of the Maplestead Church, Professor T. G. Bonney writes: "The ground plan suggests that a very early type of church was adopted as a pattern, so that probably this structure reproduces more nearly than any of the others the original church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem." It was attached to a commandery of the Hospitallers, founded in the parish by Juliana de Burgo in 1185, and was provided with a chancel to the east, ending in an apse. The rotunda forms a nave, and consists of a peristyle of six piers, each formed by three shafts in a cluster, supporting gothic arches, and throwing out other

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, LITTLE MAPLESTEAD, ESSEX.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, CAMBRIDGE.

arches to the side walls. It is said to have had the privilege of sanctuary.

A commandery, founded about the year 1209 at Banbury in Oxfordshire, is of special interest, since the ruins of the hospital have been purchased and are now occupied by the Sœurs Hospitalières of Chartres, a teaching order which has charge of the Catholic schools in the town. An interesting account of this commandery has been written by Father Bowden in his "Hospitaller Knights of St. John of Jerusalem."

The principal house of the order in England was the Priory of St. John, Clerkenwell, London, founded in the same year 1100, by John Briset and his wife. The Priory Church was consecrated in 1185 by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who, accompanied by Roger Desmoulins, Grand Master of the Hospitallers, was at that time engaged on an embassy from the rulers of Palestine to the court of Henry II. Camden tells us it was "a beautiful church, with a tower carried up to such a height as to be a singular ornament to the city." Neither the beauty of the building, nor England's indebtedness for the protection afforded by the Hospitallers to many generations of English pilgrims, could save it from the sacrilegious hands of the Reformers. Pursuant to an order of Parliament of Edward VI., says Stowe, "the church, for the most part, to wit, the body and side aisles, with the great bell tower (a curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and enamelled, to the great beautifying of the city, and passing all others that I have seen), was undermined and blown up with gunpowder; the stone whereof was employed in building the Lord Protector's house in the Strand." The chancel of the church was spared, and now forms part of Clerkenwell parish church. The fine old Priory gateway is also still in existence, bearing on its face the arms of Sir Thomas Dowcra, Lord Prior of the English Hospitallers in 1501.

Fifty years after the visit of Heraclius, the Christian forces in the East had been greatly reduced in a war with the Sultan of Aleppo, and the Grand Master of the Hospitallers had been obliged to call out large reinforcements from the European commanderies. Theodric, Prior of St.

John's, Clerkenwell, at once responded to this appeal, and set out with three hundred of his knights, and a large force of stipendiaries. With the banner of St. John unfurled before them, they passed over London Bridge, saluting, "with hood in hand, the crowds who congregated to see them depart, recommending themselves and their cause, at the same time, to the prayers of the people."

In the year 1312 the order of Templars was suppressed, not that they were convicted of the charges laid against them, but "as a matter of expediency." A Papal mandate directed that the possessions of the suppressed order should be made over to the Hospitallers, but it is said that they actually received only about a twentieth of the whole. This took place in the time of Edward II., who was a staunch supporter of the maligned Templars. In a parliament of his reign the Papal mandate was brought up for ratification, when, with that obedience to the Holy See so characteristic of England in Catholic days, the transfer was ratified by the common consent of both clergy and laity.

It is as the defenders of Christendom that the fame of the Knight Hospitallers has been handed down to posterity, and such achievements as the defence of Acre, of Rhodes, and of Malta, and the victories gained over the Moors in Spain, and over the Tartars in Hungary, have obscured the humbler, but no less meritorious, work ever carried on in their hospitals. The object for which the order had been founded by the merchants of Amalfi was never lost sight of, and the Knight Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem ever remained the "Servants of the Poor of Christ."

ONE SHALL BE TAKEN.

By Rev. David Bearne, S.J.

I.

"All the theology we knew
Was that we might not play on Sundays."
—*Calverly.*

THE general verdict was that there was a pair of 'em; but there were a few right-minded people in Pyneton who distinguished. "If only you could separate Arthur from Dick," said some, "Arthur would be right enough." "It's that Dick; he's as full of mischief as an egg's full of meat." "Not a farthing cake to choose between 'em," others declared, "one's as bad as t'other." "Specially Dick, though," somebody was sure to add. But the village shoemaker, who was an oracle, and always listened to as such, delivered his verdict in the selfsame terms as often as the two boys were under discussion, which was not seldom:

"If you was to say to me: 'William Wall, you've *got* to have either a monkey or a snake in your house,' I'd say, 'Well, if I *must* have one or t'other, I'll take the monkey, if 'tis all the same to you.'"

The majority agreed with the shoemaker, but the minority said he was prejudiced in Dick's favor, in that the younger boy wore out two pairs of shoes to his brother's one. Old William admitted the latter fact, but stoutly denied that he was prejudiced on account of it.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "the making of Dick's boots prevented his sleeping o' nights, for every time the lad came to be measured he brought a message from his father to the effect that the new articles must be stronger and better than the former ones, which had worn very badly indeed." William

declared that he always used the best and thickest leather, and that, as for the soles and heels, there wasn't a lad in the parish who carried such a weight of nails and iron plates as Dick Johnson.

It will be seen, therefore, that there was some difference of opinion as to the respective merits of Arthur and Dick. Let the reader judge of them: my business is to describe them as they really were.

Talk of separating two brothers, how can it be done when the boys live in the same house, go to the same school, and play the same games together day by day? But Arthur and Dick were so much to one another that, I am sorry to say it, they had a stand-up fight on every possible occasion. An old inhabitant of the village once told me that he had never seen them together when they were not fighting, except once. On that occasion they were wrestling. The contests, however, were only of that half-in-fun, half-in earnest order, indulged in by young puppies and juvenile animals in general.

Dick was fourteen and Arthur fifteen; both were strong as colts, and as mischievous as monkeys. Their father was a doctor, and their home in a quaint little country town (more village than town) in the West of England. They belonged to a family of eleven—eight sisters and three brothers. One brother, the eldest of the family, was grown up; then came a sister of sixteen, Arthur and Dick being senior to the remaining seven little sisters. A large family, and a merry one, though not too well-to-do. "Poor Mrs. Johnson!" was the invariable way in which the doctor's wife was referred to, not because of her ill health, but on account of her incessant labors, and the burden of such a big family.

"All those children, and only one maid to help her!" the good ladies of Pyneton used to say. "Poor thing! she is certainly wearing herself out."

Hard-working, sweet-tempered, patient and devoted, Mrs. Johnson certainly was. Had she, think you, an opinion on the respective merits of Arthur and Dick? Of course she had, more than an opinion indeed: the mother *knew* her boys. She did not discuss them very much with others, but when they were attacked, she impartially defended them both. Yet the good lady knew very well which of the two she was more concerned to defend. Arthur was by far the cleverer lad. He was seldom out of mischief, yet he scarcely ever found himself in a scrape. His father, a terribly stern disciplinarian, who scorned to use a less formidable instrument of punishment than a long, lithe riding-whip, had already decided that Arthur was a born lawyer, and had resolved that his son should enter that profession. Light of limb, and quick of speed, Arthur could often either place himself beyond the reach of danger, or, if caught red-handed, could plead so eloquently in his own favor, that in nine cases out of ten he escaped all punishment. Dick, on the other hand, although more brave and daring than the other, would blunder terribly when he found himself in a tight place. As for special pleading, he could not have practised it to save his life.

His ideas of right and wrong were as crude as those of Protestant boys in general. "Nearly all the theology he knew was that he must not play on Sundays." I say *nearly*, because there was one other great principle he had mastered, that of honesty of speech. Whatever he might say when interrogated, and with the whip hanging over him, he would never deliberately and knowingly tell a lie. Taken unawares, he had told many, but he had never consciously set to work to concoct an untrue story, and his mother, at least, was perfectly certain he never would. You see his mother knew him. It was one of her secret troubles that she only knew Arthur in a negative way, that is, she knew that she did *not* know him.

II.

"More men hath laughter driven from the right
Than terror clad with fire."

In order to relieve the tedium of a playless Sunday, Arthur and Dick were wont to take long afternoon walks, and pay visits to their schoolfellows. On a certain Sunday evening they were returning from a farm-house in a neigboring village, a matter of two and a half miles from home. They had had an enjoyable tea and chat with the farmer's sons, who were their chums, and went every day to the old grammar school at Pyneton. The condition upon which Dr. Johnson allowed this Sunday visiting was that his sons should be back in good time for the evening service.

On the present occasion they were a little late, and a fight was out of the question; but as they seemed to be under the necessity of having a contest of some sort, they were racing across the field, each trying to be first at a particular stile. It was a close run, but Arthur reached the stile first, and vaulted it.

"Hullo! what's this?" exclaimed the elder, stooping down just as Dick cleared the stile.

"A sermon! by all that's glorious!" Dick ejaculated, as he picked up from the grass a manuscript on blue paper swathed in a silken cover.

"What a spiffing joke!" Arthur whispered. "You remember that Tomkins said Mr. Spencer preached at their church this afternoon?" (Mr. Spencer was the curate of Pyneton, and the Vicar was away from home.) "I'll bet anything it dropped out of his pocket as he got over the stile. I wonder if he was going to use it again this evening?" Dick, heedless of time and everything else, threw himself on the ground in a rapture of laughter. It was several minutes before he could speak intelligibly. "Best-fun-I-ever-heard-of," he sputtered at length.

A third person might have found it difficult to see where the fun came in. To both the boys, however, the humor of the situation was great. In all probability they had in their possession the sermon which the distant chime of the bells was at that moment calling them to hear.

"Get up!" whispered the ever-cautious Arthur, "there is somebody coming. Put the thing in your pocket, Dick."

"Won't go in," said the younger boy, as he tried to squeeze the sermon into an inner pocket. "It's too big." "Well, put it against your waistcoat, and button up your jacket. No, goosey, don't let it stick out at the top! Any fool could see what you've got."

The coming "somebody" was quite a quarter of a mile off, but Arthur was determined to be on the safe side. The boys started off at a gentle trot. They had a mile and a half to travel, and both were anxious not to be very late. Their conversation became very spasmodic. But somehow or other the nearer they got to Pyneton the less funny the business seemed to become—to Dick at least.

"Wonder if he really wants this sermon to-night," Dick said, as they pulled up for a moment to take breath.

"Well, if he does, you are not going to be such a flat as to give it to him, are you? Just think—we shall be out three-quarters of an hour sooner, if he hasn't got all that stuff to read."

"But if he finds out that he's lost it, he'll get another one," Dick returned.

"But he *won't* find out till he gets in the pulpit: you see if he does. That's just the fun of the thing."

They were now within sight of the church, and, to Dick, the affair had begun to look—well, not at all comical.

"Look here, Arthur, I shall hand the thing to Richards as we are going in." Richards was the beadle.

"You ass!" ejaculated Arthur. It is certain that if it had not been Sunday, and if they had not been approaching the church, the two would have fought it out in their customary manner. The bells had already ceased.

As they passed into the churchyard,

Arthur saw that Dick's hand was upon the sermon; he saw also a troubled look on Dick's face—yet a look of determination. Dick was going to spoil sport.

"*You frightened little kid!*" It was the most powerful shot in Arthur's locker: the elder had seldom known it to fail.

"Frightened, am I?" asked Dick, in a whisper, as they passed into the porch. "Oh, all right! I'll show you whether I am frightened or not!"

The boys entered the church. Richards was standing just within, but they marched past him, straight to the family pew.

Arthur's anticipation had been a correct one. The Rev. Mr. Spencer reached the pulpit before he discovered his loss. He was not a nervous man on ordinary occasions, but as he slowly realized the situation, his courage partially forsook him. The choir had already reached the last verse of the hymn. What was he to do? To get another sermon was out of the question. His lodgings were half a mile away. To explain his difficulty to the congregation, and dismiss them, would be a confession of incapacity that he did not feel called upon to make.

Dick was glad he was not standing opposite to his mother in that great square pew. He was by her side, so she could not see the vivid crimson of his cheeks; but his heart thumped so mightily—thumped against that unfortunate sermon, too—he was fearful lest she should hear *that*. Unhappily he was standing with his face to the preacher. One glance, and only one, had he dared to cast upon the pulpit. That one look completed his feeling of meanness and wretchedness. For a moment there occurred to him the wild thought of marching straight up to the pulpit with the sermon in his hand.

The next moment, however, he felt almost sick with terror at the bare notion of such a thing. If only he could catch the eye of Richards! But then he knew—everybody knew—that when Richards had closed the pulpit door, he always went out to refresh himself, perhaps by reading the inscriptions on the tombstones.

Mr. Spencer had been so kind to him always: this was the thought that hurt Dick. One glance at the pulpit had revealed to the boy the young preacher's confusion and bewilderment. The fun was nowhere at all. Arthur was standing with his back to the preacher, singing the last verse of the hymn in the clearest of treble voices and with his eyes fixed upon the book.

A great deal may happen during the singing of a stanza of eight lines. To Dick it seemed as though the hymn would never end. To the preacher it was as though the people were hurrying it to its close in order to enjoy his confusion; yet in that short space of time Mr. Spencer had recovered his nerve, had recalled the text of his lost discourse and resolved to preach an extemporary sermon—for the first time in his career.

A moment's pause as the singing ceased, then in a voice quite unlike his ordinary tone the words rang through the church: "*Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.*"

It was a sermon the people of Pyneton never forgot and never forgave. The period I am writing of is the late sixties, and at that time open advocacy of confession in the Church of England was not common; it is not too common in these days, though it is by no means unknown, and it is probably much more frequently preached than practised.

Mr. Spencer's hearers were shocked. To preach without a manuscript was startling enough, but to enforce the doctrine of auricular confession and priestly absolution was to their mind the action of a traitor. Long before the curate reached the middle of his discourse, four or five families had left the building; but of this the preacher was scarcely conscious. He knew, however, that

what he was saying differed very much from what he had written and lost. Again and again he had sat far into the night, studying how such an unpalatable doctrine as that of Confession might be prudently preached to a congregation so avowedly puritanical. For preach it he had felt that he must, and resolved that he would. And to-night he was preaching it in all its naked simplicity, and with burning earnestness. It occurred to him that perhaps Almighty God had willed the loss of the MS. for His own purposes. The curate had felt that there was a lack of plain speech, and therefore a want of honesty, in the written discourse. In it, the true Catholic doctrine was only hinted at, and the actual practice of confession scarcely suggested. He had, in fact, taken the greatest possible pains not to give offence to his hearers, not to shock or startle them. He soon realized that his extemporary sermon had created a parochial panic.

III.

"Does the morning light
Scatter this wan suffusion o'er thy brow,
This faint blue lustre under both thine eyes?"
—*W. S. Landor.*

Sunday evening was generally a very happy time for Dick. His mother was always at church then. In the morning she could rarely attend, for her one maid was unequal to the cooking of dinner, and then the dressing and sending off of so large a family was in itself a heavy task. But in the evening she was free, and, from the time he was four years old, Dick had always sat "next to mother." These were the days when Protestants had all but lost the art of kneeling at prayer, but Mrs. Johnson had imbibed Tractarian principles in her childhood, and many High Church customs still clung to her. So Dick, resolved "to do whatever mother did," knelt during the prayers, and bowed whenever the Holy Name was mentioned in the lessons. During the sermon he would sit as close to her as he could, and would allow his rough little red hand to remain in hers until the end. Sometimes, indeed, when the sermon was long, and the weather sultry, his head would pillow itself upon his mother's shoulder, and he would sleep peacefully until the pressure of her hand awoke him; generally, however, he made some effort to follow the sermon, because his mother wished him to do so. Arthur might sneer as much as he pleased at Dick's little demonstrations of affection for his mother; in any matter connected with her the younger boy could not be moved—except to a fight with his elder brother on the first possible occasion.

But to-night, although Dick had often enough suffered remorse (and something else) for his misdeeds, he endured the most agonizing sermon-time he had ever experienced. The entire discourse seemed to the boy one long act of denunciation of himself. Mr. Spencer's manner was quite changed. Instead of the quiet and placid reading of a carefully written paper, there was a fierce and heated harangue. And that he himself was the object of it, Dick never doubted. Confession!—that was what Mr. Spencer was every moment demanding of the unlawful possessor of his sermon. Dick had a conscience, and on this night it certainly made a coward of him. The curate knew that Dick and Arthur had been to the Tomkinses that afternoon; he would also guess that the boys were the first to follow him over the meadows that led to Pyneton. And what tended to confirm Dick in the assurance that he was found out was the fact that the preacher cast frequent glances at the Johnsons' family pew.

But what alarmed Dick most of all was the fact I mentioned above, viz., the exit of several people long before the sermon was finished. To the lad's heated imagination this meant nothing less than the summoning of the village policeman for his arrest. The slightest movement among the congregation terri-

fied him. It was fortunate, indeed, that Mrs. Johnson was so absorbed in the sermon. Mr. Spencer knew she was the one listener who would understand and appreciate what he was saying, and I may say at once that this was the reason of his constantly turning to the Johnsons' pew. Both the matter and the manner of the curate's utterance were giving her so much pleasure that she scarcely noticed Dick's unusual restlessness. He was suffering all kinds of horrors by anticipation—horrors that only an imaginative boy can suffer. He saw in fancy the slow and steady march of the policeman down the nave; he saw the opening of the pew-door and the officer's entry; he heard the demand to deliver up Mr. Spencer's property; he felt the cold steel of the handcuffs upon his wrists; he saw himself taken up the centre of the church in face of Mr. Spencer, in the face of the whole congregation, in the face of his mother. It was the last imagination that hurt him most. Giving pain to his mother—this it was that always drew the tears from Dick's eyes. His father's anger was a terrible thing enough, and its consequences were not soon to be forgotten; but whenever Dick was in trouble, the knowledge that his mother was in deeper trouble still was the bitterest part of his punishment.

The lad was partially relieved when the sermon came to an end. How glad he was that the night was dark, and how hard he strove to talk to his mother on the way home!

"You look very feverish, my dear," said Mrs. Johnson to Dick as, after superintending the laying of supper, she entered the drawing-room where the elder children were sitting after their return from church.

"I—I don't feel very well, mother; may I go to bed?" Dick asked, with a catch in his voice, as he felt his mother's hands encircling his cheeks.

"But, my darling, you must have some supper."

"No, thank you, mother, I don't want any to-night. I had such a good tea."

Mrs. Johnson smiled. She knew how more than hospitable the Tomkinses were. Perhaps Dick wanted a little medicine. As she kissed him she resolved to visit his bedroom earlier than usual.

Usually Dick and Sound Slumber were the closest of friends; to-night the lad did not close his eyes. An hour or so later, Arthur came to his bed in the same little room. Beneath the bedclothes Dick's hand clutched Mr. Spencer's sermon, but not as firmly as remorse was clutching the soul of the sleepless boy.

"What are you going to do about that sermon, Dick?" asked Arthur, as he saw his brother lying awake.

"What can we do?" pleaded Dick, almost with a moan.

"Oh come now, don't say *we*," rejoined Arthur; "I haven't got the beastly sermon."

"You found it," Dick replied hotly.

"You picked it up, though. You *took it*. 'Twas you that hid it away and kept it all the mortal time Spencer was trying to hammer a sermon out of his own head. Don't lug me into the business, please."

Dick had anticipated all this: this was Arthur "all over." There would have been a furious fight but for fear of troubling the mother, or bringing the father upstairs.

("With one's jacket on, that ridingwhip hurts horribly; but laid on over a nightgown it's just beastly," Dick had remarked on one occasion.)

Arthur got into bed, and was asleep in no time. Half an hour later a gentle step on the stair made Dick's heart beat very fast. Yet how he had longed for the coming of his mother!

"What's the matter, dear, you are crying?" asked Mrs. Johnson, as she bent over him.

For several minutes Dick could only sob. His mother sat down close to the

bed, and took her son's hand. She knew that with a little patience on her part, Dick's trouble would soon be poured out. Some fresh scrape, she thought, or perhaps he had had a frightening dream. She put her hand on his forehead; it was certainly very hot.

"I am not ill, mother—not a bit ill, but I've done something very bad," Dick sobbed at length. Then he asked, "Has father come in?"

"No, Dicky; he won't be home till late. But what is this bad thing, my dear?"

"It's—it's—at least I think it's *sacrilege.*"

"Sacrilege!" ejaculated the mother in a horrified whisper. "My darling, you've been dreaming."

"Haven't slept a wink, mother. And"—Dick pulled out something from below the bedclothes—"look at this!" Dick saw that his mother was startled as she opened the MS. and realized what it was. For her sake he hastened to explain.

"But you didn't intend to keep it, dear?" asked Mrs. Johnson when Dick had finished his confession.

"No—at least not for always. But you see, mother, I ought to have given it to Richards, and then everything would have been all right, only—"

"Only what, dear?"

Dick was silent.

"Of course Arthur was with you?" asked the mother, a light dawning upon her as she spoke.

"I picked it up, mother, and I had it under my jacket all the time I was in church. Oh, mother, do you *really* think it's sacrilege?"

Mrs. Johnson did not know what to reply. She had a vague idea that sacrilege meant breaking into a church and stealing something therefrom; but then came another thought—"Was not the taking of any sacred thing sacrilege? And was not a sermon a pre-eminently sacred thing?"

It was a bitterly painful night both for mother and son, the more painful because both were in doubt as to the real nature of the act. For a whole hour Mrs. Johnson sat by her son's bedside trying to soothe and console him, but with only partial success. One thing, the mother saw, must certainly be done. Dick must take the earliest opportunity of seeing Mr. Spencer. Dick acquiesced, of course, but the thought of the terrible interview did not tend to produce sound and refreshing sleep, and the morning found him heavy-eyed and heavy-hearted.

IV.

. . . . "I hold that man to be but a coward-slave
Who bears the plague-spot about him, and, knowing it, shrinks or fears
To brand it out, though the burning knife should hiss in the heart's hot tears."—*Owen Meredith.*

A wretched day indeed, and one that would have been laden with other pains and penalties, if his good-natured master had not noticed the boy's heavy eyes and the many symptoms of "something wrong" in his pupil's condition. Never too brilliant in class, to-day Dick floundered hopelessly in every subject; but the master readily allowed the lad's very truthful plea of sickness, and at three o'clock, to the latter's lasting gratitude, actually suggested that he should go home.

Flying at first in the direction of Mr. Spencer's lodgings, Dick slackened pace considerably when he came within sight of the house. The awful thought came into his mind that the curate might refuse to listen to any explanation, and that once he (Dick) was within the house, Mr. Spencer would immediately send for the policeman. Again he saw himself handcuffed, and marched down through the village to the lock-up. The mere thought of it almost made his heart stand still. On the way to school that morning, Arthur (who, as the reader will remember, was going to be a lawyer), had given it as his opinion that the business was certainly a felony, and very probably sacrilege, and had quoted

cases, real or fictitious, in support of his testimony. So engrossed was Dick in these gloomy thoughts that he did not notice a footstep behind him, until his shoulder was playfully tapped with a walking-stick, and a cheery voice called out: "Not running away, are you, Dick?"

The doubly embarrassed boy turned round and confronted Mr. Spencer! Fortunately the curate did not wait for a reply. "I have just been paying a series of most disappointing visits," he said, as he shook hands with Dick. "Everybody out, you know. Well, I don't blame them, do you, fine afternoon like this! Are you going far, Dick?"

"I—I—I—was going to see you, sir," said the boy in a trembling voice.

It was clear to the keen-sighted curate that something was wrong, but he replied briskly: "Well now, that is kind of you, and just as I was beginning to feel lonely and out of sorts; really, I am in luck, after all. Won't you leave your satchel in the hall?"

"No, thank you, sir," said Dick.

The *sermon* was in the satchel.

"Oh, but I am not going to let you go in a hurry, I can tell you," said the curate, at the same time relieving the boy of the satchel. "Let it hang there. It will be quite safe, you know. I am expecting Captain Parkinson in a few minutes—you know he is an old schoolfellow of mine—and you must stop and have tea with us. We shall make quite a little party."

Now Captain Parkinson, home on leave, was a local hero. The young soldier had been out to Abyssinia. Dick began to hope that the coming of the Captain might interfere with the sending for the policeman. At the same time the boy reflected that, as the curate expected a guest, the sooner the sermon business was over, the better. At length, after several attempts in the short pauses of Mr. Spencer's chat, Dick stammered out:

"Please, sir, I came—to—to—bring your sermon."

"You found my sermon!" ejaculated the curate. "Well, really, I am the most fortunate man in the world. There was I last night in the pulpit minus my MS. and so compelled—compelled, Dick—to preach *extempore*—a thing I should never have done if I hadn't been forced to do it—an opportunity for which I shall be forever grateful. For, don't you see, Dick, what one has done once, one can do again. I thought the loss of my MS. a very small price to pay for such an advantage, and now you come to tell me that I have lost nothing." Mr. Spencer rubbed his hands with much satisfaction. Dick, though still a little frightened, felt encouraged to proceed. He told the whole story without once mentioning Arthur's name. Little by little the curate saw the reason of the boy's trouble. He saw also Dick's sincere sorrow.

"My dear lad, you were a goose to distress yourself about the thing. I'm pretty sure if you hadn't come in after the service began, you would have brought the sermon to me in the vestry,—wouldn't you, now?"

"I don't know, sir," was Dick's reply, and the curate's laugh was a hearty one.

"Well, Dick, we'll say the temptation to have a little fun was too strong for you—shall we? At any rate you've confessed, and I can see you are really sorry. I forgive you with all my heart. Let us say no more about it."

"May I fetch the sermon, sir?" said Dick, rising with alacrity. "It's in my satchel."

"Thank you, if you will. I'm glad not to have lost the case; it was made for me by my mother."

Dick was by no means given to the shedding of tears. During the last eighteen hours he had cried more than at any period of his life since the age of babyhood, and now he spent a suspiciously long time in the hall fumbling with his satchel. When he returned to the sitting-room, Mr. Spencer saw plentiful traces of joyful tears.

"We won't mention this to a soul—

will we, Dick?" asked the curate, as he placed the sermon in a drawer. "We'll keep this little matter to ourselves. It's my own fault, really. If I hadn't been late in returning to Pyneton I should not have been obliged to run, and if I hadn't been running, I shouldn't have jumped that stile; and if I hadn't jumped the stile, I shouldn't have dropped the sermon out of my coat-tail pocket. And if I hadn't dropped it, you couldn't have picked it up. You see, Dick, it all follows as naturally as the house that Jack built."

Dick could not help feeling that there was one item in the business that the curate persisted in overlooking, viz., the retention of the sermon. But, apart from this, there was a question that the boy was longing to ask, and to have answered.

"If you please, sir," Dick began very nervously, "would you kindly tell me if I have committed—*sacrilege?*"

Mr. Spencer threw himself back in his chair and laughed for three minutes and a half by the clock on the mantelpiece. Long before he had finished, Dick was laughing, too—certainly for the first time that day. When they had both recovered, and the curate had given Dick a fairly correct definition of sacrilege, the lad rose and asked: "Might I just run home and tell my mother, sir? You see, she thought it *might* be sacrilege, and so she's—well, sir, she's unhappy about it."

Mr. Spencer rose and looked out of the window. He was not laughing now.

"Do you tell your mother everything, Dick?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, sir."

"If you always do that, my lad, you'll be very safe and very happy. Perhaps it won't take you long to run home," the curate continued after a pause. "But please give my compliments to your mother, and say I particularly wish you to come back to tea."

Dick was too full of joy to say anything, but he caught Mr. Spencer's hand between his hard little fists, and gave it a squeeze that the curate felt for several minutes. An instant later the quiet little street was filled with the noise of Dick's heavy iron-shod boots as he raced home laden with joyful news for "mother."

"Happy lad, and happy mother!" the curate said to himself as he turned to his writing table with a smile and a sigh.

* * * * * * *

"He *is* a brick, and no mistake," Dick said to Arthur that night as they reached their bedroom. "You were just out of it this time. Most spiffing evening I ever spent! Such a tea! Every blessed thing you could think of! And Captain Parkinson telling the most rattling stories of the war."

"Well," replied Arthur sneeringly, "I'd advise you to go in for sermon-stealing as a profession. It seems to pay."

"Oh say whatever you like, Arthur; I can stand it. I'm jolly happy, I tell you, and I hope you are the same."

When the mother visited her son that night, her kiss was pressed upon a sleeping face and laughing lips.

V.

"They, too, receive each one his Day,
But their wise heart knows many things
Beyond the sating of desire
Above the dignity of kings."

—*Bliss Carman.*

But that extemporary sermon cost Mr. Spencer his curacy. On the very day of the Vicar's return a deputation of parishioners appeared at the vicarage to protest against the curate's open advocacy of Confession.

Called upon for an explanation, Mr. Spencer's only care was to defend himself from the charge of having taken advantage of his senior's absence. Finding himself without a written sermon he had preached what was in his heart, and he could not honestly retract a single word. "In that case," said the Vicar, "I must ask you to seek another

appointment." Mr. Spencer bowed, returned to his lodgings, and wrote off at once to a High Church friend for advice and assistance.

Fortunately for Dick's peace of mind, and that of his mother, it was some weeks before the curate left, although the Vicar would not allow him to enter the pulpit again. It was long after Mr. Spencer had gone that Dick began to realize how much he himself had had to do, unwittingly, of course, with the curate's departure.

In the meantime Mr. Spencer's views were undergoing a change. The High Church friend, a parson like himself, to whom he had applied for advice, was on the eve of being received into the Catholic Church. Three months afterwards Mr. Spencer followed him.

* * * * * * *

Six years later, in the presbytery of a big London church, a priest was engaged in the instruction of a young man, a medical student, who was soon to have the happiness of becoming a member of Christ's Church. "You know, of course, my dear Dick, you can make your first confession to any priest you care to choose," Father Spencer was saying.

"My dear Father, didn't I make my first confession to you when I was a boy of fourteen? You couldn't give me sacramental absolution, then, could you? But I do hope you will not refuse it to me the day after to-morrow."

Dick is now a flourishing M.D., and one of the most earnest Promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer I ever met.

"I have reason to be," he said to me one day. "Wasn't it through the Apostleship that I obtained the conversion of my darling mother?"

THE CURÉ OF LOURDES.

By J. M. Cave.

WHO that has visited Lourdes during the first two decades of its years of fame, or read M. Henri Lasserre's interesting book on this shrine of Mary, but is acquainted with its tall, handsome, genial curé, Mgr. Peyramale? His figure is, perhaps, more familiar, more closely associated with the spot than even that of Bernadette herself, and, indeed, it was due chiefly to his efforts that the child's account of the marvellous apparition obtained credence.

From the first she found in her parish priest a zealous champion and prudent counsellor, and when, in obedience to our Lady's behests, a chapel was begun amid the rocks of Massabielle, it was only fitting that the foundation stone should be placed by the Abbé Peyramale. Henceforth, Lourdes becomes "the scene of the most miraculous manifestations in the supernatural order, and the centre of a religious movement, the most remarkable of the age." From the time of the apparition the Curé of Lourdes is known to all the world, and it were needless to narrate the story of his life from that period. Rather let us turn to his earlier years, his boyhood, his first labors as a country priest and army chaplain. They will reveal to us a most charming personality, ever patient, ever cheerful; an untiring laborer in the vineyard of the Master, and of a charity towards the poor so self-forgetting that it would seem to the worldly-minded sheer folly and a tempting of Providence. A priest, in a word, fashioned after the pattern set by St. Francis Regis or the Curé d'Ars. There are many such in these little mountain villages of France, and, while their simple manners and homely experiences may sometimes provoke a smile, we have much to gain from the study of their lives.

Marie Dominique Peyramale was born at Momères, January 9, 1811. He was an active child, vivacious, loving and generous, but with such an admixture of roughness and tenderness, innocent mischief and simple piety in his character, that his good mother was always prepared to find her boy doing something or other out of the beaten path. Two such extraordinary actions are narrated of his early years, and furnish a forecast of what was afterwards to be his characteristic virtue.

At the beginning of a rainy Autumn, Mme. Peyramale had brought home a pair of fine sabots, and had left them in the dining-room, while she went out to attend to some business. On returning, she met a poor old woman miserably dressed, but shod with splendid new sabots. Little Marie Dominique, his eyes radiant with happiness, was standing in the doorway watching the retreating form of the peasant. The mother understood it all. "You little rogue," she exclaimed, "how dared you give away my new shoes to this woman?"

"Mamma," was the child's answer, given in all simplicity, "she is poorer than you."

The second of these unlooked-for incidents took place when he was about ten years old. It was a Winter of extreme severity, and one day, as he was running about the house, he came face to face with a boy of his own age, clad in rags, and shivering with cold. "Stop there!" he cried. "Each one must have his turn. Change clothes: you will be warm and I cold." The poor child thus accosted, stood motionless with surprise, till our future Abbé seized him roughly by the collar, pulled off his coat and other garments, and in a trice the two boys stood transformed. The method was that of a highwayman, but the act was one that brought tears of joy to the eyes of his mother, when Marie Dominique came home to give an explanation of his changed appearance.

But all this time there had been growing up in the boy's mind and heart a great desire of entering the seminary. He met only with encouragement from his good Catholic parents, and their cup of happiness was filled to overflowing when, after a most successful course of studies, he was raised to the priesthood in 1835. His first charge was that of Vicar of Vic-en-Bigorre, and two years later in the parish of St. John, at Tarbes. But it was as Curé of Aubarède that he had fullest scope for the display of his zeal and charity.

Aubarède was situated amid rough and steep roads, where foot-travelling at times was well-nigh an impossibility. A present of a horse from his father, Dr. Peyramale, removed a difficulty in reaching his scattered flock. "Now," said the Abbé, "in all my expeditions, I shall be between heaven and earth. It is the true position of a priest."

But there were other difficulties not so easily removed. Chief among these was a custom of long standing among the men of the parish, to fulfil to the letter the Church's command of hearing Mass on Sundays, but at the first remote preparations for the sermon, to adjourn in a body to the neighboring square to talk over their business affairs. The sermon over, they would return and hear Mass to the end, with edifying devotion and attention. It is hard to see how such a custom could have arisen—perhaps in a disagreement with a former pastor—but at any rate, the first Sunday after his installation, when the Abbé Peyramale ascended his pulpit, he had before him only women.

The new Curé bided his time, and the following Sunday, just as the usual exodus began, his powerful voice, speaking with all the force of priestly authority, arrested the movement towards the door. "Men of Aubarède," he cried, "don't go out! I am here to-day to speak to *you*, and not to your wives. Let no man leave his chair. You will soon be free. What do you talk of on that square out

there? Of your business, your fields, your crops? Now it is precisely of your fields and crops that I would speak to you." After this exordium, he went on to point out to them that just as their fields needed both sun and rain to render them fruitful, so, too, their souls required not only the vivifying sun of the Holy Mass, but the rain and dew of the divine word to give fruit and increase to the graces received into the soil of their hearts. It is needless to say that thereafter there was no leaving the church at the end of the Gospel.

Working on Sunday was another evil that had taken root in the parish, and the young Curé did not rest until he had eradicated it. The people still tell how he would mount his church steeple to see if any one was working in the fields around. Once he espied in the distance a reaper loading his cart with sheaves, and he was not long in hastening to the scene of the offence. There was no excuse. The weather was clear, not a sign of a storm; and, to make matters worse, the guilty party was a rich farmer. "Where are you going?" shouted the Curé, as he approached his Sunday-breaking parishioner.

"You see, Monsieur le Curé," he stammered, "I am carrying away these sheaves."

"To-day! Sunday!"

"But, Monsieur le Curé, there are cases where it is permitted to work on Sunday."

"Assuredly," was the answer; "in an urgent case and with permission of your pastor. Now I bring you permission, and the case is so urgent that I am going to help you."

The farmer stood in open-eyed amazement, at a loss to understand his pastor's meaning. "Oh, certainly, there is urgency," continued the Curé, as he mounted the waggon, "and as for me, I have no scruple in working with you on Sunday, to restore order," and, as he spoke, he began with vigorous arms to throw back into the field sheaf after sheaf.

The farmer was repentant. "Pardon me, Monsieur le Curé," he said, "and permit me to repair my fault."

"My child," said the Curé gravely, "you must repay the Lord for what you have cheated Him of. There is near your house a family in extreme poverty. Give them one of these sheaves."

"Father, I will give them four."

If these incidents convey an idea of the Abbé Peyramale's vigor in stamping out abuses, we must remember that charity and meekness, rather than severity, were his characteristic traits.

Shortly after his arrival in the parish, a father of a family came to tell him of his financial troubles, and to ask his advice. The debt was large, and the Abbé's pocketbook empty. After some moments' reflection: "The only advice I can give you," he said, opening at the same time the door of an adjoining closet, "is to take that bridle you see hanging on the nail."

The poor man was astonished, and began to think his pastor had chosen a strange time for joking.

"And then," continued the Abbé, "you will put that bridle on the horse you see in the field below. You will then lead that horse to the fair at Tarbes, which takes place to-day. You will sell him, and the money you receive will save you from your creditors."

"But," interposed the man, "that horse——"

"The horse is mine and I give it to you."

"Ah, Monsieur le Curé, what can I ever do for you?"

"You can do much, my friend."

"What?"

"Keep absolute silence, and never speak of this. If you do, I shall claim the money and send the sheriff after you." It was unfortunate that shortly afterwards Dr. Peyramale came to visit his son, and, quite naturally, conversation turned on the horse he had presented him. "He goes very well," said the Curé. "The other day he went

to Tarbes on a stretch, without losing breath."

"But why is he not now in the stable?"

"Impossible to keep him in the stable."

"But I don't see him in the field either."

Silence, and a vain effort to change the subject of conversation proved unavailing.

"O you prodigal son," exclaimed the old doctor, "I bet you have sold him and spent the money."

"There are extenuating circumstances, Father. I've kept the saddle."

A second, third and fourth horse came as gifts from the charitable father, only to go the way of the first, and with the last went also the extenuating circumstance—the saddle. "What does it matter," was the Curé's laughing reply to the expostulations of his family. "On the road to heaven one goes faster afoot than on horseback."

In 1851, the Bishop of Tarbes appointed the Abbé Peyramale chaplain of the military hospital of that city. The change caused general mourning at Aubarède. The entire population in tears accompanied their pastor to the limits of the parish, and to this day they point out with pious reverence, to their children and grandchildren, a vine planted by the Curé's own hand, and a large, wide-branched tree, under which he was wont to sit and read his breviary.

The Abbé Peyramale was possessed of every qualification for his new position. His tall stature, his martial bearing, his straightforwardness, his rough goodness at once attracted the soldiers, while his gift of repartee and incomparable powers as a *raconteur* were always sure to gather around him an attentive band of listeners. Here, he thought, is my life-work: but Providence had ordained otherwise. A small, obscure parish in the Hautes Pyrénées had become vacant, and at the command of his bishop, on January 1, 1855, the Abbé Peyramale became the Curé of Lourdes.

MGR. PEYRAMALE.

Not many months had passed before he had become thoroughly acquainted with every nook and corner of his new parish. The poor soon learned the way to his ever-open door, and no one went away empty-handed. For the afflicted he had consolation; for the tempted, useful counsel; for the sick, the care of a father—for all, sympathy and words of encouragement. Wardrobe and pantry

held nothing long against his charity. His cassocks were worn threadbare, and his shoes often broken and patched. When kind friends would make him a present of a new cassock or pair of shoes, or bribe his housekeeper to substitute them during the night for his old ones, it was not long before the cassock had been transformed into a coat and vest for some peasant, and the shoes found their way to some needy workman.

One day some one presented him with a dozen shirts. They were placed on the table, while the housekeeper went to dust the wardrobe preparatory to putting them in it. On her return, there were only ten shirts—a poor person had passed by.

"But there were twelve a minute ago," she exclaimed in her surprise.

"It was a mistake," replied the Curé. "I have reduced them to the decimal system. It is more in conformity with the laws."

The next morning, however, he did not fear to violate the law by reducing the ten to nine, eight, and finally to three. This was too much for the patience of the housekeeper, and she only desisted from her anger when the Curé laughingly remarked, "*Numero Deus impari gaudet*" (God likes odd numbers best). The Latin frightened her into silence. She thought it a Scriptural text.

The stories of the good Abbé's charities are legion, and it would be impossible to narrate them all. One or two, however, cannot be passed over, if it were only to show the ingenuous character of his almsgiving. One Winter day, after a season of fasting had just ended, he returned home with a ravenous appetite. On his way to his room, he stopped at the kitchen to see if dinner was ready. "In a minute," said the cook. "Look at that magnificent capon there on the dripping-pan. It will serve you for four meals. Madame D——— has made you a splendid present. Just wait till I run to the fountain for a pitcher of fresh water and you shall be served."

While she was away to the fountain, a woman wretchedly clad appeared at the threshold of the open door. "My husband and I are starving, Monsieur le Curé," she said, "and our children are without bread."

The Curé had discovered a piece of silver in his pocket, and he gave it to her with words of encouragement. A loaf and his bottle of wine was the next gift, and then, as she was going off full of gratitude, he called her back. "Here," he said, "the fast is over and you must have your meat-day," and, taking the capon from the dish, he rolled it in a newspaper. "Put this in your apron, and get away as quickly as you can."

"Not that way," he cried, hurriedly, as he saw her take the direction of the fountain. "You will meet the enemy."

The next instant "the enemy" entered, and put her pitcher of water on the table.

"Come, serve your dinner," cried the Curé. Loud exclamations of anger and surprise greeted his request. "The capon, the capon, where is the capon? The cat has carried it off!"

"Well, well, we will make a feast-day on cheese," said the Curé, with difficulty keeping from laughing. At that moment the suspected cat appeared on the scene. Broom in hand the irate housekeeper charged on it, but the sight of innocence in peril forced an avowal from the lips of the Curé. "Stop! It is I who have given it away. Serve the cheese."

"A priest should always give," he was wont often to repeat. "When he has money, he gives to the poor. When he has none, he gives to the rich." He called "giving to the rich" furnishing them an opportunity to help the poor. "The unfortunate represent for me," he would say "Him who alone is Master, and Him we are here to serve."

If the Abbé Peyramale was the soul of charity, he was none the less the

model of active, intrepid zeal. It was sweetness in strength, the tenderness of a mother, and the courage of an apostle. He was the hero of several remarkable adventures about which the people love to speak, as they gather around their hearths on the long Winter nights.

TARBES—ENTRANCE TO THE VILLAGE.

About two or three years after his arrival in Lourdes, he was invited to be present at the erection of a Way of the Cross, in a parish high up in the mountains. It was the month of February. He started with one of his assistant priests. They were to take supper with the pastor of the mountain parish, and return home by moonlight. But while at table, the snow began to fall heavily, till, at the time determined on for returning, an immense white shroud covered mountains, gorges and valleys. Overhead the sky was clear, the stars brilliant, and the moon shining in full splendor, but one could scarcely appreciate such beauty in the freezing air of a Winter night. "You cannot think of starting," said the host. "The snow is over your shoes." "It would certainly be impossible to recognize the roads," assented the timid curate.

"Remain, then," cried the Abbé. "As for me, I have my sick to visit, and I must return. The mountains know me and I know them. I have the feet of a mountaineer, and my pastoral staff will bear me up." His pastoral staff was a long, curved stick, which he had used as a cane ever since his days as military chaplain at Tarbes. And, without heeding further the remonstrances of the two priests, he started on his way.

After he had proceeded some distance, he thought he heard a noise as of footsteps lightly following. He turned, and there, some twenty feet away, glared the famished eyes of an enormous wolf. He pushed ahead, looking back from time to time, only to find the animal following at the same fixed distance. If he stopped, the wolf stopped. When he resumed his march, the wolf moved forward also. But lo, a second wolf has joined the company, and two leagues remain yet to be traversed. He turns and swings his pastoral staff in vigorous menace. The wolves neither advance nor recede. And the procession of priest and wolves resumes its march. However, they were now within a half-mile of the town and everything seemed to promise escape, when a third wolf appeared on the scene, and by his presence encouraged the other two to advance within ten feet of the Curé. He must now have recourse to strategy, would he save his life. Facing the enemy, he began to walk backwards, unceasingly swinging his iron-tipped cane. One false step or an obstacle in the way, and the three would have been upon him. In this wise, the village of Lourdes was entered. One of the inhabitants, happening to leave his house, witnessed the strange sight. "What is this? To the rescue!" shouts the terrified man.

"It is nothing," replied the imperturbable Curé. "These friends insisted upon keeping me company. Now that they have brought me to my den, they will return to their parsonage."

At the noise of opening windows and

the sight of so many lanterns, the wolves took flight. "If they had gone all the way with him," said one of the parishioners, "he would have made honest folk of them. No one can resist him."

One other anecdote illustrates alike his charity and Herculean strength. There was in Lourdes a man noted for his unbelief and avowed opposition to all religion. Now, it happened one day as he was leading his team along a muddy road, the horse slipped, and the unfortunate man fell under the wheels of his heavily loaded wagon, which sank deeper and deeper into the mire. In vain he strove to extricate himself from the murderous vise that pinned him to the ground. By chance, the Abbé Peyramale was passing by, and was quick to understand the danger. "Make an act of contrition," he shouted as he ran forward, "and I will give you absolution."

The Abbé's next step was to throw himself under the waggon, and, by an almost superhuman effort, to raise the enormous weight long enough for the unfortunate man to crawl out. He had, happily, suffered only a few bruises, and when, in his gratitude, he turned to thank his deliverer, he was met with a "Now that you are safely out of this scrape, I must get back to Lourdes."

Next morning, the rescued man came knocking at his pastor's door. "Father," he said, "I have another load, that is crushing me."

"I suspected it," the Curé replied.

"I come to ask you to deliver me from it."

"Most willingly."

In the confessional, a few minutes later, the words of absolution were pronounced over the humble penitent, and another lost sheep had been re-admitted to the fold.

It would take volumes to tell of the good priest's adventures, whether in quest of souls, or in his attempt to pursue unobserved his exercise of charity. It was midnight, and two friends, returning from dining out, noticed a tall figure gliding along mysteriously close to the houses of the Place Marcadal. On his back was a large bundle. Suspecting robbery, they cried out "Who goes there?" No answer. The man began to walk faster, and then to run. Not wanting in courage, they followed after. The chase was a hot one, and, finding that they could not overtake him, they pretended to give up the pursuit and turned into an alley hard by. The next moment they were face to face with the supposed thief, but what was their surprise! It was the Curé of Lourdes, and his bundle was a mattress he was carrying to a sick parishioner. No robber caught in the act was ever more confused than the Abbé Peyramale in being thus discovered in his work of charity.

THE PARISH CHURCH AT LOURDES.

Such was the Curé of Lourdes

in the days before the Apparition made of him a historic character, and we can well believe that, had not Mary's honor required otherwise, he would have been content to have remained unknown in his little mountain parish. On the feast of the Nativity of our Lady, Sept. 8, 1887, he passed away from life, well prepared to meet that judgment which our Lord has told us will turn on our charity towards our fellow-men. His name is a household word in every Lourdes family, and the exquisite marble tomb to his memory is dear to every lover of our Lady of Massabielle.

EARLY DAYS AT ANNECY.

By E. Lummis.

HERE linger ever in the story of the founding of the Order of the Visitation, and the marked vocations and heroic sacrifices of its earliest novices, a charm so potent and an interest so tender that neither fiction nor history, nor saintly annals of bygone days, recall with such lingering interest any prettier tale, or more enduring impression.

Perhaps it was the wonderful way in which God called together His chosen ones from places so distant and scenes so diverse, as Bougeaud expresses it, "like varied and beautiful flowers growing on the mountain heights, or in the lowliness of the valleys, or by the sunny wayside, waiting the hour when, culled by one hand, they shall bloom together in some crystal vase."

And yet, beyond the romantic circumstances and the divine spirit that idealized these first beginnings, I loved the two saints whose united holiness was their inspiration, St. Francis and St. Frances, brother and sister saints! There is something in the *human* character of their sanctity, if we may so express it, that moves one to the very depths. They did not dwell upon seraphic heights, as St. Francis of Assisi and St. Clare, nor did they stand aloof from mankind in cloistered solitude and penance. They knew how to abound, as well as to suffer want, and, in the words of St. Francis himself, "it is more difficult to abound" than to suffer deprivation. They descended into the depths of every human feeling and every human woe, and rose thence to heights of Christlike charity. They trod the glittering maze of worldly delights, and met and parried the insidious arts of courtly insincerity, and the stainlessness of their sanctity shone but with added glory. They clothed piety and virtue with so winning a grace that the young and the rich and the beautiful of this world cast its glories under foot, to enroll themselves under the standard of poverty, chastity and obedience.

Who could resist the sweetness of St. Francis of Sales, rising to close the door of the convent parlor during a private interview, and returning with a gentle smile without having done it, just because he had not the heart to shut out the eager faces of the crowd of little boarders who were gazing surreptitiously at the saintly Bishop of Geneva!

And what more beautiful picture of Christian heroism could one have than that of St. Jeanne de Chantal going to God across the living body of her son, yet pausing to remind one, who chid her tears as an evidence of weakness, "that after all, she was a mother," and that a mother's love was God-given! The story of these two lives, so gracefully intertwined, each lending to the

other the qualities that made the perfect whole, is too familiar for recountal; and yet one can retrace with loving hand the ancient portraits, deepening here and there a faded color and reviving some fugitive expression. The vision of St. de Chantal, attending to the multitudinous affairs of eighty-six Convents of the Visitation in her old age, hailed by admiring crowds as a saint, and reigning a queen and mother over so many spiritual daughters, is less beautiful, perhaps, than that of the young baroness, gracing her high station with every virtue, rising above the moral atmosphere of a luxurious age, and raising the tone of the society around her by unswerving devotion to the highest aims and the most perfect accomplishment of her duties as wife and mother. God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. Who would have seen in the brilliant young matron who graced the halls of the castle of Bourbilly, the future Mother Superior of one of the grandest religious orders that ever glorified the Church? There was no shadow of conventual austerity in the young wife, who knew well her duty to her husband, and who reproached herself that, in the gaieties and social distractions that welcomed his home-coming, she had neglected a little the religious exercises that filled the days of his absence. No, she is not a religious, whose heart only lends itself to the alien scenes of earth, and sighs ever for those of heaven. She is the strong and valiant woman who can administer the estates of her husband in wisdom and equity; his helpmate indeed, whose love is so strong and whose holiness so winning, that he has no happiness but by her side, and finds in her the realization of every earthly aspiration. The servants must follow her example and attend at Mass and morning prayers, for who could be a laggard, when the young mistress rose before the lark for her orisons?

She charmed the world by her brilliant wit and attractive manners, and sanctified it by the fervor of her devotion. If the fashions of the time were corrupt, she did not follow, but led them to higher things. If the hunt were called for the early dawn upon some festival of obligation, a priest was ready a half hour before to say Mass in the chapel of the castle, and it was impossible for the hunters to omit attendance at it. If some party of pleasure were spoken of, she entered into it with all the ardor of her nature and with all delicacy, and, seemingly by chance, contrived that it should not take place upon a Sunday. On Sunday, too, if many guests filled the castle and there was every excuse for an early Mass in the chapel, Madame la Baronne will set the example of attending divine service in the parish church, and her guests must needs follow her, for she said "it is good to pray with the people." The poor love her, for her charity has fed and clothed them, has ministered to their dying, and buried their dead. She has taken their troubles to heart, and prayed and wept over them. She has comforted their sorrows and reconciled them to God. In the time of famine her bounty has sustained them, and God has blessed it with miraculous abundance. If they impose upon her goodness and come again and again for a second and third portion, she cannot even then refuse. "How often have I not been a pensioner on the bounty of the good God, and His mercy was never refused to me!" And so their importunities is covered by the mantle of her charity.

It was the custom in those days to rise late, to dress three or four times, to spend the days in idle visits, and the nights in play. Mme. de Chantal had too noble a soul to be satisfied with a life so empty. She has her spiritual exercises, her visits to the poor. She embroiders vestments and altar linens, she instructs her servants, and yet she knows how to combine all these occupations with her duties to society. In the evenings her parlors

are filled with the neighboring nobility, and she can even lay aside for her husband's sake the chosen simplicity of her dress, to assume the ornaments that become her station. She sets an example, however, even in this amid the luxury and extravagance that had ruined so many homes. And, from old portraits of beautiful women of her day, whose names and titles have gone down into the dust, and whose jewels and frills and laces, patches and powdered hair, illustrate only the vanity of their time, one turns with relief to that of the young Baronne de Chantal, who wears her simple robes with a Christian refinement and true womanliness that lend to her a more enduring charm. If grace strengthened her to lead a life so opposed to the spirit of her time, it was not because she could not feel the strength of human ties and human requirements.

Mme. de Chantal mourned the untimely death of her young husband with a passion and intensity that almost shook the foundations of her confidence in God. It was long before the storm was calmed. To Francis Borgia, praying for the recovery of his dying wife, God reveals that it were better that his prayer were not granted, and had it not been so, the Society of Jesus would have lost one of its future glories and the world perhaps a saint. But to Mme. de Chantal there is vouchsafed no such consoling message. The veil that hides the future is not yet lifted. She must bear this terrible grief in its full intensity and trust God blindly. The Baron de Chantal was accidentally shot by his friend, while hunting in the domains of the castle. It is long years before St. Jane Frances can bring herself to meet the one whose careless hand had made her a widow, and the very entreaties of St. Francis de Sales are needed to strengthen her to this victory over human nature. Long years must still elapse before God calls her to the magnificent vocation which has lain hidden and unsuspected in her inmost heart—long years full of maternal duties to her little family—full, too, of interior or exterior trials and humiliations of her inmost soul. But she is loved and honored everywhere. The poor flock around her and kiss the hem of her garment, and the ladies of high degree are won by the beauty of her virtue, and through her gentle exhortations renounce the vanities of the time to follow the unchanging fashion of Christian virtue.

A religious of the Visitation tells how her mother, then a young bride, returning from one of these conferences, took out her earrings and trod them under foot to vanquish the temptation forever, and of the jewels they contained had a cross made which she wore always as a souvenir and a reminder, and which she showed to her daughter years afterward, as the result of her first interview with Mme. de Chantal. One might remark that of all the practices which were contemned on these occasions—the earrings have alone gone out of fashion. The moment came at last, when, after long consideration and many wise delays, Jane Frances knew that God called her to enter the religious state. He called her by the voice of the saintly guide and director that He had marked out for her by the very seal of revelation. He called her in spite of every natural tie. She is a daughter, but she must sacrifice the filial duties that are so dear and seem so necessary. She is a mother, but she must immolate her Isaac to the Lord. His will is undoubted, and therefore He will provide for those she leaves behind. She must go to Him, even though she knows not whither He calls. Let us follow His chosen superior to the feet of the spiritual guide who holds the secret of her fate, and learn how little of human choice enters into the lives of such saintly founders, how fully self has gone out and grace has entered in.

St. Francis sees before him the soul upon whom God has lavished so

many graces, and whom he has guided to such heights of perfect virtue, the foundation stone of the stately edifice that shall rise in its beauty and lead so many in the paths of the just. It was the day after the Feast of Pentecost. After Mass he sent for his penitent. "My child," said he, "I have made up my mind what to do with you." "And I, Monseigneur, am ready to follow your advice." She knelt at his feet, to hear the will of God. "Well, then," said he, "it would be best to enter the Poor Clares." "I am ready," she replied. "No," he said, "you are not strong enough; the life of a hospital sister at Beaune would suit better." "Whatever you wish." "It is not what I wish—you must be a Carmelite." "Very well." He tried her in many ways, and then said, "It is not any one of these things that God wishes." And then he put before her the plan of the Visitation Order which had long been revealed to him in secret. At these words St. de Chantal felt a sudden interior correspondence that she had not felt at the other propositions, though ready to obey them. A deep peace and consolation filled her inmost soul.

She saw a thousand difficulties, but felt assured that God would remove them. She was the idol of her aged father, and her children were yet young. How was she to leave them to face the trials and dangers of the world? Yet no sooner was her resolution taken than the way was made clear. She won her father's consent, but it cost him a terrible sacrifice. An aspirant appeared for the hand of her eldest daughter, Marie Aimée, in the person of the young Baron de Thorens, brother to St. Francis de Sales. The youngest daughter, Françoise, was to follow her into the Convent and reside as a boarder, while Celse-Bénigne, her only son, her delight and her torment at once, was confided to the President Fremyot, his grandfather, and to the care of a wise and virtuous ecclesiastic, who conducted the education of the brilliant and impetuous youth. And so the difficulties disappeared, and, bitter though the parting was to the mother's heart, she could not but intone the "Nunc Dimittis" when the moment of terrible anguish was past. She had still much to do, in arranging every detail for the protection of her children's fortunes, having resigned her estates to them. And so, by the path of these varied trials, St. de Chantal came to guide the vast spiritual family that was to be hers, enriched by the experience of every state of life, in order that she might be a help and guide to others, and compassionate their trials and temptations in having suffered more than they. And as she had known all that this world can give of beauty and wealth and honor and station, of affection and cherished family ties, she renounced them all in the prime of life to pass on to the detachment, the poverty, the humble silence of the cloister, and to prove that the dearest, the loveliest, the most legitimate enjoyments of this world fade into dust before the supremer happiness of loving God, and immolating self to Him.

Mme. de Chantal was not to stand alone in the path to which God had called her. There soon gathered to the little house of La Galerie, at Annecy, where the first essays of the new order were to be undertaken, many chosen souls whose lot had been seemingly as strange as hers. Who does not recall the story of Mlle. Favre, daughter of the President of the Parliament of Savoy? Mlle. Favre was rich and of distinguished family, very talented, and admired, among other things, for her exquisite grace in dancing. A ball was given for her, and at the first sound of the violins, the Governor led her out to dance, while the applause of the assembly greeted her advent. Crowned with the roses of success, while admiration greeted her on every side, a deep sadness filled her heart, and the arrow of divine grace had found its mark. "Poor Favre," she said to herself, "thou hast trod thy measure,

and what is thy reward? What remains to thee but the hollow echoes of human praise? They will say, 'this young lady has danced well,' and that is all thy recompense." And, overcome with the thought of the springtime of life wasted in frivolity, and of the terrors of death and judgment hiding among the roses, she left the ballroom with the will to consecrate herself to God forever.

Mlle. de Bréchard reached the Visitation by a different train of circumstances. Hers was an early novitiate of strange and terrible trials that detached her completely from terrestrial hopes, to rest in the solitary study of the Crucified, and to live in the world in the practice of the severest penance Fain would she have entered a cloister, but the laxity of the only religious houses it had been her lot to meet with filled her with dread, and bound her to her state of solitary perfection. One night she had a curious dream, which consoled, though it did not enlighten, her. She saw a magnificent parlor, and an altar richly adorned, before which stood a religious clad in a habit that seemed new in the church, who, among other ceremonies, sounded a horn such as was used in the chase, and drew from it a strange and entrancing melody. She advanced to Mlle. de Bréchard and said: "Wilt thou be one of us?" "With all my heart" was the reply. The religious then gave her a branch of flowers, and, sounding the mystical horn once more, called around a numerous train of other young girls. Long afterward, when Mlle. de Bréchard had entered in vain the doors of the Poor Clares and the Ursulines, she met St. Francis de Sales, who revealed God's will to her, and recognized with delight in St. de Chantal the religious of her dream. She was one of the most illustrious of the early companions of the saint, and excelled in all the most solid virtues. After death, her body remained incorrupt for several years, and the process of her canonization was begun with that of Mme. de Chantal.

The quaint and touching history of Anne Jacqueline Coste, too long to touch upon here, marked another chosen soul in humbler walks of life. But since the nobility were in one way or another the chief cause of the evils that fell upon France in these times, so God seemed to call upon the nobility to redeem them by heroic virtue and sacrifice. Another young lady of high birth, the pride of the soirées and fêtes that attended the advent of the French Ambassador to Germany, Marie Peronne du Châtel, young, beautiful, rich, and excelling in every graceful art of poetry and music, whose conversation was a delight, and whose grace was the charm of the fêtes she attended, wept with ennui amid these gay scenes, and left them, to sigh over the emptiness of a heart that sorrowed most deeply when she sought to satisfy it with worldly delights. Ardent soul that she was, all shining with the silks and jewels of the ballroom, she cried, "Marie Peronne, thou wilt never be satisfied until thou art in a convent!" Yet grace won not so easy a victory. An earthly love set itself to contend as rival with the heavenly. She had met at court one who was in every way worthy of her, and one moment she would sigh after the chaste delights of the spouses of the Heavenly Bridegroom, to mourn the next over her weakness in breaking the bonds of earth. Grace slowly conquered. She renounced, one by one, the arts she loved, and which were to revive in later days, to charm the cloister. The dance, the ball, followed, but these were costly sacrifices. Sometimes when the sound of the violins penetrated to her boudoir, the ardor of her love for earthly pleasure returned, and she fled for refuge to the pages of a little book where all the world was represented as dancing to the one cadence of death, and by this tragic image she overcame the longings of a youthful heart. Seeking in vain some religious order that would content her, she met with delight, and found peace at last in the company of Mme. de Chantal.

One could linger long over these charming soul histories, the wonderful revelations, the providential circumstances that marked the path of the Spirit of God that moveth whithersoever He willeth, and that brought together these noble ladies from distant countries and through mysterious ways to the order for which they were destined and where their virtue was to shine, to the glory of their time. These wonderful vocations cluster about every one of the many houses of the order, but it is at Annecy that we must remain.

To understand the Order of the Visitation and why it attracted such universal attention, one must consider the times in which it was founded, their needs and difficulties. In our day popular affection is, perhaps, too much wedded to exterior works of charity. The active orders of religious women appeal to all, because there is an ever-present field of corporal and spiritual misery that requires immediate action. These needs are seen and the remedy welcomed, and the casual observer fails to penetrate to deeper and more interior miseries, since, as in the time of Our Lord, the terrible maladies of the body are still but a figure and outward symbol of greater moral evils. The contemplative and penitential orders are less understood, for we are an active people, and do not dwell ordinarily upon the deeper possibilities of the spiritual life. Yet the Scripture says that the whole world is made desolate because the spirit of prayer has gone out from among the people. How long will the torrent refresh and irrigate the sandy plain, if it be not fed by the streams that trickle down from the secluded mountain dells? In the earlier centuries, when Catholic life was deeper and more abiding, it is curious to notice how entirely popular opinion was the other way. The monastic orders alone represented the religious life, and any infringement upon the accepted state of things was very tardily received.

The first intention of St. Francis de Sales in the Order of the Visitation was an approach to the active life of our Sisters of Charity, but public opinion was so strong against the removal of enclosure for nuns that he was obliged to submit, and it remained for St. Vincent de Paul to complete and carry out his overtures in this direction.

These reactions came slowly, and so, perhaps, it will be but slowly, too, that the life of prayer shall develop in our midst, the life that has given us a St. Teresa and a Catharine of Sienna. But in the seventeenth century it was otherwise, and while many feminine hearts strove against the jewelled fetters of worldly pleasure, to enter religion meant in those days the most rigid seclusion, entirest poverty and severest penance, and called for physical health and moral endurance. One had to be a Carmelite, or Poor Clare, or remain in a world where there was little chance of extraordinary virtue, if one could not hide it under the silks and satins of courtly etiquette. It was St. Francis de Sales, moving in the atmosphere of courtly society, who saw the need and applied the remedy. The doors of the Visitation opened wide to the delicate, the weak, and even the aged. The rule required no long fasts, no appalling penances, but aimed at a more interior spirituality and severer mortification in the continual renunciation of the will itself. The succession of exercises, ever varying and never prolonged, left to nature no enduring repose, and the sweetness and charity with which the neighbor was received, left nothing to be desired, since even St. Francis could not obtain, as he wished, that the religious should leave their cloister to visit the sick. The spirit was the union of sweetness and strength, of all-embracing charity that met the wants of all in God and made itself all things to all men, and the pursuit of the solid interior virtues that left nothing to self. In it obedience is so marked that, at a thoughtless command

from an ecclesiastical superior, who wished to try her virtue, a daughter of the Visitation could put her hand into a consuming fire, to withdraw it unharmed, and a devotion to the spirit of the rules so absolute that another, when forced by civil authority into the courts to settle a legacy for the Order—a course deprecated by St. Francis de Sales—renounced all claims and chose the bitter poverty that was the alternative, saying that, even under compulsion, a course opposed to the spirit of her rule would have resulted in her death. It is this devotion to the spirit of a religious order that sinks its foundations into the solid rock of enduring time, and raises its shining towers to the heavens, that makes its undying greatness, and forges the true steel in the depths of the fire.

It was this that made the Order of the Visitation reap such wonderful fruits, and won for it an appreciation so ready, that when Mme. de Bréchard was called upon to leave Moulins to found a new house of the Order, the whole town rose up in rebellion. The Mayor and officials publicly forbade her removal, and confined the donor of the new foundation a prisoner in her own castle, lest the dear Mother, whose virtue had won the town, should be taken away from them. And they were obliged to submit. It was again the virtuous fame of St. de Chantal's daughters that drew such a besieging army of devotees to the convent doors on the occasion of a new foundation, that it was impossible to supply the needs of the religious or to get near them, and they were in danger of starving, had it not occurred to some one to let their provisions down through the roof.

The enclosing of the convent at Annecy was a great event, and St. de Chantal and her first religious took their vows in the presence of a vast assembly of the nobility and of many distinguished ecclesiastics. And when night fell upon the little house of La Galerie, and the last lingering footsteps died away, the closing door that shut out forever the gay world where they had shone as stars, shut in three peaceful hearts that embraced each other in transports of joy that God had brought them into the liberty of the children of God.

St. de Chantal had resigned her fortune to her children, and, perhaps imprudently, had neglected to provide for the maintenance of her new establishment, and God sent them an early trial. The very morrow of their enclosure they tasted the bitterness of poverty. There was nothing to eat in the house, and, having waited hour after hour in vain for some kind hand to supply their wants, Anne Jacqueline Coste borrowed a little milk from a neighbor, and with a handful of herbs from the garden, made soup for the zealous novices. But scarcely were they gathered in the refectory, before a bountiful provision arrived, and they determined to trust to Providence more entirely still in future. These early days, abounding in consolation, were full of sacrifices too, for St. Francis would have his "doves" as he called them, fly very high, and would spare them no mortifications. He gave this counsel to Mère de Bréchard, one terrible morning in January, when he met her walking along the corridor and trying to warm her nearly frozen hands by wrapping them in a piece of old cloth: "Sister," said the relentless Master of Novices, "do you use a muff? I do not, and I suffer as much as you do."

The gentle saint often came to the little house of La Galerie to form the virtue of these chosen souls that had been drawn to him in the warp of God. There is nothing sweeter than his familiar talks with his spiritual daughters, sitting among them on the terrace, or seeking shelter in the corridor during a thunder storm, where, as we are told, however terrible the play of the elements, his gentle equanimity was not disturbed. His simple counsels to them enter into every detail of their lives. Because one highborn lady cannot overcome her re-

pugnance to the earthen bowls and pewter spoons used in the refectory, and the want of sugar, he respects her delicate breeding and makes a concession in regard to the bowls and even the silver spoons, but omits the sugar. His discourse is so spiritual, so sweet, so witty, that one never sees the saint so well as in these glimpses from the interior of the cloister. Some one asks, perhaps idly, "if one is bound to obey a Superior who commands something against the law of God." "Surely not, my children," he replies. "If your Superior should say, 'Go down into the garden and gather some flowers, and to descend more quickly, throw yourself out of the window,' one must answer with all respect, 'Certainly, dear Mother, but with your permission, I will go down by the stairs.'" He objects to being so frequently alluded to as "Saint," and thinks that "*feint*" (sham) would be a more appropriate word—that is, more natural, in French. What is more exquisite than the episode of the lay Sister when St. Francis had just cured St. de Chantal of a terrible illness, by sending for and applying the relics of St. Blaise? The admiring Sister could not refrain from murmuring a little too loudly. "Why should Monseigneur send so far for relics of a saint of the fourth century, when he could have cured Madame quite as well without them?" The Bishop of Geneva blushed, and his eyes filled with tears at the implied tribute to his sanctity. He reprimanded the Sister severely, and bade her make amends to the saint in question for her irreverence, by fasting strictly upon the vigil of his feast.

The maternal cares of Mme. de Chantal did not leave her at the convent doors. Her children were followed with earnest solicitude from the cradle to the gates of heaven. She had taught her daughters in their earliest years to follow a rule of life, to make their meditation daily, to visit the poor, and to avoid the snares of vanity, which St. Francis is for once so ungracious as to observe, "is born with womankind." The smiling faces of these little ones gleam like sunbeams in and out of the graver correspondence of the two saints. Because Marie Aimée is destined for the world, they agree that more special care must be given to her religious education and spiritual training. These early cares are well rewarded. Marie Aimée comes to the convent at Annecy, to remain, during her husband's absence, and here is broken to her the tragic news of his early death. A widow, while scarcely more than a child, and dying from some sudden mishap attendant upon the birth of her son, who lives only for baptism, Marie Aimée asks of her Mother as a last favor to be given the habit of the Order. An hour later, in the presence of St. Francis, she makes the vows of profession, and dies like a saint, at nineteen. Celse-Bénigne is a sort of thorn in the flesh, but he is happily married at last, and makes an honorable end on the battlefield. Françoise, the youngest daughter, lives in the convent until her marriage, shares the vigils of the nuns, distracts them a little with her birds and squirrels, and proves the truth of that little saying about vanity, with all her pious surroundings. The gray portals of the Visitation frame no lovelier picture than Françoise at sixteen, sallying forth to some fête, in all the bravery of youthful fancy, with fluttering ribbons and curls, and a dress that is not quite in keeping for a daughter of St. de Chantal. On the very threshold, as in all her conscious prettiness she goes out, she meets St. Francis de Sales coming in. He smiles at her discomfiture and says: "I am not so displeased as you imagine. The attire is a little worldly, it is true, but the blush comes from heaven," and he helped her to conceal the errant curls under her bonnet and gently suggested some improvement in the "toute-ensemble."

Françoise married early an honorable,

rich and religious man—the Comte de Toulougeon, and there is no page of the wise counsels of St. de Chantal more wise and more worth preservation than her advice to her daughter upon her marriage. She urges her to be sensible enough to estimate the alluring trifles of dress and rings and jewels and the thousand details of a wedding trousseau at their real value, and look beyond to nobler and higher aims. When fortune smiles most upon Françoise, her loving mother prays and trembles most; she watches, she warns, she entreats. She welcomes her to her maternal arms when sorrow comes, and in the end makes of the worldly daughter one of the most distinguished, pious and Christian women of her century. But the worldly life of our saint is ended, however one may be tempted to linger over its holy memories. The cloistered shades have closed about her, and it is no longer the children of an earthly marriage that claim her care, but the chosen virgins who call her "Mother" and who are multiplied as the sands of the sea.

When St. Francis de Sales died, and his body, reposing in death, was laid before the grille of the Convent at Annecy, it was covered, in lieu of a pall, with a veil of white silk, like to that which, amid incense and lights and flowers, envelopes the priest who carries the Blessed Sacrament.

And when, in her turn, fifty years after her death, the mortal remains of St. Jeanne Frances de Chantal were honored with a public ceremonial in the same convent chapel, the walls were draped with purest white, as for a festival, and adorned with garlands of flowers. So does the glory of God's blessed ones shine through the dark gates of our mortality, and the canticles of Mother Church ring out in rapturous accord with those of the angels, to celebrate the entrance into eternal life of those who lived unto God.

Where, now, are they who blamed the piety of the Baronne de Chantal as extravagant and unnecessary, when she cared for the leper and the fever-stricken, and filled her palatial halls with the poor and the outcast? Where are they who censured her for leaving the duties of her state when the love of God lifted her to heights above them? Her name has lived through the ages, and her mortal remains are raised upon the altars of the Church. Oh, let us rather pray that God may daily increase among us the number of those holy ones who have chosen the "folly of the Cross," for the story of their lives bids us rejoice that our human nature is capable of such sacrifices, and that divine love in these our mortal hearts may soar so high. We look upon the saints of God as masterpieces of divine art, marvellous statues set up in the spiritual temple of the Church for us to admire and wonder at. And yet, alas, would that we might never forget the lesson! the principal end and aim of the Church in their canonization is to propose their virtues for our imitation.

ECHOES FROM PARAY.

THERE is a special providence surrounding certain places on this globe of ours. They are the true centres of the world, where God's action is exercised in a more intense degree and a more manifest manner. They have been chosen in the eternal designs to be the theatre of the grandest works of the Most High. The generations of men have been multiplied, and they are borne hither and thither like irregular waves; revolutions have passed us by like the sea in its wrath; these privileged heights always rise above the troubled surface. The appointed hour arrives when God, in an unknown corner of the world, works a divine deed and its influence makes itself felt the whole earth over.

The little city of Paray-le-Monial has become, as it were, the capital of Christian souls, since the time when the Sacred Heart there vouchsafed its wonderful revelations. This cannot be denied, for everywhere that Catholics are to be found, there also the devotion to the Sacred Heart has been established, so that it seems to be at the present day the mainstay of the Church. However, God does not work hastily or without design. He has prepared His ways in accordance with a most perfect plan, whose outlines are to be discerned even amid the obscurity which envelopes the history of this shrine. As our illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII., wrote to Cardinal Perraud, Paray is "the city well-beloved of Heaven, *cœlo gratissimum oppidum*" (Brief for the Coronation of Our Lady of Romay).

Yes, nothing is more evident than this to reflecting minds. At all times, we note that, in accord with the order followed "in all the operations of grace" (Bossuet, Fourth Sermon on the Annunciation), the reign of the Virgin Mary has prepared, in these sacred places, the reign of the Heart of Jesus, which is thus made known to us. And now has come to pass the event for which some three years ago we expressed our ardent desire: the ancient statue of Our Lady of Romay has received the honors of a Pontifical crowning. This triumph is a sweet pledge for the future, and it should be of interest to all the clients of the Sacred Heart. Paray-le-Monial once more witnesses an immense gathering of the pious faithful, but this time it is Mary whom they salute and honor. Time has dispersed the shades that enfolded the designs of God. The Blessed Virgin, we cannot doubt, has here served to introduce to us her Divine Son. Long years were needed to dispose minds and hearts and to level the way. The road was, in a great measure, concealed from view; but it is Mary who has traced it back to its starting point, and who, let us hope, will guide us to its end. Intoning the hymn of praise and glory to Jesus, our Eucharistic King, she will be able to repeat in the name of the Church of which she is the Queen: "*Intende, prospere procede et* REGNA!" (Ps. xliv, 5).

We can distinguish three stages in the history of Paray, and at each of them the Holy Virgin has her determined position and work. There was the *preparation* for "God's mysteries," which seems to date back to the first days of Christianity. It is beyond dispute that this quiet little city was in existence long before the advent of the monks. When the pious Count Lambert of Chalon founded in 973, together with his saintly friend, Mayeul of Cluny, the celebrated priory of Val d'Or, this town was already constituted with its regular officials and communal privileges. A very ancient temple—*templum antiquissimum*—stood upon the hill now occupied by the present cemetery. There, Mary was honored from the earliest times,

since the church was consecrated to the Mother of God. We have given elsewhere our reasons for believing that the Statue of Romay was the object of special devotion on the part of the first Christians of this noble Aeduan territory.

It is true that the religious of Cluny little by little attracted the inhabitants to the neighborhood of their cloister and basilica. But the Virgin always remains the sovereign mistress of these parts. All their sanctuaries were dedicated to her. But the unhappy time arrives when Protestantism engulfs the future city of the Sacred Heart. They were the Jebusites who made a momentary incursion into the modern Jerusalem. The fact is too clear to admit discussion, but the the rest of its history is all to the praise of God and Paray-le-Monial. That is enough for us. Its old-time defenders had become insufficient, by reason of their fewness or for want of character. But Providence raised up new combatants to bring them assistance. In 1617 the Fathers of the Society of Jesus were called to this privileged field of battle, and the people did them the inestimable honor, during these days of peril, of placing in their charge the Statue of Romay, as the Palladium of the city. But its providential place had been determined in the ancient sanctuary of Val d'Or. Hither it was carried back "by means to-day unknown," says Canon Cucherat, who discredits the legend of its miraculous transportation. At all events, the Madonna multiplied on all sides her wonders and conversions. In 1426 the Monastery of the Visitation was founded at Paray. It is in this holy asylum, or rather, in this chosen dwelling of the Daughters of Mary, that the reign of the Sacred Heart was to be proclaimed. To carry out this great work the reserve troops had to be grouped around their Sovereign.

And now the era of divine manifestations is about to open. The great historic period of Paray begins. Margaret Mary, the humble daughter of the Charolais, is chosen to co-operate in the Saviour's designs. When quite young she seemed doomed to an early death. "A vow is made to the Blessed Virgin, with the promise that, if she were cured, she would one day become one of her daughters. No sooner is the vow made than she finds herself perfectly restored, and under the special protection of her holy Mediatrix, who so became the mistress of her heart that, regarding it as if it were her own, she directs it as if it had been entirely dedicated to her, teaching it to do the will of her Son." (Contemp., 1, 38.

NOTRE DAME DE ROMAY.

We know how the Blessed was attracted to the Convent of "dear Paray," "having no other reason to give for her vocation, save that she wished to be the child of the Blessed Virgin." Later on, the Mother of God herself introduced her to Jesus. "Behold," she said, "Him who comes to teach you what you are to do." From that time the Divine Master

speaks in all openness to His servant; He makes known to her the immense love of that heart for men; He asks her to procure the establishment of His sacred kingdom over the face of the earth. Still, as she had begun, so Mary closes the cycle of these wonderful revelations. In the celebrated apparition of July 2, 1688, she herself distributes their functions to the principal servants of this kingdom.

But the task is a difficult one, and the struggle will be terrible. For nearly two hundred years, the echoes of Paray were smothered by the varied sectaries. Then silence comes, and the era of triumph begins. Margaret Alacoque, the modest daughter of the Blessed Mary, is elevated to the altars in 1864. This little town becomes henceforth the centre of modern piety. The never-to-be-forgotten pilgrimages of 1873–75 are a proof of the reign of the Sacred Heart. All that is wanting is that which all Catholics are looking forward to, and for which the Roman Pontiff has expressed the warmest desire and firmest hope. We can readily believe the moment is not far distant, since the Mother of God enters once more upon the scene, by the crowning of her venerable Statue of Romay. Her triumph would be incomplete, were it not the prelude of that which she has been preparing for many centuries back. On occasions of these festivities, an authoritative voice has said: "There would be here a new and touching application of the design of Providence, in virtue of which it has pleased God to give to the world His only Son by the ministry of Mary."

(Cardinal Perraud, Commission for the Crowning of Our Lady of Romay.)

FESTIVITIES ATTENDANT ON THE CROWNING OF OUR LADY OF ROMAY.

Paray-le-Monial has resumed the aspect of her most glorious days. The whole population has come together for the triumph of her who has exercised there "during centuries her sweet, maternal sovereignty" (Cardinal Perraud, ibid). One would say that Mary has resumed her old-time, undisputed sway over the hearts of the people of Paray. Has it not been proven a thousand times that the unchanging goodness of the Mother of God attracts those whom the justice of her Son Jesus would affright? Not a few who showed themselves indifferent under other circumstances, have given proof of their confidence and devotion to Our Lady of Romay. Rich and poor alike have taken part in these festivities. But the poor have entered into them with perhaps more simple piety and greater earnestness. The suburbs and streets where they reside were certainly not the poorest in point of decoration. With what zeal and at what cost of labor did these good people adorn their humble dwellings and raise their triumphal arches to their "bonne Dame!" Ah, it is because they deeply love their protectress in evil days, her who has preserved them from calamities and plagues, who, above all, has preserved them in their Catholic faith, who, more than once, has raised to life their still-born children to receive baptism and have heaven opened to them, who has bestowed on them her saintly Margaret Mary and the heart of the "Good God." At this touching spectacle, several American pilgrims wept with joy at the sight of this revival of French faith, the true faith of Christian France.

The Festivities began on Sunday, August 1, by a procession to the sanctuary of Romay, to carry to the Basilica of the Sacred Heart the venerated statue. It is in this vast enclosure, built by the monks, and so full of memories of the past, that the crowning of the Virgin will take place on Thursday, while we await the time when, under this roof eight centuries old, the future reign of Jesus in the Eucharist will be proclaimed.

Most of the inhabitants of Paray and a good number of strangers took part in the solemn entry of Our Lady into her

"dear city." If, on account of the crowd, order was not all that was to be desired, all hearts, however, were beating in unison. We had the joy of having join in this ceremony forty men, our fervent delegates or officers of the congregation of workingmen of Montceau-les-Mines. They had all gone to Communion, in the morning, in the Chapel of the Visitation, and they were happy in wearing on their breast Mary's insignia, and in mingling their manly voices with the prayers and hymns of the rest of the faithful. Under the large plane trees of the avenue, which should henceforth bear the name of the Avenue de Romay, we chant to the well-known air of "Pity, My God," which so often, in times gone by, had resounded in this arcade of foliage, this modest and simple refrain, the while our thoughts were dwelling on the past and future:

"Bonne Madone
Chère à Paray,
Reçois cette couronne,
O Vierge de Romay!"

Once enthroned in the basilica of the Sacred Heart, the "good Madonna" should pay a visit to the different streets and chapels of Paray. This was the plan wisely determined upon by the archpriest, and, despite difficulties, the programme was carried out during the four days that preceded the coronation. We shall not attempt to describe the numerous manifestations of devotion on the part of the people. Pious women and noble ladies respectfully bless themselves as the Virgin passes by; mothers present to her their children; poor invalids drag themselves with pain along the line of march. Monday the procession stopped at the ancient Chapel of St. Roch, adjoining the railroad station. It is remarkable that Providence should have wished to have the patron of pious travellers placed at a spot where so many pilgrims enter. The station master and his many employees were there to meet us. Honor to these cou-

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rageous men who were not ashamed to show their faith!

Tuesday, we had the consolation of receiving Our Lady of Romay into the house which bears the name, and shelters the precious remains, of the Ven. Father de la Colombière. The Rev. Father Superior gave beautiful expression to the hopes which these festivities, in honor of the Madonna of Romay, inspired. After Mary, will soon be glorified the Apostle of the Sacred Heart, who was also the Apostle of Mary in this city. The garden of the Visitation Convent, so rich in souvenirs of the divine manifestation, is opened on Wednesday to a dense crowd, and the venerated statue is borne through every part of it. "How touching it all is," said the people; but on arriving shortly afterwards at the Church of the Cenacle, decorated with exquisite taste, all, the rude and the educated alike, broke out spontaneously into the exclamation "How beautiful it is!"

The great day of the crowning has arrived. The weather is superb. Large numbers have come from the neighboring parishes of the Brionnais and the Charolais, where Our Lady of Romay is well known. Strangers were unhappily too few, and the men were present in only small numbers. However, the annual pilgrimage from Moulins, which had been postponed from June to August for this ceremony, formed a compact body. Their worthy bishop is at the head of his people, with the choirmaster of the cathedral to enhance the feast by his singers. Mgr. Lelong, the pious and courageous Bishop of Nevers, celebrated Pontifical Mass at ten o'clock upon a platform arranged in the garden attached to the basilica. The number present was estimated at about ten thousand persons. His eminence, Cardinal Perraud, occupied his throne. Around him were ranged Mgr. Dubourg of Moulins, Mgr. Philippe, the Salesian titular Bishop of Lari, Mgr. Pavie, Roman prelate, whose name calls to mind the French in Africa, and a host of canons, priests and religious.

After the Gospel, the Rev. Vicar-General Gauthey delivers the sermon. He takes the place of Canon Planus, who had become suddenly indisposed. The preacher skillfully connects his subject with the age which had preceded the establishment of the monks at Paray. "From the earliest times Mary has been constituted, by a wonderful providence, the queen and mistress of these parts. . . . Our Lady of Romay has prepared the way, and has raised up apostles of the Sacred Heart. . . . She has not ceased, and she will never cease, to be the protectress of this city, of this province, of France and of the world." The Pontifical Mass ended, the Brief of Coronation was read both in French and Latin. His Eminence, Cardinal Perraud, who had received the Apostolic mandate to crown Our Lady of Romay in the name of the Pope and by his authority, then advanced with great dignity and majesty a few steps, and placed upon the august heads of Jesus and Mary the rich crowns which had been prepared. This was the most solemn moment of the feast. Applause and acclamations broke forth, whilst the bells of the old Cluniac basilica resounded far and wide. The hymn of thanksgiving is then intoned: "*Te Deum laudamus. . . . Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem, non horruisti Virginis uterum.*"

At the close of this happy day, the triumphant Madonna was carried back to the humble sanctuary of Val d'Or, on the shoulders of representatives of the nobility of Paray-le-Monial, who had begged to be allowed this honor. But before the crowd dispersed, the Cardinal of Autun knelt before the precious statue, and repeated the following prayer, so often recited during the procession:

"O Our Lady of Romay, who have been invoked for so many centuries in this blessed place of Paray, to obtain

the *removal of public calamities, the cure of sickness*, and *the resurrection of children dead without baptism*, behold us at your feet on occasion of your solemn crowning, begging you to preserve us from all dangers of soul and body. Amen."

These festivities have been most consoling for those who assisted at them, on account of the evidence of faith they afforded. At a distance they will bring joy to all friends of the Sacred Heart, to whom the Virgin of Romay will henceforth be better known and better loved. May God be always praised and Mary glorified! The prayers and the efforts of those who have taken the initiative in this crowning or who have made of it a success, have received their just reward. The Eucharistic Congress which was opened at Paray-le-Monial, September 20, will be the proper and worthy complement of these solemnities, if, after the triumph of Our Lady of Romay, it is given us to witness the full exaltation of the reign of Jesus in the Sacrament of the Altar.

ANNIS.

By Harold Dijon.

IT WAS a long, broad room on one of the upper floors of a business house on one of the principal streets of Boston. A system of low Chinese screens partitioned the room, making of it two apartments, and a portière bearing the legend *office* screened off a third section of what purported to be an "Educational College." Great placards proclaimed it to be such, and lesser placards boasted that all graduates of the "College" were provided with "situations at from $25 to $100 per week." In spite of the facilities and unexampled inducements offered to students, the "College" did not seem to flourish.

On this bleak January morning, one corner of one side of the screen, near an impoverished fire, was occupied by a group of listless women, shivering under fur capes, and munching stealthily their noonday lunch. These were the teachers. A distinctly masculine cough proceeding from behind the portière denoted the presence of the "College President." On the other side of the screen, seated before a much-battered typewriter, was a woman of about thirty, a pupil of this end-of-the-century scheme for making a fortune.

She was a woman whose countenance was not without beauty, and you might have called her pleasant-faced, had it not been for her long-drawn mouth and the marks care had freely set in lines that sunk her cheeks and hollowed her eyes. Her hands almost viciously worked the typewriter on which she was practising, and she was about to push the machine from her in despair of accomplishing aught of good by means of its battered keys, when the door of the "College" opened and a lady attired in silks and blue-fox furs sailed across the room to where she sat.

"My name is Mrs. Duplex-Cynar," said the lady, and looked "Who are you?"

And in response to the look, the woman said, "My name is Annis Dunmore." Perhaps there was an unnecessary assertive stress laid on the pronoun of possession.

"Well," said Mrs. Duplex-Cynar, loosening her blue-fox boa and putting up her lorgnette, "I want a typewriter, and an advertisement outside says they can be gotten here."

Annis Dunmore stared at Mrs. Duplex-Cynar, too startled to speak. Six months ago she had paid her tuition in advance to the proprietor of the "Educational

College," and up to this moment there had been no application for the services of any one of the pupils. Recovering herself, she said: "I beg pardon, but I am a typewriter."

Mrs. Duplex-Cynar did not appear to be astonished at this announcement, and merely asked what might her charges

"LAWRENCE!" SHE WHISPERED; "LAWRENCE!"

be. "I want some one for two hours a day, any time between breakfast and dinner. I breakfast at nine," she said, parenthetically.

Annis hesitated; she really did not know what her charges should be, and, taking advantage of her hesitation, Mrs. Duplex-Cynar suggested five dollars a week. "That would be almost fifty cents an hour," she said, "and you can get very good piano lessons for that, I'm told, and typewriting should not be more than piano."

Five dollars a week was not a fortune, but then the hours of labor were not long. Annis pondered; and while she pondered, a vision of an almost exhausted purse presented itself to her mental gaze, and behind it loomed the figure of a landlady prone to exact her dues "invariably in advance." The vision was so vivid that she quite gasped out her acquiescence to the terms, saying: "Certainly, madam; I'm obliged to you for engaging me—any hours you say between breakfast and dinner; would the morning suit best?"

Mrs. Duplex-Cynar rose from her chair, shook out her skirts, fondled her furs, and said in a drawl, assumed to conceal her satisfaction at having made a bargain, "I have said any hours you please, and perhaps the morning would be best, say ten to-morrow to begin with," and then, after a little fumbling for her card-case laid a dainty card on the battered typewriting machine.

Mrs. Duplex-Cynar belonged to a class of Catholics, happily not large, that has been evoked by the age that hurries without conscience to a golden goal.

Born with the honest cognomen of Dooley, baptized holily Ann, she married, when but a girl, Timothy Siner, a

small dealer in provisions. One child, a boy, was the fruit of this marriage. The provision dealer prospered apace into a commission merchant of wealth, and lucky speculations, not untainted, made Timothy Siner a millionaire and the occupant of a mansion on Beacon Street.

Some time before this the wife had recourse to one of the self-appointed heralds that flourish on the vanity of new-rich Americans, and honest Dooley became Duplex; Siner, Cynar; and a hyphen connected them, while Ann was transmogrified into Annette. Need it be said that the Faith sat lightly on the brains and hearts of the couple? Timothy early in life had joined one of the secret societies, which, while not at that time under the ban of the Church, was barred by her spirit. Regular in his attendance at all lodge meetings, he seldom, if ever, found time for Mass. On one occasion he fell ill unto death, and a priest was sent for, but before the minister of peace reached the house there was a change for the better in Timothy's poor body, and he did not confess. It was then, to use a highly poetic metaphor of the Irish peasantry, that Timothy "slapped the door of heaven in his face." For, about two years before his widow presented herself to Annis Dunmore, he died unconscious and without the sacraments.

Ann's religion may be briefly expressed in one episode of her life. She took to frequenting a fashionable Episcopal chapel of the highest order, and on being questioned by her parish priest concerning the scandal she gave, she replied: "Indeed, Father, not a mortal bit of difference do I see between St. John's Church and our own church; and then, Father, I went in company with the *élite* of the city." This was long before the period of the Beacon Street mansion, and at a time when Ann was just about to blossom into Annette. Fortunately, the boy had been educated in a Catholic college. Not that his parents had any predilection for such an institution, but that the college in question was high in the esteem of the mother's fashionable Protestant friends. And, by way of parenthesis, let it be said that intelligent Protestants are often more willing to acknowledge the superiority of our institutions of learning than are our often too-modest Catholics themselves.

The boy's religion was indelibly fixed in his mind and heart by his professors, but two years of the frivolity of his mother's house put to sleep the holy counsels he had once listened to with eagerness and delight, and, at the time of the opening of this story he was, to all outward appearance, such a child as one could expect of such a mother. She was proud of him, for he was a brilliant youth, not the less so that he was, as she strongly suspected, addicted to vice. But then, as she might have said, "the vices of Lawrence were those of the *élite*."

And what of Annis Dunmore? She was the daughter of a "true-blue" Calvinistic minister of an antiquated New England town. Brought up in rigid seclusion, innocent of the ways of the world, pure hearted and pure-minded, the death of her father left her, as her neighbors expressed it, "to shift for herself." The congregation made her up a little purse, the town authorities would have placed her as a teacher in the school-house, but there was no vacancy, and she drifted to Boston. There she was caught by the alluring advertisement of the "Educational College," and sank the greater portion of her purse into a six-months' tuition in the arts of bookkeeping and typewriting, when she entered upon her duties in the mansion of Mrs. Duplex-Cynar. She found them more arduous than she had been given reason to anticipate.

Mrs. Duplex-Cynar was the secretary of a woman's society for "Psychical Culture," and a portion of the work of Annis was to typewrite and amend ex-

tensively that lady's speeches to be delivered to the society. Annis did not mind the typewriting, but she inwardly rebelled against the amending of the speeches. She was not paid for such work, and soul-culture, as understood by Mrs. Duplex-Cynar's society, she knew nothing about. She stated the last-mentioned fact to her employer, and by her she was referred to the library. "You can get all sorts of ideas from my late husband's library;" said the widow, "it is immense."

Annis found it to be a large library, if not immense, and among the collection of books were many Catholic works, for it was one of the boasts of Timothy Siner that he was broad-minded enough to admit any and all volumes of a Catholic nature to the shelves of his book-room. From many of these books Annis culled many a flower planted by Catholic saints and sages, and scattered their seeds broadcast among the verbiage of Mrs. Duplex-Cynar's utterances. This she did innocently, not knowing what she did, and if the seed fell elsewhere on barren ground (for its signification was much above the comprehension of Mrs. Duplex-Cynar and her companions, who therefore voted it sublimely beautiful), it fructified in the more intelligent mind and purer heart of Annis. And it bore her material good, for Mrs. Duplex-Cynar's speeches became circumscribedly famous, and, afraid of losing her amanuensis, after a gentle hint from Annis, she doubled the wages of her scribe.

One thing above all others attracted Annis in her researches among the Catholic books — the doctrine of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. It did not by any means repel the then rigidly Calvinistic woman. It was entirely new to her, and she thought it the most beautiful thing she had ever heard of, so beautiful that it appeared to her that the mind of man could never have imagined it. She meditated over it till at last her meditations forced themselves into speech.

"I beg pardon," she said one day to Mrs. Duplex-Cynar, "but you are a Catholic, are you not?"

"Of course I am, but not the least bigoted," replied that lady. "Why do you ask?"

Annis blushed, but New England rigid truth compelled her to speak out. "I was thinking about one of the beliefs of Romanists; you believe that Christ is really present, soul, body, and divinity in your churches," she said, unconsciously quoting words she had read.

"Of course, all Catholics are bound to believe that; it is a fundamental," said Mrs. Duplex-Cynar.

"Do you believe He is so present in St. John's Chapel," persisted New England truth.

"Of course I don't," responded Mrs. Duplex-Cynar.

"You go there so often, I thought you *must*," said Annis.

"I don't see why; the congregation is so nice and refined, there are no poor people there, and then Father Smith is so exquisite a gentleman, not that he is a Father in our sense, though a father he is as his family can testify," said Mrs. Duplex-Cynar, who could at times laugh at her ritualistic friends.

Annis looked dreamily out of the window, and then, as one speaking in a trance, she said: "If I believed what you believe, I don't think I could go anywhere to church, but to the one where He was, and I'd want to be there all the time." Then, starting up very erect in her chair, she exclaimed, with a touch of asperity, "And I don't think I'd speak disparagingly of the poor, for if they are where He is, they must be His chosen companions. And," she continued, with a sweetness that was inexpressibly sweet in her, it being so rare, "and that is just like what is stated in His Blessed Book, the poor you have always with you, and the common people heard Him gladly."

Mrs. Duplex-Cynar jumped up from her chair and left the room, too indignant to reply. To be berated by an ignorant Protestant! she thought. Her indignation may be measured by the (to her mind) unaccustomed epithet applied to a Protestant, and Annis would have been dismissed from her post without ceremony, had it not been for the thought of the lectures. She was too important just then.

A week or so after this, on a Saturday afternoon, Annis was returning home, when she paused before a Catholic church. She had never been inside one in her life, and now an overpowering curiosity to see the inside of a temple where so many believed Him to be, impelled her to ascend the well-worn stone steps of the church. The interior was not artistic, but Annis had no eyes for the crude paintings on the walls, or for the tawdry side-altars. A dim light burning before a shadowed sanctuary attracted her attention, and drew her up the darkening aisle to the altar-rails, as the loadstone draws the needle. There she knelt down by an old woman telling her beads, and, covering her face with her hands, she found it suffused with tears. She was never able to explain her sensations at that moment. She felt happy, she did not know why, and she felt consoled, though it had been with no thought of seeking consolation that she had entered the church.

Little by little these feelings passed away, and, returning to herself, she knelt erect and gazed about her. What now attracted her attention, were what appeared to her to be cupboards, into which the people went, stayed awhile, and then came out to kneel down to pray. Could she have made a mistake? she thought. Was it in the cupboards that they believed Him to be? He was there too, Annis—in another way; you were not yet to know how. She turned to the old woman at her side and whispered, "Why do they go into the cupboards?"

"You poor soul," exclaimed the old woman in a hushed voice; "aren't you a Catholic? Why, it's confession, to be sure, miss."

Confession! Annis had heard of that. Very rigid was her rising to her feet, and very rigid was her bearing as she passed out of the church, though she did allow herself to give another furtive look at the "cupboards" before passing into the outer twilight.

It was some time after this that Annis allowed her curiosity to seek further into the mysteries of the Catholic faith. She did not again approach Mrs Duplex-Cynar on the subject. Her next appeal was made to Lawrence, who was then much at home, and in disgrace, not without reason, with his mother. And here a word of explanation concerning his father's will must be made. Timothy Siner had in one sense made a wise will. Thoroughly aware of the profligacy of his son, he had left all of his estate to his widow without restriction, thereby making Lawrence dependent on his mother. She had been over-generous to the boy, but in spite of this, bills of great size for his unpaid extravagances began to pour in on her. Finally, there came to her knowledge disgraceful facts concerning a gambling debt, the nonpayment of which meant Lawrence's expulsion from his club, an ultra-fashionable one. The mother did not wish to pay this debt; to do so would cripple her income; neither did she wish her son's expulsion from the club, and while she debated in her mind what to do, Lawrence was much at home.

His enforced seclusion had thrown him into the company of Annis, and the two became warm friends. She was not without an inkling of his true character. In all his communications with her he was the polished gentleman. To the jaded youth she was charming in her old-maidish ways, the utter innocence and frankness of her nature. One afternoon, when she had put on her hat and cloak, preparatory to leaving for her

boarding-house, she suddenly turned to Lawrence, who reclined in a lazy attitude in a great armchair, and said, at the same time seating herself firmly on the edge of a sofa, her rigidly clasped hands resting on her lap: "Mr. Lawrence, what do you Catholics mean by going to confession?"

"Bless my soul, Miss Dunmore," exclaimed Lawrence, swinging himself forward and letting his laced fingers drop between his knees, "what a bomb-shell sort of way to come at a fellow with your theological questions—and I assure you I'm no theologian."

"But does not every Catholic know—don't you know?" queried Annis.

"I suppose so," said Lawrence lazily; "but why do *you* want to know?"

"Because I do," she answered.

"A feminine reason," laughed Lawrence, "and what sort of a masculine answer shall mine be?"

"Tell me all about it," retorted Annis.

"Well," said Lawrence, an amused smile playing over his handsome but dissipated face, "when one is very wicked, committed sins of all sorts, and is generally out of joint, and he repents and is sorry, he goes to some priest, confesses it all" (his face now became grave, remembering his boyish days), "and the priest pronounces forgiveness over him, and then, if he has been truly sorry, were he to die he would not be lost." Here he interrupted himself, continuing after a moment gravely: "The truth is, Miss Dunmore, confession is a very sacred subject; you should seek for information from some one better than myself."

"You can tell me," Annis persisted, "and I want to know. Then only very wicked persons go to confession; do you go to confession?"

"Thank you," answered Lawrence, "and as for the wicked persons, I fear that it is those who need it least, who go the oftenest to confession."

Annis thought for a moment, and then said brightly: "I can understand that, for the oftener they go to confession the less likely they are to be backsliders; and now tell me all about it, if you have been taught."

It was awkward work for Lawrence, but he had been well taught, and he did succeed in giving Annis a comprehension of that which was to her the bugbear of Catholicity. It took some time to do this, and it was late in the afternoon, an afternoon so far advanced into the Spring that Mrs. Duplex-Cynar was preparing to flit away to Lenox, when he had fully satisfied his interrogator. She was meditatively walking to the door of the room, perhaps preparing a final question, when the sound of a bell, rung at regular intervals, came in through an open window.

"I hear that bell every day; I wonder what it can be for," she said.

"That is the Angelus, over at the convent," said Lawrence.

"The Angelus?"

"Yes; 'Blest be the hour,'" he said, quoting Byron, and proceeded to explain the Catholic custom, forestalling her questioning.

"It is all very beautiful," she said, holding out her hand and giving his a thankful, almost motherly clasp. "But," she added, "you Catholics do not seem to appreciate it."

* * * * * * *

The time had arrived for Mrs. Duplex-Cynar to depart on her Summer rambles, and still she had come to no conclusion concerning the payment of her son's debt. He was now having a great many bad half-hours. Repeated messages came to him from the club, threatening him with disgrace and exposure. Finally there was a stormy interview with his mother, which ended in her declaring that she would not pay his debt; that she had been a good, indulgent mother to him, and that every one knew it; and that his disgrace would not be reflected on her. At first he would not believe in her refusal. He knew that she had that day received from the bank a large sum

of money that was now locked up in her desk. At first he pleaded, then he threatened, then his reproaches scarcely fell short of a curse.

Seated in an alcove partitioned off with curtains, Annis, spending her last hours in the house preparing a speech for Mrs. Duplex-Cynar's appearance at the last of the season's functions of the "Psychical Culture Society," heard the whole of a scene that better befitted a tavern than a would-be gentlewoman's mansion. She heard it all, inwardly praying for Lawrence, and, unable to bear it longer, was about to leave the room when a banged door announced the departure of Mrs. Duplex-Cynar, and then she heard Lawrence fling himself heavily into a chair.

All of the prayers of Annis were Catholic prayers. For a long time she had gone to daily Mass, having found out that there was such a service. It was her daily half-hour of rapturous happiness. "I will go unto the altar of my God," were not mere words to her. She went there body and soul, heart and mind. Never was the approach of a loved friend waited more anxiously than Annis waited the descent of the Lord Almighty in the sweetness of His glory and majesty, from His throne above to the waiting hands of His expectant priest. In such moments she walked with Him in the fields of Palestine, followed Him up the cruel hill where degradation was to be made the sign of earth's greatest honors, without the signature of which the consecration of kings was to be naught. All of the mystery of that dearest, tenderest life ever spent on earth had become real to her. For the first time she realized that the heart of her Lord beat for love of her. Her gloomy Calvinistic creed, with its dire threatenings and its doctrine of despair, had faded away, and, lonely wanderer no more, she felt that she rejoiced in the possession of a Friend. And yet no thought had come to her to openly enter the fold through whose gates she peered, not knowing that there were joys still hidden from her soul.

While working out her own conversion, she had been working out the conversion of one who needed it more than she did. She talked often with Lawrence, confiding to him somewhat of all she felt at Mass, not understanding that what would be always novel to her whose heart was pure, had become to him commonplace, even tedious. "You do not know how beautiful it is; come some morning with me," she pleaded, fancying that perhaps in the church she frequented, Mass was more glorious than in the churches to which he had been used to go. On several occasions he had knelt by her side, awed by the rapture that lit up and freshened her somewhat withered face. But after Mass, when her happiness sought for sympathy from him, it troubled her to find him so phlegmatic. She could not, could not, understand why he should be unmoved—he, a born Catholic.

She had finished the speech for Mrs. Duplex-Cynar; it was late, and she wanted to say a word to Lawrence before leaving the house for the Summer. Advancing to the curtain of the alcove, Annis was about to speak, when she caught sight of him.

The afternoon air was deathly still; there was not a sound save the slight jingle of a bunch of keys in Lawrence's hand. His back was turned to her as he stood before his mother's desk, but in a mirror that hung against the wall she saw that his face was pallid. His hand trembled as he raised the bunch of keys to insert one in the lock of the desk, and the keys jingled again, their jingle like that of a chain. The key in the lock turned with a click, and just at that moment the regular beat of the Angelus bell was borne into the room, unnaturally loud in the stillness of the evening.

Lawrence leant heavily against the desk, his hand grasping hard its lid for support.

"We are all sinners, we are all sin-

ners!" cried Annis to herself. She ran across the room and caught him by the arm.

"Lawrence," she whispered, "Lawrence!"

He gazed stupidly at her, then, pushing her aside, he exclaimed: "Don't touch me; you surely understand what I am."

"Never mind, never mind, Lawrence," she said, "get your hat, I want you to come with me," and as she spoke her hands were busy with her shawl and bonnet.

"Come with you; where shall I go with you?"

"You must, you must," she cried in an anxious whisper.

"But where to?"

"To confession, Lawrence, and I am going, too."

"To confession!" and his hands fell in hopeless expostulation. "To-day!"

"Why not to-day!" she cried under her breath. "Will not a priest listen on all days?"

Seeing that he did not move, she herself went in search of his hat, and, finding it, brought it to him.

"Come," she said, and taking his hand in hers, she led him from the room, and into the street, borne along by the power of a woman's will to do right.

* * * * * * *

Some hours later a penitent man knelt before the altar of a church. And in a confessional knelt a woman telling the priest that she was a sinner, and asking to be told how to tell her sins.

"We are all sinners." Yes. But Annis never sinned against the light.

THE REVEREND ANTHONY KOHLMANN, S.J.

By Rev. D. A. Merrick, S.J.

AMONG the names of priests who labored in the early days of our Republic among the Catholics of America, that of Father Kohlmann should not be forgotten.

Anthony Kohlmann was born on the thirteenth of July, 1771, at Kaysersberg, a small place near Colmar, in Alsace. He studied theology at Fribourg, in Switzerland, in the College founded by B. Peter Canisius, and joined the Fathers of the Sacred Heart in 1796, immediately after his ordination as priest. The Fathers of the Sacred Heart, afterwards united with the Fathers of the Faith, were a society of young men organized in view of the hoped-for restoration of the suppressed Society of Jesus, of which they desired to become members.

Father Kohlmann soon had an opportunity of making known his zeal. The little town of Hagenbrunn in Austria was attacked by the plague. Kohlmann was sent to the assistance of the poor people. So hard did he work that he was taken himself with the disease, and very nearly died. From Austria he proceeded to Italy. This was at the close of the last century. All Europe was at war.

At Padua Father Kohlmann and his companions found several military hospitals filled with men of every nationality, far from their homes, wounded, suffering from typhus and other virulent disorders, piled upon and infecting one another, without any of the alleviations of more modern times, and, worse than all, without spiritual succor, of which many of them, alas! stood in the greatest need. Here was an opportunity for apostolic work. The Fathers buckled to, at first begging their own food from door to door. This was a loss of time, and sometimes they did not receive a crust of bread. Then they accepted a trifling compensation, which afterwards took the form of one meal a day. From

the foul-heated air of one hospital these earnest men hurried out in the cold to another distant one, there for hours to hear confessions in the midst of filth and vermin which deprived them of their sleep at night. Their reward was that, during the two years spent by them in this work, nearly all the Catholic soldiers were prepared for death, and many hundreds of Protestants converted, Father Kohlmann baptizing forty within less than two months.

Leaving Italy, Father Kohlmann visited Bavaria, Prussia, England, and finally settled at Amsterdam, in Holland, where he became Superior of the College, and remained there till 1805. In the year 1801, Pius VII. approved of and authorized the existence of the Society of Jesus in the Empire of Russia. On the twenty-first of June, 1805, Anthony Kohlmann was received as a novice in the city of Duneburg. Before the close of his novitiate he was sent as a missionary to the United States of America.

The Jesuits in America, forty years after the suppression of the Society, had been received back in a body and affiliated to the Society in Russia. Father Kohlmann began work immediately in Philadelphia and Baltimore, with "results" which were "most consoling," says John Gilmary Shea, "for Father Kohlmann was a man pre-eminent in theological learning, and in the pulpit making truth clear to the most limited intelligence, in words which reached the heart while they instructed the mind." Bishop Concanen, the first appointed bishop of New York, died in Italy before sailing from that country to his new see. Very prudently, on his consecration in 1808, he had authorized Archbishop Carroll to name a vicar-general, with power of administration in his diocese during his absence. "To this position," says Shea, "Archbishop Carroll appointed the great theologian and missionary, Father Anthony Kohlmann." The organization of the diocese of New York was the work of Father Kohlmann as vicar-general. For thirteen years he remained in this city, pastor of its only church, old St. Peter's, and administrator of the whole diocese. One probable cause of this long interregnum, between the appointment of the first and second bishops of New York, was the prolonged captivity of Pope Pius VII. in France. On his restoration to his pontifical see, a new bishop was named, and Father Kohlmann was relieved of his responsibilities.

In the meantime several very interesting events had taken place. Father Kohlmann's only assistant at first was the Rev. J. B. Fenwick, S.J., afterwards second Bishop of Boston. A singular thing which happened to them both was their ineffectual visit to Tom Paine on his death-bed, in the hope of doing something for his soul. This visit, frequently criticized, was undertaken, as priests' visits frequently are undertaken, to satisfy the urgent entreaty of a fervent convert. Father Kohlmann estimated his Catholic population, when he came to New York, at fourteen thousand souls, principally Irish, of course. With Father Fenwick he began to work hard, preaching in English, French and German every Sunday, trying to stir up the people to repentance and piety. But he did not stop there. On the eighth of June, 1809, on a large plot of ground purchased by the trustees of St. Peter's Church, between Broadway and the Bowery road, was laid the corner-stone of a new Catholic church, the future Cathedral of St. Patrick. Let it be remembered that it was this Jesuit priest from Alsace who placed the future archdiocese of New York under the patriarchal care of St. Patrick. This step, however, was taken reluctantly by the people and only in obedience to the resistless influence of Father Kohlmann. "They objected," said Father John McElroy, a contemporary witness, "first, that it was too far out of town; secondly, that it was too large; thirdly, that they

would never pay for it." But Father Kohlmann was a man of faith, and he went ahead.

Next to the building of the house of God itself, the first thing in the mind of a good priest is the care of his children. On the very spot now occupied by the new Cathedral of St. Patrick was opened the New York Literary Institution, under the care of the Rev. J. B. Fenwick, S.J., where many sons of the first Protestant as well as Catholic families of the State received their education. If I am not mistaken, this building was transported to the northeast corner of Madison Avenue on Fiftieth Street, and served, till its destruction, as rectory to the Church of St. John the Evangelist. So much for the boys. For the girls of his parish or diocese, whichever you may choose to call it, Father Kohlmann obtained, through a Jesuit Father in Ireland, some Ursuline nuns from the Blackrock Convent near Cork, and opened both an academy and a school for poorer children. Finally, another project of this zealous pastor was the erection of an orphan asylum. Surely here was enterprising work enough for two priests, especially when we consider that one of them was also obliged to visit Albany and other outlying parts of their immense territory.

But the most extraordinary thing which happened to Father Kohlmann during his stay in New York was his danger of being thrown into prison for refusing to reveal the secret of the Confessional. It came from the common case of restitution of stolen goods. A man and his wife were on trial for receiving the stolen property, and Father Kohlmann was subpœnaed as a witness against them, because he had made restitution in the name of some unknown penitent. Father Kohlmann explained that he could not reveal the secret of the Confessional, and, after an eloquent appeal in his behalf by William Sampson, a Protestant and distinguished Irish refugee, De Witt Clinton, the presiding judge, decided in his favor. An account of the whole affair was printed by Sampson, together with a treatise on the Sacrament of Penance by Father Kohlmann, which gave rise to considerable controversy.

I may add here that this was not the only publication by Father Kohlmann in America. Several years later he published his work on Unitarianism, one of the very ablest controversial books, perhaps, that ever was written.

In 1815 a new bishop was finally chosen for the diocese of New York, and, considerably to the displeasure of Archbishop Carroll, Father Kohlmann was withdrawn by his superior from the city. After filling for some time the posts of master of novices, president of Georgetown College and superior of the Maryland Mission, he was placed in charge of the new residence and school in Washington.

On the tenth of March, 1824, took place the celebrated cure of Mrs. Mattingly, the first miracle obtained in this country by Prince Hohenlohe. Father Kohlmann, who was the lady's pastor at the time, urged her to begin the novena which terminated so happily and created so great a sensation in the United States, and Mrs. Mattingly declared that she attributed her cure as much to Father Kohlmann's faith as to anything else. On the eve of this miraculous event, her brother told Father Kohlmann he did not believe his sister could receive Communion the next morning. "On the contrary," replied Father Kohlman, "on account of her extremity her cure will be made all the more striking." Mrs. Mattingly, as is well known, recovered instant health at the moment of receiving the Sacred Host.

In this same year Father Kohlmann left America. He was called to Rome, to teach theology in the Roman College, just given back to the Society of Jesus by Pope Leo XII. What greater testimony could be shown of the esteem enter-

tained for this missionary, beginning already to age, and who had spent the best eighteen years of his life in our then-distant country? After five years' teaching, Father Kohlmann was retired to the Professed house in Rome, where he spent the rest of his days, devoting his time with great success to works of the ministry. To him was due, among other remarkable conversions, the return to the practice of his religion of the learned Father Theiner, afterwards a member of the Oratory of St. Philip and librarian of the Vatican. Strange to say, in spite of this, this able man became later a bitter enemy of the Society of Jesus. But it was from the fact of Father Kohlmann's being employed by the Holy Father in the important function of consulter of several of the Roman congregations that he was enabled to render a great service to sinners, and with an account of this transaction this notice will be completed.

When the Mother Euphrasia Pelletier came to Rome to obtain recognition of her new institute of the Good Shepherd for the reform of fallen girls and women, the one useful friend she found there, after Cardinal Odescalchi, who died a Jesuit, was Father Kohlmann. The Good Shepherd order is nothing but a branch of the Sisterhood founded in the fifteenth century by Father Eudes. Mother Euphrasia desired to form her convent of Angers into a mother-house, with other houses dependent on it and on herself as general superior. The outcry against her was great. Mother Euphrasia wrote a letter in her defence and in explanation of her conduct. Father Kohlmann was secretary of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars when the letter was read before the assembled cardinals. Father Kohlmann took it up, read it, laid it on the table, reflected a moment, placed his hand on the letter, and said: "The truth is here." His opinion was unanimously adopted by the Congregation, and a decree establishing the general superiorship was drawn up and signed in January, 1835.

Father Kohlmann did not confine himself to this act of friendship. He wrote several letters to the Mother and gave her exceedingly prudent advice. "I cannot tell you," he says, "how taken I am with the grand idea with which God has inspired your soul to spread, so far as it depends on you, this great work to all parts of the world . . . this beautiful work which seems to me destined to give so much glory to God, and to snatch so many souls from hell.

"The Mother Superior, assisted by her counsellors, ought to be perfectly free in the government of her order, and the disposal of her subjects. Believe me, that, for religious orders which wish to spread, there is no better superior than the Sovereign Pontiff, and that, under the immediate jurisdiction and protection of the Holy See, they prosper most. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart placed themselves under the immediate jurisdiction of the Holy See, and they have reason to congratulate themselves for it."

Mother Euphrasia had reason to thank the good Father for this advice. When the decree of approval of the Congregation was read to the Holy Father, on coming to the passage where permission is given to the Superior to found different houses, Father Kohlmann, rising, asked permission to speak. "That sentence," he said, "appears to me to be incomplete; the words should be added: *In the whole universe.*" "Father Kohlmann," exclaimed Cardinal Odescalchi, smiling, "you wish to make this Sisterhood a second Society of Jesus." To which Kohlmann replied, scripturally, "You have said it." Father Kohlmann certainly did wish that, like the Society of Jesus, the Sisters, depending immediately on the Holy See itself, should be free to do all the good they could wherever there were souls to be lost or saved.

This was Father Kohlmann's last great service to religion Under both Leo XII. and Gregory XVI. it was rumored that he would certainly be elevated to the Cardinalitial dignity, and

certainly things looked like it. But his humility was spared that trial. On the 10th of April of the following year, 1836, after three days' illness, he expired, at the age of sixty-five, worn out by work, not years. He was more than an able or learned man; he was holy, and it was said that "it did people good only to look at him." Finotti calls him "good and dear Father Kohlmann." Father McElroy spoke of him in terms of the highest admiration. "His memory is in benediction," says Father Guidée. It ought to be.

A LEGEND OF THE CYCLAMEN.

By M. F. Nixon.

It grew upon a solitary hill,
Brave, modest, little flower,
Beneath the glowing eastern sky, yet still
Content in sun or shower;
Waiting the future with a tranquil heart,
Growing in quiet sturdiness apart.

Its comrades blossomed gaily day by day,
Within that lonely spot,
And, plucked by careless hand and borne away,
Pitied her quiet lot.
But Cyclamen, though not so gay as they,
In fragile beauty flourished every day.

At last, there came a time when all the world
Seemed wrapped in deepest dread;
The Spirit of the Night her wings unfurled
Upon the flower's head;
And Cyclamen's pure blossoms, sweet and white,
Within the darkness trembled at the sight.

A cross was lifted on the lonely hill—
She hardly dared to see
The rude hands nailing with a wicked skill
Upon the awful tree
His form replete with majesty, while Death
Hung o'er His pallid brow with icy breath.

Longing to comfort Him, she would not hide
Her tear-stained face, and lo! —
Ah! fearful sight — from out His riven side
She saw the life-blood flow.
One drop fell on the flower's stainless breast,
Finding within her pitying heart a rest.

Within the flower, white until that day,
She bears the crimson stain—
Symbol of sorrow—for the poets say:
"The Cyclamen's for pain."
Ah! Christ! by suffering make us pure, that we
Fit chalice for Thy Sacred Blood may be!

GENERAL INTENTION, DECEMBER, 1897.

Approved and blessed by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

PARISH WORKS.

THE importance of this Intention will commend itself to the strenuous efforts of our Associates. We may consider a parish in a twofold light, in its material and its spiritual aspect. Of course there can be no doubt of the superior importance of the latter, yet, too often, undue attention is devoted to the former. Nor is this surprising, for what appeals to the senses, and is external and, as it were, tangible, attracts more powerfully than what is internal and does not come so directly under observation. Hence it is that the corporal works of mercy find so many more persons interested in them than in the spiritual works, although these have for direct object the good of souls, whereas those only affect souls indirectly through the good done to the body.

Of the material works of the parish we need say but little. Under this head we class the church edifice, the presbytery, and the school building. The necessity of these speaks for itself. The first two every parish must have, and the last every parish should have, according to the mind of the Church, whenever circumstances render it possible; for it is conceivable that the place should be too small, and consequently the number of children likewise too small, to warrant the expense of a separate building and teaching staff. But wherever the number of children and the means of the parents warrant it, of course there should be the parochial school.

This naturally leads us to speak at once of the training of the young, as the most important of parish works, for on this depends the future not only of the parish, but of the Church at large. Where there is a well-organized parochial school, the matter is comparatively easy, especially when the teachers are Brothers and Sisters, who certainly never neglect the spiritual training of their charges. But there will always be those children who do not attend the school provided for them by their pastor, and for which non-attendance the poor children themselves cannot be held responsible, and, therefore, should not be made to suffer. It can hardly be expected that parents, who disregard the expressed wish of Church authorities in this regard, should take any very active interest in the spiritual nurture of their children, although we admit that such exceptions do exist. But we are speaking of those who come under the rule, not the exception. Something must be done to supply such an all-important defect—a Sunday school attempts to do so. We say *attempts*, for we are convinced that it is only an attempt, and not a success. The most sanguine mind

could hardly hope that the instruction given in one hour a week could effect what would result from the constant training in religion, imparted not only in the set lesson in catechism, but in the whole tone of the school.

Taking circumstances as they are, and not as we would wish them to be, the Sunday school seems to be a necessity. How is it to be conducted? Evidently, the pastor must be in control, not merely in name, but in fact. His interest must be not only in selecting teachers, but in training them. We are supposing the case in which the teachers are not religious, with special vocation to teach, but are volunteers from the congregation. Their good will cannot be doubted, for the fact of their offering their services, and that gratuitously, is ample proof. Good will is an excellent quality in a teacher, but by no means an all-sufficient one.

With the best will in the world one cannot teach what one does not know. Oh, but they have the text-book to follow. Yes, but teaching does not consist in hearing a lesson recited. It implies the imparting of knowledge, which of course presupposes the knowledge to be imparted, and also the ability to impart it, which is quite another thing. This last is a gift, but can also be acquired. So there should be a class for the teachers themselves, conducted either by the pastor or one of his assistants. But will not the teachers resent this as a reflection upon them? If they are sensible they will appreciate it, and if not, their services had better be dispensed with. No one considers the normal school or college as a reflection on their previous education, but looks upon it as a necessary preparation for teaching secular branches. Why should not this hold good for the imparting of religious instruction? This will entail a certain amount of labor for the priest in charge, but the immense gain for souls will counterbalance the output of time and study in the zealous pastor's estimation.

Instead of Sunday school being merely the place where lessons learned by rote are recited almost mechanically, it becomes a scene of interest to all, where the prize is not awarded to the one who has the best memory, but to the one who understands the matter the best. This is to be discovered by questions not in the words set down in the book; so that the young people may get accustomed to use their brains, and will not eventually be nonplussed when an outsider will ask for information, which they may possibly know, but can only give when asked in the words of the book. Of course, unless the teacher is thoroughly conversant with the matter, he cannot put it before his class in various ways and in different lights. If he is not interested himself sufficiently to prepare it, and think over and study up examples and anecdotes to illustrate it, he is little likely to get his scholars interested. A thing to guard against is never to ridicule the answers elicited. They may be absurd in themselves, but they are not intended to be, and a little ingenuity on the part of the teacher, a quiet putting into the mouth of the answerer the right response, or insinuating that he meant the right thing, will prevent the hurting of sensitive feelings, and very few persons, young or old, are not sensitive. Make the great truths of religion interesting to children, and when they return home after class, they will repeat what they have heard, and thus refresh the memories of their parents, acting in this way often as apostles.

How long is the catechetical course of instruction to be continued? Until after the time of First Communion? How many children consider this great act their graduation from catechism! They have been confirmed, and have finished their religious education! And what do they know about religion? Only the most elementary notions. Yet with these they are expected to go forth into the world, where they will meet with persons of all sorts of creeds, and of no

creed at all. How are they fitted to cope with such adversaries? How can they answer difficulties and discern sophistries? They have faith, yes, but they should be able to defend it and give an intelligent and intelligible reason for the faith that is in them. How many a Catholic has fallen away, ashamed of his religion, because of his inability to answer the difficulties proposed to him, yet which a thorough catechetical course would have enabled him to dispose of satisfactorily, and perhaps to the convincing of the proposer. We cannot, then, too earnestly insist upon the importance not only of primary catechism classes, but of the secondary, and even higher classes of perseverance, as they are called. Is it not strange that people should be so anxious for the higher secular education, and be so apathetic about the higher religious culture; for there can be no comparison in their importance. The one affects this life, but the other affects both this and the next. An admirable way of instructing the whole congregation, is to substitute, for the perennial explanation of the Gospel of the Sunday, a series of instructions on the chief points of Christian doctrine. Experience continually proves how much it is needed by the older members of the parish, who can be reached only in this way. Where it has been done, it has proved most welcome to the people, as well as fruitful. Before leaving this point, let us remark the advisability of the priest in charge of the Sunday school knowing his young flock personally, and this not merely for their own sake, but as a means of reaching the parents. There is no surer way to win the confidence and respect of the heads of families, than by showing personal interest in their children. Thus the whole family is gained.

As we are treating the question of associations for young people in a special department, we shall not touch on it here.

Another important parish work is that of societies for the various classes. Of course, when the League is well established and run as it should be, we might say that it in itself would be sufficient. It has an apostolic power not found in other associations, and, being so simple in its requirements, it is within easy reach of all. Besides, it has a unifying power in the family and in the parish. It unites all the members in common prayer, in devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, in the duty of helping others by the sanctifying of the daily life with its works and its sufferings, and tends to bring all, like members of one great family, to the altar to receive Holy Communion. Although so complete in itself, it does not antagonize, but rather helps along any other societies that may be established, such as the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. This, too, has the advantage of being adaptable to various classes and ages. It is a great thing for a person to feel that age places no bar to the sodalist. The child has dedicated his young life to his Blessed Mother in the division of her Sodality, under the invocation of the Holy Angels. As he grows older, is he to leave her ranks because of his years? Certainly not, he does but pass from one division of her army to another, by being promoted to that under the patronage of St. Aloysius. Later on, when he marries, he still remains true to his Heavenly Patroness in the married men's Sodality. So, in the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, with its various divisions adapted to the different stages of life, boys and girls can start under her holy patronage and remain her faithful clients all their lives. Moreover, wherever they go, they can usually find a branch of this worldwide society of Mary, and can feel at home among its members, their own fellow-members; for they bear with them letters patent of their membership. The advantage of such an association over unconnected societies for different classes is evident. You do not have to say to a young man who had been a member of the Angel's

division. "Won't you *join* the Young Men's Aloysius Society?" for he virtually belongs to it already, and has naturally graduated into it by the passing of the years. Besides, has he not, when a boy, made his act of consecration, pledging himself to the perpetual service of our Lady? A transfer, then, from one division to another, should be a matter of course, as well as of honor for his plighted word. Thus the Sodality, like the League, can embrace all the members of a family. In this connection, we must mention the Rosary Society, so deservedly widespread and so simple in its requirements. It finds favor under the other aspects of the Living and the Perpetual Rosary, which last two are, of course, quite distinct. We can only allude to the confraternities of the Scapular, the Holy Family, and the Third orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic. The association commonly called the Bona Mors from its object—that of so living as to die a happy death—is worthy of notice. It is not restricted in membership, but admits persons of all classes and ages.

We cannot pass over in silence the Holy Name Society, which we have noticed in an editorial. It admits only men, and consequently is not so efficient as a unifying force in a parish, although its value is undoubted. We cannot, however, help deprecating the misapprehension which is quite common, that the Apostleship of Prayer is intended for women, and the Holy Name Society for men. Surely any one who grasps the end of the League as an apostolic work will never fall into this evident error. As the ends of the two are quite distinct, there is, and can be, no opposition between them; but men are certainly called to do their share in advancing the Kingdom of God, not only in their own souls, but in those of others.

What shall we say of societies for bettering the condition of the poor, preëminent among which is the brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paul? It needs no praise from us, for its praise is deservedly in the mouths of all, even of non-Catholics. But it must be kept in mind that every good man is not qualified to act as a member of a Conference. Other requisites there are besides goodness, and an essential one is tact, for it aims at assisting the deserving poor without hurting their feeling or treating them as paupers. It is evident, then, that kindness and delicacy of heart are required, as well as a discerning spirit that, without being suspicious, can detect fraud.

The women of the parish can be great aids to the Conference by forming auxiliary societies to give employment to the poor, to provide clothing, and, like the circles of the Queen's Daughters in the West, to form classes in which young girls are taught how to cut, fit, sew and make garments, trim hats, cook, wash and make themselves generally useful. As an encouragement, in some places the young people are presented with the articles which they have wholly or in part made. Those who have leisure and the taste for it can do visiting among the poor in their homes, or in public institutions, where an active propaganda against the faith is constantly being carried on.

It is sufficient to mention the sanctuary, altar or tabernacle societies, as they are variously called. Their necessity and importance are obvious. What a privilege it should be held to be, to contribute to the decency, beauty and glory of the sanctuary and of divine worship, either in alms or in work. Not the least of parish works, evidently, is the visitation of the sick. We shall consider it only from the view of those visited. Catholics should always have in readiness the things necessary for such a contingency. This is the case in pious families who have an altar, however simple it may be, if only a table with a clean white cloth, on which are candlesticks, with blessed candles, a crucifix, holy water bottle, and perhaps some ornaments. They can never be taken unawares, and have always in readiness

a place whereon to lay the Blessed Sacrament. Unfortunately, many a family sends in haste for the priest, and when he comes with his Eucharistic Lord, nothing has been prepared: no light, no holy water, no table, no communion cloth. What a reception for our Lord! Everything in disorder and too often uncleanly. If the room be taken as an index of the preparedness of the soul, to whom the Divine Visitor is coming, no wonder the priest is sad at heart. Every Catholic family, then, should live in readiness for such a visit, for who can tell when the hour will be? It does not require any real expense, but it does indicate the spirit of faith. Our readers will see the extreme importance of this month's Intention, and will, accordingly, offer for it with earnestness their prayers, works and sufferings in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

FATHER DOMINIC.

By P. J. Coleman.

"GOD takes the intention for the deed. He searches our hearts and judges us by what he finds therein."

It was the message of comfort, the gospel of sweet assurance he had taught his people for forty years. They needed this consolation. It was all that was left them—their faith in a benign Providence.

They were a poor people, a people of long memories and proud tradition, rich only in the love of God. There was a time when their Catholic fathers had lorded it over the hills and valleys of the West. They could point with pride to the crumbling keeps and ivied abbeys they had planted deep in the kindly Irish earth—deep as the faith, whereof vaulted isle and cross-crowned turret were but the visible manifestation. But their fortunes, like their castles, had long been in ruin, and an alien aristocracy of Cromwell's creation had supplanted their ancient chiefs. Yet the faith, thank God, was left them, immutable as their hills, vivid and green as the ivy of Ireland; like the ivy fondly clinging to their fallen sanctuaries.

They had but just emerged from the grinding mills of the Penal Code. Old men still lived among them who remembered Ninety-eight; older yet who had seen the flight of the Wild Geese, when Continental battlefields were ringing with the prowess of Ireland's Catholic exiles. Theirs was a legacy of loss and sorrow; but in their darkest days, in good repute or ill, God had left them their priests. Many priests they had had; many were in holy memory amongst them; but never a one like Father Dominic. Many tribulations they had endured, but never a one like this of "Black Forty-seven." Want they had known and hunger, but their blackest fasts had been feasts compared to this bitter, bitter famine. In their own terrible image "they were dying like sheep"—dying daily of starvation in hut and hovel. But faith robbed death of its terrors, and Father Dominic with words of hope pointed the trembling souls heavenward: sent them forth on the road to eternity strengthened with the Holy Viaticum.

It was a dark night, and the old priest was tired—tired in body and soul, weary with years and sore in spirit for his people's afflictions. It had been snowing all day. The stars were out, and hill and hollow were clothed in immaculate purity. Here and there, under the hedges and in the ditches, the snow had drifted into fantastic heaps. A brisk wind swept the hills, powdering man and beast with a searching crystal, fine as dust. All that week the priest had been in the saddle, making his rounds from sheeling to sheeling. All that day, since early dawn, he had been among the glens, and now he was tired—so tired—as he rode back to Belmoy.

Long and faithfully had he served the Lord; well had he loved his people, loved them in joy and in grief. They were a good people, a faithful, pure, affectionate people, repaying love with love—a people to serve, aye, if need be, to die for. But why had the Lord visited them thus heavily? What had they done to merit this chastisement? Had they not for Him lost land and liberty and life? Had they not poured out their blood upon His altars in defence of His word? Had they not for Him become a byword among the peoples of the earth? Did not the nations clap their hands at them, hissing and wagging their heads, and saying, "Is this the city of perfect beauty, the joy of all the earth."

"O Lord!" he groaned, the tears trickling down his face, "if it be possible let this chalice pass away. The children and the sucklings faint away in the streets of the city. They said to their mothers: Where is corn and wine? when they fainted away as the wounded in the streets of the city; when they breathed out their souls in the bosoms of their mothers!"

No wonder he was tired—tired unto death—sick and sore in heart and spirit for the destruction of his people.

Rory, too, was tired—Rory, the old horse that had been the faithful companion of his ministry all these years. There was a beautiful sympathy between man and beast. The poor brute's lot might have been cast in happier places, places with no weary midnight calls from warm stable and soft bed of straw, in bitter Winter sleet and rain. But in its own lowly way the poor brute was doing the work of the Lord—the divine work of comfort and consolation to the sick and the dying. Happier places he might have had, but kinder master never. Whip or spur had never tortured his sensitive flanks; nothing more cruel than coaxing voice and patting hand and terms of tender endearment.

The old horse knew the glens by heart. Not a road or a *boreen*, a ford or a *togher*, but he could find in the gloom of the darkest night. Well it was for the priest he had so faithful, so tried a comrade; for presently, as he rode along, his head bobbing on his breast from sleep that he bravely tried to combat, his hand relaxed its hold, the reins slackened on Rory's neck, and the old man was fast asleep in the saddle. With wondrous instinct, lest he might awaken his master, Rory dropped from a trot to a walk and jogged on quietly in the dark, until presently he halted at a well-known door and whinnied long and loud to arouse Father Dominic.

"So we're home at last, Rory," murmured the old man, rubbing his eyes and scrambling to his feet. "Home at last, my boy, after our long day. Bless you for a good old horse! What should I do without you?"

And for eloquent answer Rory put his nose into the priest's hand.

"Come now, boy," went on the priest, lighting the lantern which lay ready to hand at his door, and leading Rory over the cobbled yard to the stable. "A bite to eat won't hurt either of us; and then, my boy, to bed. Ah, Rory *avic*, like your old master you don't get much of the bed these times, and you're tired, no doubt—tired like me. Well, well, Rory, there'll be rest for us some time, boy. The night cometh on wherein no man can labor; and then——. Good night, my boy; you've earned your oats, and there's an extra armful of straw to keep you snug and warm."

And, having replenished the manger and littered the stall, Father Dominic took the lantern, hasped the stable-door and stumbled across the yard to his cottage.

It was a long, thatched house of one story, whitewashed and covered with ivy to the chimneys. A hall in the centre divided it into two parts, one sacred to Maurya, the priest's old housekeeper, who had grown gray in his service; the other given up to Father Dominic's sleep-

ing room and the study that held his books and writing desk. Maurya had considerately left the teapot simmering by the hob, and a cup and saucer on the kitchen table.

With heavy eyelids, blinking much at the light, the old man set the lantern on the table, tottered feebly to the hearth, poured out a cup of tea, munched a crumb of bread, and then, while the cup was yet poised in his hand, fell face forward on the table, sound asleep.

It seemed but a second to the priest, till he was conscious of a prolonged knocking on the door. Like one in a dream he heard the insistent rat-a-tat-tat, and, from a stern and long disciplined sense of duty, was promptly awake and on his feet.

"Who's there?" he called, going to the door and fumbling for the bolt.

"Me, Father Dominic," came the answer from without. "Me, Meehul Dowd. For God's sake come as quick as ever you can. Brigid is in her agony and wants you badly."

"Poor Meehul!" he moaned. "And you've walked all the way, three miles in the snow? But go, Meehul; don't wait for me, and I'll be after you at once."

"God bless yer reverence; it's you that's the friend of the poor in their need. What would we do at all without you? May the heavens be yer bed this blessed night."

And Meehul strode off, his heart breaking for the wife he had left dying in Glen More.

"*Quousque, Domine?*" groaned the priest. "*Quousque?*" But even as he turned from the door, he tottered on his feet, swayed a moment unsteadily, and then sank, limp and unconscious, to the floor. There he lay, utterly exhausted, body and will completely conquered by overpowering sleep.

Presently he was awake again, rubbing his eyes, the rat-a-tat-tat of the iron knocker dinning in his ears.

"O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" he sobbed, as his conscience reproached him for a grave dereliction of duty. "*Miserere mei, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.* For the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

"For God's sake, Father, come at once," called the voice outside. "She's goin' fast, an' you haven't a minute to lose."

"Ah, Meehul, my poor fellow," he called, "forgive an old man, as I hope God will forgive me. Run ahead, my poor boy, run ahead. Don't wait for me. I'll be with Brigid as fast as Rory can carry me."

How tired he was to-night! Never before had he felt like this. His eyelids seemed weighted with lead, and his feet dragged heavily over the ground. But presently, lantern in hand, he was saddling Rory in the stable—poor, faithful old Rory, that rose from his straw with a whinny of welcome at the well-known voice.

He had drawn the bridle over the horse's head, adjusted the girth, and was looking to the stirrups, when he fell in the straw—fell under Rory's feet—once more overcome by the exceeding weariness that had been accumulating for a week of sleepless nights and toilsome days. Ay, the spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh was weak. Nature had at last capitulated. The virile will had succumbed.

But, at length, with imperative rest came strength, and anon he opened his eyes in the first faint glimmer of dawn. Rory was standing over him, nosing his shoulder affectionately, his breath warm in the old man's hair. Then, again came conscience, stinging him with keen reproof; and now, with every sense alert, feebly gaining his feet, he led Rory from the stable, got to saddle and was off at a gallop over the snow-muffled road to Glen More.

With a burning sense of shame he dismounted at Meehul's cabin, feeling at his pocket for the holy oils of Extreme Unction. They were safe with his stole

and breviary, where they had lain for a week, save when he had replenished the oil and cotton.

A low sobbing came from within the house, the sobbing of a man made desolate. He knocked at the door and Meehul opened it, red-eyed from weeping, his voice stifled with tears.

"Ah, then, it's welcome ye are again, Father Dominic," he said," "welcome an' welcome. But you can't do any more than you have done for my poor girl—God resht her sowl! It's kind ye wor to come an' give her the happy death."

"Am I, then, too late, Meehul?" whispered the priest, sympathetically wringing the poor man's hand and gazing at the face of his young wife, white and calm in death.

"Late is it, Father? Sure I don't undherstand ye. Ye'll pardon me, I know. Sure I hardly know what I'm sayin'. It's ramblin' I am, maybe. She was all I had in the world—my poor little Brigideen *Bawn*," he said, kissing her cold lips. "But you worn't late, Father *avic*. Didn't you come an hour ago and anoint her, jusht afther I wint for you the second time? Didn't I go to the door mesel' and let you in, whin you knocked? And didn't ye take the light out of my two eyes, ye wor that bright an' shinin' an' transfigured, for all the world," he said, crossing himself reverently, "as if an angel from heaven came in yer place. And my poor little girl lyin' there—oh, vo, vo!—so cowld an' still, smiled when she saw you comin', an' all the little cabin was shinin' like the sun from the glory of yer face as ye stood be the bed, for all it was dark night—yes, Father, the dark, dark night for me."

And, kneeling by the bed, the poor fellow hid his tears on his dead wife's heart, calling her tenderest names of love in the tender Gaelic tongue.

"'Meehul,' she whispered to me, afther yer reverence had anointed her an' given her the Holy Communion, 'Meehul,' she said very solemn-like, 'it's an angel that came, an' not Father Dominic at all. The poor man is tired an' God sent His angel in his place.' But sure the poor cratureen was ravin' and I knew it was yoursel', Father—yoursel' and no other. But I couldn't help noticin' when you wint away that ye left no thracks in the snow; not the sign of a thrack. An' all down the Glen I could follow ye by the light that went with ye. The hillside glistened where ye passed, and the snow on the pines sparkled like diamonds, and all the Glen was one blaze of light, for all the world as if the sun was shinin'. But priests are not like other men, so they're not; and what wondher if the glory o' God goes with them to light their way by night?"

Then was the priest mute with awe, and he left the house, glorifying God, who had sent His angel in his place. And within him was born a voice, whispering to him the message of comfort he himself had preached and taught for forty years. And the voice said "Be not disturbed. God takes the intention for the deed."

SAD DAYS FOR THE REPUBLIC OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE two following letters, received from correspondents in Ecuador, throw much light on the religious persecution now being carried on in the State once dedicated by the heroic Garcia Moreno to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

LA CONCEPCION,
PIFO, August 30, 1897.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

The short account of affairs in Ecuador published in the August MESSENGER, suggested to me the idea of sending you

some circumstantial details with regard to the actual condition of our holy religion in this republic. The persecution directed against the clergy is not an open one, as you might imagine; it consists rather in a series of petty annoyances, sometimes rising to brutality, connived at by the government, but not the result of official orders. For instance, the separation of Church and State proposed in the last National Assembly was voted down, and Catholic instruction in the public schools remains obligatory. The official attendance of the Government at certain religious ceremonies, as established by Garcia Moreno, is still kept up, and so you would see, during these last two years, General Alfaro, our President, and his whole cabinet assisting at the services in the Cathedral on Palm Sunday, Holy Thursday and Good Friday; at the Jesuit Church for the Feast of Blessed Marianne, the Lily of Quito, or taking part in the Corpus Christi procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Very good, you say. But listen, I beg you, to the following facts—facts of which, in some cases, I have been an eye-witness—and then judge whether, underneath all this outward respect for religion and its ministers, there does not lurk a spirit of irreligion and persecution.

September, 1895. At the very accession of the Radicals to power, the Archbishop's palace was attacked by night, His Grace maltreated, and the type belonging to the clerical organ thrown into the fire. Following close on this was the prohibition to publish Catholic papers, while Radical and obscene journals were allowed full liberty, not only in circulation, but in repeating the vilest calumnies against the clergy and all religious orders.

May, 1896. A Masonic Lodge was publicly opened at Quito. The soldiers are no longer obliged to go to Mass in a body. Attendance or non-attendance is made to depend on the will of their officers.

September, 1896. On some trivial pretext, all the schools taught by the Christian Brothers were closed.

December, 1896. The Indian Mission of Napo taken away from the Jesuits, and the Indian schools left without a single priest.

May, 1897. The Capuchin Fathers of Ibarra and the Salesians of Quito violently expelled and driven into exile. Similar action was proposed against the Jesuits, but the storm of opposition aroused among the noble ladies of Quito deterred the Government from taking the step. It was in this same month that the Jesuit Rector of the National College of Riobamba was inhumanly killed, and all the professors thrown into prison on a charge of conspiracy. Add to all this the murder in Quito of Victor Vivar, a prominent Catholic writer, and of Father Maldonado, in the Autumn of 1896; the fact that all government aid has been withdrawn from the teaching orders of nuns, and the growing practice of quartering troops in monasteries, and you can see, dear Father, what restlessness and insecurity prevail throughout the whole Republic. I have said nothing of the dreadful profanations of the Blessed Sacrament; how the officers of the Radical army have taken consecrated hosts and trodden them under foot. All the bishops of the country had tridua and processions of reparation during the month of June in their respective dioceses.

I am, dear Rev. Father,
Yours in the Sacred Heart of Jesus,
H. P. M.

The killing of the Rector of the College of Riobamba alluded to in the foregoing, and the events that led up to and followed it, are set forth at length in the subjoined letter. Father Moscoso was only 51 years of age, of great executive ability and of rare holiness, and, what should gain our prayers and sympathy, the Diocesan Director of the Apostleship of Prayer.

NATIONAL COLLEGE,
RIOBAMBA, June 19, 1897.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Let me give you a short account of late happenings in Riobamba, the more so, as I have learned from the columns of a New York newspaper, which chanced to reach me here, that those awful Jesuits have taken up arms against the rightful Government, to perish red-handed in their act of rebellion. The true state of the case is as follows:

There are in Ecuador two parties contending for the mastery: the Radicals, open Atheists, who aim at overturning the old Constitution, established by Garcia Moreno, and the Conservatives, or Catholics, whose purpose it is to preserve our holy religion in all its pristine vigor and splendor. In the beginning our city of Riobamba was inclined to favor the cause of the Radicals, but, undeceived by the impiety of the party leaders, the inhabitants went to take their rightful place in the ranks of the Conservatives. Hence, a bloody conflict between the two parties, resulting in victory for the Conservatives.

In all these disturbances the Jesuits took no part, either by word or deed. Nevertheless, they were accused of being the ringleaders in a conspiracy against the Government, and on May 2d our college was seized by the military, and all the Jesuits living in it thrown into prison. No cause was assigned, but it was clear that it was to punish our zeal for religion and our efforts in behalf of Christian education.

It was the first intention of our enemies to drive us into exile, but popular indignation ran so high that it was not deemed advisable to put the project into execution. We were accordingly released from confinement, with the exception of four Fathers, who, as they had been the regular preachers at our church, were judged especially guilty, although no proof could be adduced that either in public or in private they had spoken on political topics.

Our release was the occasion of a grand ovation, and, although our Father Rector did all in his power to prevent this demonstration of esteem, his efforts were unavailing, and, as he had expected and had forewarned our friends, it was followed by fresh scenes of violence on the part of the Radicals. Patience, thought the Conservatives, had now ceased to be a virtue, and a general uprising against the Government, was set on foot. Unfortunately for us, the insurgents, against our will and without our consent, took possession of our college, as a stronghold wherefrom to fire down upon their enemies.

The battle raged long and furious. The Conservatives, however, were defeated, and the infuriated Radicals, breaking down the doors of the church and college, rushed into the hallway, breathing threats of direst vengeance. "Death to all," was the order given to the soldiery. They broke into the church, and there, at the very altar, whither they had fled for refuge, the unhappy Conservatives were stricken down. They had hoped to be treated as prisoners of war, but their hope had been in vain. With cries of "Down with the Jesuits," they hurried on in search of the members of the Community. Prostrate on the floor of the Domestic Chapel they were imploring the divine assistance against impending death, while a few of the other Fathers were kneeling in prayer in their rooms. Among these was the Rector, Father Emil Moscoso, who was engaged in saying his beads, when a shot in the forehead laid him low, and a dozen other bullets fired in rapid succession brought him the blessing of death. Everything of value in his room was immediately seized, and then, to cover up their unwarranted crime, they took the corpse and put it seated upright in a chair, placed a gun in the right hand and filled his cassock pockets with bullets, to convey the impression that the Jesuit Rector had fallen while resisting lawful authority.

From room to room the Radicals went, dealing blows and kicks to all they met, and leading them away to prison bound with ropes through the public streets. Father Buendia received a slight wound in the head from the drawn sword of one of the officers, who thus reviled him: "Oh, you wicked race of Jesuits! You are our worst enemy. How dare you teach the existence of God and Christ and hell, when all these things are downright falsehoods? If there is a God, let Him take you out of our hands. If there is a hell, send me to its lowest depths."

Here, then, was the cause of our being persecuted—we were preaching the Gospel of Christ. Would that we were given the credit of suffering for Christ's name! But no, that very day it was given out in the public prints that all the Jesuits had been found fighting in the ranks of the rebels, that each of them had been armed with a gun, and that leading them on was their Father Rector, now dead. The same report was forwarded to President Alfaro, who at once published a decree banishing all the members of the Society, even those who were residing at Quito and at the House of Studies in Pifo.

What shall I say of the horrible sacrileges that were committed immediately after our removal? The door of the tabernacle was violently broken open. The sacred particles were scattered upon the ground and trodden under foot, or torn by their teeth and then spat out. One rode his horse madly up and down the aisles and in the sanctuary. Some seated themselves upon the altar and vomited forth the vilest blasphemies. Others put on the sacred vestments, and in mockery went through the ceremonies of holy Mass. Others, again, arrayed themselves in our Jesuit habits, and made sport in imitating the administration of the other sacraments. Revolting as are the scenes, I regret to say that they have been enacted not only in Ecuador, but in other parts of South America as well.

I pass over in silence the wholesale robbery of all our personal property. Not a stitch of bedclothes remained for us on our return. The body of our dead Rector was treated with every possible indignity, and then, without religious service, thrown into a common grave with the others who had been killed in the fight. Our Bishop was driven into exile, and would that we had been allowed to follow so illustrious a prelate! Owing to the remonstrance of leading citizens and the intervention of the government of the Republic of Colombia, we were soon after set at liberty by the President, till such time as our guilt should be clearly proven by our accusers. This, of course, they will not be able to do. This is the present condition of affairs. What will happen next God alone knows.

One remark I must make in closing. The authors of these crimes are a few unscrupulous individuals who at present have the reins of power in their hands. The great mass of the people are well affected towards religion and the Society, and the kindness shown us during our imprisonment by many of the noblest ladies can never be forgotten. They visited us daily, bringing us food and clothing, happy, as they said, to wait upon the martyrs of Christ, so that we could repeat of ourselves the words of the Apostle: "Tamquam nihil habentes et omnia possidentes," as having nothing, and yet possessing all things. On our part, God in His goodness vouchsafed to fill us with many consolations. Our innocence became evident to all, and the cheerfulness, even the joy, with which we bore our unjust persecution, has been a source of honor to the Society and of edification to the people.

Begging you to remember us in your prayers, I am, dear Reverend Father,

Yours in Christ,

V. M. G. B., S.J.

EDITORIAL.

STATISTICS HONOR IRELAND.

ALTHOUGH figures may sometimes be made to lie, those given officially by the Registrar-General may be taken as correct, particularly as no favor usually falls to the lot of Ireland. The latest official report of vital statistics of that country is most favorable to her. It proves that, so far as improvidence is shown by early marriages, Ireland has a much better record than England or Scotland. Judging of literacy by the signing of the marriage register, the progress is steady. In 1861 only 61 in every hundred men, and 50 in every hundred women signed their own names; in 1886 the percentage had risen to 76 for men, and 74 for women; while in 1896 the numbers stood 83 and 85 respectively. In the birth statistics the proportion of illegitimate birth is again exceedingly small, and the Protestant parts of the country once more compare unfavorably with the Catholic. If the ratio of illegitimacy is taken as a test of morality, then Ireland is, except Greece, the most moral country in Europe. It is consoling to have this praise come from the public report of a Crown official.

A REFLECTION FOR THE JUBILEE YEAR.

In sharp contrast to the prosperity of other lands under the British Government is the present state of Ireland. According to the annual report of the local Government board, in 1876, with an estimated population of more than 5,000,000, there were 43,652 indoor paupers a day. In 1896 with a population diminished by over 700,000, the number relieved daily in work-houses reaches 40,320. The report states that for the year ending 1896–7, the daily average number relieved amounted to one in every 47 of the population, as estimated by the Registrar-General. The end of 1896 and the beginning of the present year saw a great increase in the total number of work-house inmates. The abnormal number living upon the poor rates is accounted for in the report, by the agricultural depression. This augurs badly for 1898.

RECENT EBULLITIONS OF PROTESTANT MALIGNITY.

The undesired and undesirable notoriety recently forced upon a very modest and retiring young girl who, using her inalienable right of choosing her state of life, chose that of a cloistered nun, has brought to light the deep and bitter hatred of that holy state which still exists among many Protestants.

Some over-sanguine Catholics would fain persuade us to believe that the whole American people is ripe for conversion, and is holding out its hands and lifting up its voice to beg us to impart to it the truth, and so enlighten its darkness. The darkness which enshrouds it in religious matters we sorrowfully admit: of the yearning for enlightenment we are not by any means convinced. The mother of the young novice in question has been the recipient of letters so mendacious, ribald, vile, that we blush that such people as the writers exist, much more that they should dare to

call themselves Christian. Unfortunately the writers write professedly as followers of Christ, and use the stock cant phrases. Some of the letters were consigned at once to the flames, lest their very presence in the house might pollute it. All were characterized by the same devilish insinuations; many added assertion to innuendo against those who consecrate their lives wholly to God, serving Him in poverty, obedience and chastity, foregoing all the pleasures of this world with the sole hope of one day following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

Sad it is to think that these pure souls should be the target for the envenomed arrows of gross calumny, but in this they only suffer as their Master Himself did. For did not the Protestants of His day accuse Him of gluttony, of winebibbing, of having a devil! All we can do for the culumniators is to pray that God may give them a new heart.

CURRENT IGNORANCE OF CATHOLIC AFFAIRS.

A striking instance of the dense ignorance in regard to Catholics on the part of the great Protestant public has lately been afforded in the matter of the Holy Name Society. The *New York Herald*, which claims to be not merely in touch with all that is going on, but even to be in the lead, has made the startling discovery that the Catholics of Brooklyn have begun a novel crusade against profanity by organizing Holy Name Societies. Just think of it! the far-sighted *Herald* turned his gaze upon Brooklyn and made this discovery. Of course every one knows that far-sighted people are apt to overlook objects that are near, and so the discoverer, naturally enough, overlooked his own city altogether, as being, perhaps, too close for his range of vision.

The next step after his Transpontine discovery was to interview all the prominent New York ministers of all the Protestant sects, and to get from each his view on this new crusade. These learned gentlemen, to a man apparently, were equally unaware that any such organization was in existence in their own city, and were impressed by the novelty. Some thought that it might be wise to follow the lead of their Roman brethren. Some, of course, could not resist a sneer at the evident need of reformation among Romanists. Some were candid enough to admit that profanity was not exclusively Romish. But all, like the discoverer of the Brooklyn movement, were not ashamed to admit their never having heard before of such a thing as the Holy Name Society, although it has branches in almost all the Catholic churches in New York. This may arise from the fact that we do not advertise the meetings of our religious societies in the daily papers, after the manner of the Protestants. However, better late than never; and the knowledge of the work of this excellent organization may stimulate our separated brethren to imitate it, since they are prone to imitation. It would be unjust, though, to the Holy Name Society to give the impression that its aim is limited to the extinction of profanity. Its object is to help men to live up to their religion, and as powerful furtherances of this are the monthly meeting, with its practical instruction, the daily prayers, the stated times for Holy Communion, and the moral support that comes from union. The misapprehension that it is intended only for the profane is often offered as a reason for refusing to join its ranks. We hope that the unsought-for prominence which the press has given the Holy Name Society will bring it many new recruits, as well as stimulate those who are already members to uphold its honor.

RELIGIOUS HUMBUG.

Two precious instances have been afforded by M. Félix Faure, President of the French Republic, during his recent visit to Russia. He visited the tomb of the late Tsar Alexander III., and laid upon it an olive branch in goldwork. This work of art is enclosed in an ebony

casket lined with white velvet. On the cover is a richly engraved golden plate bearing the monogram of the Tsar, with an imperial crown, and crowns of oak and of laurel. Around these crowns runs a ribbon with this inscription: *Manet ultima cœlo* (the last and greatest (crown) awaits in heaven).

This expresses a truly Christian sentiment, and the whole idea is well conceived and executed, but how inconsistent in M. Faure to pass himself off for a Christian in schismatical Russia, and to act like a freethinker in Catholic France! The other instance evidences even more his hypocrisy.

The ancient city of Novgorod presented to M. Faure an image of the Holy Virgin of Znamenia. In reply to the address of the deputation, he said, in receiving the image, that this sign of religious union with the Russians was particularly precious to him, and "that this symbol of prayer will always have its place of honor, and that in moments of his soul's emotion, towards it will he turn his eyes and will find there strength and support." Very fine words, indeed, and creditable to a practical Catholic, but consummate humbug in the mouth of one who holds the reins of government and allows the Church to be outraged in her most sacred rights. It was remarked in M. Faure's progress through France that he never assisted at Mass, and, in order to prevent the possibility of being obliged to do so, on account of his office, he would make his entrance into a city on Sunday afternoon. But actions are quite different from diplomatic words expressive of religious sentiments, which, coming from him, are pure humbug.

THE NOTTINGHAM CHURCH CONGRESS.

One never expects any assembly of Anglican clergymen to decide anything of importance in their Church matters, so of course one is not disappointed at the result of the latest Church congress. It presents as usual the spectacle of men of all sorts of Church views all claiming to represent *the* Church, whatever that may mean. As a Protestant paper remarked: "The talk about the Church as a definite body of ecclesiastics, having authority over doctrine and ritual, and asking for the complete submission of the laity to its decisions, is still a new thing in England. We have got used to it in the progress of ritualism during the last forty years, and the clergy, at least, talk as if there was something in it. But it is a myth, a dream, an abstraction. The Church of England is not the clergy but the whole body of the faithful. Its ritual is prescribed for it by a body of laymen, sitting in two houses, in the most powerful of which no clergyman can sit till he has renounced his orders. It has no authority over doctrine, and cannot deny the Communion to any person of cleanly life who seeks it at the hand of one of its clergy." It characterized as unreal the talk indulged in at Nottingham, and said that "it is heard with tolerance. It pleases the clergy, and does not hurt the laity; but if any attempt were made to bring it down from the seventh heaven of invention into the practical life of the English people we should soon be in the throes of a new reformation." We may here add a few words from an out-and-out Protestant champion, Rev. R. C. Fillingham, whom we have before quoted. He writes to the editor of *The Tablet:* "The fact is, sir, loyal members of the Protestant establishment and honest men are weary of seeing a number of persons trying to make our Communion sail under false colors. For my part, it is my indignation at this which makes me speak out. I am a state official—I am no sacrificing priest, and I am not going to pretend to be. My Church is a department of the state—state-created and state-governed, and I will not be silent, when some of its numbers pretend that it is a teaching communion in the same sense that the Catholic Church is . . . Parliament alone is an ultimate authority in doctrine and ritual."

HARD BILL TO FILL.

The following seems almost too good to be true. A Scottish magnate, belonging to the Episcopal Church, wanted a clergyman to take charge of a church on his estate. A Perthshire newspaper publishes the bill which the candidate must fill. "The Rector must belong to a good county family, if possible; must have a good and handsome appearance; be of a very peaceable disposition, and avoid any appearance of superciliousness to the Presbyterian clergy, who are the Established Kirk. He must not dress or look like a Roman Catholic priest. . . . He must keep his accounts with exactness. His wife must be a *lady* of good family. She must be a very sensible woman, and avoid female quarrels, and be prepared to show *great* deference and humbleness of mind to other ladies. The congregation are of a Broad Church school, and no novelties in vestments, incense, turning his back on the congregation, or any imitation of a Popish conventicle can be allowed. Sermons, fifteen minutes on ordinary every-day morals; service simple, of sixty to seventy minutes. He should be a good musician, and good at Church music—not Gregorian. Practically, the congregation who pay are old county families, *very conservative*. The farmers are all Presbyterians. In Summer we have many visitors, but as a rule they do not give money to the church funds, *and we really don't want them*. There are some poor—most humbugs—who come to get money." Certainly this platform is plain enough, but somewhat hard to fill. It is bad enough for a minister to have to meet the requirements himself, without having to qualify for his wife as well.

THE BOY SAVERS.

WE enter upon a serial study of boys' religious organizations. Let us begin at the beginning by asking at what age should members be received into such societies? The more common practice shows that boys are generally considered eligible by the fact of their First Communion, though in our own country and time it is usually made by children twelve, eleven and even ten years of age.

Consciously under some disadvantage by a departure from the more ordinary usage, we shall nevertheless suggest that the First Communion—holiest of actions though it be—constitutes a very defective criterion for admission. In our opinion it will be most profitably replaced by the method of receiving beginners at a fixed age (not less than thirteen years) attained in *appearance*, if not in fact.

In the religious organization of youthful male humanity, age differences create a very serious problem. An early subject of embarrassment is furnished by lads who, with the incipient manly dignity of some fifteen years, begin to cast glances askance at their younger associates, and with little loss of time announce their unwillingness to have further connection with a society "filled up with *kids*."

The complainants, when once fairly committed to this view, can hardly be held to their first allegiance. As everybody knows, slight age differences suffice in boyish intercourse to establish dividing lines quite as absolute as those drawn in adult society by sharp contrasts of education, wealth and social standing. Hence, where admission is granted to early First Communicants, the brown-headed, smooth-faced elders must perforce subject the fairer-haired, rosier cheeked junior increase to a bright-eyed but sensitive watch: maintaining the while a rapidly decreasing show of toler-

ation, which tells how quickly the measure of honorable endurance is being filled. Finally, at the decisive moment in which patience begins to lose caste with the virtues, the injured veterans, assuming a dignified air of *noblesse oblige*, arise, wrap themselves in the gray of a severe, quite unapproachable seniority, and forthwith depart.

A premature exodus of this description is, of course, most deplorable. The purpose of a boys' society cannot be well secured unless in members retained, until at seventeen or eighteen years of age they have really begun to be young men. It is precisely *during the transition from boyhood to manhood* that spiritual friends and organizations need to be most active, since this is the critical period, during which the powers of evil battle most fiercely for permanent control of the youthful heart. Justly concerned at a general and most inopportune withdrawal from the junior ranks, those in control usually endeavor to provide for the deserters, by securing for them admission into the young men's organization. Wherever the boys are cultivated, a society for young men is sure to exist; hence the above well-intended and putatively remedial efforts are quite feasible in the mere performance, though most unhappy in the outcome.

It will soon be found that many lads half-way in their teens steadily decline all invitations to ascend higher, simply because their piety and good will are insufficient for even the gentle shock of transition from one society to another. With the best of management they might have been induced to make a prolonged stay as tolerable, and even very faithful, members of the junior body, but in quitting its ranks they have withdrawn themselves finally and forever from all devotional society life.

Nor is consolatory gain to be had from the fact that the great majority of youngsters are only too eager to be enrolled with young men. When given free reins in this matter they, by their comparative youth, only create in the second organization and for their elders, the very abomination that has driven themselves from the pale of the junior society. Young men will not, and morally speaking cannot, connect themselves with a society involving fellow-membership with mere boys: for this reason alone there need be no surprise that as a class they often repudiate the society called theirs by a misnomer, and chiefly made up of lads half-way through their teens.

No wonder that those in charge are discouraged by the resulting condition of affairs. The boys' society fails to hold boys when most wanted; the young men's society, practically speaking, attracts no young men at all. Hence the problem mentioned above is serious and perplexing. Arrangements are required by which boys, during their most critical years, will be retained in the younger body with attentions suited to their special needs, rather than be given receiving license to push themselves into the older organization, at the sacrifice of its natural and intended members, the young men.

We unhesitatingly suggest that immediate improvement in the situation will be noted wherever, as a criterion of admission, the early First Communion is replaced by an age limit as above. The dear little ones coming fresh from the altar—their innocent faces resplendent with piety and good will—give joy, doubtless, to the angels, but, as a class, they are very far from inspiring a spirit of appreciative companionship in fellow mortals a little older than themselves. A contrary experience will show that lads apparently thirteen years old, whilst very possibly in less favor before heaven are, according to earthly juvenile standards, sufficiently near to the heroic mark to loiter with impunity in the shadow of the dignity of masculine humanity separated from the cradle by fifteen, seventeen or even eighteen annual removes.

We have other reasons favoring a suit-

able age limit for membership, but rest with the contention now made that the exclusion of at least such lads as are apparently under thirteen is necessary, in order that boys, until they cease to be boys, may be held in their own society; and necessary again as a condition *sine quâ non* for the maintenance of an equilibrium between junior and senior organizations, without which neither can be efficient for the good work in view.

Perhaps sympathetic voices are raised in behalf of many poor little First Communicants unable to pass for the required age and, therefore, under this proposed system "left out in the cold." We shall endeavor to show in a future article that there need be no real sadness in their temporary lot.

DONUM DEI.

By C. Nugent.

What hath God given? Length of days,—
Or dark, or golden in His light,—
To walk His ways, to sing His praise,
Until the eternal morning bright
Shall dawn, and I before His throne
Must stand and render Him His own.

What hath God given me? My place,
My task none other can fulfil;
And for my helping sends His grace,
And bids me ever work His will.
For lighter toil I may not plead,
His love will give me strength at need.

What hath God given? A cross to bear—
For me He bore it long ago;
The crown of thorns He chose to wear
For me, He bore our human woe;
And this my joy—that He should deign
To love me, bid me share His pain.

What hath God giv'n? He draws me near,
He wills that I should be His friend,
My heart lies hushed in holy fear,
My weakness cannot comprehend
His goodness; still I strive to gain
The prize He calls me to attain.

And day by day my Lord hath given
Himself in His Blest Sacrament
To be my life; He leaves His heaven,
To be my guest He is content.
O Gift supreme! that Love divine
Should visit this poor heart of mine.

AN INDIAN BURIAL IN ROME.

By Rev. Dennis J. Driscoll.

IN the Spring of the year 1890 the "Wild West Show," conducted by the well-known scout Col. Wm. F. Cody, or as he is better known to Americans, "Buffalo Bill," came to Rome, to show the inhabitants of the Eternal City some of the features of wild life in the far West. They encamped on a large plain to the northwest of the city, almost below the Vatican palace and under the very eyes of the Holy Father himself. This plain was known to the ancient Romans as the Campus Martius or Field of Mars, and has always been used for military tactics. Great concern was shown by the Romans on the arrival of the Americans, and during their stay of a few weeks, the performances were attended by large crowds, the vast auditorium being filled at every performance—for the Italian naturally takes the highest interest in such exhibitions, particularly if they be novel.

One of the first acts of the management on their arrival was one of courtesy to their American fellow-citizens studying for the priesthood in the North American College. An invitation was sent to the students to attend the first performance, which was to be given in a few days. This invitation could not be accepted and acted upon without permission of the Propaganda, so the Acting-Rector, Dr. Rooker, applied for the necessary permission from the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, the late Cardinal Simeoni. His Eminence was a little reluctant at first to grant the desired favor, but when he learned the nature of the exhibition, he readily granted it. The students accordingly attended the first performance in a body, about sixty-five in all. Before it began, all repaired to the tent of Col. Cody and were welcomed by him in true American fashion. "You are all Americans, representative Americans, so come any time and make yourselves at home. Go wherever you please, and remember that everything we have is yours." The students later took advantage of this invitation, and went to the camp more than once, visiting the different tents, especially those of the Indians. It was on one of these occasions that Col. Cody approached Dr. Rooker and told him that one of his Indians had died the night before of heart disease, and that he probably was a Catholic, as some articles had been found on his breast such as only Catholics use. On examination, these articles proved to be a Badge of the Sacred Heart and some religious certificates signed by Catholic missionaries, showing that the bearer, Black Ink, or William Ring, was a Catholic. The Colonel further intimated that he would be very much pleased to have Black Ink receive Christian burial with the Catholic service. This was gladly assented to, and arrangements were made for the funeral. The College Master of Ceremonies was determined that nothing should be wanting, as far as he was concerned, to give the deceased Indian fitting burial.

The funeral took place the next morning. Seven of the students, with Rev. Dr. Farrelly, of Nashville, who was to officiate, and Dr. Rooker, went to the camp at the appointed time, only to learn that the health authorities had come during the night and transferred the body to the city morgue to await the action of the Coroner, it being one of their rules that an inquest be held in all cases of sudden death. The authorities were not satisfied with the declaration of the Indian doctor, that the man had died of heart disease; they wished to make sure of it themselves before granting a permit for burial. The party from the college, on learning this, held a hasty consultation with Col. Cody, and it was decided that the service should take place in the

morgue. Carriages were called, and the funeral party, made up of the students and a few of the Indians with an interpreter, drove to the house of the dead. One of the Indians of the party was a brother of the deceased. A curious spectacle, indeed, did this procession present, and a picturesque one, the Indians in their blankets and feathers, sitting in the same carriages with the students in their clerical garb, and passers-by gazed in mute astonishment at such a novel sight. After a short drive the morgue was reached and all were ushered into the chamber where the dead Indian lay. On a slab in the centre of the room they had placed him. The blanket with which he was completely covered was removed, and what a sight was revealed! Many have written of the beauty and the majesty of the well-known statue, "The Dying Gladiator," poems have been written about it; but to my mind it never equalled the beauty or the majesty of this dead Indian. A young man, below the age of thirty, tall of stature, well proportioned, handsome of feature, there he lay as one in peaceful sleep. The impression this sight left on my mind is one that shall never leave it, and I am sure I can say the same for my companions.

After a short preparation the service was begun, Dr. Farrelly officiating, and all joining in the beautiful chant of the Church. After the service Dr. Farrelly, through the interpreter, addressed a few words of consolation to the Indians, telling them of the One Great Spirit with whom there is no distinction of red man or white man and of His heavenly Home where all are equal, all children of the same Father. The body was then placed in a coffin, and beautiful cut flowers were spread all over the dead Indian's form by his own brother before the lid was placed in position. The coffin was placed in the hearse which was in readiness, and the Indians accompanied the body to the cemetery, while the students returned to the college deeply impressed, having witnessed, perhaps, the rarest sight of their lives. And so it was that this poor Indian, by the help of the Sacred Heart, had the honor of receiving Catholic burial, and of being placed at rest in Rome, the City of the Martyrs, among the remains of saints and heroes of Holy Church.

GOD'S MEETEST PRAISE.

By Rev. William J. Ennis, S.J.

Along the leavings of the waves of night
The big, broad sun pours forth its wealth of gold
And wakes a world to ecstasy. The cold
Gray mists glide wraithlike past the hills, now bright
With radiant vesture. Earth's great heart is light
With melody; while over mere and wold
Her amorous lips a hymn of praise unfold
To God, the giver of her new-born might.

No conscious song is this. Man's heart alone
Can hold a song most worthy of this gift—
The homage of his heart. His lips repay
God's love with love. Earth's beauties round him strown
Are broken lights of Him, which guide and lift
His yearning soul to heaven's undying day.

INTERESTS OF THE HEART OF JESUS

The Eucharistic Congress, held at Paray-le-Monial towards the close of September, unanimously approved a resolution calling upon the French people to hasten, by every effort in their power, the completion of the national basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre. It expresses an earnest wish to have it ready for solemn inauguration at the beginning of the twentieth century. The congress likewise exhorts all true Catholics to labor and pray unceasingly, to the effect that France may soon be officially consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

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In the February number of the *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs* we gave a brief account of the extraordinary cure of Sister Ersilia Cella, a nun of the institute of St. Dorothea, obtained through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary, in the Church of the Rosary at Pompeii. This miracle was discussed and examined by the Sacred Congregation of Rites in its session of May 3. The mere fact of its being brought before that high tribunal would have been an excellent proof of its importance for the cause of Blessed Margaret Mary. But from other indications also we are enabled to conclude that the result of the examination has been entirely favorable, and that another miracle like this is all that the Church is waiting for now, in order to grant the solemn honors of canonization to the beloved spouse of the Sacred Heart. For the purpose of obtaining such another miracle a novena and special prayers have been offered up at Paray-le-Monial, concluding on October 17, feast of Blessed Margaret Mary.

Our Holy Father the Pope has, on June 1, enriched with an indulgence of 300 days the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which is the first that was composed by Blessed Margaret Mary and which she recommended to her friends as being especially dear to Our Lord. It begins: I, N. N., give and consecrate to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord Jesus Christ, ... and may be found on page 91 of the "League Devotions."

The priests of many provinces of France have, with the approbation and encouragement of their bishops, organized diocesan leagues of defence, which are proving a great help to them in the troublous times through which the Church in that country is now passing. The object of such leagues is to protect the honor of the diocesan clergy against the unjust attacks of the press, and against defamation and slander from other sources, whether directed against individuals or against the whole body. They also stand by the priests in all prosecutions in which the sacred ministry is involved, and look after their interests in other ways.

The Municipal Council of Marseilles some time ago decreed the laïcization of the hospitals. They have now good reason to regret their proceedings, if indeed regret can be felt by such people. The cost of maintaining 85 hospital sisters a year was only 17,250 francs. The lay nurses, who replace the Sisters of Charity, will cost 49,360, no small difference for the tax-payers, especially when the budget for hospitals is already in deficit of 119,000 francs. One of the worthy councillors suggested, as a means of economy, to suppress the salaries of the four chaplains.

The Apostolic process of the Beatification of the Ven. Servant of God, John Nepomucene Neumann, former Bishop of Philadelphia, is to be taken up again. Archbishop Ryan has received notice to that effect by a rescript from the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The Rev. Joseph Wissel, C.SS.R., has been appointed Postulator of the cause for America.

Leo XIII. continues to give proof of his paternal interest in his oriental children. In order to increase in Rome the means for developing the various elements of the Eastern Church, a new college has lately been opened for Ruthenian students. The Emperor of Austria is its most munificent benefactor. The Jesuits will have charge of it. They, in consequence, have relinquished the direction of the Greek College in Rome to the French Augustinians of the Assumption. Hitherto in this college, besides Greeks and Melchites, there were Ruthenians, Roumanians and Bulgarians. For the present the two last will be transferred to the Propaganda.

Every one knows how severe the laws of the Church against usury used to be. To defend the poor against the extortion of usurers, a Franciscan friar, Fra Barnaba, in the fifteenth century, preached in Perugia against usury, and advocated the founding of charitable lending-houses. Pope Leo X. favored it and issued a bull. The first *monte di pietà* was opened in Rome in 1539. St. Charles Borromeo drew up the original statutes and was its protector. Another Franciscan, Fra Bernadino da Feltre, was the most zealous propagator of the work. They are widespread in Europe. We do not know of any Catholic ones existing in the United States. A Protestant one was started in New York City a few years ago.

A return to Catholic customs in England is shown in what transpired at Folkestone on the Feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady. On that day in olden times the inhabitants of the town were called together to the cross in the churchyard for the annual election of the Mayor. Of course, the cross had been destroyed by the Vandal reformers of the sixteenth century, and on the steps where once it stood was a sundial. The sum of $1,500 was subscribed to restore the cross, and at a special service in the parish church the Protestant Bishop of Dover preached a sermon, and then proceeded to the graveyard to dedicate the cross. The Mayor and Corporation of Folkestone and some thirty Anglican clergymen from various parts of Kent were present.

Another instance is furnished by the same town. St. Eanswithe's relics were publicly exposed, we are told, on the altar of the Folkestone Anglican Church on the saint's day, and after a special service the congregation passed by them, making reverences. The vicar declares that this is not "adoration" of the relics.

The solemn inauguration of the new Archconfraternity of Prayer and Good Works for the Return of England to the Faith, recently founded by Leo XIII., will take place on Sunday, October 17, at St. Sulpice in Paris, as the direction of it has been confided to the Superior-General of the Sulpicians. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the Bishop of Southwark will be present, on their return from Arles, where they were attending the solemn triduum in honor of SS. Virgilius, Gregory the Great and Augustine.

For the purpose of procuring the greater glory of the most Holy Sacrament by making it possible for a larger number of persons, especially business men, to enroll themselves in the Association of Perpetual Adoration, thus forming a select band of adorers entirely devoted to the interests and worship of the Blessed Sacrament; and above all, in order to maintain that union of prayers with the work and alms for poor churches, which is the distinctive characteristic of the Arch-Association, the Superior General, Mme. de Meeûs, petitioned Leo XIII. to grant that persons who cannot spend a whole hour in adoration at one time each month, may be permitted to spend two half hours at different times, without losing any of the indulgences granted by the Holy See to the Arch-Association of Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches. The Holy Father graciously granted the petition.

An interesting ceremony took place in Cork, Sunday, September 12th, when a portion of the remains of Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy, who was Bishop of Cork and Cloyne in the fifteenth century, were translated from the Cathedral of Ivrea, Italy, to his own diocese. They were enshrined in a golden casket and deposited in the Cathedral of Cork.

St. John's Church, Oswego, is one of the best League centres in the country.

It numbers 95 Promoters and 1532 Associates. Other departments of church work are in keeping with this, and we note, especially, the first annual report of St. John's Library.

The Library opened October 9, 1896, with 572 books; 345 were added during the year, and more than 60 more will be in readiness for circulation, after the reopening, making the number of volumes nearly 1,000. It closed for the vacation and the necessary repairs to the books, on June 30, 1897. In that period, of less than nine months, the circulation amounted to over 7,000 books, and, as was intended, its patrons included not only children, but also many of the older members of the congregation.

In the past year free membership to the Library was restricted to the Sunday School and to the societies that gave material aid in its establishment. This year, to accomplish a wider good, the Library will be *entirely free* to all members of the parish.

The Library is open to the public Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings from 7:30 to 10:00; Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

Adults may draw books any time the Library is open. Children are not allowed evenings. Boys, Wednesday afternoons from 4:00 to 6:00. Girls, Saturday afternoons from 3:00 to 5:00.

1896	Month.	Days Open.	Fiction.	Classified.	Occupants of Reading Room.	Reference Books.	Average Daily Circulation.	Av Daily Occupants of Reading Room.
	October.....	16	744	*	284	3	46	17
	November...	20	914	*	331	5	45	16
	December ...	21	941	21	258	5	45	11
1897	January	21	860	31	300	7	42	14
	February	17	735	45	241	5	45	14
	March.	23	872	88	324	14	41	14
	April.....	19	620	89	215	4	37	11
	May	22	547	47	182	5	27	9
	June.....	21	451	41	199	10	23	9
		180	6684	362	2334	58	39	12

* No account kept. Total circulation, including reference books, 7,104.

The evident success is due to the zeal of the pastor and his assistant and to the coöperation of members of the parish who have caught the enthusiasm of their spiritual guides.

The members of the Apostleship of Prayer, who are patrons of the Library, find there an intention box, special bulletin board and supplies. To the League the Library is indebted for a generous donation, which paid for the necessary rebinding of books and purchase of more than thirty new ones.

It is interesting to note that the circulation of this parochial library, with its modest number of books, exceeded that of the Oswego Public Library.

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW.

The Diocesan Directors. As we have not yet received answers from all the dioceses regarding the appointment of Diocesan Directors, we deem it advisable to withhold the names of those who are already appointed until next month. It is very desirable that the new arrangements, by which the Diocesan Directors will transmit the faculties to Local Directors for establishing and conducting the centres of the Apostleship, should be introduced as much as possible into all the dioceses at one and the same time. We cannot explain here the difficulty and the confusion it would create to have to deal directly with the Local Directors in some dioceses, and at the same time indirectly through the Diocesan Directors in others. By next month we hope the appointments will have been completed, and then all will proceed orderly and well.

The MESSENGER in 1897. It is gratifying, in the review of the past year, to have to report not only that the MESSENGER has held its own, but that it has gained a slight increase in its list of subscribers. This is a factor, in the work of the League that we always watch with the greatest solicitude. Interest in the MESSENGER and its *Supplement* is the test of active and intelligent zeal on the part of Directors, Promoters and Associates. It was by the foundation of the Messengers of the Sacred Heart that the League first became a world wide and thoroughly Catholic organization, and we know but too well that where Directors and Pro-

moters fail to follow its instructions the association languishes and soon must be entirely reorganized or given up entirely.

Efforts and Results.

If we were to enumerate some of the means we have taken to extend our circulation during the past year, and then admit that the results have not corresponded with our efforts, we fear some of our readers would consider us poor business managers to admit thus candidly what looks like a failure on our part. Still, if they could know who is to blame for the failure, they would admire our persistence in leaving untried no possible means of increasing the number of readers of good Catholic literature, and of helping by our periodicals to perfect the spirit of true members of our Apostleship. We are not going to blame anyone, but we cannot help remarking that a number of people imagine that money given to support a good Catholic periodical or newspaper is so much abstracted from other pious enterprises, as if the agent for a Catholic magazine were making what might be termed a rival "block collection." The money spent on good Catholic reading never yet lessened the amounts contributed for other devotional purposes, whether of the parish itself or of any of its works. A lack of proper pious reading will explain in many cases why Catholics are so indifferent and so slow to respond to the most insistent appeals of their pastors.

Plea for Prompt Renewals.

We shall have no cause for complaint against our regular subscribers if they respond as promptly as they have been doing the past few years to the notices they will receive with this number, of the expiration of their subscriptions for 1897. Owing to the disorder and immense expense it occasioned to carry subscribers on our lists until they should notify us to drop their names, we felt obliged to adopt the system which is now followed by all the best magazines, and require a formal notice of renewal from each subscriber. With this rule we have reduced complaints and expenses to a minimum, and our subscribers have in many cases thanked us expressly for adhering to the rule. Now and then it may happen that a subscriber of many years standing may not respond promptly to our notification, and thus miss a number or two; but that is a matter that can be easily made up, and no one can feel hurt if, in handling lists of thousands of names, we cannot possibly show special consideration to those toward whom we cherish the most grateful sentiments.

Plea for New Subscribers.

The more subscribers the better the MESSENGER. Even without formulating this rule, our readers are aware that it has been followed by us from the very beginning. Hence, readers who get new subscribers really benefit themselves, as well as the newly obtained readers. The January MESSENGER will prove this to be true, as we have already projected some improvements for next year. That we have been true to this same promise during the past year is clear from the index of the MESSENGER for 1897, published with this number and sent to every subscriber, so as to be bound with the numbers of the current year in the handsome volume a bound MESSENGER makes.

WITH PROMOTERS.

Some December Feasts.

The First Friday of December is Saint Francis Xavier's Day, and he is the great patron of the Apostleship of Prayer. It was founded on his day, and a more appropriate feast could not have been chosen, as prayer and apostolic zeal were his great virtues. In some Centres the members make the Novena of Grace in his honor, as published in our League Devotions and special leaflets. Although it is properly assigned for the feast of his canonization, March 12, it is also appropriate and effective when made prior to his feast.

The entire month is the month of the Holy Infancy. Begun in Advent, or with the season of expectation of the King, it closes with the joyous festivities that accompany His birth of the Virgin Mother. After His great feast in importance comes her own, that of her Immaculate Conception, the day chosen by so many of our Local Directors for receiving Promoters solemnly and conferring on them the Cross and Diploma, in sign and in reward of the special service and allegiance they promise to the King desired of nations.

Does any Promoter wish to help Asso-

ciates in a way that will be strictly in accordance with the spirit of the feasts we keep in December? Or, do those who are already Associates wish to have a ready means of inducing others to unite with themselves in the practices they perform daily with a view to advancing the kingdom of Christ? There is a means at hand, and, simple as it may seem, we invite them to try it. You may give out Christmas gifts, and cards often very beautiful in the design and sentiments expressed, but often anything else than Christmas cards—why not offer your friend a January MESSENGER, which will be our Christmas greeting? Or, why not distribute a few of the Almanacs for 1898, which tell all one needs to know about our work, and explain it in story, picture and verse in a way that is as agreeable as it is edifying?

THE APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In Italy the members of the Apostleship of Prayer are throwing themselves with praiseworthy zeal into the work of securing a better observance of Sundays and Holydays, and their efforts are being crowned with success. The practical character of the campaign conducted against the desecration of these days is best seen in the resolutions adopted by the League of Roman Ladies. They are, 1, not to patronize those shopkeepers who habitually keep open on feast days; 2d, not to give orders at such short notice, especially to tailors, dressmakers and milliners, that they will be obliged to work on these days; 3d, to have it expressly understood that the work ordered is not to be done on a feast day; 4th, to refuse to receive goods delivered, except in case of necessity, and, finally, to employ no one who is accustomed to desecrate them.

These resolutions implied the confession that masters and customers are as much to blame as servants and shopkeepers in this matter, but the confession was bravely made and the axe applied to the root of the evil.

Speaking of this movement for a better observance of Sundays and Holydays, it is not confined to Italy, but has already taken a firm hold in Belgium and other countries. An international Congress to further it was held in Brussels on July 7, 8, 9.

The French-Canadian *Messenger* furnishes us with an interesting account of the greeting extended to Mgr. Bruchési, the new Archbishop of Montreal, by the members of the Apostleship of Prayer. It took place on September 26 in the Cathedral, and His Grace, replying to addresses made him both in French and English, expressed his satisfaction at meeting so many devout clients of the Sacred Heart gathered together to greet their bishop, who had been chosen by that same Divine Heart.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—ST. ALOYSIUS' CENTRE.—It was thought that the League might do more for the men. Some, however, feared that the men would not respond. They seemed to be always crowded out by the women, and it sometimes looked as though they would be crowded out of heaven in the same way.

The Third Friday meeting, October 15, Feast of St. Teresa, was set apart for the men, and called "The Men's League Night." The women, however, were tolerated, lest, perchance, only empty benches should be the audience.

Did the men come? Well, I should say so. Four hundred and fifty strong, they marched up the middle aisle, taking everything by storm. The women retreated gracefully to the side aisles and the confession boxes, and the men prayed, and stood up and sang the League hymns and then listened to the sermon. It was said to them that they must not think they had been entrapped into an association in which no attendance at meetings was required, and then suddenly had had a meeting sprung on them. No; they could still be good members of the League and never attend a meeting. They had been simply *asked* to give one hour a month, every third Friday night, to the Sacred Heart. "Could you not watch one hour with me." They had answered by their presence in such numbers, that they could watch one hour a month with our Lord, and that they would. We have got the men; the next thing is to keep them. Shall we? "*Si potes credere, omnia possibilia sunt credenti.*"

COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS, WORCESTER, MASS.—"The daily Communion of Reparation was begun by the Junior

Class. The Seniors agreed to the change in order for a very good reason. When the first section of the Juniors shall have finished, the Seniors will fall in line. Fervent Promoters can claim the credit of this edifying work. On the First Friday of October the Seniors decorated the Shrine of the Sacred Heart. Let us thank God."

LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO.—Church of the Immaculate Conception.—The Rev. T. P. O'Keefe writes: "It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the constant growth in our midst of the League of the Sacred Heart and of the remarkable good resultant therefrom."

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—St. Alphonsus' Centre.—"We have about forty new Promoters undergoing their six-months' probation. Our First Friday devotion, with Exposition throughout the day and sermon and Benediction in the evening, is crowned with wonderful success, and our eight confessors can hardly meet the demands of the eager throng anxious to approach the Holy Table the First Friday of every month."

OBITUARY.

Maria Cummings, St Francis Xavier's Centre, New York City; Michael Regan, and Mary Mulcahy, St. Mary's Centre, Norwalk, Conn.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 432,843.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgiving.—"Dear Sacred Heart: I am thirteen years old and I was suffering with hip trouble, and through prayer and the placing of the Badge I have been restored to health."

"My little niece, a child of eight years, was stricken with pneumonia. The doctor was in attendance for nine days and gave but little hope of recovery. We had the priest to come and bless the child with the relics of St. Anthony and St. Anne, promising publication if she were cured. Her recovery followed immediately."

"Conversion of a bad Catholic, who for twenty years had not practised her religion; also the conversion of her son, whom she had brought up without any religious training whatever. A friend induced her to join the League and make the Morning Offering, and at the same time her friend prayed fervently to St. Francis of Assisi and St. Anthony, to obtain that God would touch her heart. On August 1, when the Church commemorates St. Peter in Chains, she begged of our Lord that, as He had broken the chains of St. Peter, so He would loosen the chains of sin that bound this poor woman. Immediately after, the woman changed. She had her son instructed and together they received the sacraments."

"I promised a Thanksgiving in the MESSENGER and a novena of Masses if my petition was granted. Thanks to the Sacred Heart my prayer has been heard. A young man has decided his vocation and changed his life, having entered a college in preparation for the priesthood. I now beg for him the grace of holy perseverance."

"A short time ago I asked the prayers of the League for a young man who was terribly tempted to commit suicide, and I promised publication, in case the prayers of the Associates were heard in his behalf. I am happy to say the poor man has been freed from these terrible assaults of the devil and says he never felt happier in his life."

"I wish to thank the Sacred Heart and our Lady of Lourdes for the recovery of my husband from a second attack of aneurism of the heart. When he would get terrible coughing fits I would give him a teaspoonful of the holy water and it would relieve him instantly. I promised a Mass for the souls in purgatory if he recovered."

"I suffered for two years with a pain in my left limb, that at times endangered my life, and I was given up as incurable by doctors. I made a novena to the Sacred Heart, and the pain is completely gone. I had promised publication."

A lady, when sick in the hospital and almost given up by doctors and friends, promised, if she would recover, publication, and a Mass of Thanksgiving. Through a novena to the Infant Jesus of

Prague, St. Joseph and the Blessed Mother and St. Anthony, she was restored to a large family who were depending on her.

Spiritual Favors.—Conversion to the faith of a Protestant man, who had been recommended to the prayers of the League for more than a year; return to his faith and happy death of a brother who had been remiss for years; also return to the Sacraments of another brother; conversion to the faith of a very dear friend; conversion of a father from a life of intemperance; two people return thanks for help and grace in the choice of vocations; conversion of a husband to a religious life, after several years' indifference; the unexpected conversion and edifying death of a young man, after a novena had been made for him and publication promised.

Temporal Favors.—Cure of a sister suffering from a severe swelling in the stomach, so that for weeks she had not been able to retain food: Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Anthony were invoked; cure, after prayer, of sore eyes threatening blindness; a mother cured of fainting spells; also a niece of what threatened to develop into consumption; a son cured of diphtheria, which threatened loss of speech! "One of my boys was very sick with diphtheria away from home, but the physician who attended to him managed to keep him and wait on him in his boarding-house without giving any alarm, and, thanks be to God, got him well soon, and I want to thank our dear Lord for the great blessing!" cure of a brother threatened with appendicitis and consequent operation, after publication and a Mass for the Holy Souls were promised; recovery, after promise of Mass for the Holy Souls, of a young lady from malarial fever; recovery of another lady from a sudden, mysterious and dangerous illness; cure of a sore finger that prevented sleep; reconciliation of friends long estranged; success in business and teaching; control and discipline of unruly pupils; also the quieting of a high temper and peace in a family; successful examinations for teachers' certificates passed by Sisters of St. Benedict; many other successful examinations; the successful sale of property, after publication and a Mass for the Holy Souls were promised; money obtained from unexpected sources in financial emergency; two years' back salary recovered; the savings of the past ten years preserved to a woman, on the threatened liquidation of a Building and Loan Association of which she was a member; employment obtained by two persons after two novenas to the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony; "one week after placing a petition for work in the Intention Box I secured employment, after having been idle for months;" a husband secured immediate employment, after his wife had promised publication and Mass for the souls in purgatory; many others secured employment after long or short terms of idleness, generally after Masses had been promised or novenas made; unexpected success of a church picnic; protection from the flooded Mississippi by a submerged levee, which needed constant patrolling night and day: the adjacent parishioners prayed to the Sacred Heart for protection.

Favors Through the Badge and Promoter's Cross.—The almost instantaneous cure of a dangerous sore and, in two other instances, of violent pains, upon the application of the Badge; recovery from a threatened attack of diphtheria on applying the Badge; recovery, after applying the Badge, of a woman whose feet broke out with such painful and long-standing sores that rest was impossible: a novena was made to St. Anthony of Padua; "I fell in the street and hurt both my hands and knees; one hand was hurt so badly as to threaten lock-jaw: my injuries, however, were cured by the use of holy water, the scapulars, the relics of St. Jane de Chantal, St. Francis de Sales, and the Badge; grace to overcome a violent temptation, by wearing the Badge; a Promoter returns thanks for the cure of an abscess which was forming on the eye: the doctors had decided to operate, but a Badge was applied and promise of publication was made: in two days the eye was as well as ever; for many weeks an infant was very ill, his parents had given up all hopes of his recovery, a Badge of the Sacred Heart was attached to the clothing of the babe, with a promise of some prayers and a notice in the MESSENGER: immediately the child became better and is now growing strong after an illness of three months; relief of violent toothache and neuralgia after application of the Badge; also from what threatened to be a serious attack of nervous and heart trouble.

THE·READER·

POISONED HISTORIES.

Among the books lately placed on the Roman Index as proscribed is a French work by MM. Aulard and Debidou, entitled *l'Histoire de France à l'usage des lycées et colleges*. M. Aulard was appointed professor in the Sorbonne, by the Municipal Council, to teach history according to their views—in other words, to panegyrize the Revolution. M. Debidou, rector of the university, has always been remarkable for his hatred of the Church, an instance of which he gave not long ago in a materialistic discourse against the mission of Jeanne d'Arc. We can imagine what the tone of their combined work on France must be, and what will be the effect on the minds of the students who frequent the State lyceums and colleges. No more potent agent of evil exists than a lying historical work. The very fact of its claiming to be history imposes on the credulous the conviction that its statements must be correct. For, as they say, how would the author dare to publish falsities as historical facts? Thus the minds of the young are prejudiced against the very things of which they should have been most proud had they been taught aright. We are not wanting in instances of similar dastardly attempts on this side of the water to poison the minds of students of history.

ANENT TRANSLATORS.

As the old saying goes, to be a poet, one must be born one. This is not true precisely of translators, but still there are certain requisites which all should possess. The dictionary defines a translator to be an interpreter of another's language. This implies a knowledge of two languages. If it is only a conversation to be rendered, it is not so difficult, for then colloquial language is used, but even this is not so easy, as it supposes an acquaintance with the current expressions of the day. And one who knows classical book French, for instance, will find it quite hard to read the everyday newspaper style of the daily journals, into which slang enters so largely. When there is question of translating an author, then the task is considerably hardened. It implies on the part of the translator not merely an exact knowledge of the author's language but also a large command of his own, the ability to compose, and a style. Moreover, if the work in hand is theological, the translator must be familiar with the terminology, else heretical statements might easily be made.

It is evident, then, that it is not so easy a thing to be a translator, and that a great deal more than a smattering of a language and the pressing need to make money are required. We say this because so many excellent people resort to translating without the necessary qualifications. They have never, perhaps, in their lives, or at least since their school days, practiced English composition—that is to say, expressed their own ideas: now they undertake, without practice, to express the ideas of others. Ah, but they plead, we don't have to think in translating, because we simply are concerned with other people's thoughts. This shows that they have not grasped the definition of translation, since they have, according to it, to interpret the thoughts of the author. To do this I have to master his meaning and give an equivalent in my own words, which certainly demands thought on my part, power of expression and style. As to style, they reply, we try to keep the author's style, and, therefore, it is better for us not to have one of our own. If they only knew it, a fine French style is not such in English, as the languages differ in genius, and we very much fear that the translators in question would resort to what they would call a *literal* translation, which is usually a sure sign of incompetency. For example, *Jean Jacques était grand buveur d'eau de vie*—"John Jacques was a great drinker of

the water of life," a decidedly spiritual version of the statement in point. Such follies as this may seem impossible, yet we have met them quite often, and not in "English as she is spoke." So, to would-be translators, we say in all kindness: First learn to compose in English, get a large vocabulary and a style. Master thoroughly the other language in its peculiar constructions and idioms. Practise translation for a couple of years, and then, perhaps, begin to think of offering your products for publication.

We give verbatim from the *Bookman* the contents of a postal card which hails from Messina, and which affords us a novel view of English as she is misunderstood by an Italian professor:

Messina, (Dated as the post-timbre)

After the death of Mr. Filippo Serafini, I have undertaken the Direction of the "Archivio giuridico," the most ancient Italian Review, which I have intitulated by the name of its illustrious Founder.

The scientific way shall remain unalterated; I only will task to give a larger developpment to the bibliographic party.

I therefore address myself to Mrs. the authors and editors, who may send to me their works and inform me of the lately published.

Each work diretly sent to the Direction shall be mentionnèd in the party of the Review to which it is due (*Bibliographic Bulletin*, *Annonces of latest publications*, *Notices*, *Varieties*). In proportion to the price of several works, a particular *annonce-reclame* shall be made of it.

Works edited by delivery shall be mentionned on the coverture, with indication of the last numero and of relative price.

ENRICO SERAFINI,
Prof. ord. di diritto nella R. Università.

IMPROVING CATHOLIC PAPERS.

Some of our Catholic exchanges have been emphasizing the need of a Catholic daily newspaper, now that the editor of the New York morning paper which used to be impartial to Catholics on occasion has passed away. One Catholic editor reminds them very sensibly that they should try first to have a good Catholic weekly. To judge by the complaints repeatedly made by many of our Catholic editors, before trying to establish a first-class Catholic journal, whether weekly or daily, a more hearty support should be given to those already published. They may not, as yet, be all that can be desired, but the proper support will help to make them better, and their editors, for the most part, are as capable as they are anxious to improve them. Nor are the Catholic weeklies, as a rule, so inferior as they are sometimes pronounced by the very people whose encouragement and subscriptions might go far to make them what they should be. They may not give all the latest news, but rarely do they issue a number which does not contain something worth reading and keeping for serious reference and which cannot be found elsewhere. Thus, not to enumerate other valuable things, within the last few weeks, our Catholic papers have published widely Archbishop Corrigan's circular letter on "Loyalty;" the letter of Bishop Maes on the part of the Catholic laity, in converting heretics and unbelievers; a private letter of the late Bishop Lemmens of Vancouver, dated British Honduras, and written a short time before his death. True, we rarely find, in our Catholic journals, leaders or editorial paragraphs such as the London *Tablet* or the Liverpool *Catholic Times* give weekly to their readers. On the contrary, we must sometimes deplore the levity with which principles and criticisms are set forth, that are anything but orthodox and Catholic. Still, this is not a common fault in our Catholic editors, and is no doubt due, in most instances, to the haste with which they must prepare each new issue, and to a lack of means to employ the proper assistants, rather than to their own ignorance or incompetency.

* * *

In view of the fiftieth anniversary of the Whitman massacre, which falls on November 27 and 28 of this year, our readers will do well to review the version of that event as given in the MESSENGER for April, 1894.

Since Father Gerard has laid forever the ghost of the *Gunpowder Plot*, there should be no more anniversaries of Guy Fawkes day, unless, indeed, the nation which has been so punctual in keeping it should now see fit to make reparation for its annual tribute to a calumny by keeping one day each year in honest self-condemnation of its own bigotry, and in just indignation at its base deceivers. Father Gerard's final pamphlet in the controversy will soon appear, and it will make very satisfactory reading, we are told, for all whose truthful instincts made them disbelieve the whole story.

BOOK NOTICES.

From Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, we have received the following books:

Illustrated Explanation of the Commandments. 336 pages, 16mo, cloth, 75 cents.

This is a thorough exposition of the precepts of God and of the Church, with practices, examples, anecdotes and illustrations. It is an adaptation from the original of Rev. H. Rolfus, D.D., by the eminent Redemptorist, V. Rev. Ferreol Girardey.

Mission Book for the Married. 32mo, cloth, 50 cents.

Mission Book for the Single. 32mo, cloth, 50 cents.

Both these excellent manuals are the work of V. Rev. Father Girardey, C.SS. R., who had already published a similar book for boys and girls.

The "Mission Book for the Married" contains practical matter, especially addressed to the married of both sexes, and contains chapters on the Catholic husband and father, on the Catholic wife and mother, on the duties of parents, followed by an examination of conscience for the married.

The "Mission Book for the Single" treats of the duties of the Catholic young man and the Catholic young woman; of the excellence of the virtue of purity and of virginity; gives directions how to find out and follow one's vocation, and concludes with a brief and thorough treatise on matrimony.

Both books, besides these special instructions and prayers, contain all the prayers found in ordinary prayer-books.

Mission Book of the Redemptorist Fathers. 32mo, cloth, 50 cents.

This is an entirely new edition of the well-known prayer-book, drawn chiefly from the work of St. Alphonsus Liguori. It is intended to keep alive the remembrance and fruits of the mission, and so contains, in condensed form, all that has been preached during that time of grace. It has also many devotions, pious exercises and indulgenced prayers.

Our Favorite Novenas. Oblong, 24mo, cloth, 60 cents.

In this admirable little book, Very Rev. Dean Lings has given a companion volume to "Our Favorite Devotions." It fills a long-felt want, by supplying novenas for the chief feasts of our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin, and a great number of the most popular saints. To make it complete, devotions for the communion, confession, as well as vespers for Sunday have been added.

The Little Child of Mary. Price 30 cents.

A manual of instructions and prayers, adapted to preserve the fruits of First Communion.

All the above prayer books can be had in finer bindings.

From Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati, we have received:

Sermons and Moral Discourses. By Rev. Francis X. McGowan O.S.A. 2 volumes. Pages respectively 621 and 654. Price $3 for the two volumes.

In the first volume Father McGowan provides sermons for all the Sundays of the year on the important truths of the Gospel. In the second, he gives forty-eight sermons for the holydays and feasts, with discourses for particular devotions and a short retreat for a young men's sodality.

Father McGowan modestly claims no originality and only partly authorship, for he states that they are edited and partly written by him. His part has been well done and we doubt not that his work will prove both instructive and useful.

From the Laconic Publishing Co., 123 Liberty Street, New York, we have a pamphlet:

How to See the Point and Place It, or Punctuation Without Rules of Grammar. By mail, 20 cents.

This booklet of forty pages teaches by example how to punctuate, without memorizing rules and exceptions.

The Month of the Sacred Heart. Translated and adapted from the writings of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque of the Order of Visitation. By Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. 32mo, cloth extra; net, 50 cents.

A most useful book for all who would become possessed of the true spirit of devotion to the Sacred Heart. There is scarce a practice of piety now associated

with this devotion that is not touched on by Blessed Margaret Mary herself in her writings, and the Reverend Compiler has given us an excellent compendium of all she has left us on this subject.

The Pioneer Catholic Church of the State of New York. By the Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D., Syracuse, N. Y.

This souvenir volume of the Silver Jubilee of St. John's Church, Syracuse, N. Y., is of more than local interest. It is a brief history of the early Catholic missions and missionaries in Central New York, from the year 1654. The facts it narrates are closely connected with the lives of the martyrs of Auriesville, and this alone, apart from other reasons, should obtain for it a welcome from many of our readers.

Saint Wilfrid, Archbishop of York. By A. Streeter, with an Introductory Essay by the Rev. Luke Rivington, D.D. Price sixpence.

This is another of the invaluable publications of the Catholic Truth Society of London. Its appearance is most opportune at a time when so much attention is naturally directed to the early days of Christianity in England by the celebration at Ebbs Fleet. Dr. Rivington's essay on the place of Wilfrid in English history serves to give additional value to Mr. Streeter's interesting sketch.

Catholic Home Annual, 1898. New York: Benziger Bros. Price 25 cents.

Catholic Home Annual for 1898. 15th year. Price 25 cents. From Benziger Brothers.

Its interesting contributions from prominent Catholic writers and its number and variety of good illustrations should secure a large sale for this excellent Catholic almanac. The style is popular and well suited for family reading.

Our Boys' and Girls' Annual, 1898. Price 5 cents. An almanac and calendar for children is a new departure, but one that has been successfully undertaken by the firm of Benziger Bros. Its low price should bring it into the hands of all the little ones. Both the reading matter and illustrations are excellent.

The Holy Eucharist and the Holy Souls. Translated from the French by Miss E. Lummis. New York: The Cathedral Library Association.

A most appropriate little manual of meditation for this month of November. It is specially prepared for those who practise the devotion of the Perpetual Adoration, and there could be no better way of passing an hour before the Blessed Sacrament at this time of the year than by reading meditatively its pages.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Souvenir of the Silver Jubilee Pilgrimage of St. John's Church, Utica, N. Y., to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville. N. Y., Sunday, August 22, 1897.

Theologiæ Naturalis Institutiones in Compendium Redactæ, et Tyronum Usui Accommodatæ a Sac. Bernardo M. Shulik, Sacræ Theologiæ Doctore, ac Piæ Societatis "Sedes Sapientiæ" De Propaganda Catholica Instructione in America Præside.— Senis, Ex Officina Archiep. Edit. S. Bernardini, A. D. MDCCCXCVII.

Dr. White on the Warfare of Science and Theology. By the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J. League Tract XII. 317 Willings Alley, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 10 cents.

FROM THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

Wayside Tales, Third Series. By Lady Herbert. Paper, three or four tales in each volume, one penny; cloth, containing fifteen tales, one shilling.

It is enough to say that these tales are from the pen of Lady Herbert to recommend them to our readers. Some of them are of more than usual interest, while all are edifying and point a moral.

Our Angel Guardian. By Rev. H. Schomberg Kerr, S.J. Price one penny.

A "wee" book in size, but full of instruction for young and old.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS AND PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, October 1 to 31, 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Albany	Coeymans, N. Y.	St. Patrick's Church	Oct. 18
Boston	Boston, Mass.	St. Peter's "	Oct. 6
"	Cambridge, Mass.	St. Peter's "	Oct. 27
"	Danvers, Mass.	Annunciation "	Oct. 13
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Joseph's Cathedral	Oct. 18
"	Bennington Centre, N. Y.	Sacred Heart Church	Oct. 6
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	Mt. St. Mary's Seminary	Oct. 13
Denver	Louisville, Col.	St. Louis' Church	Oct. 6
Dubuque	Cedar Falls, Ia.	St. Patrick's "	Oct. 16
Erie	Dubois, Pa.	Mercy Convent	Oct. 19
Hartford	South Norwalk, Conn.	St. Joseph's Church	Oct. 7
Louisville	Louisville, Ky.	Holy Name "	Oct. 8
"	Gethsemane, Ky.	Gethsemane College	Oct. 24
Marquette	Michigamme, Mich.	Nativity Church	Oct. 24
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Martin's "	Oct. 16
"	" "	St. Anthony's School	Oct. 7
Oregon City	Portland, Ore.	Holy Names Academy	Oct. 1
Pittsburg	Loretto, Pa.	St. Francis College	Oct. 8
Sacramento	Sutter Creek, Cal.	Immaculate Conception Church	Oct. 9
Springfield	Northampton Mass.	St. Mary's "	Oct. 2
St. Paul	Olivia, Minn.	St. Aloysius' "	Oct. 19
Wilmington	Easton, Md.	SS. Peter and Paul's "	Oct. 24

Aggregations 22: churches, 15; cathedral, 1; colleges, 3; convent, 1; schools, 2

Diplomas issued from October 1 to 31 (inclusive), 1897.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Number.
Baltimore	St. Inigo's Manor, Md	St. Ignatius' Church	3
"	Woodstock, Md.	Woodstock College	1
Boston	East Boston, Mass.	Assumption Church	85
Brooklyn	Huntington, N. Y	St. Patrick's "	1
Brownsville	Refugio, Tex.	Our Lady of Refuge "	2
Buffalo	Jamestown, N. Y.	Convent of Mercy Convent	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Holy Trinity Church	5
"	" "	Sacred Heart "	7
"	" "	St. Vincent de Paul's "	11
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	Notre Dame Academy	1
"	" "	St. Peter's Cathedral	1
"	Kenton, Ohio	Immaculate Conception Church	1
Cleveland	Akron, Ohio	St. Vincent's "	1
"	Clyde, Ohio	St. Mary's "	1
Dallas	Fort Worth, Tex.	St. Patrick's "	1
"	Texarkana, Tex.	Sacred Heart "	1
Detroit	Pontiac, Mich.	St Vincent de Paul's "	2
Erie	Ridgway, Pa.	St. Leo Magnus' "	1
Grand Rapids	Saginaw W. S. Mich.	SS. Peter and Paul's "	15
Green Bay	Stevens Point, Wis	St. Stephen's "	2
Leavenworth	Dentonville, Kans.	St Benedict's "	2
"	Emporia, Kans.	Sacred Heart "	12
"	Purcell, Kans.	St. Mary's "	6
Manchester	Dover, N. H.	St. Mary's (Christian Brothers) School	7
Mobile	Mobile, Ala.	St. Joseph's Church	1
Nesqually	Vancouver, Wash.	St. James' Cathedral	5
Newark	Elizabeth, N. J.	St. Mary's Church	2
"	Harrison, N. J.	Holy Cross "	7
"	West Hoboken, N. J.	St. Michael's Monastery	1
New Orleans	Lake Charles, La.	Immaculate Conception Church	8
New York	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	St. Mary's "	14
"	New York City, N. Y.	Sacred Heart of Jesus' "	7
"	" "	St. Cecilia's "	1
"	" "	St. Ignatius Loyola's "	8
"	" "	St. Patrick's Cathedral	2
Ogdensburg	Antwerp, N. Y.	St. Michael's Church	5
Oregon City	Astoria, Ore.	Holy Names' Convent	1
Peoria	Teskelwa (Sheffield) Ill.	St. Patrick's Church	1
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral	1
"	" "	St. Peter's Church	6
"	West Chester, Pa.	Immaculate Heart Convent	2
Pittsburg	Butler, Pa.	St. Paul's Church	3
"	Herman, Pa.	St. Fidelis' College	2
"	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Mary's Convent of Mercy Convent	3
Portland	Deering, Me.	St. Joseph's Academy	2
Sacramento	Woodland, Cal	Holy Rosary "	1
St. Louis	Festus, Mo.	Sacred Heart Church	4
"	St. Charles, Mo.	St Charles' "	3
St. Paul	Minneapolis, Minn.	Holy Rosary "	13
San Francisco	Oakland, Cal.	St. Patrick's "	1
"	San Francisco, Cal.	Holy Names' Convent	15
"	Santa Rosa, Cal.	Ursuline Academy	1
Scranton	Dunmore, Pa.	St. Mary's of Mt. Carmel Church	18
"	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Holy Saviour "	1
Syracuse	Baldwinsville, N. Y.	St. Mary's "	11
"	Fayetteville, N. Y.	Immaculate Conception "	3
Tucson	Flagstaff, Ariz.	Nativity "	10

Total number of Receptions, 57.

Total number of Diplomas issued, 333.

CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, DECEMBER, 1897.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for **Parish Works**, for the intentions of the Apostleship throughout the world, and for these particular intentions recommended by the American Associates.

1	*W.*	BB. Edmund Campion, S J., and Comp. MM. (1581).	Virtue of justice.	432,843 thanksgivings.
2	*Th.*	St. Bibiana, V.M. (363).—H.H.	Fortitude.	154,097 in affliction.
3	*F.*	**First Friday.—St. Francis Xavier** (S.J., 1552).—1st. D., A.C.	Pray for the Indies.	237,299 sick, infirm.
4	*S.*	St. Peter Chrysologus, Bp.D. (450).	Despise worldliness.	61,438 dead Associates.
5	**S.**	**2d of Advent.**—St. Sabbas, Ab. (531).	Temperance.	138,662 League Centres.
6	*M.*	St. Nicholas, Bp. (324).	Respect children.	49,886 Directors.
7	*T.*	Vigil —St. Ambrose, Bp.D. (Milan, 397).	Crush human respect.	72,971 Promoters.
8	*W.*	**Immaculate Conception.** — (Of Precept).—1st D., A.I., A.C., S., B.M	Love of purity.	209,232 departed.
9	*Th.*	St. Leocadia, V.M. (304).—H.H.	Holy fear.	261,676 perseverance.
10	*F.*	Holy House of Loretto (1204).—St. Melchiades, P. (314).	Love the God-Man.	383,501 young persons.
11	*S.*	St. Damasus, P. (384).	Zeal for the Church.	120,391 First Communions.
12	**S.**	**3d of Advent.**— Our Lady of Guadalupe (Mexico, 1531).	Love of Mary.	134,521 parents.
13	*M.*	St. Lucy, V.M. (363).—Pr.	Humility.	144,509 families.
14	*T.*	St. Spiridion, Bp. (347).	Pity sinners.	194,048 reconciliations.
15	*W.*	Ember Day.—Oct. of Immaculate Conception.— St. Christina, V. (200).	Reparation.	163,705 work, means.
16	*Th.*	St. Eusebius, Bp.M. (370).—H.H.	Pray for bishops.	168,632 clergy.
17	*F.*	Ember Day.—St. Lazarus, Bp. (Raised to life by Christ).	Rise from falls.	245,632 religious.
18	*S.*	Ember Day.—Expectation B.V.M.	Hope.	127,428 seminarists, novices.
19	**S.**	**4th of Advent.**—St. Nemesion, M. (253).—C.R	Love the Eucharist.	98,410 vocations
20	*M.*	St. Eugene, Priest, M. (362).	Pray for priests.	251,947 parishes.
21	*T.*	St. Thomas, Ap.—A.I., B.M.	Pray for infidels.	130,759 schools.
22	*W.*	St. Flavian, M. (362).	Spirit of faith.	114,346 superiors.
23	*Th.*	St. Victoria, V.M. (253).—H.H.	Trust in God.	125,220 missions, retreats.
24	*F.*	Vigil.—Christmas Eve.—SS. Irmine and Adele, VV. (740).	Prepare for Christ.	168,584 societies, works.
25	*S.*	**Christmas.—Nativity of Our Lord.**—Of precept.—A.I., A.C., S., B.M.	Renewal of spirit.	160,522 conversions.
26	**S.**	**Within Octave of Christmas.**—St. Stephen, First Martyr (35).	Pray for enemies.	148,490 sinners.
27	*M.*	St. John (101) —Pr., A.I., A.C., B.M.	Love the Sacred Heart.	147,964 intemperate.
28	*T.*	Holy Innocents, MM.	Pray for the little ones	148,319 spiritual favors.
29	*W.*	St. Thomas à Becket, Bp.M. (1170).	Zeal for the right.	237,935 temporal favors.
30	*Th.*	St. Sabinus, M. (301).—H.H.	Generosity.	243,792 special, various.
31	*F.*	St. Sylvester I., P. (335).	Gratitude.	MESSENGER readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship.* (D.=*Degrees*, Pr.=*Promoters*, C. R.=*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.=*Holy Hour*); A. C.=*Archconfraternity*; S.=*Sodality*; B. M.=*Bona Mors*; A. I.=*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.=*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.=*St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society*; B. I.=*Bridgettine Indulgence.*

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	290,504	11.	Masses heard	239,486
2.	Beads	843,069	12.	Mortifications	281,593
3.	Way of the Cross	98,364	13.	Works of Mercy	164,545
4.	Holy Communions	121,055	14.	Works of Zeal	297,800
5.	Spiritual Communions	301,556	15.	Prayers	2,034,168
6.	Examens of Conscience	281,200	16.	Kindly Conversation	391 361
7.	Hours of Labor	497,013	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	134,108
8.	Hours of Silence	282,267	18.	Self-conquest	157,408
9.	Pious Reading	252,349	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	178,016
10.	Masses read	21,642	20.	Various Good Works	407,717

Special Thanksgivings, 1,333; Total, 6,276,584.

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

BX 801 .M55 1897 SMC

The Messenger.

AIP-2703 (mcab)